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Hollywood

REEN LIFE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

HOLLYWOOD

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JANUARY

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Music by George Posford and Bernard Grün
Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
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AN M-G-M PICTURE

DEC -9 1939

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JANUARY, 1940
Vol. 29 No. 1

Hollywood
Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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Leap Year is something for Mickey Rooney to get dreamy about. He plays next in the title role of M-G-M's picture, *Young Thomas Edison*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1939 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. W. H. Fawcett, Publisher; Elliott Odell, Advertising Director. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions and Canada; foreign subscription $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issues five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U. S. A. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ While in Europe, Cary Grant joined automobile clubs in England, France, Italy, and Belgium. When he returned to the United States, he placed the insignia of the various clubs on the front of his car. During rehearsals for the first Gulf Screen Guild Theatre radio show, souvenir hunting fans stripped them from his coupe while it was parked in the rear of the theatre. He's willing to pay twenty dollars for the return of each insignia—and no questions asked.

■ Credit Actor Brian Donlevy with the biggest patriotic gesture by a Hollywood star since the war started. Brian has turned over to the United States government all mineral rights to a rich antimony mine, discovered recently on his property in Death Valley.

Donlevy, who has made gold and silver mining a hobby the past few years, said experts from the Federal Bureau of Mines told him that antimony is one of the rarest substances in nature, and is invaluable in munitions manufacture.

The discovery was kept secret by Donlevy until he was sure that the government could use the mineral.

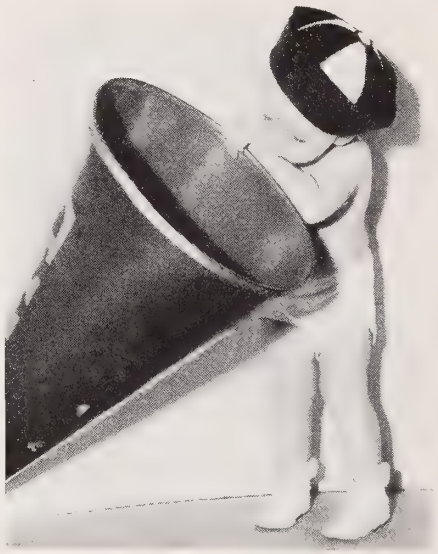
■ The romance between Virginia Field and Richard Greene is the talk of the town. Virginia's latest affectionate gesture is to come on the set directly after lunch and start Dick off on his afternoon acting chores with a big hug and a bigger kiss that wins deep sighs from the prop boys, juicers, carpenters and a score of others on the sidelines. Maybe it's an act, but Dick seems to like it—as who wouldn't!



Oren Haglund and Priscilla Lane at the preview of her newest picture, *The Roaring Twenties* in Hollywood

■ We understand that Warner Brothers Studio has put John Garfield smack into the doghouse following his bitter complaint that he has been typed. And in this instance the doghouse treatment has been severe. Garfield is suspended without pay. John is tired, he says, of playing neurotic roles as in *Four Daughters* and others that followed, and threatens to return to the stage unless he receives better parts.

■ Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, and other screen celebrities, who are members of Encino's "Hard Rock Club,"



All set for that Rose Bowl Game is Baby Sandy, complete with megaphone and cheer leader's cap. Her latest screen part is in *Little Accident*

are within weeks of becoming oil magnates. A short time ago, oil was discovered two miles west of the property and hundreds of barrels were produced. Now oil has been discovered on the Club's land, and before long the club members will be rolling out the barrels.

The club started when a group of stars, Valley residents, wanted a week-end lodge for skeet shooting and riding, and purchased 160 acres in the nearby hills for the resort.

P. S. The club's name is derived from the stony nature of the soil.

■ The mystery of the brown paper bag Lew Ayres carries around with him while on a picture has been solved. The other day it burst, spilling shaving soap, brush, greasepaint and other odds and ends usually carried in a make-up kit.

Although Lew has half a dozen de luxe make-up kits, he has never used one of them. The first time he was called to a studio for a picture, he hurriedly filled a paper bag with make-up. Ever since, he has figured that a paper bag brings him luck.

Lew claims that a paper bag will last through three pictures. "I tried to stretch the last one to four pictures. That's what caused the accident. Anyhow, this proves that I don't carry my lunch to the studio in a paper bag."

■ Ed Brophy, playing the part of Ryan, a not-quite-bright operative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in *Philo Vance Comes Back* has this to say about his screen life:

"This is the 16th time I've been cast as a dumb dick in pictures. But I've been promoted. Hitherto I've been simply dumb in a local way—as a city police sergeant, or a county constable, or a witless stooge for a private detective office. But now I'm a secret service man in a plot which involves several of the most important countries of the world."

What Ed means by this is that he's now dumb internationally!

■ We got to jabbering with a film editor not long since. For some unexplained reason we hit upon the subject of kissing, particularly screen kissing, and were positively amazed by what we learned.

We learned, for instance, that kisses come by the foot these days in the movies. When Bette Davis accepted Errol Flynn's first kiss in their latest starring picture, *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, it was an introductory osculation only 15

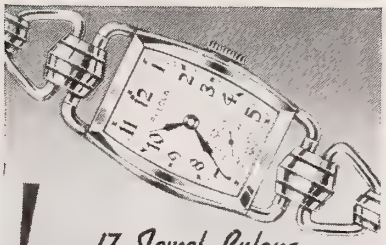
[*Continued on page* 53]



Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Bonita Granville and Bobs Watson on the way to the premiere of *Babes in Arms*

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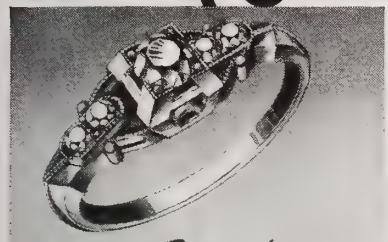


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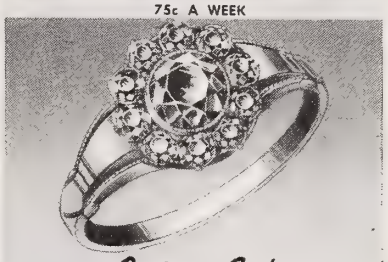
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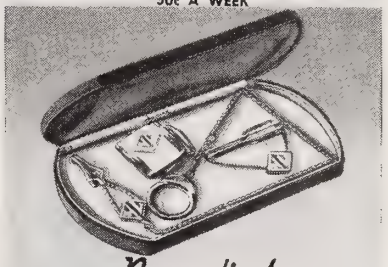


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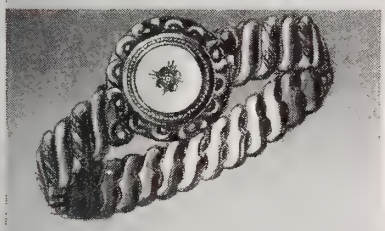
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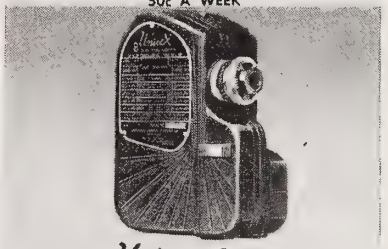


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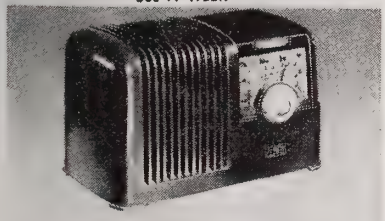


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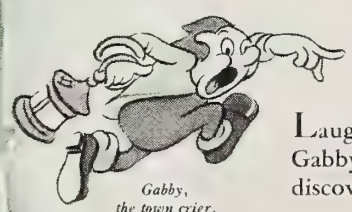
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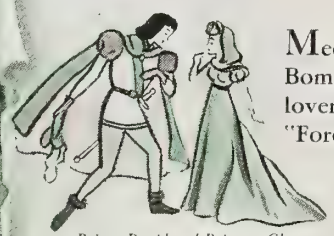
Gabby, the town crier.

Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land.. 25,000 of them.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.



Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch.



Prince David and Princess Glory.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David . . . hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!



King Little and King Bombo.



Twinkletoes.

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon . . . *Meet them all . . . laugh with them . . . sing with them* eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: *"Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day,"* "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."*

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • PRODUCED BY MAX FLEISCHER • DIRECTED BY DAVE FLEISCHER

* "IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"—Words and Music by Al. J. Neiburg and Sammy Timberg & Winston Sharples

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AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!
"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE"...
"A KISS IN THE DARK"...
"KISS ME AGAIN"..."THINE ALONE"...
"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"...
"GYPSY LOVE SONG"...
• THE GREAT MARY ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") MARTIN... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary... The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.
"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"
A Paramount Picture with
Allan Jones · Mary Martin · Walter Connolly
Lee Bowman · Judith Barrett · Susanna Foster · Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE
Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively · Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

THAT THEY MAY LIVE— ***Forester-Parant***

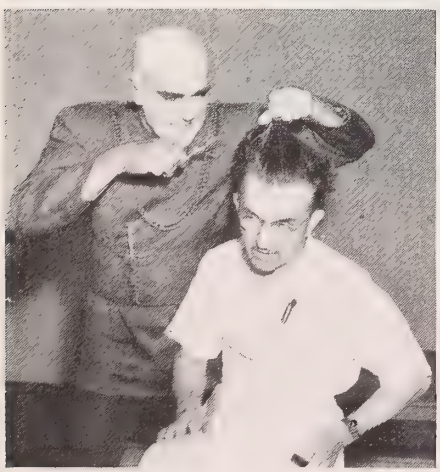
This picture was finished in France just before war was declared. At that time the producers and the actors and indeed the whole nation hoped that once again war might be averted. But, by the time the picture was ready for release, France was mobilizing, and it wasn't possible to show the film. We are more fortunate in this country. The film is available to us, and every thoughtful person will do well to listen to its powerfully stated protest against all war.

The opening scenes show soldiers in front line trenches. The last war is nearing its end, but how can they know that? For years they have lived in wretched, muddy, freezing dugouts. For years they have seen death on all sides of them. For years they have done the next thing demanded of them. A patrol of twelve men must be chosen for a duty that means certain death. And to certain death they do go, all of them, except one man. He is brought in, wounded, just as the news of the armistice is sounded. Of all the men in the doomed patrol, he was the one who believed that another war never could happen. "This one is too horrible," he argued. "Now that we know what war can be, there never will be another. The world could not face this again. I am only one man, but I promise you that my whole life will be devoted to seeing that there never is another war. I promise you it won't happen again."

For the next twenty years, all of his hours were spent in research. His laboratory produced materials never heard of before . . . transparent steel, unbreakable metals . . . many things to be turned to the uses of peace. About his experiments in the military cemetery he did not speak. Not until a munitions-maker turned his transparent steel into armor, not until war was declared again did he turn his greatest discovery of all to account.

The first of the film may seem to American audiences a little over-acted, a little over-sentimentalized but no one can deny the power of the closing scenes when in anguished protest over the useless deaths of his comrades and their nine million fellow-dead, he returns to the white crosses that cover acre after acre at Verdun, and calls to the French who died so long ago, to the Americans, to the Russians, to the British, Slavs and the Italians, to the German dead, to those who died at sea and those who died in the air, to every man who fought the last war in pitiful sacrifice to end all wars. He calls and the white crosses fade away. He calls and the ground stirs. He calls and wearily the figures of the dead rise for one more battle. French and German, British and American, men of all nations, now long past hatred, help each other to rise and walk the streets. They jam the roadways, they fill the towns. Millions and millions who died once for their countries come back so that their presence may save their fellow men.

This film may not have very wide distribution. It should have. Pierre van Paassen's subtitles make the French dialogue easily understandable to all American audiences. Victor Francen's playing of the central character makes the theme understandable to all men who hate the waste of war. If you want to see this film, your local theatre manager will know where it is showing or will arrange booking for it in his theatre.



Boris Karloff went berserk when he had to have his head shaved for his part in *Tower of London* and tried some horror-man stuff on Jack Pierce, creator of the Karloff fright make-ups

FIRST LOVE—*Universal*

Dear Cinderella! At long last the movies frankly acknowledge their debt to you. At long last they make your story without caitiff evasion or elaborate disguise. At long last you come into your own stream-lined 1940 version, just as good as ever.

True, Connie (Deanna Durbin) does not have mean sisters, but she has the most unpleasant set of cousins ever filmed by Universal, and most people will acknowledge that cousins in Universal films are just about tops in uncouth manners and bad taste.

Connie's cousins don't come to her graduation. They leave her alone while they go off to a dazzling party on her first night home. They won't listen to her sing. They do not introduce her to their friends. They let her go around in her simple old school clothes. Even the butler is chill and displeased.

Gradually Connie wins over the house-staff. After two operatic numbers they are taking up a collection in the kitchen in order to buy her a new dress to wear to the ball. Oh, it is a tense moment when Connie is ordered to stay at home. Oh, it is a breath-holding time when the chauffeur winks at the butler, and the butler tells Connie that she is going to the ball but that she must not stay a minute after midnight. But you know that everything is going to be all right when the friendly cop turns up, not with six white mice, it is true, but with six motorcycle cops on six white motorcycles. It is all there . . . the lost slipper, the flight after midnight, the prince charming, the happy ending. It is mighty unrealistic but it is mighty refreshing.

Assorted mean cousins, fairy-godmothers and members of the court are played by Helen Parrish, Robert Stack, Eugene Pallette, Lewis Howard, Leatrice Joy, June Storey, Charles Coleman, Marcia Mae Jones, Samuel S. Hinds, Kathleen Howard, Jack Mulhall, Mary Treen, Dorothy Vaughn, Frank Jenks and Lucille Ward.

NINOTCHKA—*M-G-M*

Those who have followed the history of the United States of Soviet Russia with respectful admiration are not going to like this film, because the government of Stalin is treated with less . . . with much less than serious regard. If the film industry had not recently treated our own government with somewhat the same light-hearted humor in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington,* perhaps a cry of "No fair!" would be in order. But, since the bright blades of farce and satire have been swung in a good many quarters lately, there is no reason to suppose that Russia can't take it just as imperturbably as can the United States of America. And, no matter what you think about the wisdom of poking fun at another powerful nation, you will have to admit that the film is enchanting farce and telling satire.



Just to keep in character when not before the cameras, Robert Preston and Dorothy Lamour play South Sea checkers on the *Typhoon* location at Catalina Island

Greta Garbo strides into the picture first on flat heels as Ninotchka, dour, severe, painfully glum and literal Envoy Extraordinary who has been dispatched from Moscow to investigate the delay in the sale of the Grand Duchess Swana's confiscated jewels in Paris.

The negotiations had been started in a feeble fashion by three gentlemen whose antic reaction to a bourgeois society make them worthy to be called the three (Karl) Marx Brothers. They did not approve of a democratic government, of course, but once in Paris they felt it their duty to investigate conditions. They started with the working conditions of the cigarette girls.

Melvyn Douglas as Leon, friend of the Grand Duchess (Ina Claire) already was deep in a plot to recover the jewels when Ninotchka arrived. Not until he had been fascinated by her rude contempt for the pretty fencing of romance did he discover that it was her business to defeat him.

Garbo is by far the most amusing in the first part of the film in severe clothes and chilly mood. That part is packed with laughs. Later, when she is all dressed up in a singularly unbecoming and ineffectually fluffy white and gold gown, the film becomes just another screen love story for a while. The cast is splendid, Ernst Lubitsch's direction just as deft and resourceful as ever, and the dialogue is sharp as a cactus but much funnier.

SEVENTEEN—*Paramount*

■ Betty Fields and Jackie Cooper, who made such a success of *What a Life,* are together again with Jackie playing the passionately seventeen, Willie Baxter and Betty as the baby-talk lady.

The whole story is there, very much as Booth Tarkington wrote it. Ann Shoemaker plays the loving, rather elderly Mrs. Baxter. Otto Kruger plays the devoted but understandably irritated Mr. Baxter. Thomas Ross plays the frantically furious Mr. Parcher.

The story has been carefully brought up to 1940, in every little detail, but somehow it dates as a tale of the past. The characters remain Tarkington types, rather than people, and the film is vaguely not so funny as it should be. This is not the fault of the excellent actors.

THE ROARING TWENTIES—*Warners*

■ All of you who have liked James Cagney for his bounce and vigor but who considered him a rather limited actor should make an especial effort to see this film. He gives his expected rough and tumble performance in the first part which deals with the adventures of two young men returned from France after the war. One (Jeffrey Lynn) studies hard and becomes an attorney. The other (Cagney) finds excitement and big money in bootlegging. Both fall in love with Priscilla Lane. There is plenty of excitement in the first part, but you will have a new respect for Cagney when you see his performance at the end as the uncertain, broken former big-shot.

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You'd Hate Being a Star

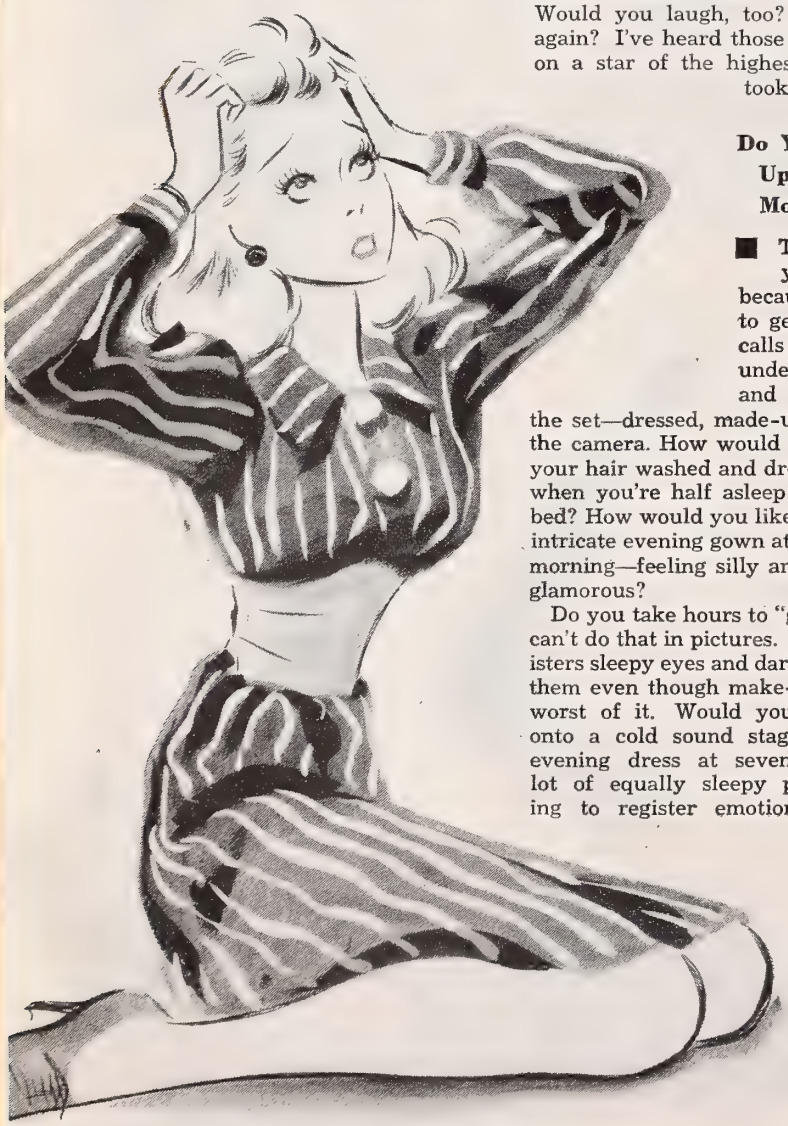
Impassioned is this plaint of an actress so famous that she has asked us to withhold her name from this inside tale of the woes of movie stardom

■ Yes, I have beautiful clothes. And I know famous people. And I make a lot of money. I have a lovely house and my car is paid for. I have some lovely jewels, and if I take a fancy to a new fur coat, I can buy it without worrying about the mortgage. But, just the same, you are luckier than I am, most of you, and happier and more serene. Certainly I go on some lovely trips between pictures, but, taking it hour by hour and day by day, you'd hate to be a star!

Think I'm crazy, don't you? Think I'm talking through my hat! All right, here are a few questions for you. Take this little test—*answer truthfully*—and see if you come out on top.

Can You Take Orders?

■ You're pretty—you're the pet of the family. But on a studio sound stage you're just "another cute doll"—until you get to the top. How do you answer when somebody yells "Hey—*you!*" How would you feel when the director hurls sarcasm at you? Do you sulk? Do you cry? You can't do that and keep your job. No, Ma'am! Do you get mad and answer back? Nothing doing there, either. Lots of pretty girls to take your place. Prettier than you, maybe. You have to learn to take it on the chin on the way up. At the top—it's *worse!* If you're a star the sarcasm is doubly vindictive—you're a Big Shot—you're not supposed to make mistakes. How would you feel as star of a picture if the director yelled through the loudspeaker system, "The bit players will show you how to act that scene, *Miss Glamour!*" And everybody laughed. Would you laugh, too? Would you try again? I've heard those very words used on a star of the highest rank—and she took it. *Would you?*



Do You Like to Get Up Early in the Morning?

■ Think hard before you answer this, because no star likes to get up; but studio calls mean five-thirty under the shower, and nine o'clock on the set—dressed, made-up and ready for the camera. How would you like to have your hair washed and dressed at six a. m. when you're half asleep and longing for bed? How would you like to climb into an intricate evening gown at seven of a foggy morning—feeling silly and trying to look glamorous?

Do you take hours to "get awake?" You can't do that in pictures. The camera registers sleepy eyes and dark shadows under them even though make-up *can* hide the worst of it. Would you enjoy walking onto a cold sound stage in a backless evening dress at seven a. m. with a lot of equally sleepy people and trying to register emotion vividly when the shivers are running down your spine? Does that sound like fun? It doesn't? It isn't!

Are You Moody?

■ Do you feel as though the end of the world were at hand sometimes. As though you wanted to run and hide or scream or cry your eyes out? Of course you have. Women feel that way often. And show it sometimes. In pictures (if you're a star) you hide that temperament, or somebody else gets that leading role you want—next time. Sure, there was a time when temperament was played up, but no more. Making movies is a highly competitive business. Tears and tantrums run up a shooting schedule—and the producer's temperature. There is no room for temperament these days. You take an aspirin for that screaming headache and go on working—under lights that burn into your head like steel rods. Does that entice you?

Are Your Eyes Strong?

■ That's a funny question, isn't it? But eyes are important to stars. Eyes that get red and weepy under strong lights don't belong in pictures. You are under a merciless glare all the time you are working. If it's a Technicolor picture the lights are blinding. A few minutes under these lights and you can't see for a whole minute after you walk into the gloom of the rest of the stage. You get headaches—you get eye strain—and you have to go on. It's a million dollar production at least—and you have to "take it" or get out. Would *you* take it?

Is Your Memory Keen?

■ Now you're going to say: "What if it isn't? Only a few lines are spoken at a time. I can remember those."

Oh, lady, it isn't just the *lines.* Suppose your part of the script calls for you to say: "Oh, John, look at these flowers. I know Jim sent them." You can remember that easily, can't you? Okay—you're on the set. The director calls for a rehearsal. You have to walk across stage right, go up to the flowers, turn back, greet John with a nod when he comes in, cross to left and stand by the little table where John waits and speak your piece. Then you must remember a certain gesture just at that time—a shrug—and you walk back to the flowers thoughtfully, and pause, looking back questioningly at John, who advances. There—one dialogue bit! It isn't just the words that throw you, it's remembering the wealth of detail regarding the stage business, and the gestures.

Can you walk up to a chalk mark on the floor without looking down, and stop on it, facing the camera all the while? Can you walk up for a close-up and stop facing the camera at a bit of wood nailed to

the floor? These are only used when a three-quarter shot is needed, or a close-up. But they are a hazard. They mark the camera focusing length, but they may also mark *your* length on the floor the first time you try it. See if you can do it at home! I dare you!

Do You Like Night Life?

■ You're gay. You're full of fun. You want all that glamour has to offer. Just what does it offer to the fullblown star? When a picture is shooting you have to be at the studio at seven. If you're to go on location, you arrive at five-thirty.

How much night life do you think you could stand, when you have to arise at such hours? I'll tell you how much—*none!* You'll fall into bed the minute you get home—with a glass of hot milk. You'll want to sleep for years, but you'll get up at five o'clock just the same. You'd rather have a Scotch-and-soda before going to bed? Oh, you would! You'll drink milk and like it, lady. Liquor has a bad habit of showing up next morning on your face. Dark circles under eyes and lines in faces tell their own story. Your make-up man will scold you, and the camera will surely find you out. No, you're a star and you know darn well you can't see any bright lights other than those of the studio sound-stage until the picture is finished.

I know what you'll say to that. When the picture is finished you're going to take a good long rest and do just what you want. Oh, you are? The studio requests that you be present at the preview. Of course, you've seen the picture. You're the star, aren't you? And you've seen the daily rushes ever since the picture started. Sure, but you haven't had a public reaction yet. And your public has to see *you* at the preview. You must dress up, arrive on time and let yourself be mobbed by autograph hunters. And that isn't all. You'll see it again at the premiere. The studio chiefs have a funny way of requesting your presence there, too. So you sit through it again. You won't like seeing yourself on the screen by that time. Ask any star about seeing his own pictures, and he shudders with real distaste. Know why? You'll see mistakes you've made, scenes that turn you cold, places where you photographed badly, scenes you dread. I've seen stars tear handkerchiefs into bits, watching themselves on the screen. I've seen them take seats as far from the producer as they could—dreading the time when he might say: "Hedy Lamarr could have put that scene in her pocket. Gilda Glamour doesn't do the lines justice." Oh, it's fun being a star—it's grand—and you'll wish you were dead a million times a day!

Are You Nice to People?

■ What a question! Of course you're nice to people. You love your mother, your family, your friends. Ah! But how about being "ordered" to be nice to people? Strangers? Can you do that? Can you stand calmly in the middle of a pushing group of kids and sign autographs and

[*Continued on page* 64]

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss our favorite extra's report on his adventures when he worked in *The Grapes of Wrath*, most discussed picture of the season . . . Wilbur Morse, Jr., gives you an inside report on Sonja Henie's home in Norway . . . Kay Proctor, David Niven and Charles Rhodes pooled their brilliant talents to give you lowdown on *How to Be a Villain*. A good issue, on sale December 10.



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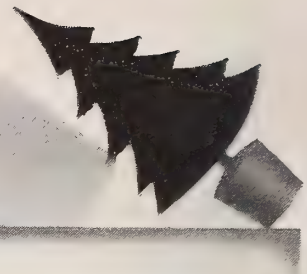
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When the Christmas Tree Fell Over



Some stars remember, more in sorrow than anger, the times that St. Nick tripped over his long white beard

By CHARLES DAGGETT

Christmas should be a time of joyous laughter, of carefree celebration, of blithe merrymaking, and it usually is. Christmas in Hollywood is no exception, but, once in a while, Santa Claus gets his signals mixed. Once in a while, the chimes ring out with a sour note. And the stars, even as you and I, remember certain Christmases that were more merry-go-round than merry.

Bing Crosby winces when the memory of one Christmas day returns. All night long he had worked, draping tinsel, attaching decorations, arranging presents to delight the hearts of his little ones. Came the dawn, and Bing still was wearily at work putting the final touches on the tree, sustained only by the thought of the delight of his little brood when they saw papa's handiwork. Everything was done at last. Only the star for the very top of the tree remained. Bing climbed the step-ladder, reached over, attached the star, drew a sigh of relief . . . and then the step-ladder slipped. Down came Bing, ladder, presents, tree and star. The little Crosbys, roused by the crash, dashed into the room just as the maid handed Bing the first telegram of the day.

It was from Bob Burns. Bing thinks that maybe Bob consulted a crystal gazer who advised the comedian to send that particular message at that particular moment. Bob swears that the telegraph company made a typographical error. The telegram said, WISHING YOU A MESSY CHRISTMAS.

They have called it "The Boulevard of Broken Dreams." They have called it "Heartbreak Lane," and "The Street of Broken Promises," and "Chiseler's Row." Those and a score of other names have been given to Hollywood Boulevard, that glittering right-of-way down which tread the cinema ghosts of yesterday, and up which go marching the screen great of today and tomorrow.

But at Yuletide, when cynics have to take seats in the back row, when the little ones and the young in heart utter cries of worship for Old St. Nick, Hollywood Boulevard becomes "Santa Claus Lane."

For several nights before Christmas the street is ablaze with lights and somewhat gaudy tinsel. Festoons of greenery and little tin trees decorate the light poles. Mama, little sister, big sister, Junior and Papa walk bug-eyed before bursting store windows. Every night a different film star leads a parade with Santa Claus. It is of little importance that Papa emerges with a battered bankroll. The merchants have a field day.

It was on one of the nights when the lights were brightest—Christmas Eve, to be exact—that William Powell set out for a dinner party at the home of Madelynne Field. "Fieldsie" was secretary and companion to Carole Lombard until that young lady broke a million hearts by accompanying Clark Gable, Hollywood's most eligible bundle of catnip, to the altar.

To get there, Powell had to cross "Santa Claus Lane." Now, at this season, it is impossible to drive across the thoroughfare. All traffic is stopped. Thousands turn out to watch the parade and cheer for the star who rides with Santa Claus on the band-wagon.

Bill confesses, in telling this story, that he had a nice, pleasant feeling just at the moment from a couple of egg-nogs his valet had mixed while he was dressing. Otherwise he would never have dreamed of braving the Boulevard crowd. His idea was to leave his own car, walk through the thousands assembled for the parade, get to the other side of the street, call a taxi and arrive at Fieldsie's in time for dinner.

The egg-nog and the anticipation of the fine dinner Fieldsie had promised made Bill quite forget that he was togged out in a manner to make him about as conspicuous as an escaped convict in prison stripes running down Main Street.

"As a matter of fact," Bill grins in telling the story, "I wish I had been a convict. Then the cops would have rescued me from my predicament and clapped me into jail.

"Somehow, I pushed my way through the crowd and ducked under the rope which held the people back from the street where the parade was to come. I got out on the pavement, right in the middle of the street car tracks, just as the float with Santa Claus approached. Then the people saw me. I had on tails, a white tie and a top hat."

A roar of recognition came from the fans lining either side of the street. Once they had recognized him Bill knew that he could never get through the mob to that taxi and Fieldsie's. This was no time for a joust with autograph-seekers. A few yards behind him came the parade. In front of him stretched the street, roped off, guarded by Hollywood's finest, free of people, offering an avenue of escape.

"I was never so bewildered in my life," Bill says. "Everybody thought I was an extra added attraction. I couldn't have squirmed through that crowd if my life depended upon it. So I just led the parade. I saw a big jeweler's clock and it was a quarter of six. I had to be at Fieldsie's by six, but I was trapped. There was only one way out where the crowd ended a mile away."

Dinner clothes were not made for cross-country hiking and Bill says he was a pretty sorry figure by the time he got to the end of the line.

"All in all," he says, "it was a pretty harrowing experience and you can't blame me if I wanted a couple of egg-nogs before jaunting merrily on to Fieldsie's. The last I remember was sitting at a bar, wondering who that queer looking guy was with the top hat on. I could see him in the mirror."

Fieldsie can give you the rest of the details. Everybody wondered where Bill was. She telephoned his house. He'd left. They decided to have their turkey, Powell or no Powell.

Next morning, as dawn began to break —as it can break only in Hollywood at Christmas, rosy, bland and warm—there was a terrible clattering at the door. Fieldsie dashed downstairs.

There stood Bill, top hat and all. He bowed gallantly. " 'Fraid I'm a little late," he began. Then his eyes fell on the grandfather's clock in the hall. He peered up at its old face and breathed a sigh of relief.

It was just six o'clock. "Good," said the polished Mr. Powell. "Just on time! Well, lovely party. Sorry to be the last to leave."

Helpless with laughter, Fieldsie saw him climb back into the taxi in the drive.

"That's the way they tell it, anyway," Bill said. "And you can bet that's one Christmas I won't forget. No more egg-nog for me!"

Clark Gable, who had been at Fieldsie's party with Carole Lombard (this was the first year they had discovered each other), slept well into the morning. He had sent his lady love an appropriate gift, and when he arose he waited for her ecstatic telephone call. Secretly, he was

also eager to see his own present from Carole.

The first gifts of sweethearts are always the tenderest, the most elaborate and sentimental. Gable's was. As he walked about, happy, sappy, in love, he came across an unexpected sight on his front lawn.

There stood a forlorn heifer. None of the neighbors had cows. They are not a common sight in swanky Beverly Hills. This cow wore a dejected look. About her neck was a frivolous ribbon, quite out of tone with the animal's lugubrious demeanor. Attached to the ribbon was a card:

"Merry Christmas
From Carole."

That was about the saddest Christmas Gable ever spent. At least until his love telephoned and a messenger brought him Carole's real gift, elaborately and appropriately sentimental.

■ The year of 1937 was Broderick Crawford's first Christmas Eve in Hollywood for many years. Although his parents, Helen Broderick and Lester Crawford, had their home in the film capital, "Brod" had been battling for a stage career in New York.

That New York business was pretty tough. "Brod" was too proud to holler for help from his mother and father and sometimes he had to go hungry. The three previous Christmas Eves had been dreary affairs. One had been spent on a ship, aboard which Crawford had shipped as a steward. The next two were wasted away, without any trimmings at all, in New York with a group of friends. Everybody was broke and making the most of a delicatessen feast of cold meats and beer.

This Christmas of 1937 was to be a different one, however. Hollywood, or rather Samuel Goldwyn, had discovered Crawford and he had been given his first screen role as the comedy butler in *Woman Chases Man*. Along with that job went the sizeable sum of money paid by the studio for his services.

Some of his friends with whom he had spent the gay, but almost foodless holidays in New York had, meanwhile, also migrated to Hollywood. For them and several others "Brod" decided to have a gala evening—the first big blowout of an up-and-coming young film actor. It was to be the real thing—champagne, caviar, roast turkeys, everything and anything that contrasted with the Christmas Eve of the year before.

With all arrangements completed and the guests invited, Crawford, who had been working steadily through the hectic holiday period, decided to freshen up on the day of the party with a Turkish bath and a rubdown.

"There's nothing like relaxation," murmured the quickly relaxing Broderick as he dropped off for his forty winks after the bath and the soothing massage.

Crawford opened his eyes a short while later—just nine hours later, to be exact—at 4 a. m. Christmas morning.

Hastily grabbing his clothes, he rushed to his house. Some late departing guests assured him it had been a swell party and that everybody had a wonderful time.

When Christmas morning dawned and the first rays of light sneaked into the Crawford kitchen, they found Broderick greeting the day formally in company with the cook, one milkman and two cats.

■ To get back to "Santa Claus Lane" and the merry, merry Yuletide shopping season, there was that time Marie Wilson entered a knitting goods store and asked for instructions on knitting a sweater.

"Is it for a man?" the salesgirl asked.

"No."

"Well, what size does she wear?"

"Oh, it isn't a she—it's a he."

"Sorry." The salesgirl was apologetic. "I thought you said it wasn't for a man."

"It isn't—it's for a dog."

"How big is the dog?"

Marie made a lot of gestures with her hands.

"Maybe you'd better bring him in," said the girl.

"Oh, I can't," was Marie's answer. "It's to be a surprise!"

■ And speaking of surprises, embarrassing moments and ghastly memories, there was that Christmas Eve, several years ago when William Gargan's son, Barry, was just three years old, big-eyed and filled with wonder. The age of three, if you'll remember, is just the proper stage of life at which to really appreciate Christmas.

Knowing that, Bill didn't see any reason why the appearance of Santa Claus had to be delayed until Christmas morning. The same thought, unfortunately, had also struck Leslie Howard, who lived near the Gargans and wanted to give Barry the surprise of his life. Leslie didn't know that Bill had changed the hour for the appearance of Santa Claus.

Barry's bedtime was six o'clock. Just before that hour Howard, who had never played Santa Claus before, pushed open the front door and strolled into the Gargan living room. There, to his horror, was a rival Santa Claus—the other St. Nicholas being Gargan, who had just sneaked in from the back way!

Barry's about ten now and slightly suspicious of the Santa Claus myth, but very vividly in his memory — and in those of Father William and Neighbor Leslie, for that matter — is the Christmas Eve when two Santa Clauses came to see him. [*Continued on page* 60]



Bill Powell learned a distrust of parades



Dotty Lamour recalls a dinnerless dinner

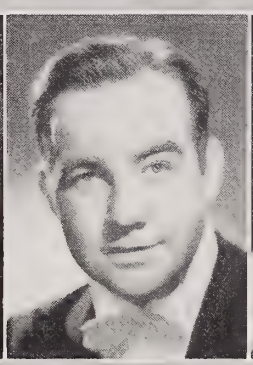
Bing Crosby jumps at the cry of "Timber!"



They still quote Marie Wilson's gag



Brod Crawford has a safe retreat



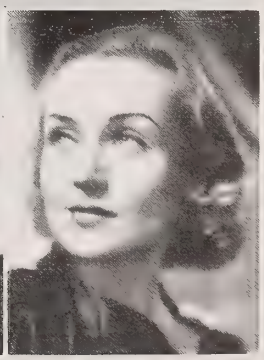
Claudette Colbert appreciates quiet



David Niven played ½ of Santa



Carole Lombard surprised Gable.



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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ Almost the last thing we saw when we left Hollywood two years ago was a fat little girl waving a handkerchief covered with a violent design of printed flowers. Little Jane Withers was at the airport to do a special broadcast, and, when she was brought over to say "Goodbye," she had the handkerchief out and ready for waving. "Goodbye," she called. "I hope I get to see you in New York!"

It took a little time, but last week a considerably taller and far from fat young lady took us to tea at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. At thirteen and a half, little Miss Withers cuts a pretty dashing figure of what the well-dressed younger set is wearing. Her brown velveteen skirt was topped with a plaid jacket, and no sooner were we seated at the table than a handkerchief was whipped out of a pocket and spread out for inspection. It was somewhat quieter in color than the one which had been waved at us two years ago, but it still was a handkerchief you wouldn't forget. Appliqued in one corner was the figure of a little girl. What made it really different was a little sash that really tied, and eyelids, complete with embroidered eyelashes, that lifted up over blue eyes.

"Isn't it silly?" said Jane. "I love it. I'm still just as crazy about handkerchiefs as ever . . . almost as much in love with them as I am with cooking. I'm having a wonderful time, but I just can't wait to get back to see my little kitchen."

This Christmas, Jane is to have what every little girl dreams of. She is to have a little soda fountain and a little kitchen all of her own. The soda fountain is the smallest that they build, but it has four spigots for syrups, and Jane feels confident that no one will criticise her sundaes so long as she keeps chocolate in all four compartments.

"I more or less specialize in chocolate," she said, and went into detail about the extra rich chocolate cake with chocolate frosting that she built by combining two different recipes just before she left Hollywood.

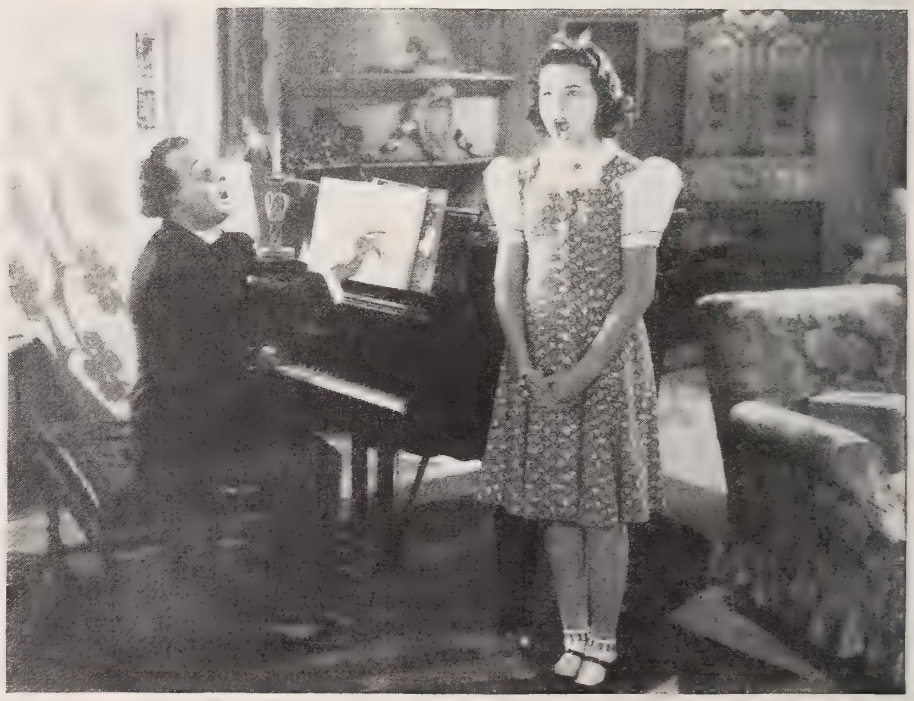
"She really does love to fuss around the kitchen," explained Mrs. Withers. "And she has been collecting recipes for two years, so this isn't just a fad. That is why we are giving her a little kitchen of her own. She makes a lot of the things for her parties."

By the time Jane had described three different kinds of cookies, the especial recipe that she uses for fudge, and the way she builds her "barber-pole" sandwich, we had a fine idea.

"Would you like to design a perfect party, complete with your recipes, for HOLLYWOOD Magazine?" we asked her.

So, in a very early issue, you will find pictures of Jane's kitchen, a menu for a party that she will give when it is her turn to entertain her club, and recipes for each dish.

■ We have a goodly list of especial features ready for the first months of this year. Jessie Henderson, who tells



Jane Withers' next picture, *High School*, calls for a singing lesson with the assistance of Luis Alberni. Undoubtedly, Jane is getting ready to match songs with Gene Autry with whom she is to make *Jubilo*. You will see it shortly after Christmas

you all about the filming of *The Blue Bird* on page 34, had luncheon the other day with the *Swiss Family Robinson* in their tree house. True, their desert island is within easy walking distance of the parking space at RKO-Radio Studios, but it was all so realistic that Miss Henderson claims that she went home and built a fire in her fireplace by rubbing two sticks together, having forgotten completely that there were matches on the shelf. She learned many other equally useful things, had a very good lunch, and now is so fascinated by life on desert islands that she is practicing to be quite independent of the machine age, just in case. We won't be in the least surprised if the story comes in on paper beaten out by Miss Henderson's own hands from bamboo leaves, and written in ink made from some left-over Thanksgiving cranberries.

■ Our favorite extra, the long-suffering Mr. E. J. Smithson, was one of the very few people fortunate enough to be admitted to *The Grapes of Wrath* set while that picture was being made, and it is sad to report that he had almost as much trouble as the whole Joad family put together. We feel terribly sorry for him, but you will agree that he suffered in a noble cause when you read his story next month on the filming of the most discussed book of the year.

■ Wilbur Morse, Jr. traveled all the way to Norway for a story on Sonja Henie, and brought back a report of the way she lives in Oslo which is just as colorful as his interview with Geraldine Fitzgerald which you will find on page 18. King Zog arrived in Oslo at the same time that Mr. Morse did, and the newspapers interviewed them both. King Zog got the bigger picture, but Mr. Morse got three inches more space in type, though Mr. Morse is nice looking, too. The Oslo newspaper was properly impressed at the enterprise of a writer who journeyed all the way across the Atlantic for a story. So are we. So will you be when you read the interview.

CONTEST NEWS

As this issue goes to press, the first entries in our big *Gone With the Wind* Contest are coming in, and already are piling high on the big desk in the corner. Ricarde of Hollywood, who designed the modern versions of antique jewelry worn in *Gone With the Wind*, has the prizes packaged and ready for the names of the lucky winners. The judges are eating their oatmeal in the morning without complaint in an attempt to build up strength for the job of picking the winners. Watch next month's issue for more news of this big contest.

■ Duncan Underhill is stamping around out in Arizona in boots and a ten-gallon hat right this minute getting a taste of life in the old west for his report on *Virginia City*. The big location company is there, too, so, unless Mr. Underhill decides to stay out there on the lone prairie, we should have a fine story on how Errol Flynn and Miriam Hopkins adapted themselves to frontier life.

■ The winter film season is in full swing, and promises to be one of the most varied of many seasons. Any minute now you will be seeing *Gulliver's Travels*, Max Fleisher's feature length cartoon which has been two years in the making. *Gone With the Wind* is to be released just before the holidays.

The Blue Bird is another long film, all in color, and said to be by far the most impressive of the Shirley Temple pictures. Good old shuddersome melodrama is represented by *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. *The Grapes of Wrath* promises to be a somewhat perturbing piece of realism, since Twentieth Century-Fox announces determination to follow the best seller closely in the script. It will be released at about the same time *Pinocchio* comes to the screen, so you can rush right out of one theatre and forget what you have seen in following the adventures of the puppet who is the hero of Walt Disney's second feature length cartoon. It seems rather superfluous to wish you "Happy New Year" after this look ahead.



Rhapsody In Green

An American writer visits Geraldine Fitzgerald in her Irish home and writes a vivid story on the rising star

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

When you meet Geraldine Fitzgerald you understand what all those Irish tenors have been singing about for years.

For this girl from Dublin, who has been hailed everywhere as the Number One Film Discovery of 1939, seems somehow a symbol of all that is best in Ireland. There is the wild, restless beauty of the land in her flowing, dark-red hair and piercing green eyes. There is that stubborn independence that is so innately Irish; and the famous Gaelic generosity and kindliness and understanding. And a trace, too, of that sadness that seems to touch everything Irish.

Think of a lass from Erin and one of two pictures immediately presents itself; either a barefooted colleen standing in the sunlit doorway of a whitewashed, thatched roofed cottage, her hair blowing in the wind and a flirtatious smile on her lips; or else one of those grand ladies from Dublin, pale, regal, white throated, who speak the purest English in the world, dress beautifully and ride and hunt and preside with grace over the dinner tables where conversation is both an art and a profession.

Geraldine Fitzgerald is a mixture of both. She has the poise of a princess and the robust vitality of a peasant; the quiet, pensive charm of the well bred but slightly rusticated Ireland of yesterday, and the bright, eager lust for life of the challenging new Ireland of today.

Above all she is, in the opinion of everyone who has seen her first three Hollywood pictures, *Dark Victory, Wuthering Heights* and *A Child Is Born,* a superlatively fine young actress.

They had kept her so busy making those three pictures her first six months in Hollywood that little was known about the redheaded, romantic-looking lady other than that she had a tall, handsome husband somewhere in the background, and had played in the Irish theatre for a time before she blasted blase New Yorkers out of their seats with a magnificent performance in Shaw's *Heartbreak House.*



Geraldine Fitzgerald who has just returned from Ireland to act in *Disraeli*

When those six months of continuous work were over, Geraldine had the sort of lull that studio publicity departments usually fill with long afternoon interviews in which new arrivals to Hollywood are subject to intimate probings by the press. This is known as a "build up" and includes posing for photographers in quaint little routines like throwing a medicine ball about, fetchingly garbed in shorts; or washing a spaniel underneath a hibiscus bush, or knitting a sweater while sprawled in a bathing suit on some porch furniture.

Being a reserved young lady who was not in the habit of discussing her adolescent romances with perfect strangers, and not being in the least interested in either medicine balls, spaniels or knitting, Geraldine, as the forces of publicity began to descend on her, took one startled look and lit out for Ireland.

That her evasion of the conventional channels of exploitation did no harm to her career was testified in the fact that Warner Brothers, to whom she is under contract, announced that when she returned from an extended vacation she would be promoted from featured roles to stardom.

But meanwhile it left a lot of film fans wondering just who and what Geraldine Fitzgerald was.

This is where I come into the story. I took the next boat to Cobh, and a week later was sitting on a dusty, upturned cracker box, backstage at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, listening to Michael Dolan, grizzled old director of the Abbey Theatre's School of Acting, tell of Geraldine's apprenticeship in the art of entertainment, and how, with hard work, she had overcome an inherent nervousness.

I talked with an enchanting poet-playwright who had been a captain of the Irish rebels in the Civil War before he turned dramatic critic, in which capacity he had known Geraldine. And from him I learned how Geraldine had taken Dublin by storm in her first appearance at the Gate Theatre.

I talked with sixteen year old Pamela Fitzgerald, whose frank brown eyes and saucy pug nose were as captivating as her complete self-possession when she declared her sister to be "the best actress the movies had ever had."

Over a tall one at a bar that was old when Broadway was a cow pasture, I talked with [*Continued on page* 46]

Holiday Spirit

You will see Roland Young and Pat O'Brien in *Happy Ending* in this scene for which we have written our own Christmas-spirit titles. Pat O'Brien is cast also in *Ladies Know Too Much*



1. "A great day, isn't it, bartender?"



2. "No, no. This one is on me!"



3. "This is my round, or I don't stay!"



4. "Listen, when I like a guy . . .



5. I buy half of the drinks!"



6. Jingle bells



7. "I'm not mad"



8. "But this guy is"



9. "He thinks he's Santa Claus!"



10. "So I guess both of us better . . .



11. Buy another drink"

Forecasts For 1940

Louise Lochridge, who has been delighting the patrons of Earl Carroll's theatre with her glimpses into the future, tells what she sees for the stars

By HELEN HOVER



Well, 1939 has just about turned the corner. What a year it was!

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And now 1940!

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The Clark Gables will have to fight a scandal . . . death will strike at two beloved actors, and a famous actress enters the year under the shadow of death . . . attempted suicide by a juvenile actor whose career has taken a nose dive . . . an avalanche of newcomers, with particular attention being paid to a young American girl who has not yet appeared on the screen. She will be a great sensation . . . accidents will threaten several stars . . . a scandal will involve many in the motion picture industry and require a prolonged court action . . . despite the war scare, motion picture business in general will pick up . . . there will be a general adjustment of salaries which will mark the beginning of the end of the tremendous weekly paychecks . . . two studios will merge . . . retirement of a top-flight star due to poor health . . . And there's more.

All of these predictions come from Louise Lochridge, one of the most popular of Hollywood astrologers and seers. Miss Lochridge is now appearing at Earl Carroll's Theatre-restaurant, and both the famous and not-so-famous visitors at Carroll's anxiously wait their turn for a session with her.

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TYRONE POWER AND ANNABELLA: Difficulties will arise in the household because of family interference. There is a third party who will cause discord and throw a shadow on the house. Annabella's tact will do much to overcome the period of stress, until it passes. This is an excellent year for Tyrone in pictures. His popularity will continue to grow. Annabella will not fare so well. Nineteen forty doesn't hold a very bright outlook for her career. She will settle down as a Hollywood housewife.

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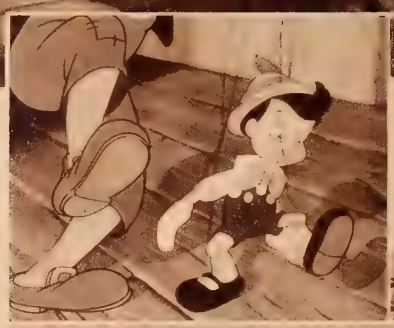


Pictures on these pages © Walt Disney Productions

A Puppet Comes to Life

Something about the two years of labor, and the two million drawings that went into Walt Disney's second feature film

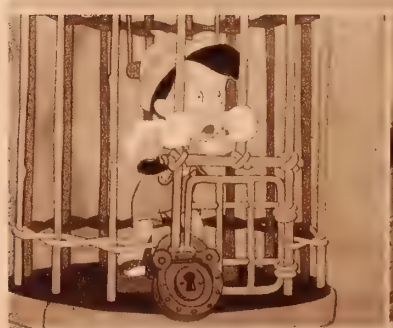
By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE



Pinocchio starts as a toy



The Blue Fairy gives him lif



And gets into trouble



Playing with fire!



Doug and Mary Lee Hartford Fairbanks



George and Zorina Balanchine



Louis and Ida Lupino Hayward



Clark and Carole Lombard Gab



Robert and Florence Rice Wilcox



Nelson and Ann Franklin Eddy



Tyrone and Annabella Power

Slapsie Maxie and Gail Reingold Rosenbloom



Leo and Kay Marvis Gorcey



Ronald and Benita Hume Colman



Jackie and Nan Grey Westrope



Her Heart Belongs To Hollywood

Hollywood turned her down cold the first six times she knocked at the gates, but Mary Martin knew what she wanted, and she got it

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

■ Fame is a hussy. Ask Mary Martin.

For years she tried desperately to catch up with the jade. No dice. She followed Horace Greeley's advice to Hollywood. She made the Seven Dwarfs look like playboy idlers by comparison.

She practiced her pretty head off at the dancing studios of Fanchon and Marco, convinced she was destined to be as great as Pavlowa and Powell put together. She hooked on to a sustaining program on a local radio station (without pay) hoping someone important would hear her. She poured out her lonely heart at cocktail hour at a swanky bar and sang "The Way You Look Tonight" and "Mr. Paganini." She warbled for the coast Cafe Society at a sporty night club.

She gave a recital, of classical songs, no less. She swung grand opera. She took a half dozen screen tests and the Poohbahs said she photographed like Fu Manchu. She came to New York, landed a fair-to-middlin' spot in a musical tagged *Leave It to Me,* and on opening night before a house that was long on "economic royalists" she peeled off her garments at a Siberian railway station called "Irkutsk" and trilled "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." The audience as one man gave her a tumultuous welcome. Even the critics crawled out of their igloos and spouted like miniature Mt. Vesuvius over the new arrival, and murmured such phrases as "The Toast of the Town" in their columns the next day. At last Mary Martin had caught up with her elusive destiny.

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Her Heart Belongs To Hollywood

Hollywood turned her down cold the first six times she knocked at the gates, but Mary Martin knew what she wanted, and she got it

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

■ Fame is a hussy. Ask Mary Martin.

For years she tried desperately to catch up with the jade. No dice. She followed Horace Greeley's advice to Hollywood. She made the Seven Dwarfs look like playboy idlers by comparison.

She practiced her pretty head off at the dancing studios of Fanchon and Marco, convinced she was destined to be as great as Pavlowa and Powell put together. She hooked on to a sustaining program on a local radio station (without pay) hoping someone important would hear her. She poured out her lonely heart at cocktail hour at a swanky bar and sang "The Way You Look Tonight" and "Mr. Pagannini." She warbled for the coast Cafe Society at a sporty night club.

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Baby Takes a Bow

By EMILY NORRIS



Another "Thin Man" comes to the screen and graciously gives his first interview to Hollywood Magazine

William Anthony Poulsen and William Powell, two "Thin Men" in a scene from *Another Thin Man*

■ It seems the underworld was giving the Thin Man's baby a party . . . . . And park your guns outside, gents.

You remember how, in *After the Thin Man,* Myrna Loy sat knitting little pink things and Thin Man Bill Powell asked, "What're you knitting *those* for?" So Mrs. Myrna Thin Man said: "And you call yourself a detective!" Well, the eventuality in this new picture, *Another Thin Man,* is eight months' old "Cuddles." That is what the rest of the cast called him.

("A fine monicker for a detective's son!" Cuddles fumed in sign language when we had a moment alone. That is, alone with only a nurse or so and a representative of the Board of Education hovering around.)

Already the guests were arriving, and that corner of the M-G-M lot looked like a maternity ward. With sixteen babies scheduled for the party, of course they had to have forty-eight babies on hand. Huh? No, there's no mistake in mathematics. Count 'em yourself.

You see, the law allows a baby only so much time before the cameras and under the lights per day. Therefore, to expedite matters, sixteen of the first group of thirty-two infants acted as stand-ins for the other sixteen. The third group of sixteen were needed, because, according to law, the first group had to quit work by two in the afternoon.

To go with the forty-eight babies, there were forty-eight mothers, forty-eight nursing bottles, forty-eight "formulas," forty-eight sets of didies, eight studio nurses and a dozen gallons of milk. Before Director W. S. Van Dyke finished shooting the sequence he said he felt like a mother himself.

The idea was that the Thin Man, being a famous private detective, naturally had a lot of acquaintances who were pickpockets, gangsters, and what not, but who helped him out sometimes on his more difficult cases. In return for his kindness on many occasions when the world seemed against them, these acquaintances—hearing that the Thin Man had become a father—decided to throw a party (in a nice way) for his son and heir.

Each underworld character had been told to bring his own baby. And each did with one exception. He being babyless but eager to join in the festivities, rented an infant and passed it off as his own.

("This ought to be a warning to people not to go around renting babies," Cuddles confided, again in the sign language, as —rosy and smiling—he contentedly blew bubbles in his special dressing room while waiting to go on the set to act as host at the party. He raised tenuous eyebrows, mere fuzz really, at a particularly handsome bubble and added: "The consequences of that fellow's ill-considered baby-hiring—glub. Glub, glub, glub—you'll see, in due time.")

Now, the mugs (and that's the right word) who were giving the party had been picked by the casting director for their rugged features. Rugged? They looked as if they'd come through a blizzard of broken crockery. One by one the babes were handed carefully to these gentlemen an instant before the cameras turned.

The result, though unanticipated, was a

tribute to the infants' sense of civic righteousness even at their tender age. Without exception they took a look at the men designated in the script as their fathers—and burst into frightful howls of disapproval.

For probably the first time since talking pictures came in, nobody had to yell, "Quiet!" as the cameras rolled. The command wouldn't have been heard, anyway. Grips, juicers, extras, could not merely have conversed but given college cheers and still not been heard above that infant uproar. The mugs, pale beneath their makeup, looked terrified.

Things, though, had quieted down a trifle in the Thin Man's maple and cretonne living room, and Asta, the wire-haired terrier, was making friends with the guests while Myrna served cake and the Thin Man bragged about Cuddles, when word came that a cop was at the door. Well, you know how it is between cops and the underworld. The guests began to depart at once. In the excitement, the guest who had hired a baby picked up Cuddles, the Thin Man's child, in mistake for the baby he had hired.

("He left the rented baby, but Myrna and Bill didn't want it," Cuddles explained, placing his toe in his mouth. He went on smugly: "They liked me better." He omitted mention of the fact that the mother of the rented baby brought back Cuddles, fire in her eye, and demanded her own offspring in exchange. A nurse took Cuddle's toe from his mouth and put a nursing-bottle there instead. "Glub, glub," Cuddles murmured contentedly, his bright eyes twinkling his thanks.)

There was always a nurse near Cuddles, of course. The baby got more care than Bill Powell himself. Part of the attention showered upon the baby was prescribed by statute. He could "work" only four hours a day. During the four hours he could spend only four minutes right under the lights. And he could spend these four minutes at the rate of only thirty seconds at a time.

Talk about a star! The baby ordered Myrna and Powell around with the greatest complacency. For instance, they had to be right there, all set for the scene, before the baby was brought on. No waiting! No wasting one of those thirty seconds! Fortunately, Director Van Dyke is a fast shooter.

Then there was the matter of castor oil. Oh, not taken internally. No. But drops of castor oil were put in Cuddle's eyes before a scene to form a film as protection from the lights. They were put in after a scene also, for good measure or something. And the instant the scene began, the city welfare worker from the Board of Education would stand with gaze glued on a watch. Just try to work the baby five seconds overtime!

The nurse, as well as mother, saw to it that Cuddles had his naps promptly, and his feedings—there was a little electric plate in the dressing room for heating milk. The dressing room was as scrubbed and sanitary as a hospital corner. No, the salary check didn't have to be sterilized.

("Myrna and Bill said," Cuddles remarked, "that it was quite an education for them, watching me taken care of, and taking care of me. In the picture, they had to change my—ah—underthings. They didn't know how, at first." He gave a toothless grin. "I had to laugh.")

■ The entire cast laughed at Myrna and Bill somewhat later, though the laugh had nothing to do with Cuddles. It had to do with two surprise parties on the set, in addition to the one given to Cuddles in the script. Myrna and Powell have birthdays within a few days of each other, and three or four times it has happened that they worked in a picture together on those days. It's become increasingly hard for them to surprise each other, but this time they outdid themselves.

On his birthday Bill was about to go before the cameras when somebody told him that a Mr. Gwynn, friend of one of the M-G-M producers, was waiting in Bill's dressing room. "But I can't see him now!" Bill protested. "You must," the messenger insisted, "He's a friend of So-and-So." "All *right,*" Bill said, exasperated, and rushed to his dressing room.

When he threw open the door, there stood a live penguin, dressed to resemble Powell, studying itself seriously in the mirror. Upon its back, turned toward the door, was a sign: "Happy birthday from one Thin Man to Another." Powell burst out laughing. "Well, he has my nose and chin," he remarked. On his return to the set, he found tables decorated and ready for the big party that followed the day's shooting.

Came Myrna's birthday, and she was determined to be surprised at nothing. But right away Bill surprised her. Nailed on her dressing room door that morning when she arrived was a great printed notice: "SURPRISE PARTY FOR MYRNA LOY—COME ONE, COME ALL!" At noontime, a town crier walked across the set, ringing his bell and announcing that there would be a surprise party for Myrna. In the course of the afternoon, they turned on the radio during a rest period and heard several local stations sing: "Happy birthday, dear Myrna" and announce a surprise party for her. By the time the party started, after the day's work, nobody in town including Myrna was unaware of the fact that Myrna was going to be very much surprised. Asta the terrier was at the party. So was Duke.

Duke is a huge Irish wolfhound when he stands on his hind legs, he is around seven feet tall. In one scene, he was supposed to greet Powell menacingly with his paws on Powell's shoulders. Powell loves dogs and vice versa. Duke, affectionate in proportion to his size, wouldn't menace. He insisted on trying to lick Bill's face. "In place of a necktie, I'll have to wear a strip of bacon so it'll look as if he were going for me," Powell suggested. [*Continued on page* 65]



Myrna Loy manages the two "Thin Men" with admirable fairness in a scene from the newest comedy in the series

Art For Artie's Sake

Artie Shaw has a purpose in the mad pace at which he drives himself, but it is not fame he's after. It has to do with a rum-drenched South Sea Isle

By JACK MOSHER



Artie Shaw with the hot clarinet which is the delight of the jitterbugs in the new musical film, *Dancing Co-ed*

■ "He's likely to say anything," his manager warns as you head for a dressing room door marked "California," backstage at Broadway's Strand, where his band packs them in so tightly you couldn't even find a seat in the Smoking Room. "You'd better get the drop on him before he gets it on you."

So you charge through this door marked "California" prepared for anything but this well-groomed, immaculately-clad and collegiate-looking boy who sits all humped up in one corner of a couch with pencil and paper in hand, and who snaps by way of greeting: "Leave me alone a minute, can't you? I want to work this out."

"Okay, Artie!" you say. Because this is Artie Shaw, known to the milling, dance-mad millions of America as "New King of Swing." He is the bad boy who eats three *live* jitterbugs for breakfast every morning, talks back to music publishers and record barons, even dares to call Hollywood movie moguls nasty names. And you have no sooner picked up a book lying on the dressing room table—it's titled *Vagabond Voyaging* and open at page seven, the point where the schooner is just passing Sandy Hook headed for points tropical and glamorous—than Artie exclaims: "There's a man who's got the right idea!"

Then he lets you have it. He talks fast, this fellow Shaw, and the jittery quality of his actions lend support to his remarks about wanting to get away from it all and really enjoy life. "A lot of people think I'm a big success," he flings at you. "They think I'm a success because I've got a good band. Because I'm on top of the heap. Making thousands every week. That's why you came to write a story on me. Well, let me tell you something . . ."

Then he tells you that he was born in New York's East Side, called by Crooner Crosby the East Side of Heaven. That ever since he was knee high to a music stand, and used to sit in cheap seats at Broadway shows, he's wanted to be something. "First of all," he says, "I wanted to blow a horn." So he bought one in a mail order house. A set of five lessons came with it. They were the only lessons he ever took. The family moved to New Haven, and after playing around with a local band which died the death, Artie headed for Cleveland where he played with Joe Cantor, then Austin Wylie. He won a newspaper contest with an essay on Cleveland Air Races. The prize was a trip to Hollywood, where, at nineteen, he got going with Irving Aaronson, then playing at the [*Continued on page* 66]

How to Become a Swimmer

Marjorie Weaver insists the best way to become a swimmer is to try your hand at bowling. These pictures prove that there may be some sound wisdom in her words. Her next picture for 20th Century-Fox is *The Honeymoon is Over*





Lesson 1 shows correct stance and three-fingered grip, a grim look

Below, Ah, this is more like it. At least the sand is safe and soft!

A look of hope always accompanies the swing

But she forgot to learn how to release the bowl

Rolling for a strike. Fun? Her favorite sport!

Her first trip down the alley looks like . . . . . A strike!



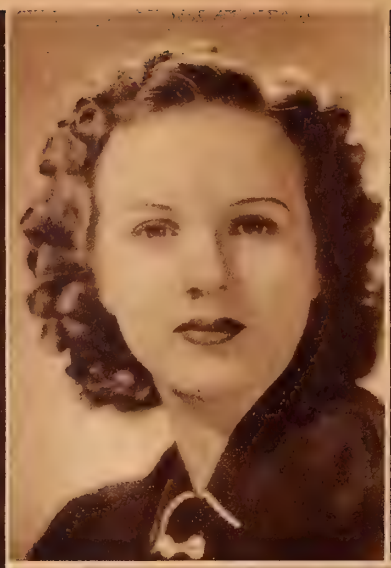






Canadian Cousins

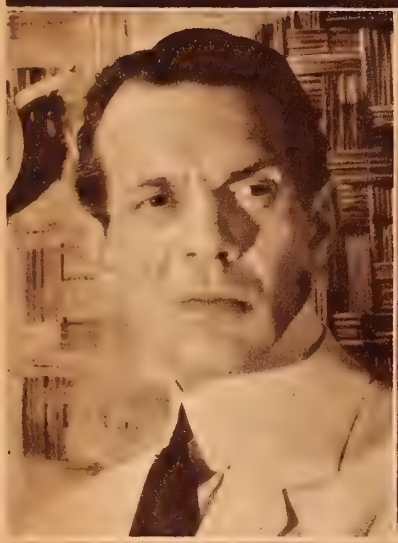
Among the most valuable imports from the good neighbor across our northern border are these stars



Deanna Durbin
Winnipeg, Manitoba



Walter Huston
Toronto, Ontario



Raymond Massey
Toronto, Ontario



John Qualen
Vancouver, British Columbia



Katharine DeMille
Vancouver, British Columbia



Berton Churchill
Toronto, Ontario

Gene Lockhart
London, Ontario



Fay Wray
Wrayland, Alberta



Walter Pidgeon
East St. John, New Brunswick

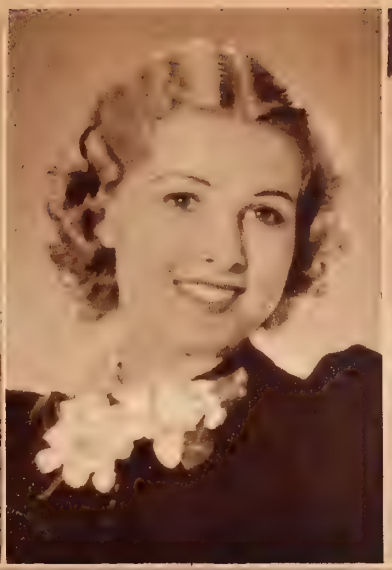




Ruby Keeler
Halifax, Nova Scotia



Bobby Breen,
Toronto, Ontario



Rosina Lawrence
Ottawa, Ontario



Ben Blue
Montreal, Quebec



Cecilia Parker
Fort William, Ontario



Douglas Dumbrille
Hamilton, Ontario



Mary Pickford
Toronto, Ontario



Producer Jack Warner
London, Ontario

Ann Rutherford
Toronto, Ontario

Donald Woods
Brandon, Manitoba

Norma Shearer
Montreal, Quebec







On "The Blue Bird" Set



The cat (Gale Sondergaard) leads the way for Mytyl (Shirley Temple), Tyltyl (Johnny Russell) and the dog (Eddie Collins) into the frightening, darksome land of the past

The filming of Maeterlinck's fantasy is the most fascinating enterprise in Hollywood at the moment. Shirley Temple's most spectacular film will be ready after Jan. 1

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Over the hilltop with the vast, moonlit sky behind them came Shirley Temple and Johnny Russell, hunting for the Blue Bird. They were bound for the region of their first search, the Land of the Past—and here it was, right at their feet. A graveyard!

Perhaps the hesitation with which Johnny followed Shirley under the archway of a crumbling chapel and along the path that wound among ancient, lichen-crusted tombstones, wasn't wholly acting. Johnny is only six, and the slanted stones with their blurred dates shining pale and silent from shadows where the moonbeams did not penetrate looked so real you couldn't believe the set had been tossed together by the property department just for Maeterlinck's story.

Tylo, the dog (Eddie Collins in a brown fur suit) ran away scared. But Tylette, the black and white cat (Gale Sondergaard), simply loved it and went gliding around the graves with a smug smirk. She's the villain of the piece, forever trying to get Mytyl (Shirley) and Tyltyl (Johnny) into trouble . . . and generally succeeding. On velvet paws she soft-footed about the monument with the Greek figure, and the small grave that



Mytyl and Tyltyl return from the forest with a thrush, but refuse to give it to the little lame girl, played by Sybil Jason



Mytyl and Tyltyl stop complaining of their poverty when their mother (Spring Byington) and their father (Russell Hicks) face the fact of war



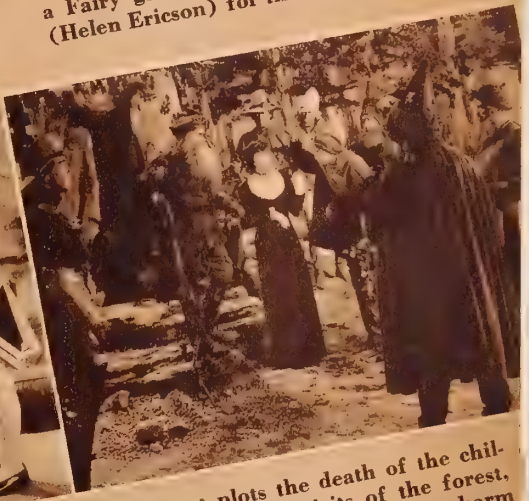
The selfish children are suspicious when a Fairy gives them the help of Light (Helen Ericson) for their long journey



The Blue Bird is not in the Land of the Past, though the visit with grandparents (Cecelia Loftus and Al Shean) is happy



And the Blue Bird is not to be found in The Land of Luxury, though the children enjoy their glimpses of wealth



The cat plots the death of the children with the spirits of the forest, who quite naturally expect harm from the woodchopper's children



Home at last, and with the Blue Bird!

had the little angel with a broken wing to watch above. . . . A bad 'un, Tylette.

This graveyard set, which occupied an acre of sound stage, afforded a nice technicolor contrast in gentle greens and grays washed by silvery blue moonlight to the sets full of richer hues in which the film abounds. There are, by the way, no horizons in the scenes through which the Blue Bird search wends its eventful way. Only the great sky is roundabout, giving an effect of floating in air and lending a dreamlike quality, a Maxfield Parrish atmosphere, in harmony with the story itself.

Briefly, the story is this. On Christmas Eve of the year 1809, Mytyl and her brother Tyltyl return home with a thrush which they have trapped. Their home is a modest cottage in the Tyrolean village. Twentieth Century-Fox Studios built the village on the back lot with such faithfulness to detail that a real Tyrolean would start yodeling at first sight. On their way up the village street they look enviously into shop windows full of toys and lament the fact that their father, a wood chopper, isn't rich. You see, they are two very self-centered youngsters. From her bed at the window, ailing young Angela (Sybil Jason) begs Mytyl to give her the thrush. Mytyl selfishly refuses.

This is the first time Shirley has played a meanie. She entered into the role with zest, and found it all the more fun because at the end of sequences in which she was hateful the picture crew hissed her, whereat she laughed heartily and hissed them right back. It's the first time she's had her million dollar curls pulled, too—but more of that later.

At supper, Mytyl complains of the food, of their poverty, until her whining is subdued by news that father must leave tomorrow for the army, since war threatens. After she and Tyltyl are in bed, imagine their surprise when Fairy Berylune routs them out to go search for a Blue Bird. Berylune sends Light (beautiful Helen Ericson in snowy robes and long flaxen hair) to help them, as well as the dog and the cat, transformed into a stocky man with a bulldog jaw and a slim, sinuous lady in black with white gloves, a big red bow on the [*Continued on page* 48]

Second Generation

Famous names of illustrious parents are of no help to the younger set's careers

By
KOLMA FLAKE

Time was—and not so long ago, either—when the Hollywood version of that immortal lament from Act One, Scene Four of Shakespeare's *King Lear* went like this:

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a child.

In short, the movie moguls reckoned that "idskay were ixnay" and that it was the better part of wisdom to keep it a deep, dark secret that maybe matinee idols fall in love and get married and raise families just like anybody else. The foremen of the film foundries figured that the surest way to wreck a glamour boy's glamour—or whatever they called it in those days—was to let the public know that after working hours he was a loving and respectable husband and father.

Take Francis X. Bushman, for instance. It would never do, his bosses decided, to let word get around that when this statuesque Apollo rode down Hollywood Boulevard in his spectacular, lavender limousine, bowing and smiling to phalanxes of swooning lady customers, he was probably on his way home to the wife and kiddies—five of them. (Kiddies, that is.) There was much weeping and wailing and teeth-gnashing when the awful truth became known and Hero Bushman stood revealed in his true colors as a thoroughly respectable and highly devoted parent.

But even in Hollywood, turn-about is fair play. And it is significant to note that by the time young Francis X. Bushman, Jr. had grown up to be something of a celluloid menace himself, the taboo against the rising generation was off. When a romantic singer of love songs like Bing Crosby proudly displays not one, not two, but *four* baby boys for all the world to see—and adds to his box-office prestige by doing it—you are pretty safe in assuming that the stars and their Simon Legrees have agreed at long last that parenthood isn't such a glamour-killer after all.

The irony of the turn-about previously mentioned is this: *once* the stars were afraid of damaging their careers by admitting they had children; *now* the children of the movie great are afraid of injuring their own careers by admitting they have a famous father



Hal Roach, Jr. and sister Margaret bear a very close resemblance to Hal, Sr.



James and Russell Gleason are another pair of look-alikes



Jack Holt and son Tim talk it over at the horse show



They look alike and use the same name, but Noah Beery, Jr. is a romantic juvenile, while his father is a jovial heavy

or mother! Believe it or not, the kids are getting so they're almost ashamed to confess that the spry old gentleman with the boudoir eyes and the seven-figure income is ole pappy.

■ Whether or not it's a hangover from the not-so-long-ago when stars' children were kept under cover, the fact is that until recently the sons and daughters of Hollywood luminaries have found it very tough going indeed, trying to crash the movie gates. Look at young Doug Fairbanks, son of one of the biggest names in Hollywood history.

Doug, Jr. hit the jackpot two years ago in Selznick's *The Prisoner of Zenda* when he played the dashing Rupert of Hentzau. But he had put plenty into the movie slot machine before he turned up the lucky combination. The Selznick production was his fourth entrance into the Hollywood scene.

Doug says, "Most boys think of emulating their fathers. Naturally, I did too. Father could outrun, outjump, outduel and outdo anyone within the range of my experience or imagination. There has not been a star like him. I doubt that there ever will be. Of course I wanted to be like him, and of course I always was compared with him. And of course I got a tremendous build-up in my first part, just because I was Doug, Jr."

That first part was *Stephen Steps Out* when Doug, Jr. was fourteen. The production had been launched to the din of terrific publicity, and it sank with a gurgle.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. had been opposed to his son's wish to become an actor. He wanted the boy to choose engineering as a profession. So, in Paris, after the disastrous flop of *Stephen Steps Out*, Doug, Sr. said, "Do you still want to be an actor? Well, you don't have a chance against all of this ballyhoo. Get down to real work and build your way up instead of trying to imitate me or anyone else."

So back to Hollywood came young Doug. This time he refused any starring offers. Instead, he entered Paramount's stock company and worked in small roles. Gradually he rose to starring roles.

"I tried to be myself in the first *Dawn Patrol* and in *Union Depot*," he explained, "but I couldn't escape the dreadful feeling that I was basking in my father's reflected glory. I felt as though I had been tied to a comet's tail, and been warned to hang on as long as possible.

"A vacation trip to Europe helped me to think it over, and then I came back to Hollywood for *Morning Glory* with Katharine Hepburn. But the problem was still unsolved, and I took time out again for a journey across the Atlantic."

In England, he played in Alexander Korda's production of *Catherine the Great* with Elizabeth Bergner. On the stage, he appeared opposite Gertrude Lawrence in *Moonlight Is Silver*. Then he became associated with Criterion Films, Ltd. Word came back to Hollywood more and more frequently that his work was well worth watching.

Wise, canny producer Dave Selznick cabled him an offer of the role in *Prisoner of Zenda*. With his usual care and precision, Dave Selznick re-presented Doug Fairbanks, Jr. to the motion picture audiences. And instantly a new star was born . . . a star who had licked the handicap of *too much pull* in Hollywood. Then came such pictures as *The Young in Heart*, *Gunga Din* and [*Continued on page* 50]





Fred Kohler, Jr. is becoming one of the screen's best menaces, just as his father was







Doug, Jr. had to make four entrances into the movies before he could convince Hollywood he wasn't trading on his famous name

DeWolf Hopper, the 2nd, bears a striking likeness to DeWolf Hopper, the 1st



Santa Is a Headache

Just as you and I, the stars worry about finding just the right gifts for friends, but their lists contain hundreds instead of dozens of names. This story tells you how some of them meet the problem

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

Most of us think that Santa Claus is a reasonably nice guy. This Yuletide he will bring from us to mama a quilted dressing gown, papa a new pipe, and Aunt Tessie that bedspread she's been ogling in the window down at Jones' department store. He brings us a pair of bedroom slippers, a new handle for the car's gear lever and a couple of shirts. Maybe a tie from Cousin Susie in Detroit we plumb forgot about, and is our face red.

We add up the score, find that it's just about fifty-fifty give and take, sigh and settle down for 365 more days.

But in Hollywood it's different. Today, Santa is the middle-man in a far from sentimental sandwich. He's coming along shortly with that great big bag a few weeks after those scintillant people have been nicked for city, county and state taxes on their property. And, while Santa is exchanging from reindeer to a fleet of trucks just beyond the Hollywood hills to better carry the load, producer and player, star and director, are all thinking of income taxes, come March.

Yes, Santa is looked forward to. Sort of like a poor relation you don't like much, but that you have to make room for, on account of what people would think if you didn't.

Stars now working in pictures are the unhappiest. For come Christmas Eve, there is that big party for the company on the set, and the tariff is terrific.

"If I don't give presents to the people I'm working with," the player is saying, casting a jaundiced eye on the calen-



dar to see how close March really is, "they'll figure I'm a heel."

So there are gifts. It's a safe bet that no star is able to get off a Christmas Eve set without parting with at least five hundred dollars in gifts, and the bill may run as high as five thousand. The stars are good sports about it, too. And, in spite of the economic problem which Santa presents, they really get a kick out of the happiness they give.

Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Bing Crosby are just a few among those who really give Santa free rein—and love doing it.

Consider your gift layout, with the score now being added up as Yule approaches, and then turn quickly to that of Bing Crosby. Bing, who started shopping last August, and who began calling in the neighbors and friends to help wrap in the fall, is behind the eight ball to the tune of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. This figure is accurate but not official, as Bing is not the sort of guy to shout about what his kindness costs him.

"Bing," says a pal, "buys presents for Dixie, his wife, and four children; Larry's family, including two children; Everett's wife and child; Ted's family of three children; Bob's family of two children; Mary Rose's family of one child; Catherine's family of one, and his father and mother.

"Add to this his friends at the several studios where he works, including Columbia, Paramount and Universal; half a dozen servants; eighteen members of his radio band; fourteen members of his radio cast and production staff; about 100 personal friends, a couple of hundred people working on his current picture with him, and you begin to get some idea."

Dixie Crosby is now out shopping for a tree to fit the big house near Toluca Lake. Huge tables in the lower rooms of the house are piled high with gifts. Christmas morning will be a bedlam of noisy excitement. And the thoughtful Crosby will have one table piled high with gifts for people who just drop in—everything you can imagine, from cufflinks to overcoats—and he'll lead each guest to the table and say: "Take your pick."

Bing, while up at the top, is no outstanding exception as a gift-giving star. Harold Lloyd will be giving away turkeys into the hundreds, an annual custom. With some turkey will be a fifty dollar bill. For some, there will be gold belt buckles, and other gifts.

[*Continued on page* 62]







Above and left, Miss Massey with her Aunt Teresa who accompanied her lovely niece to Hollywood. Directly above, Uncle John and his wife, complete with their farm implements



Uncle Istou and his wife



Aunt Esther and her husband



Cousin Chandor and his wife



Uncle Pahany and his wife



Miss Massey's mother (standing) and her sister



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hajmassey, parents of Ilona Massey

Family Album

Ilona Massey, beautiful Hungarian star of *Balalaika*, recently requested her family in the old country to send her a set of new pictures. Here they are, and we think the whole family is charming

Everything Happens At Night

In which our favorite extra discovers that "Ouch" sounds just exactly the same in any language

By E. J. (ICEMAN) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

This is the first time in my writing life that I ever started off a story by introducing the weather, but, lady, how well do I remember those hot days of last September!

If that's poetry you can make the worst of it because the weather got the best of me.

Sunny California! Lady, that sun came pouring down so fierce for ten days that it curled what hair I got on the top of my head into a permanent! Those ultra-violet rays violeted me so badly that I'm still shedding blisters offa my anatomy! Lissen! When dat ol' Debbil Thermometer hit 108.4 degrees I sat in the shade of a pepper tree, held an umbrella over my head and still got sunburned!

And then what happened?

Well, I musta been crazy with the heat because just as soon as I learned that Director Irving Cummings was going to shoot some ice skating scenes in Sonja Henie's *Everything Happens At Night* picture I thumb my way out to 20th Century-Fox, and I see a nice, gentle character by the name of Jack Mulcahy who does chores in the publicity department, and I tell this nice gentle character that I want work. So he goes and sees his boss, Harry Brand, and Harry does a little phoning and in no time at all I'm out on Stage 15 which is a cold storage plant. The whole floor is made into a rink with ice six inches thick, and I say to myself, "Here's where I live until the hot spell is over." A thin-faced gent, clad in a fur overcoat and overshoes, barks, "Hey, you, get some skates that'll fit and limber up. I want to see what you can do before I give you a spot in this skating routine we're about to practice."

Well, I get me some skates the right size, and I sorta sneak out on the ice with fifty other guys and gals, and I do me a figure eight and a couple of inside and outside rolls and the guy in the fur coat whose name I find out is Nick Castle, the dance director, says, "Okay, [*Continued on page* 44]



Right, Robert Cummings fights on in *Everything Happens at Night*

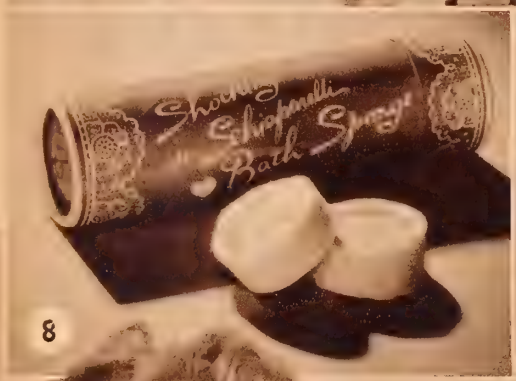


Sonja Henie and Ray Milland in a warm scene on a frozen sound stage













Beauty Budget Gifts

By
ANN VERNON



Jean Parker appears next in RKO-Radio's film, *Flying Deuces*

Are you ready for the holiday parties? Or are you still bothered with some beauty problem? Ann Vernon will help you solve it. Write her today, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. The address: Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

■ The cosmetic counter with all its holiday wrapped beauty aids is a boon to anyone doing Christmas shopping with a budget in mind. Gifts of cosmetics can be just as glamorous as the stars posed on these pages, and as inexpensive as you wish—those shown here are all under $3, some as low as a quarter!

Jean Parker, left, smiles her approval of Hudnut's Marvelous set, complete with smart double compact, lipstick, face powder. Above, 1. A gift to please a man and his face, Woodbury's Shaving Bowl and After Shave Lotion. 2. Luxor's Hand Cream, out in new rose and white packaging, comes in a large















size, grand for family use. $1. 3. For the Women in Your Life, Cutex Junior and Cutex Trophy Sets, $1 each. The sets are smart on the dressing table, the polish on the hands. 4. You might consider Elmo's Travel Kit if she's a week-ender. It's a bargain at $2.50. 5. Two cakes of fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap and large bottle of Lotion, in an attractive gift box for 55 cents. 6. Don Juan Lipsticks, $1 each, come in smart shades, tuck in stocking toes. 7. A giant size of Bathasweet, in Forest Pine or Garden Bouquet scents, softens and perfumes bath water. $1. 8. Schiaparelli's Bath Sponges dilate into washcloths when wet, scent the skin subtly with Shocking perfume. Ten for $1.50. 9. For after-bath daintiness, give Houbigant's Quelques Fleurs Dusting Powder and matching Eau Florale Concentree. $2. 10. The Duke and Duchess glass statuettes contain perfume by Erte, make nice gifts for a young cousin. 11. Any teen-year-old will love Lady Esther's Travel Set Gift Box, containing small sizes of powder, rouge, lipstick, jar and purse-sized tube of Four Purpose Cream. 40 cents. 12. Park & Tilford's Perfume Gift Package contains modernistic flacons of three perfumes—they're remarkably like very expensive French scents—and costs only a quarter. 13. A leak-proof, spill-proof and evaporation-proof purse perfume container and dispenser is Atomette. It comes in a variety of color combinations, and costs only a dollar. Rosemary Lane, right, knows that her House of Westmore Kit of Color-Filtered Make-Up will keep her skin looking glowingly fresh under all lights. The green and gold kit contains powder, foundation cream, dry rouge and lipstick.

You'll find all these gifts at your favorite toiletry counter. For inexpensive, attractive gifts for the family, See Cosmetics First.



Rosemary Lane, whose next part is in *Four Wives*

Everything Happens at Night

[Continued from page 41]

you with the sunburned snozzle." Right away I feel all set and very happy indeed to have this chance to make a little jack while I'm in cold storage avoiding the sun. But there is something missing. I take a good gander all around the stage, and I don't see anything of that cute little trick from Oslo, Norway. I don't have much time to look for Sonja Henie because this fur-coated Nick Castle begins telling us what we're supposed to do. Pretty soon we're skating in circles, skating in straight lines by twos, fours, and sizes, all simple little figures that require merely balance. We do that a dozen times, maybe more, maybe less, and my gimps are beginning to knot up having been off skates for a couple of years. Then this Castle in fur coat starts rehearsing a skating routine that has more stops and starts in it than a split second street signal. Right away I make a three-point landing on the seat of my britches, and everything's okay until I give a repeat performance on the fourth try. So this Castle barks a halt and says "Hey, you, (pointing a long finger at me) we don't want any backsliders around here!"

He didn't give me the grand bounce right out of the picture, but said I could stick around until some skiing shots were ready. So I took off my skates and quit backsliding, and I look over at Sonja Henie's portable dressing room just off the rink a ways, and do I get myself a shock! There she is in an embrace close as the two hands of a clock when it's 12 with Robert Cummings. It was a very amorous embrace and I was all for running right over to her ma and do some tattling when I notice Director Irving Cummings in the corner of the dressing room, and I realize that he is rehearsing Sonja and Bob in the big love scene they were to film later on in the picture.

Fifteen minutes later Sonja is on the ice ready for her part in the skating routine and, lady, what a swell scene it will be—a beautiful rhumba number. Before she really rehearsed, though, Sonja spent half an hour doing her limbering up exercises and that, in itself was a show that was worth five bucks of anyone's money. She went through her school figures first, then some fancy "free" skating, then pirouettes, and followed that up with all of the intricate dance routines she had done in all her previous pictures and on her skating tours. It's a wonderful show. She flies through the air like a pretty little feather blown by a spring breeze, and even Mama Henie, sitting close to the rink, smiles and claps her hands. Even the hard-boiled prop boys shouted their approval when she was through.

When this rhumba number was finished we had to wait with nothing to do while the skiing set was being fixed up. I was prevailed upon by Al Carroll, one of the prop men, to go shopping in Hollywood for a four-foot toboggan. Well, the two of us go downtown, and the clerks of the sporting-goods stores look as though we're more than something "fluffy" in asking for toboggans. One guy even called the cops thinking we had escaped from an asylum. In another store one apprehensive clerk ushered us both into a back office while another clerk went to call for a receiving hospital ambulance on the supposition that we had lost our sanity due to the heat. When Al finally explained what the toboggan was for, the ambulance call was cancelled and we were ushered out with profuse apologies! But we finally got the toboggan. And Al got himself such a bad case of heat prostration that when he came back to the set he became so ill that this time there was no fooling. An ambulance DID take him off for treatment.



--Fawcett photo by Charles Rhodes.

When Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom and Binnie Barnes appeared at the L. A. Ad Club Show, Slapsie Maxie wore his shoulder pads just to show that he is positive football is here to stay

■ Here's a production note that may give you a lifted eyebrow. It concerns 73-year-old August Tollaire, the eccentric French comedian. August is the only genuine milk-bather in Hollywood. Director Cummings brought him back to the screen after an absence of four years. The old fellow is quite a sight with his double-peaked long white beard. He is as chipper as a cricket and looks as clear-skinned and as bright-eyed as a man of fifty. His explanation for his extreme alertness and nimbleness is his daily routine of reading, a long brisk walk—and a milk bath daily for his white whiskers! No fooling, lady, at four that afternoon on the first day I worked, I saw a prop boy come in with four quarts of milk and a deep tin bucket and I saw old August let down his long white beard and give it a shampoo!

■ Well, back to the picture. Come five o'clock that night and the quitting whistle, I use my noodle. Stage 15 being as cool as a nice, deep ocean, I decide to remain overnight, so I complain of a slight headache to Director Cummings who is a swell guy. So he says, "Stay here with me and Bob Cummings and Ray Milland. We're camping out here until the freeze comes. Just bunk yourself down anywhere! So I get dinner sent over from the studio cafe and around eight o'clock, after fixing a place to sleep in a set representing a hotel in Switzerland, I join the director and the two actors in a game of bridge. With Milland for a partner, I knock off more than eight bucks before midnight. The second night I squeeze on a couple of little slams, and at midnight I'm five bucks to the good. On the third night I grab off eleven bucks which ain't hay these days. Harry Brand learns about it and he fixes it up so the bookkeeper sends me by special messenger a bill for board and room amounting to twenty-five bucks—but you know me! I don't fall for that kind of a gag, and I keep my fingers glued to my jack.

In *Everything Happens At Night* (and a lot during the daytime) Bob Cummings and Ray Milland (my old bridge partner and a no-trumper from way back!) play American and British newspaper correspondents trying to run down a story in a small town in Switzerland. As they walk down a street, a skier comes toward them at great speed. They haven't time to duck, and the three end in a scramble in the snow.

They can't tell the sex of the skier, and Cummings, raising his fist, says: "Take off those glasses, I ought to paste you!"

"You just try," indignantly says Skier Sonja, taking off her goggles and hat.

"How dare you lay hands on a lady!" says Ray, recovering first from the dazzling glimpses of her yellow hair and blue eyes, and from then until the end of the story it is a matter of bitter competition between the two men for Sonja's affections.

■ While I'm on the subject of skiing, let me tell you that I had a terrible time for myself when I got smart and tried to test out the ski slide.

This ski business took place on an outdoor street set representing good old Switzerland in the winter time. A long, inclined street it was, and it had to be covered with real snow because Sonja had to come down it full tilt.

The snow was manufactured in a special machine which crushed blocks of ice, and sprayed it all over the set in the form of snow. It took 40 tons of ice for the first application, and after each "take" the street had to be freshened up. As I must have told you, it was pretty hot. That

snow kept melting about as fast as the machine spread it on. Director Cummings finally had to get another ice machine. Apparently nobody but me and Sonja ever had skis on before, so I was the goat when it come to testing the slide. I started all right, but when I came whizzing down I made a slight mistake, and kept right on going. I went through Switzerland, Germany, and part of Austria in record time, so Director Cummings said. I also went right through a set that represented a Zulu village, and when I woke up, I had skis in my hip pocket and part of a thatched roof down my throat.

■ According to both Cummings and Milland, it seems that when an English actor tries to become an American, and an American actor tries to become an Englishman, the net result is—Hollywood.

On comparing notes, so they told me, both of 'em found that they had followed exactly opposite courses in search of a career, yet both ended up not only in the same business but also on the same identical set.

Born and educated in Joplin, Missouri, Cummings studied in New York and Chicago for the theatre, but when success didn't come his way, he decided that the only thing to do was to get a genuine English accent inasmuch as English actors were getting all the breaks on the New York stage.

"That was why I sacrificed an insurance policy for $600," Bob said, "and made my way over to England. I bought a motorcycle and traveled the length and breadth of the country, studying accents."

Bob's crowning maneuver was to have his picture taken in front of a small English theatre, and send it to American producers with the message that one Blade Stanhope Conway, actor, author, producer, and manager, was open to American offers. The funny part about it is that it worked.

On the other hand, Ray Milland, born and educated in England, decided that the only way to start his movie career was to go to America, travel all over, and so pick up American accents and dialects. The upshot of it was that he finally decided on and cultivated a Southern accent, but it wasn't long before he found out, just as Cummings did, that he could do better if he stuck to what he was originally.

"Even now that I am becoming an American citizen," Ray said, "they still want me to be an Englishman as far as my roles are concerned!"

And so this double masquerade and exchange of nationalities ends up with Robert playing the role of an American newspaperman with overtones of his native Missouri accent, and Ray as an English newspaperman, using his own native dialect. Me, all I said for the cameras was "Ouch!" and that's the same in any language.

P.S. I made more money playing bridge than I did working in the picture. Seems sif I'm doing all right for myself, hey?

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Rhapsody in Green

[*Continued from page* 18]

amiable David Fitzgerald, bright young Dublin attorney, who told me of Geraldine's first theatrical venture at the age of eight as producer-director-star of a pithy little piece called *The Talking Indian,* in which he, as an older brother, had been prevailed upon to assist.

■ For three days I talked with scores of friendly folk who had known Geraldine in her pigtail days but try as I would, I could not catch up with the elusive Geraldine herself for an interview. Either she was at one of the race courses where rich and poor alike gather at the altar rail of Ireland's second religion. Or else she was on her way to or from the great country house down in County Kildare which she and her husband had just bought and were redecorating, the while visiting around between kinfolk and friends.

And then finally, one breathtakingly beautiful evening, when the fields were washed an emerald green by the mist, and the cows stood breast deep in the dew, and the herons were crying above the blue, blue lakes, and over the whole country-side there was that air of half-magic, half-music, that is Ireland's soul, I journeyed down the long, winding, tree-lined road to Newbridge and found Geraldine and her husband, tall, genial Edward Lindsay-Hogg, at home in their new estate, Moorfield.

■ It's a lovely place, this Moorfield; a great, imposing three storied grey stone house, built, part of it, in Cromwell's time. It looked to me as if it once might well have housed one of the hard drinking, hard riding, Anglo-Irish lords of the Georgian age, who swagger across the colorful pages of Donn Byrne's novels. Atmosphere hung on it like ivy.

They had taken it, I gathered, because it is just a bugle's note away from the Curragh, the most famous race course in Ireland, and Lindsay-Hogg, wealthy young second son of an English baronet, trains horses when he isn't writing music, haunting little melodies that have been compared to Jerome Kern's more thoughtful things.

It was Lindsay-Hogg who met me when I arrived at Moorfield and it was he who led me through spacious rooms that were filled with the ladders and paste and paint pails of the decorators, but even so, gave a tempting hint of the gracious air the whole house would wear when it was finished. In the most inviting den I've ever entered, before a fireplace in which coals were burning when Hollywood was still lit by Indians' campfires, Geraldine Fitzgerald stretched out two trimly broganed feet and relaxed into the mellow memories of an Irish girlhood.

The turf on the fire gave out a sweet smelling scent that seemed to summon up images of yesterday that were as bright and gay and appealing as the merry crackle of the smoldering sod.

She was born, said Geraldine, beginning on the conventional opening note of any biography, in Dublin, September 14, 1914, the second child of Edward Fitzgerald, and Irish barrister whose wife was a daughter of Justice Richards. On both her father's and her mother's sides, her forbears have been jurists of note.

When Geraldine was eight, the family moved from Dublin to Greystones, in County Wicklow, down by the Irish Sea, where the heather and the gorse roll down the mountain side like a carpet of purple and gold to the sandy shore.

The Civil War, which long had been smoldering in Erin, had reached the stage where Dublin was no longer safe, and Geraldine's last memories of her childhood in Dublin are highlighted by the hysteria that gripped the capital.

"Our nursery was on the top floor of our house on Fitzwilliam Street," Geraldine recounted, "and almost every night



Geraldine Fitzgerald snapped on ship board with Mrs. Orson Welles

we could hear the patter of snipers' feet running over the roofs, and then a round of shots. It was a gruesome, frightening experience, especially for a child.

"The last day our nurse took us into Stephen's Green, the public park which is to Dublin what Central Park is to New York, or Kensington Gardens to London, I remember seeing a great trench dug up on the lawn where we used to play, and a soldier coming up to our nursemaid and saying: 'Don't come back tomorrow!' The next day there was the first pitched battle of the rebellion right in the middle of Stephen's Green.

"But if we were sorry to leave Dublin, we soon found solace at Greystones for here we were by the sea and had the whole outdoors as a front yard."

It was at Greystones that Geraldine first gave signs of her interest in things theatrical with her parlor performance of *The Talking Indian,* but for the most part outdoor games held her attention; games and painting.

"By the time I was twelve, I was a pretty wild youngster," Geraldine cheerfully admitted. "And the family, to insure my growing up into the proper sort of young lady, sent me off to a convent in London. Most Irish girls loved the idea of going to school in England. But I hated it. I hated the discipline. I hated the uniforms we were forced to wear. I hated being stripped of every bit of individuality.

"Each vacation time, I was no sooner home than I would begin a violent propaganda campaign on my parents. Finally, after two years, they capitulated to my pleas and withdrew me. I still consider it one of my greatest debts to them. Most parents would have said I was being just a silly schoolgirl, and urged me to adapt myself to the convent. But they understood my dislike and brought me back to Ireland.

"The next fall I entered the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art, firmly convinced that I was destined to become a great painter."

For three years Geraldine's nose was tipped with paint, she kept it so constantly close to her easel and palette. She was certain her things were good, even if none of her instructors broke out with verbal bouquets.

Finally at the end of her course, her mind full of plans for continuing her studies in Paris or London, Geraldine went to her teacher, Sean Keating, an Irish painter of considerable renown.

"Where would you advise me to go now?" she asked.

"Go off and get married," was the ravishing reply.

■ It was like flinging a challenge at the spirited young redhead, that suggestion she sentence herself to domesticity. Her answer to the advice was to dash off to London and enroll in the London School of Art, meanwhile supporting herself with a varied procession of jobs which ranged from modeling to selling tweed suits in a fashionable Regent Street Shop.

"And then one night," said Geraldine, "I had a terrific toothache, and, as I sat up nursing it, I held sort of an inventory on myself and decided that what I really wanted to do was not to paint, but to become an actress.

"Bright and early the next morning, forgetting the toothache, I trotted around to the little repertory company I knew and hunted up the company manager.

" 'I want to be an actress,' I told him. 'What can you do for me?'

" 'I'm afraid we can't do anything for you,' he grimaced. 'We've gone bankrupt and are closing tomorrow night.'

"Now that I was certain I wanted to go on the stage, I realized that the one person who could do the most for me was my Aunt, Shelah Richards, who was one of the stars of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. So back to Ireland I went."

Shelah Richards decided the first step in any dramatic career for her pretty young niece was a thorough training in

voice and technique and enrolled Geraldine in the Abbey's School of Acting.

When she was graduated from the school, six months later, Geraldine was offered a part in one of the Abbey productions, but instead joined the Gate Theatre, the other repertory company in Dublin, and made her stage debut in the role of Isabel in *Wuthering Heights,* the part she one day was to make outstanding in Hollywood.

For two seasons, rich in experience and variety of roles, Geraldine played with the Gate Theatre and then, on a summer's vacation in London, was offered a bit in a British film which led to leads in *Turn of the Tide* and *The Mill on the Floss,* two films which had a flurry of success in England but were not released here.

"What finally waked me up with British films," Geraldine explained, "was the utter lack of appreciation by the company I was working for.

"They were giving a special premiere of *The Mill on the Floss,* one of those charity openings which Queen Mary or some other one of the royal family was to attend and make an event.

"I wasn't notified of the opening, much less given a ticket, and somehow this one small discourtesy seemed to symbolize the whole indifferent attitude of the British studios.

"I vowed I was through with pictures and all they represented and for a year I deserted the screen and the stage entirely."



—Fawcett photo by Charles Rhodes

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone attended Morton Downey's opening at the Cocoanut Grove together, but they still deny a reconciliation

■ The most important result of this rebellion on Geraldine's part was that it led to her marriage to Lindsay-Hogg, whose persistent courtship had until then been forced to take second place to Geraldine's bid for a career.

For a honeymoon trip, the couple decided to go to New York.

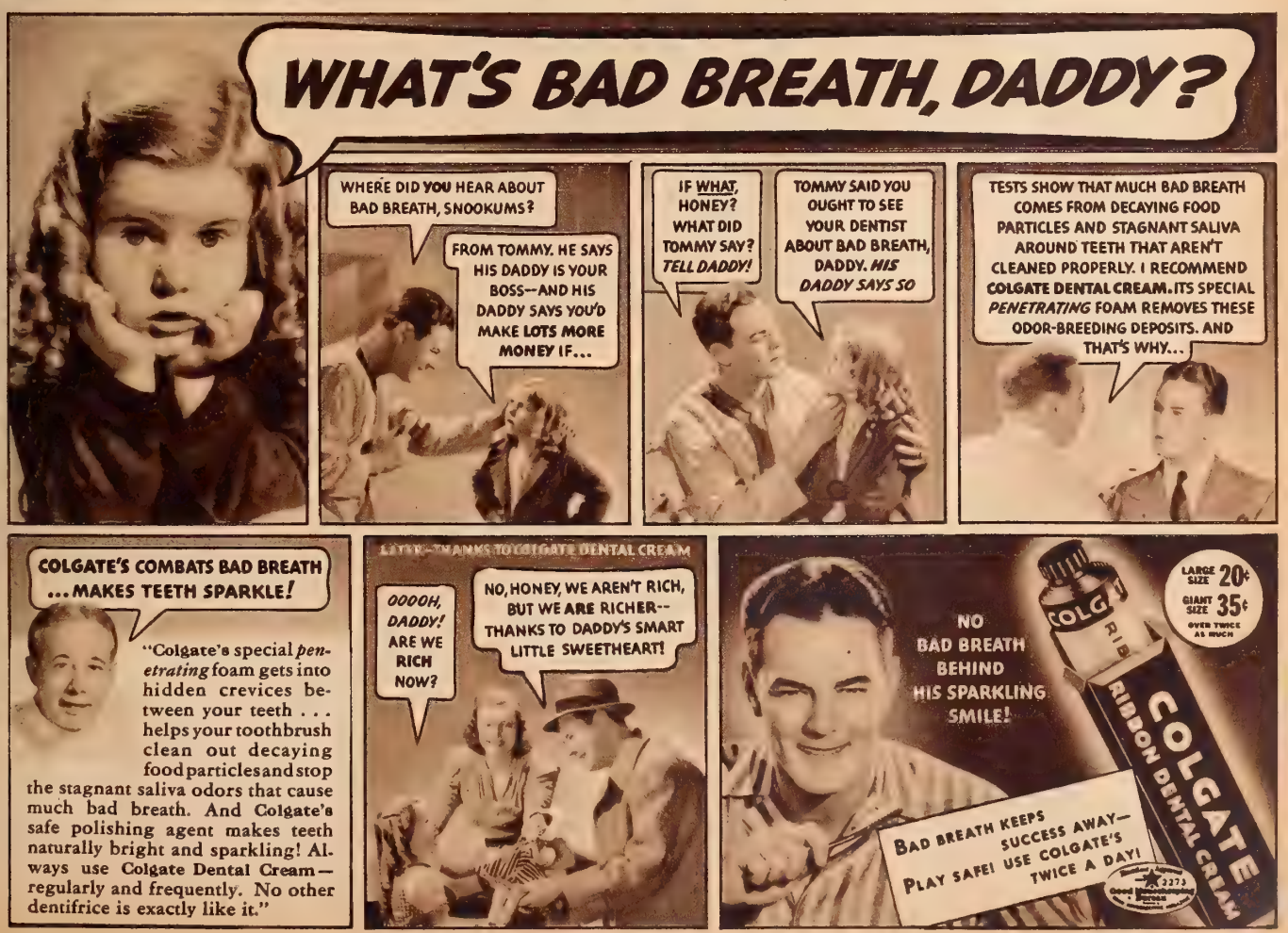
"I wanted to see if it was as charming a place as *The New Yorker* pictured it, full of Robert Benchleys, Dorothy Parkers and James Thurbers," Geraldine joked.

Whether or not she bumped into Benchley on that trip, Geraldine didn't say, but she did meet Orson Welles, who, having played at the Gate Theatre a season while Geraldine was away from Dublin, had heard of the redheaded actress' talents. He put her in the Broadway production of *Heartbreak House,* where Hollywood movie scouts "discovered" her.

"And the rest you know," concluded Geraldine as the turf on the fire burned low.

Part of the rest, I knew. How her stunning performance in her first American film, *Dark Victory* had sent every producer in Hollywood scurrying to Warner Brothers to try and borrow her; how Samuel Goldwyn had won the race and Geraldine for *Wuthering Heights,* and how Warner Brothers then recalled her for the lead in *A Child Is Born.*

What I wondered as I travelled back the moonlit road to Dublin, what I am still wondering, is whether or not Hollywood will be able to hold this restless, vivid personality any more securely than the British studios did. I hope so. Hollywood needs Geraldine Fitzgerald. She's everything those Irish tenors described.



On "The Blue Bird" Set

[*Continued from page* 35]

back of her neck. And so begins one of the loveliest tales ever spun, packed as full of subtle symbolism as a good plum pudding with raisins.

At the outset of their search, the children discover at shivery midnight in the graveyard that there are no dead. Passing by the headstones of their grandparents, they see grandpa (Al Sheean) and grandma (Cecelia Loftus) asleep before their cottage door. They rouse to wakefulness as the children's thoughts turn toward them. But, in spite of a splendid visit at grandma's, Mytyl and Tyltyl do not find the Blue Bird in the Land of the Past.

Straying away from Light, they go with wily Tylette, the cat, to the Land of Luxury. No Blue Bird. Thence, still under wicked Tylette's guidance, to the Forest—where, during an electric storm, the forest catches fire and Tylette perishes.

Light meets them beside the lake at dawn, and points them toward the Land of the Future. This is the exquisite cloudland of blue and pink and fleecy white where the unborn children live. Here, for example, they meet the little sister who will, in course of time, come to join their family. They are watching a galley with silver sails take away the children to be born on earth next day.

On Christmas morning they awake, home again. Tylo, to their astonishment, is plain dog again. And they can hardly believe their eyes when they behold Tylette demurely lapping milk . . . apparently she lost only one of her nine lives in the forest.

Glancing with appreciation and contentment at the familiar faces and the familiar home brimful of love, Mytyl sees that the thrush captured the day before is no longer brown. It is the Blue Bird!

Joyously she seizes the cage and hurries down the street to present the bird to invalid Angela. Strengthened by happiness, Angela leaves her sickbed to receive the gift. The two little girls want to hold the Blue Bird in their hands, and thus Mytyl learns the final lesson—happiness cannot be confined nor commanded; it must be free. The Blue Bird escapes. But Mytyl tells Angela not to worry—they can always find it again! And so the picture ends.

■ Of all the 15 sets, which Richard Day and W. B. Ihnen designed, the biggest and most imposing is that for the baroque palace of Mr. and Mrs. Luxury (Nigel Bruce and Laura Hope Crews). Twenty-four draughtsmen worked 4 weeks on plans. A large proportion of the 5000 items of set furnishings built for the picture by the prop department were used in the Luxury's home.

Shirley reveled in that home, figuratively and literally. In the first place, the hallway had a double staircase with wide, smooth, marble balustrades down which it was a pleasure to slide. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Luxury slid down a balustrade, landing on a huge silken cushion at its foot, when she came to greet Shirley. Mrs. Luxury's gown was a marvelous velvet affair, and she was so bedizened with necklaces and chains and ear-rings and whatnot that Shirley stared open-mouthed.

Dear, dear, Mr. and Mrs. Luxury were all of a-flutter at thought of adopting a boy and girl. Shirley got out of her sweet little peasant costume, a purple cloth skirt, a crisp blue apron, a white puffed-sleeve blouse with a laced black bodice, and into a velvet gown nearly as imposing as Mrs. Luxury's. Johnny was put into white satin knee breeches. Waiting for a "still" closeup in these clothes,



Nelson Eddy spends his time between scenes for *Balalaika* (that accounts for the Russian blouse) with his new hobby, modeling portraits in clay

Shirley shoved Johnny, and Johnny shoved her, and she shoved him again . . . Shirley's at the slightly tomboy age, and cuter than ever. Perhaps she was getting into training for the fight.

■ That fight! It occurred after the Luxurys gave the children a pony. Johnny wanted to ride it, and Shirley (that is, as Mytyl, you know) wanted to ride it first. Shirley pulled Johnny off the horse and Johnny got a firm clutch on Shirley's curls, and they rolled over and over in an ecstasy of rough-and-tumble, both having the time of their lives. Afterward, they were supposed to be mad at each other, but in rehearsals they kept tickling each other and bursting into giggles when they were expected to look angry.

At the age of 10, Shirley felt very motherly toward Johnny, who is four years younger. She was worried especially about a turtle somebody had sent him. She advised Johnny as to the critter's diet. "And don't drop it on the floor," she added, "account of concussion."

As for Johnny, he's the son of a New York newspaper man and somewhat precocious. They were discussing Hitler. "I don't think," said Johnny in his careful English, "that he's a very desirable person." A few minutes later he pulled one that halted production. After gazing solemnly at pot-tummied Eddie Collins (the dog Tylo), he observed: "When you laugh, Mr. Collins, your whole body lights up."

Poor Tylo's whole body didn't light up, however, in the Luxury's palace. They banished him to the doghouse and both Mytyl and Tyltyl selfishly forgot him while they slept in beds of incredible ornateness. But Shirley climbed from her lonesome, gigantic bed with its brocaded canopy, and pattered into the bedroom of Mr. Luxury to tell him she was homesick.

When Shirley came to the threshold of Mr. Luxury's room, she paused. And no wonder. It's a purplish red room. There's a colossal red and white rug on the floor. The woodwork is white and gold, carved within an inch of its life. The silver bed has heavy, creamy satin draperies. There's a fireplace the size of the Grand Canyon, of white marble, with alabaster urns full of big pink, purple, and garnet flowers beneath a mirror as big as a skating rink. A great crystal chandelier, too. Restful? That bedroom is so restful it would knock you unconscious, merely to look at it.

■ Before Shirley made her appearance there had been a flurry of activity. Nigel Bruce sat on the sidelines, being given the gout by the make-up department by means of yards and yards of bandages around his left foot. Meanwhile, his stand-in sat in a satin easy-chair wearing a replica of Mr. Luxury's costume—a white dressing gown brocaded in gold and edged in sable, plus a white nightcap with a lavender tassel, and an ebony cane with an impressive gold knob. The stand-in is famous in his own right. He is Captain George Hill, a friend of the Bruce family, formerly Chief Inspector of Police in Edinburgh, Scotland, and decorated by King George V for thirty years of brilliant police service.

Finally, Nigel Bruce hopped clear across the bedroom on one foot, to keep the white bandages from getting soiled, took his place in the armchair, and the scene began. Mytyl, though wearing a beauteous pink nightgown of satin trimmed with lace, was crying. (Shirley can cry whenever she pleases. Real tears.)

They decided to take an extra crying scene, just for the sound track; just in case. Shirley sat on the gorgeous bed and sobbed until your own eyes watered. Right in the middle of a heart-breaking

sob, she paused to look up at Director Walter Lang and inquire mischievously through tears streaming down her face: "How'm I doing?" before she resumed her lamentations. If there's one talent better than another which Shirley possesses, it's her sense of humor.

■ After the crying sequence was over, and Shirley had received the bottle of soda pop which she has every afternoon, the picture advanced to the scene where Tylette conspired against the children with the old Oak Tree in the Forest. Tylette, you understand, hadn't wanted to leave the Land of Luxury, and she didn't want to go home where she'd turn back into a cat that couldn't talk.

Before she slipped off by herself, however, Tylette had a run-in with Tylo the dog. She curled her white-gloved fingers into claws and went ps-ss-t-tt! at Tylo. Tylo thrust out his lower jaw in such an exact imitation of a bulldog and growled so fiercely that Shirley and Johnny laughed right out, and had to be warned to quiet down so that the cameras could roll.

When the cameras started, and the children with the dog climbed the steep path leading to the Forest, Tylette took a shortcut across the fields in order to reach the Forest first. It was a pretty sight to watch Director Walter Lang showing Gale Sondergaard how to slink over the fence and tiptoe through the grass. He succeeded in looking so much like a sinuous cat full of crafty enterprise that you wanted to yell, "Scat!"

A few seconds later, strange sounds issued from Shirley's dressing-room. Possibly inspired by the Tyrolean village on the back lot, Shirley was practicing the art of yodeling. It sounded a bit as if she were seasick.

■ With Shirley still yodeling, the company moved over to the north lot for the forest sequence. This was a really terrifying scene. The studio had taken every precaution so that neither of the children would be hurt, and so that during the forest fire not so much as one hair of a million dollar eye-lash should be singed. Just the same, you kind of cringed as the heavy branches lashed out at the youngsters during the wild wind-and-thunder storm, and as the fire crackled and roared.

The special effects crew built both a large lake and a forest of 1,000 trees. They wanted conifers with big trunks and with foliage something like cedars, and the easiest way was to whip up a batch of them in the plaster and carpenter shop. The tree they invented would do credit to Luther Burbank. In fact, it went Burbank one better because it was equipped with mechanical gadgets which allowed an inflammable liquid to run out and catch fire—and to be turned off when necessary. Though the children seemed to rush through the conflagration, they were protected by screens and half a dozen other safety devices. A scene of splendor, this: the dark green forest twisted by the tempest, lit by the vivid lightning and the gush and billow of orange and crimson flames.

The forest fire raged to the accompaniment of stirring music, arranged under the leadership of James O'Keefe. As in the other sequences, the music was written especially for the picture, since the Humperdinck score (written for the stage play) was not used. In certain episodes, such as the Land of the Future and the Land of the Past, a full symphony orchestra was augmented by electrical instruments, invented by the studio sound experts, which are said to produce tonal effects beyond the capacity of ordinary musical instruments.

It was after the last note, after the last crackle of the forest fire had died, after the escape of Mytyl and Tyltyl and the dog, that Shirley—once more in the pretty blue and purple peasant costume—approached Eddie Collins, the dog's impersonator. She held forth a small, paper-wrapped package, her eyes a-twinkle.

"Thought you might be hungry, after all that racing around," she said.

Collins unwrapped the package. It contained a bone.

"Somebody out on the lot got it away from Lynn Bari's dog," Shirley explained with a chuckle.



Second Generation

[Continued from page 37]

now *Ruler of the Seas* to make him one of the busiest romantic stars in Hollywood.

Doug himself comments, "My return for *Zenda* actually marked the beginning of a new career. I felt at last I was on my own feet, standing or falling by my own merit."

The second generation of motion picture stars forms a fairly substantial group in Hollywood. Only Douglas, Jr. has attained in his own right the rank of real stardom—the type of stardom which comes from the vast motion picture public, not just studio billing.

■ Playing opposite Ginger Rogers in *Fifth Avenue Girl* is Tim Holt, son of veteran Jack Holt. Approximately the same age and a close friend of Tim is young Hal Roach, Jr. now producer of the Laurel and Hardy four-reel comedies. In part, their story should be told together.

A few years ago, the two boys decided they would like to enter a noted military academy in the Middle West. Officials of the school apparently expected two spoiled, arrogant lads. Before the applications for entrance were accepted, the officials very forcefully warned that no special favors of any kind were to be shown to the boys by the school.

Tim tells of "little" Hal's first day of football practice. A coach—probably with Hollywood antipathies—said to Hal, "Think you're tough?" Upon the lad's "Tough enough" reply, the coach said, "Okay, boys, give him the works for tackling practice!" Only the school's star football player was able to knock the embryo motion picture producer off his feet.

Tim himself overcome prejudice in short order, too. Both boys were quickly accepted whole-heartedly by the student body. Hal was graduated with the school's highest honors as an all-around student. Tim ranked in the upper ten per cent of the class scholastically and was an important member of the school polo team for two years.

After school was over, Tim entered the acting game via little theatre productions. Two years ago, Walter Wanger recommended him to Sam Goldwyn for a role in *Stella Dallas*. Following this came pictures for Wanger, Warners, Paramount and RKO. Now under contract to RKO, he has been steadily coming forward and the role in *Fifth Avenue Girl* is his best to date.

Tim says his father's work wasn't discussed much around home so he remembers little of his childhood reactions to pater's fame. One incident which stands out, however, is the time he and his young sister, Betty, were taken to the theatre to see their father in *Wanderer of the Wasteland*. Came a scene wherein the hero wandered along hungry, thirsty and completely desolate. When he moaned, "I must have food!" Betty cried out anxiously, "Come home, daddy, come home! We have lots to eat!"

"We still don't talk much about picture work at home," Tim comments. "Dad says every player must have his own distinct personality. He feels that whatever effort he might make to help me would boomerang into a hindrance. Instead, he stresses one piece of advice. That is, 'You're only as good as your last picture!' That naturally makes a fellow realize that he has to do his best every time."

■ Suspicion might point out that Hal Roach, Jr. stepped forward so quickly from fourth-assistant director to producer because he works in his father's studios. But seeing father and son together, you realize that merit plays the major role in this advancement. You realize that son is out to lick father at his own game, just as he has been brought up to compete with his father in all lines of sports. Hal Roach, Sr. is no slouch in athletic contests. Hal, Jr. can just about whip his dad in physical competition now. Three years ago, a wrestling match between the two ended with two cracked ribs for Hal, Sr.

A year later, he capitulated to his son's determination to work in the studio.

Young Hal says, "When I was a kid, I got to visit the studio only on Saturdays and then only if I had been good all week. When I was sixteen, I wanted to quit school and start to work immediately. The boss wouldn't let me. He insisted on my finishing school. When I finished school, he put every possible barrier in the way of my working here. We made a bargain. I could work all summer and then we'd see what I should do in the fall.

"Well, believe me, I worked that summer. I got all the 5 a. m. calls and worked until the last person was ready to go home at night. While I was allowed to live at home, I was expected to live on the salary of a fourth-assistant director on the *Our Gang* comedies. I hardly got a single meal at home because I was working all the time. About all I had use for was my bed and the shower. It wasn't easy but I liked it.

"When fall came, I was still determined to work instead of going to college. Well, since then, life has been a little easier.

"I'm fortunate in getting started more easily than the average person. But the boss will throw me out if I don't earn my salt. The boss feels that you have to earn every step of your way if you are to be happy or successful in your work, no matter what it is. As a result of my upbringing, I have a deep love and respect for the industry I'm in. And it's just as much work for me to follow in my father's footsteps as it is for a doctor's son."

Two veteran Roach prop-men, Charley Oelze and Bob Saunders, neatly compliment this young lad who refers to his father as "the boss." Charley says, "Listen, every man on this lot is for him 100 per cent. We all helped raise him. We know he didn't listen—he learned!" To which Bob adds, "Yeah, it would take an eight-ton truck to knock him off his feet and that wouldn't keep him down more'n two seconds!"

■ Noah Beery, Jr. found that his father's fame presented two problems. Noah, Sr. was a jovial heavy, while the son is a juvenile, romantic type. At 23, the younger actor has gone through serial, western and dramatic roles. Through hard, heart-breaking work, he seems to have established a definite personality of his own. As Joe, the cocky, gamin, ill-fated young pilot in *Only Angels Have Wings*, Noah Beery, Jr. won the plaudits of fans and critics both.

Lon Chaney, Jr. has been struggling persistently for five years to make his own niche in Hollywood. He has worked against a barrier drawn by producers and the public both.

He says, "I am expected to have the ability and experience that it took my father 35 years to get. It took me a while to realize that. I have had plenty of ups and downs in the past five years.

"Things looked rather dark professionally a few months ago. Wally Ford had sufficient love for my father and the courage of his convictions to cast me as Lennie in *Of Mice and Men* in the west coast production. Critics opinions were very good and I feel that out of that will come something.

"If I had the appearance for more romantic roles, it might have been easier. But my appearance and my talents are in the same direction as my father's. He is quite a person to live up to. It isn't his ability I have to live up to so much as it is his special fitness for the picture era in which he worked."

As a result of the Steinbeck play role, young Chaney was cast in a good role at 20th Century-Fox in *Frontier Marshal*.

■ DeWolf Hopper, son of the late DeWolf Hopper and Hedda Hopper, acknowledges definitely that his parents' fame has helped him. He uses the family name rather than another. He says, "If I'm good, my stock is automatically boosted 100 per cent. If I'm bad, well, it undoubtedly works against me. But if I do click, it will mean ever so much more. So I'm taking the chance."

Hopper, now under contract to Warners, has a stage background of his own. He has done a number of stage roles including parts in *Order Please* and *Romeo and Juliet* with Katherine Cornell. In addition, summer stock work with the Walter Hertwig Company in Maine and the Starlight Theatre in Pawling, N. Y., has given him more experience.

Russell Gleason, whose comedy portrayals have been well recognized for several years, had been on the stage intermittently since he was three months old. His motion picture debut came almost simultaneously with those of his parents, Jimmy and Lucille Gleason. Russell's latest role on his own is a featured comedy part in *Here I Am a Stranger* at 20th Century-Fox.

Fred Kohler, Jr. used to want his parentage kept a deep, dark secret.

"I remember very distinctly," he comments, "When I was about twelve years old, I used to go to the neighborhood

theatre. My father played the heavy in almost every serial. I was scared to death the other fellows would find out he was my father. As a result I used to yell and hiss the loudest of all—with my fingers crossed, of course.

"But one day, the boys found out my secret. Even my best friends turned against me. They wanted to kill me as a means of getting revenge on the character my dad played. I can still hear them shouting, 'Look out for him! Don't have anything to do with him! His father's a killer and he'll be just like him!' For quite some time, catcalls and rocks were my lot in life."

Recently small fry hissed the son as furiously as the small fry of another generation hissed his father. They were showing their disapproval of the bully in *Young Mr. Lincoln.*

■ Margaret Roach, eighteen-year-old daughter of Hal Roach, talks freely. She illustrates her difficulties by an incident which occurred while she was a student in a convent. Cast originally in the leading role of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, she was replaced with someone of less prominent parentage for fear the presentation would turn into something more than a school function. Here was the same objection to come for some time—too much spotlight when a spotlight shouldn't be used.

Having studied dramatics with Ben Bard and singing with fine teachers, Margaret started working as an extra about a year ago. After a few months, she was engaged to sing in a popular night club. Although a hit with patrons, she was discharged when the State Board of Equalization (California's liquor license bureau) objected because she was under twenty-one. Without her father's prominence, Margaret's age would probably have been unnoticed. Now, after small roles in *Union Pacific* and *Captain Fury,* she is slated for an important part in RKO's *Dr. Christian.*

■ The point is, anybody who thinks you "can get by on the old man's name" in Hollywood is crazy. Instead of pushing you right up to the top rung of the ladder of success, they'll probably step on your fingers—that is, until you've proved that you can take it the way the old man did.

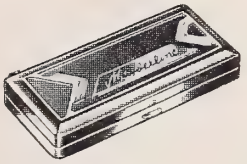
So if you're the daughter of a famous actress and you have designs on a Hollywood career, you'd better keep mum about mummy—until you've got started in your own right and through your own efforts. And if you're the son of one of yesterday's matinee idols and have the same ambitions and everybody knows it, there'll undoubtedly be plenty of occasions when you wish you could pop Pop the way his fame cracked down on you.

But if you are so tempted, don't do it. Just remember that twenty years ago, when the old gentleman was standing them in the aisles, you were as much of a headache to him as he is to you. And when you get to be a star in your own right, be glad that you can tell everybody about your grandchildren, if you want, and it won't hurt the box office by one slim dime. Friends, that's progress!



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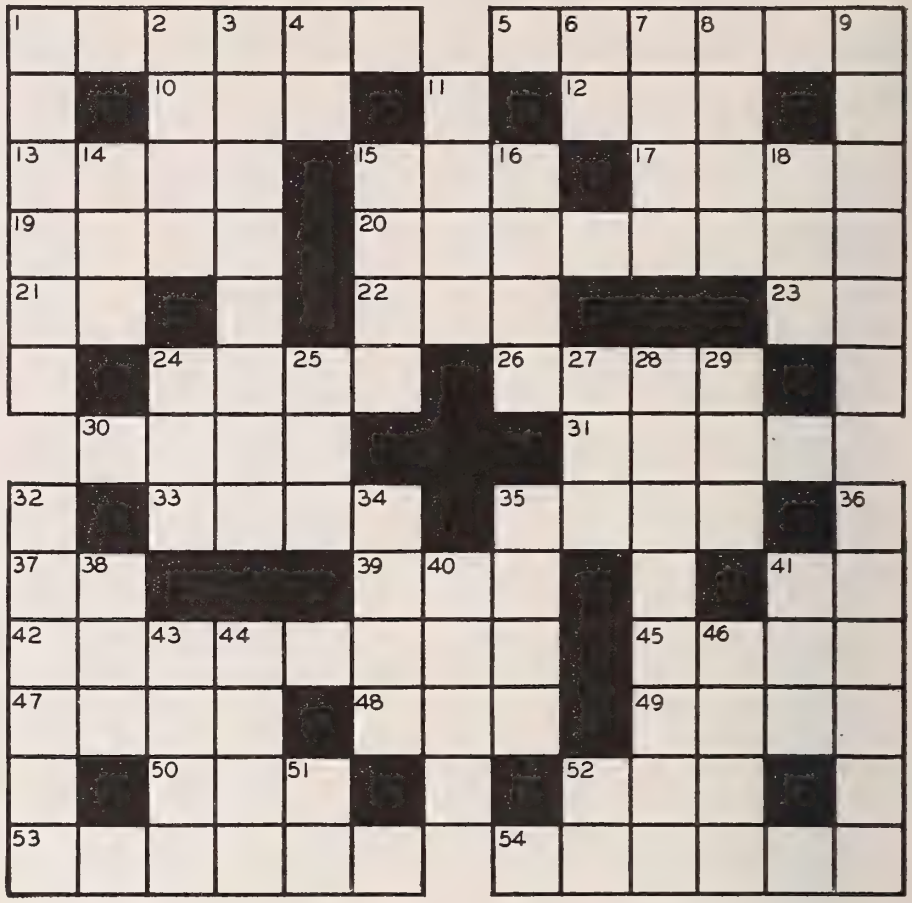
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *What a Life.*
5. He had lead in *Espionage Agent.*
10. *Range* ——— is a Hopalong Cassidy film.
12. *On Your* ——— (sing.).
13. ——— *Tomorrow Comes.*
15. To register sorrow in sound films.
17. *Honeymoon in* ———.
19. Star of *The Star Maker.*
20. *Pack Up Your* ———.
21. Initials of late Mr. Moore.
22. Child actress in *Intermezzo.*
23. *No Place to* ———.
24. Sound made by M-G-M's Leo.
26. Mr. Curtis, but not Alan.
30. Baby Sandy is one.
31. *The Girl* ——— *No.*
33. *In Name* ———.
35. Willie Haller in *Stop, Look and Love.*
37. *Here I* ——— *a Stranger.*
39. Dixie Dunbar was born here (abbr.).
41. *Katherine* ——— *Mille.*
42. ——— *Mother.*
45. *The Man in the* ——— *Mask.*
47. Marty Collins in *They Asked for It.*
48. Gloria in *Eternally Yours.*
49. His first name is Jeffrey.
50. Theatres display these (colloq.).
52. Frances Langford's birthplace (abbr.).
53. Mark Twain character who has appeared on screen.
54. Whose role is that of Judge Hardy?

DOWN

1. *Wall Street* ———.
2. Reginald's surname.
3. Higgins in *Fifth Avenue Girl.*
4. Miss Risdon's initials.
6. Katharine Hepburn's birthplace (abbr.).
7. Holden's screen father in *Golden Boy.*
8. *The* ——— *Glory.*
9. Her last name is Skipworth.
11. *A Child Is* ———.
14. *They Gave* ——— *a Gun.*
15. Ginger Rogers is one.
16. Gladys in *The Housekeeper's Daughter.*
18. *Million Dollar* ——— (sing.).
24. Sigrid Gurie's latest film.
25. *Calling* ——— *Marines.*
27. You saw her in *Hotel Imperial.*
28. Roberto in 24 Down.
29. ——— *Nightingale.*
32. Whose role is that of Rhett Butler?
34. Rudy Vallee attended this university.
35. Constance in *Flirting with Death.*
36. Garbo enjoys this sport.
38. Month in which Herbert Marshall celebrates birth.
40. Malcolm Grant in *Rulers of the Sea.*
41. First name of a star of *Hollywood Cavalcade.*
43. Krazy Kat's nails (sing.).
44. She had title role in *Lady of the Tropics.*
46. Tommy Higgins in *Should Husbands Work?*
51. Initials of Miss Eilers.
52. Measure of film (abbr.).

(Solution on page 64)

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 6]

inches in length. Later, when they were alone in Lizzie's boudoir, the kiss was more ardent and lasted two feet. This film editor revealed that he uses his sissors when a kiss lasts longer than two feet.

"In the days of silent pictures, screen kisses were much longer," the film editor said. "Kissing was one of the best pantomimic tricks to arouse the emotions of an audience, as well as to add up the film footage. I have seen kisses 12 feet long in the silent days. Sound, of course, shortened movie osculation. You can imagine what a 12-foot kiss would sound like today, when you consider that a foot of film runs for one second on the screen."

The shortest kiss is the friendly peck, or goodbye-at-the-station kiss, which is seldom more than six inches long.

The longest kisses are the honeymoon, the June-moon kiss of tender love, and the till-death-do-us-part kisses. All of 'em run at least two feet on the screen.

Among the screen stars Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan are known for the longest kisses. Olivia de Havilland's are the shortest.

Well, as you can imagine, we were quite impressed by this kissing knowledge. We were quite curious, too. We wondered how our girl friend would re-act if we walked up to her and said: "Hey, sugarplum, howzabout giving us a five-footer?"



Herbert Marshall and Ginger Rogers in one of the dramatic moments of a Woodbury Playhouse broadcast suffer for the mike. Hurry up, television!

■ It's become a family affair. Jimmy Cagney started his screen fame by knocking the daylights out of his leading ladies. Now his sister, Jean, making her film debut in *All Women Have Secrets*, hauls off and slaps down Peter Hayes, her leading man.

■ *Four Daughters* last year, *Four Wives* this year—and now the three Lane sisters and Gale Page are scheduled to take on the roles of four godmothers. This time, however, in real life, when they become private-life godmothers to Claude Rains' infant daughter, Jennifer. Rains played the girls' father in both pictures.

■ Humphrey Bogart's sense of humor took to backfiring during the making of *Invisible Stripes*. Before he knew it he had been changed from an actor into a property man.

Bogie found a pair of bright and shiny handcuffs on the set and playfully clamped them on the unsuspecting wrists of property man, "Red" Turner. Then he discovered that the key to the cuffs was missing. Red was helpless so Director Lloyd Bacon sentenced Bogart to do the property man's chores and for two hours thereafter, Bogart ran errands for Bacon and George Raft and hustled props until the key was found.

Honey says "RED, CHAPPED HANDS SPOIL A LOT OF FUN!"
BEAUTY ADVISOR



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IMAGINE! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps chapped hands look smoother, feel softer! Extra-creamy, extra-softening—Hinds brings soothing comfort. Tones down redness... smooths away rough chapping. Now contains Vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes.

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Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup, for over 30 years. At all drug counters. For generous FREE trial bottle, write to Pertussin, Dept. XX-17, 440 Washington St., New York City.

■ You'd be surprised if you knew what our screen stars really like to do on those evenings they have free from worries about rent, household bills, dependent relatives and work.

Take Ann Sheridan, for example. The "Oomph" gal loves to get into a long, low motor car of rakish lines with a favorite companion (Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero are running neck-and-neck just now in the race for Ann's companionship) and drive along the Malibu Beach road. Then back again for a supper snack and a little hoofing at one of those cosy little spots out on the Sunset Strip.

Paul Muni is a pinochle addict. He'd play the game all night if his opponents across the table could stand the pace. He plays a mighty wicked game, too. One night he says he lost $1.25!

Eddie Albert is an inveterate sitter-downer at drug store soda fountains. The habit goes back, he says, to his boyhood and young college days in Minneapolis when he was a soda jerker. Eddie lives in a neighborhood of just ordinary, quiet citizens who like to talk about the weather and the war, and what the football teams are doing. The corner drug-store is their nightly gathering spot. There, at the fountain, sits Eddie three evenings a week when he can.

Humphrey Bogart plays croquet at night. But not the simple little game grandpappy knew. He plays a game that has all the hazards of golf and a lot more. The course is laid out on his spacious grounds, with arches sometimes 150 yards apart.

Pat O'Brien spends most of his evenings in the photographic dark room of his home finishing prints he has made during the day.

■ Hoping to film some animal life movies, Ian Hunter took advantage of a few days off from a picture for a trip to the High Sierras. Here, he had been told, he would get the finest pictures of animals in their native habitat that could be found in this country. But Hunter saw no more than one chipmunk on his whole five-hundred-mile trip. But just as he got back home and was turning his car into the driveway of his Santa Monica home he nearly bumped smack into a deer standing right at his garage door!

■ Funniest sight of the month: Tony Martin, romantic singing star whose duet partners to date have been beautiful movie, radio, and light opera prima donnas, trying to sing a duet with a monkey! This scene should be a rib-tickling highlight of *Passport to Happiness*, Tony's forthcoming musical comedy.

And while we're on the Martins, Tony and Alice Faye had a real house-warming



Virginia Field and Cesar Romero do a rhythmic rhumba for one of the dance hall scenes in *The Cisco Kid and the Lady* while extras look on with interest

shortly after they moved into their new home in Encino. A fire of unknown origin almost burned it down. Save for a pair of bedroom slippers, a fur coat and a house dress Alice's wardrobe went up in smoke.

■ Humphrey Bogart is one actor who does things differently. Next summer he's going to have Hollywood's most novel bath house.

Humphrey bought himself an old circus wagon, a red and gilt affair on four huge wheels that once upon a time housed a lion. The bars, the actor says, are going to be left as they are, but he will put up wooden sides when changing clothes.

"In addition to being portable," he claims, "I can get sunshine through the bars and eat my lunch two feet above the sand."

■ We owe *Hollywood Cavalcade*, the 20th Century-Fox production, another debt of gratitude besides the pleasure we derived from seeing it. The picture has brought that grand purveyor of laughs, Mack Sennett, back into activity. He will make a comedy series for Twentieth Century-Fox along the fun lines of the old (and still good) Keystone Kop shenanigans.

■ John Payne, essentially a shy young man, had his most embarrassing moment of the month while he and his missus, Anne Shirley were lunching at the Brown Derby. In the middle of the meal, a woman with a determined look in her eye, barged up to their booth. With nary a comment she put her hand on John's shoulder and punched. "Just wanted to see if they're padded," she explained. "Ha Ha, they're not. I win!"

John's blush was exactly six shades deeper than the strawberries the waiter placed before him.

■ One of the most human fan stories on record concerns Bobbie Breen and a boy sixteen years old who lives in northern California.

The juvenile star and the boy became acquainted through the mails several years ago, and as time went on Bobbie learned much about him. He was an infantile paralysis victim. His throat was affected, and he was unable to speak clearly. Bobbie invited the boy to Hollywood for a visit, implored his parents to submit the case to local physicians. After innumerable check-ups their opinion was that nothing could be done to help him.

But Bobbie was not to be discouraged. He took the boy to his singing teacher. Together they worked out throat exercises similar to those practiced by singers. The boy has been diligently working at them for months—and with miraculous results. For the first time since he was stricken, he is able to speak a little. It's one of those stories that one hears all too rarely in Hollywood—but sometimes it DOES happen here!

■ We've got a much different opinion of Greta Garbo since we stood beside her at the automobile show. Dolled up in an outfit that would have knocked a sassiety dame's eye out (and probably did) Garbo looked like a million bucks and was easily the finest looking gal at the show that night. Clad in a blue dress with blue hat to match (don't ask me what kind of material it was or how it was made!) she certainly was a vastly different-looking Garbo from the Garbo of the mannish-tailored suits. Funny part of it was, she looked so different that she wasn't recognized and had the time of her life inspecting the new 1940 models.

■ Remember Constance Worth? The ex-wife of George Brent? Well, she's still in Australia where, under the name of Joy Howarth, she's in a Red Cross unit that expects to see front-line service in France.

■ Hollywood smarties who are making "book" on the Ann Sheridan-Litvak romance are offering even money that the marriage takes place early in the year. Ann says there is nothing to it, that Anatole is just a good friend, and no marriage is in sight, that she's going to enjoy her freedom for a long while before ever heading to the altar again. That's Ann's word and you can take it or leave it.

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Ruth Terry, 18 year old songstress, is one of the big moments in *Ladies Know Too Much*, according to glowing reports from those who watched the filming of her swing numbers with the chorus. She heads the feminine cast opposite Pat O'Brien

A Puppet Comes to Life

[*Continued from page* 23]

sequence was outlined by means of about eighty drawings, each carrying balloons containing the dialogue. These sketches, which showed merely the highlights of the action, were thumbtacked to large pieces of wallboard which, after final approval in the various conference rooms, were moved bodily to the director's office and hung upon the walls. The sequence resembled nothing quite so much as a gigantic newspaper comic strip. The director walked around his office, reading the funny papers, and *not* laughing. Then he got together with the sound effects department, his animators, the cast which was to speak the dialogue, the music, prop, paint and scenic departments . . . and everybody began to inch the picture along.

Most of the inching was done by the "in-betweeners," who are just what their name implies. In-betweeners are those young men who have gone through a six months' training in the Disney Animation School up on Vine Street and have survived. The director gave each In-betweener two pictures. Let's say he gave Johnny In-betweener drawings No. 8 and No. 9 off the wall board. No. 8 showed Pinocchio and the whale, Monstro, on the ocean floor. Pinocchio was almost swallowed. There was horror on the little puppet's face, and nothing but determination in Monstro's gaping jaws which were just about to close. No. 9 showed merely the whale, wearing a tight-lipped expression of complete satisfaction. Johnny In-betweener, working with transparent paper on his illuminated drawing board, traced model picture No. 8, and then retraced it again and again and again—perhaps a hundred times—each drawing varying just a trifle from its predecessor and making those finely graded changes so that the movement would come a little closer to model drawing No. 9 that completed that particular bit of action.

Every character in *Pinocchio* had his own private unit of animators. One entire unit was devoted to J. Worthington, or "Honest John" Foulfellow, the Fox; another to Geppetto, the kindly old woodcarver; another to Cleo, the goldfish; another to the Blue Fairy; another to Stromboli, the unscrupulous puppet master; another to Figaro, the kitten.

Figaro held up production for quite a while. At first he was just an ordinary, garden-variety cat. And nobody was satisfied with him. He was too common. Then one of the animators, who is a rabid cat fancier, began drawing kittens. For weeks he drew, until he achieved a masterpiece of all that is fluffy, adorable and mischievous in kittens, and then he began to animate it. When the rushes of this animation were shown, Mr. Disney and his entire staff fell on their knees and worshipped. The old cat was torn up. Everybody in the studio is starry-eyed over bewhiskered little Figaro and predicts that he will be another one of those minor characters, like Dopey, that unexpectedly take the public by storm. Figaro presents a nice contrast to Giddy, the feline villain who works hand-in-glove with that arch-villain, the Fox. Giddy was born on the wrong side of the fence—and looks it.

An interesting item about the Disney studio is that everybody's work is so closely related that every employe on the lot goes out at twelve sharp for lunch and returns at one. Nobody can work without everybody else on hand. One does what

he can, passes it on, it is improved or changed, and passed on again. Everything works on sort of a slide rule. Each stroke of a pen, each function of every department, every note of music, every word of dialogue, moves of any kind that anybody makes in the studio, all inter-lock.

While the director walked around his office reading his private funny paper; while the Johnny In-betweeners made millions of drawings wafting Pinocchio from one adventure to another; while the character department developed poses and expressions for the characters in the picture; while some genius in the prop department discovered that a barrel filled with gravel and turned around on a handle sounded exactly like a stagecoach going over a wooden bridge; while the musical director timed the picture and the score; while the inking department transferred the drawings to sheets of celluloid; while the scenic department drew thousands of backgrounds and the spirit of Walt Disney brooded over all—the paint department began to grind its pigments and get ready to color over two million drawings.

■ The paint department is feminine—the only one in the studio. What these girls don't know about colors, Michelangelo didn't know. They ground pigments for over 1,500 different shades of paint, each shade having its own number. It was to this department that the celluloids arrived after having been traced in ink from the animators' two million drawings. Two million celluloids! And accompanying them came also two million color models showing every button and cuff, wrinkle and thread of every costume in *Pinocchio,* with every minute detail being assigned a certain number which meant such and such an off shade of blue, red or green. What a tremendous task! Two million color models on one hand; two million inked celluloids that had to be colored on the reverse side on the other hand; and on the shelves in front fifteen hundred shades of paint! The work of these girls was so intricate and demanding that they were served tea every day at 10:30 in the morning and 3:30 in the afternoon, instructed to drop work and relax.

The next stop—and the final one—was the camera department where the colored celluloids were set up under the camera and each frame photographed individually. The camera clicked two million times, or are you getting tired of that? Anyway, *Pinocchio* was finished. Simple, isn't it?

■ Although you won't see them on the screen, some of Hollywood's prize stars are in the picture. Rather, their voices are. While *Pinocchio* was still in the story department, the studio started casting for voices which were suitable to each character. After months of recording voices, Walter Catlett's was found to be just right for the Fox, J. Worthington Foulfellow; the gentle voice of Christian Rub brings to life the kindly character of old Geppetto; Evelyn Venable speaks the lines of the Blue Fairy; Cliff Edwards is Jiminy Cricket, Pinocchio's conscience, and little Dickie Jones has a right now to be called "Pinocchio."



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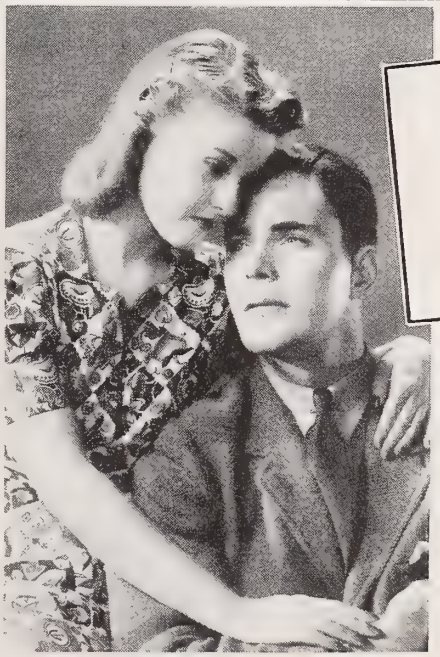
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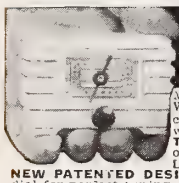
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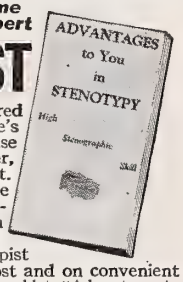
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"Snacks" For Your Holidays

Half of the fun of Christmas time is the party spirit. Are you ready for callers?

By BETTY CROCKER



Hollywood is just like any other community during the holidays, work is mostly forgotten, and everywhere you go it's open house. And, of course, you must be prepared to dispense hospitality when groups of friends drop in,

Patricia Ellis has a "snack table" set up that offers such delicious treats, and is such a practical solution to the problem of what to offer casual guests, that we are passing along her ideas to you.

For a hasty nibble, there's the little pig centerpiece, bristling with meat appetizers—such as squares of canned meat, slices of frankfurters, or toasted sausages. The platter is surrounded with cheese sticks, crackers and potato chips.

But appetites being what they are in crisp winter weather, Pat wisely has a hot dish ready. She chooses spaghetti and meat ball because it may be kept hot indefinitely.

The grand climax, however, is the fruit cake.

Patricia Ellis' fruit cake is almost one hundred years old! The one shown on her snack table was baked when Detroit was just a village. Only six of the original batch remain. Pat was given hers amid great ceremony during a visit there not long ago. Each year the cake jars have been opened, brandy poured on, and the cakes put away again.

Well, your cake may not be any older than a few days, but it can still be a delicious addition to your snack table if you follow this kitchen-tested recipe of ours for Last Minute Fruit Cake. Here it is:

LAST MINUTE FRUIT CAKE

½ cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
1 egg
1 cup unsweetened apple sauce, strained
2¼ cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. allspice
½ tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
¼ cup water
¼ cup almonds, cut fine
¼ cup walnuts, cut fine
½ cup raisins
¼ cup dates, cut fine
¼ cup candied cherries, cut fine
¼ cup candied pineapple, cut fine
¼ cup candied lemon rind, cut fine

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Blend in well beaten egg. Add the cooled apple sauce. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift together flour, spices, salt and soda. Add flour mixture alternately with the water to the creamed mixture. Add fruit and nuts which have been mixed with the

They wished to be alone and they didn't want any cheers from the bleachers while they stood before the minister. People were busy minding their own business on Christmas, thought Claudette. Even a movie star might have a little privacy. Makes a pretty idea for Christmas, too, giving oneself away in marriage.

At 4 a. m. the happy pair set off by automobile for Yuma, just across the border in Arizona. The knot was tied and back they came to what they thought was an unsuspecting Hollywood. Over the line into California they stopped at a gasoline station. Like swarming bees over a flower bed the newshawks descended.

All the way home they ran the gauntlet of reporters and cameramen. Once there, the rest of the night—until 5 a. m. the next morning—was spent in posing for photographs. The story of a film star's marriage, on Christmas Day when "nothing ever happens" to break the calm of newspaper offices, rates a headline and just the kind of attention poor Claudette didn't want.

■ The Christmas that Producer Samuel Goldwyn doesn't like to remember was the one when he had a battle with David Niven.

He was trying to cut the handsome young English star's salary and David, with true British obstinacy, refused to take a cut. Goldwyn, one of the shrewdest men in the film business, then served notice that he was going to force Niven to live up to the letter of his contract. David, at that time, was broadcasting for a food products company. Under the contract, half of his earnings went to Goldwyn.

In addition to the handsome weekly check he received for his presence on the air, David also received food samples. These, the star carefully cut in half, and sent Goldwyn his share with the Niven compliments. This started before Christmas and continued for a long time after Christmas too. Weeks of receiving halves of cheese and such things gave the producer a healthy respect for David.

Forecasts for 1940

[*Continued from page* 21]

actor. Norma will find her greatest happiness with an older man, who commands importance in the business field.

LORETTA YOUNG: Will find a romance with a man who has been married before. If it doesn't result in matrimony at the end of the year, it will in 1941. Loretta must guard her health carefully. She will receive a surprise visit from someone this year which will have an important bearing on her life.

GEORGE BRENT: Must watch his health. Great danger lurks over him. He should avoid the water. A new and turbulent romance with a famous actress is in sight. He has a good year ahead.

JOAN CRAWFORD: Will not have a tranquil year. She will be surrounded by very upsetting circumstances in her personal and professional life. She will have to do much fighting to hold what she has, and she will be betrayed by a friend. She will remain friendly with Franchot Tone, and lean on him for advice, but there is no reconciliation. She will meet an artistic man—a writer, an artist or a musician—who will influence her greatly and teach her a new philosophy which will make her an even greater woman.

THE LANE SISTERS: Priscilla will fight against marriage, because she is entering the year in which her career is all predominant. Marriage, however, is seen. Her career looks excellent, and she will soar to even greater heights in 1940. Marriage ahead for Rosemary whose interest in her career will wane with domesticity. She will concentrate on her singing. Lola will live the most exciting life of the three famous Lanes.

ELEANOR POWELL will find happiness in a lasting love. There are whispers around her—not so much the whispers of scandal as of trouble-makers. She must have faith in her friends, otherwise she will make herself unhappy.

GINGER ROGERS: A new love will come to her. He is a Hollywood actor. Ginger faces a court entanglement on money matters, but it won't disturb her.

GARBO: Faces a loss of money. The planets smile on her otherwise. She will enjoy better health than she has in some time. Romance with a man outside of the industry is seen.

Hollywood's youngsters have exciting forecasts, also:

JUDY GARLAND: Will become quite interested in a romance, but it will not be serious and will not affect her career.

DEANNA DURBIN: Faces a clash with her superiors. As for her career, she will rise to even greater heights in 1940, firmly establishing herself as a great actress as well as singer. An unusual honor will come to her in 1940.

GLORIA JEAN: A wonderful year ahead. She will become sensationally popular. She has a glorious, golden year ahead. Court troubles for this youngster, too, but it will be a legal formality—brought about by some people who are trying to get money from her—Gloria will not be personally involved.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: This looks like a very interesting year for her career, as it shows signs of a great change in her acting technique. She will win a new following and build for the future to tide her over the "awkward age."

MICKEY ROONEY: Wonderful—wonderful — wonderful, professionally speaking. His star will continue to ascend and good luck will be with him. On the personal side, he faces a lawsuit. He must be very careful of the friendships he makes. Watch your step, Mickey.

The coming year carries the promise of great success and unmarred future for many—for others, it holds the shadow of unhappiness. But welcome, 1940, we're glad to see you!



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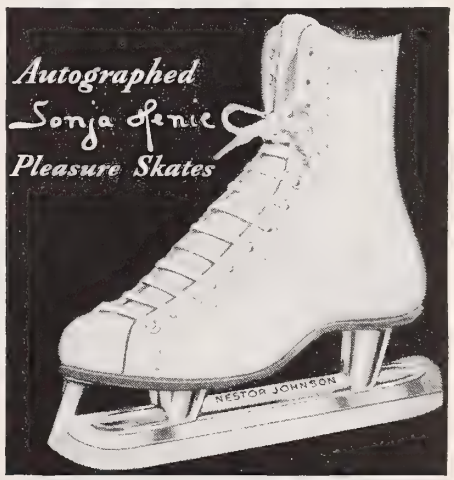
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Santa Is a Headache

[*Continued from page* 39]

Claudette Colbert is one who started her shopping last August—with a notebook. Each time she found out what someone wanted, she wrote it down. Then she went out and shopped. She put into the giving much of her own time and thought, which makes her gifts worthwhile. Joan Crawford will be doing the same thing. Jewelry, clothing, and countless other gifts will be selected and wrapped by Joan herself. Hearty Clark Gable will be shopping these days with Carole Lombard for three things: Gags, personal gifts and a large stock of liquid cheer for those with whom he works. And Warner Baxter will be getting ready to be host to the entire Twentieth Century-Fox lot on a sound stage. Plenty of Christmas cheer for all.

These bills will run into the thousands.

Carole Lombard's arms will be loaded with gifts. Everyone on the set will first get some silly thing, ranging from a bullwhip for the assistant director who summons her before the camera to a dollar alarm clock for her secretary, Fieldsie, who gets her up in the morning to go to work. After that will come the real gifts.

"I got the gag habit," Carole tells me, "when I was a youngster in Fort Wayne, Indiana. My mother used to walk into the front room with a basket full of gags, designed to be a mild rebuke and to give a laugh to those who received them. The real Christmas came afterwards."

Lombard will go miles for a gag. She shopped all over Los Angeles once to find a carriage for Clark's race horse, Beverly Hills, and had it delivered to him Christmas morning with a note:

"That horse will never win a race. You'd better just hitch him to this."

Marion Marx received a four-dollar mule from her—she raises race horses—and found it on her front lawn with a sign, "Pride of the Marwyck Stables." Complete with a bale of hay.

To Mitchell Leisen, director, goes a bow for having the greatest directorial Christmas spirit. He scatters thoughtfully bought presents amounting to thousands. No one on the set is forgotten when "Mitch" loots a sports shop which he owns jointly. He wraps the packages himself. At noon Christmas Eve he stops filming and starts handing out tokens of his appreciation to those who help him at the studio.

Darryl Zanuck gets credit for being the most generous producer. No matter what the tax bill may be in March, he masquerades behind his three children, Susan, Darrylin and Richard. They give the gifts to hundreds upon hundreds throughout the industry with little notes of appreciation. But the bill eventually ends on Zanuck's desk—and he pays off with a smile.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer you may rest assured that Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, Hedy Lamarr, Director Woody Van Dyke and Bob Montgomery will give set parties. They've never missed. There'll be drinks and gifts and general merrymaking.

The other day, to give an example of the far-reaching Christmas influence of Myrna and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, a cop on the beat said wistfully:

"Gee, I'd sure like to meet Hornblow and Miss Loy. For several years—ever since they've been in Hollywood and Beverly Hills—I've had a gift from them. But I've never seen them."

Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis frequently have given automobiles to those who have worked with them—Marlene's gift to Dot Ponedel, hair dresser, was delivered on the set wrapped in cellophane—and the exotic foreign star distributed, one year, bottles of champagne with $20 gold pieces wrapped against them.

You can depend on it, also, that although Marion Davies hasn't made a picture for some time, she'll find a place to give a party for those five hundred crippled children and their friends and relatives. A real party. And, as each family departs, there'll be a Christmas basket. When Marion sees September come around, she sends for a representative of Cartier's, in New York City, to bring jewelry to the coast and makes selections for her friends.

Huge, ambling Gary Cooper will wander around from here to there with a shy smile on his face. Everywhere he goes, he'll stop with someone and chat. About sixty people will receive money orders from the sky-high star, ranging from ten to more than one hundred dollars. And many families will be started on the New Year properly with Cooper financing.

Many of the stars, including Barbara Stanwyck, have started a considerable amount of Christmas charity work. Barbara tells me:

"I'd a lot rather give the money to a hospital or to some needy groups of people than spend it on gifts for friends who already have a lot. I think they like it better, too."

There is a growing tendency among the players to get away from cards. Most send telegrams to friends who aren't within the charmed gift circle. Or cards which read:

> "This card should be a very nice one. But it's plain, because my Christmas appropriation for cards has been given to the ..... Charity."

No doubt, if you know Shirley Temple and Charlie Ruggles, just to mention two of a host of people, you'll receive such cards.

Gladys George and her husband, Leonard Penn, believe in Christmas charity. The fact is that most of the players who have come up the hard way set aside a good, large appropriation for this sort of thing. The George-Penn charity last year consisted of throwing wide the doors of an exclusive Hollywood restaurant and inviting anyone connected with pictures who had no place to go to celebrate the Yuletide to be their guests.

Bette Davis is planning to get flowers for most of her friends. In addition she takes time and care to work with a char-

ity-minded woman who furnishes her with the exact needs of many people, mostly young girls looking for work with no suitable garments to make themselves presentable. Bette buys these clothes, sees that they are delivered.

If you have worked with Tyrone Power during the year, you are pretty sure to receive some kind of knitted goods—sweaters, socks, and such things. Jane Withers passes out leather goods to her friends at Twentieth Century-Fox. Alice Faye goes in for watches, fountain pens, and jewelry. Sonja Henie sent 500 underprivileged children to see *Hansel and Gretel* on the stage in Los Angeles last year, and undoubtedly is planning a similar outing this year, now that she's returned from Europe.

Joe E. Brown is lavish with his gifts. Among those who receive evidences of the Brown generosity are members of his baseball team. Gracie Allen, who is very funny on screen and radio, turns into a very kindly, unfunny person on Christmas morning. She has a stock of baskets filled with food, necessities and toys, and makes the rounds to deliver them to selected families—chosen because of their needs. Jack Benny, also a humorist, already has booked several personal appearances which will bring in money for Christmas charity purposes. No worthy appearance can be too far away for Jack, who insists on paying all his own expenses as well as giving his time.

But, we've said that Santa is a headache. And he is. He comes not only at the wrong time, but he calls for personal sacrifices from everyone in the upper brackets in Hollywood. The stars don't complain, but they find themselves very much depressed by the guy.

Take George Raft. George is a generous guy. He can't keep his hands out of his pockets when somebody asks for something, Christmas or any other time. Christmas came along and he really outdid himself. He got a huge tree, scouted around, found out what everybody at his studio wanted, brought great armsful of gifts, wrapped them, put them under the tree and sent out word.

Property men, grips, stenographers, mill workers and laborers mobbed the tree as George stood back. Finally, all went away. The tree looked as if a hurricane had struck it. Tissue paper, boxes, broken ornaments and tinsel littered the floor.

George looked at the tree, contemplated it sadly.

He advanced slowly to it, eyed a lone package.

"For George," it said.

Gleefully, gratefully, he opened it. It contained one pair of socks from his bodyguard, Mack Gray. Of the hundreds, not one had thought that maybe George might have been made just a little bit happy by some small thing from them. Not something that cost a great deal of money. Just something that would have let him know that he had been thought of—

Multiply George by a hundred stars and you know why Santa can be a headache.



Deanna Durbin does a little bar work dangerously close to the swimming pool. Her latest picture, *First Love*, gives her a real romance, with a kiss at the end

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The Awakening of "Mr. A."



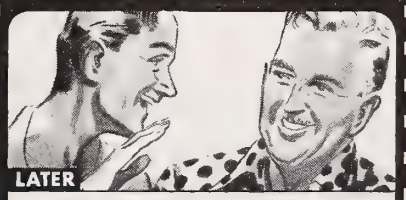
MR. A.: Whew! I hate the very thought of having to take a cathartic.

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MR. B.: Don't kid yourself! Ex-Lax is plenty effective, if that's what's worrying you!

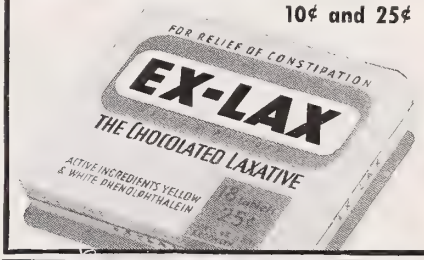


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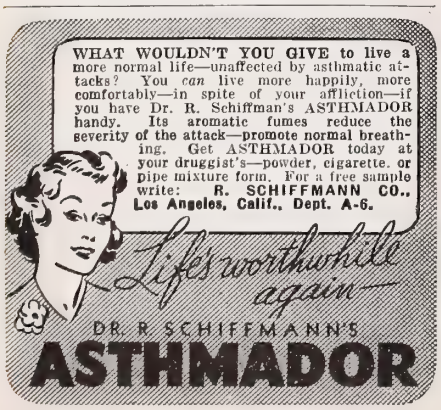
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Her Heart Belongs to Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 27]

Would she? And did she?

She sang for Mr. Porter. He grinned.

She sang for the Spewacks, who wrote the show. They admired her.

She sang for the producer, Vinton Freedley. He hired her.

She sang that memorable opening night, November 9, sang her sauciest in that spot where the script called for her to peel off her clothes at a Siberian railway station and to sing, while the natives ogled at her, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

Long after midnight after that unforgettable opening, Mary Martin pushed open the door of her apartment. It was choked with flowers from admirers. A bellboy called around with a stack of telegrams. One of the first she opened was a wire from Paramount offering her a contract at a fancy salary. The first studio to turn her down earlier was the first to acknowledge its mistake and call her back.

She forgave all, because her heart always has belonged to Hollywood.

You'd Hate Being a Star

[*Continued from page* 13]

hear one of them say: "Aw, nuts! I only get a dime for her signature. Let's find a bigger star!" Wouldn't that upset your ego just a little?

How would you feel if you found the autograph book you were signing was a blank check-book? That happened to Bing Crosby. What would you do if your loving fans tore your newest and prettiest hat to ribbons, scratched your face, ripped buttons off your best suit, grabbed your handbag and distributed its contents to all and sundry? Wouldn't you get mad? If you don't like to be "pushed around" then don't be a star.

Are You Sensitive to Gossip?

■ Suppose you had a headache that recurred—and suppose you had a doctor who prescribed a pill every day at three o'clock to help cure it. Suppose you didn't want the studio to know you were feeling ill so you furtively slipped the pill down with a glass of water on the set. And suppose a story came out saying you *took dope.* You'd sue, and probably win—but the fans would never forget and they'd never forgive you. That is an example of how every action is watched.

Do You Mind Personal Questions?

■ How many times a day do you suppose a big star has to give interviews on a set? The studio tries to protect her, but it's good business to have stories. The sob-sisters interview you in your dressing room—they catch you between scenes when you're trying to memorize your lines, they buttonhole you at openings and bombard you with questions about your love-life, your personal habits and your views on vital questions. If you don't talk, you're considered high-hat. If you express too candid an opinion, the studio rakes you over the coals.

■ If you give money to charity openly, you're the prey of every beggar in the land. If you give somebody a break in pictures, it might turn out she gets the part you want and leaves you holding a broken contract.

You have to *keep* every friend and *win* every enemy. You must never forget a face or fail to repay a favor. When you are tired of having your poor face painted up six days a week, and steal out to Hollywood Boulevard for a few minutes of peaceful shopping with your face clean and breathing once more, you'll hear whispers: "Oh, is that Gilda Glamour? Doesn't she look terrible off the screen?"

■ Did you ever try watching a polo game with fifty people shoving at you for autographs? Once Joan Bennett tried for an hour to see a game at the Uplifter's. She never saw a single play. She didn't have time to note which chukker was which. She signed autographs bravely until she burst into tears from nervousness and strain and had to leave the field.

How do you react when a camera is shoved into your face and a flash-bulb goes "pop" and blinds you? Then how do you feel when the picture comes out in a magazine with your mouth open and a silly grin on your face? Candid camera pictures are enough to make an ordinary person's hair turn white. Remember that one your little brother got of you in that silly bathing cap when you weren't looking? Then think how you feel when you've *arrived,* you're a beautiful star—and you never know when a camera is going to catch you with a mouth full of sandwich—or arguing—or half-asleep—or

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frowning because you're so tired you could drop. I could go on and on. But do you still think I'm talking through my hat? Did you give honest answers to all of the questions? Remember, you can't *be yourself*. You can't choose your friends. You can't get up at ten when you feel tired. You can't go to bed at two in the morning. You can't talk back. You can't be cross or fretful or moody.

Think it over. You may not make a fortune, as I do, but you have time to enjoy what you do make. Your friends like you for yourself, not for what you may do for them. Gossip does not threaten your marriage from the start. You do not have to fear the ending of your career the minute the first lines appear in your face. Believe me, you'd hate to be a star!

Baby Takes a Bow

[*Continued from page* 29]

Then, in fun, he growled at Duke. The dog automatically growled back. It recorded fine in the sound track and they let it remain; cutting out the next few feet when Duke in a frenzy of repentance nearly drowned Bill with kisses.

("They played tricks, too," Cuddles related with a yawn; "it kept the grown-ups amused, I suppose.")

They played tricks, indeed. Such as giving that trick-player, Nat Pendleton, a loaded cigar and placing near him a prop man with an empty revolver. When the cigar went off, Pendleton thought the gun had exploded and shot the cigar from his mouth. The same day, Van Dyke (who is W. S. Van Dyke, II., while his small son is W. S. Van Dyke, III.) asked Powell to choose a baby to appear at the party called for by the script. "It must be kind of a sophisticated baby," the Director said.

Powell looked over the aggregation of infants. "How about that one?" he asked undecidedly. "Oh *that* one?" Van Dyke suggested, pointing to the back row. Powell looked and nearly dropped in his tracks. There sat a baby, in white coat and little white bonnet, smoking a pipe! Van Dyke had slipped a midget in among the tots. "Oh," Powell said, "W. S. Van Dyke, IV!"

There's a strange thing about the character of *The Thin Man*. In the first story, the original "Thin Man" was the victim, both in the book and in the picture. But by an odd, mass-misconception, the title was transferred by the public to Nick Charles, the sleuth so suavely played by Powell. Nowadays, the detective remains "The Thin Man" even though he isn't thin.

The victim in this third film about the doings of Nick Charles, is C. Aubrey Smith. He was pleased when he learned that he had been chosen to play a Wall street millionaire who got killed. In his long career on stage and screen he had, Mr. Smith pointed out, played everything except a corpse, and he felt that this character rounded out his experience. As for Otto Kruger, who plays the district attorney, he's been a district attorney so often that the role is second nature, but he said Mr. Smith was about the most distinguished "case" with which he'd had to deal. "Everybody's satisfied," Mr. Smith said jovially, awaiting the fatal bullet.

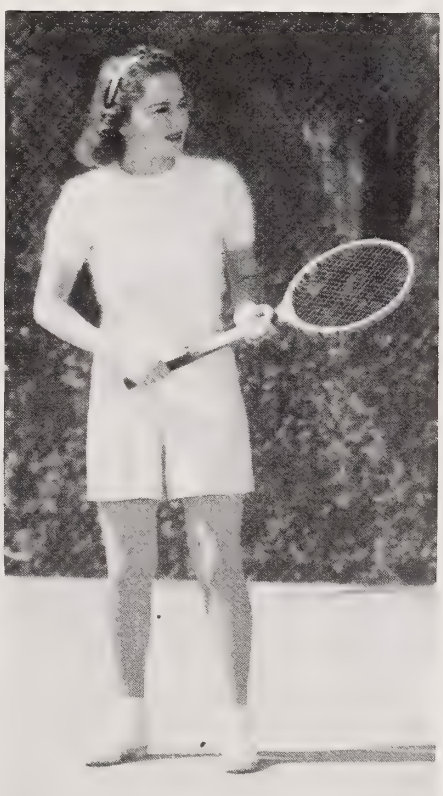
("I had a good deal to do with it," explained Cuddles with a complacent air; "if it hadn't been for me, Dad—the Thin Man, you know—would never have heard that revolver shot.")

The baby, in fact, had wakened his parents at midnight. Myrna quieted him and then put him in Powell's bed. But he didn't stay put.

("I craved amusement, intelligent conversation," Cuddles said, "so—glub, glub—I hi'sted myself up and crawled over Dad's face. It always wakes 'em." He crowed gleefully, then instantly grew solemn, staring about his dressing room with those bright, twinkling eyes.)

What was he thinking about, anyway?

("I'm thinking about my future," Cuddles replied, wrinkling his tiny nose in sign language parlance. "I'm going to be a detective, too. Already when they don't watch me I crawl around the floor looking for clues.")



Olivia de Havilland is preparing for her next picture, *The Sea Hawk*, with hours of sun on the tennis court



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Art for Artie's Sake

[*Continued from page* 30]

Cocoanut Grove. Playing hot clarinet, he moved back east with his band. To Chicago and to New York. CBS came after him to play in house bands, and at twenty he was blowing his horn to the tune of five hundred a week.

"Then," he tells you, "I began to improve my education."

This involved upsetting standards at New York universities, where Artie demanded the right to try entrance examinations to advanced courses without formal preparation. He began to read everything he could get his hands on. He plowed through some pretty heavy stuff, including Plato, Lafcadio Hearn and a writer called Benjamin Tucker he's still wild about. "Tucker," he tells you, "said something about light in a book of his. I wanted to find out what light really was. So I went to the Encyclopaedia Brittanica. There were three whole pages and I couldn't understand a word, and my job seemed pretty silly alongside that of a fellow who could write three whole pages on a subject like LIGHT. So that night I quit my job."

Artie talks in bursts. Far more rapidly than his big Cadillac—which does much more than a mile a minute—hurries him from date to date. And he goes on to say that he not only quit his job. He left town that same night. Went down to Pennsylvania with his wife, where he rented a house away back in Bucks County, and set to work to write a book on Bix Beiderbecke.

He had known this Beethoven of Swing like a brother. The two of them had roomed together out in Chicago. Jammed together until many a dawn at late spots around the windy city. Gone out and got blotto together. No one was more familiar with Bix or his premature and tragic end than Artie. But for some reason, and despite the fact he'd prepared himself over a period of three years by doing a daily stint of five thousand words, that book didn't jell.

"But I learned a lot," he says. "In many ways that was the happiest year of my life. Because I was doing something I really wanted to do."

■ Artie then came back the hard way. He grabbed a job as a laborer with a road gang because he wanted to know what it felt like to swing a pick and sweat and really knock himself out doing hard manual work. While doing so, he heard about a contest being staged in New York. After the best bands in the country had done their stuff at the Imperial Theatre that night back in 1936, he walked on with a string quartet which played classical music against his hot clarinet.

The stunt stole the show. Everybody in the music business offered to help if he'd start a band. But Artie wasn't satisfied, despite a good spot at Hotel Lexington. He took that lop-sided outfit on the road, and, during two of the toughest years any leader has ever known pulled it apart and put it together again a hundred times, to invade New York a little over a year ago with a band capable of taking over where Goodman left off.

■ "It isn't true," Artie says, when you recall the story of how one dance hall manager advanced a couple of hundred to get him on to the next date, and he returned, after making good, to play for half the rate he was then getting, "about Toronto. But it's true of two or three other places."

Likewise, Artie would have you know, that it isn't true he has a swelled head. Or means to be rude when he goes through a posse of autograph hunters like Army goes through Yale. "I'm just a human being," he points out. "And playing five shows a day here at the Strand, a radio spot every week, a regular club date at Hotel Pennsylvania beginning October fifteenth, in addition to movies and charity shows and my booker alone knows what else—it's just too much for any human to do and not show the wear and tear."

■ It was this wear and tear which drove him into that Pennsylvania retreat three years ago. And last June, after he had swept across country like a musical tornado, this wear and tear again drove him to cover between the sheets at a Los Angeles sanitarium called The Good Samaritan.

"Medically," he tells you, "I was considered dead."

So there are three sides, you see, to Artie Shaw. There is the fabulous figure who flits from one crowded theatre or dance palace to the next, making the hops by train, fast motor car or plane, to give millions the charming benefit of his madly inspired clarinet. And there is the man of finance, who makes his booker wealthy earning $12,500 a week at the Strand, the same amount at the Pennsylvania, $10,000 for a weekly radio shot and $2,000 for every single record he makes. Then there is the prostrate, extremely pathetic boy who lay in that room at The Good Samaritan, pondering the price he must pay eventually for a certain something known as fame, and somehow managed to fool the doctors by getting around again.

"For the first time in three years," he tells you, "I had a chance to think. And this time it's going to be different. . . ."

■ Then he tells you, in another rapid-fire burst, that he figures he'll only live thirty years more. So he's going to do what he wants to do from now on. "First," he says, "I'm going to make money. Not a little but a lot. They tell me I'll have a quarter million inside of a year at the rate I'm going. That's quite enough to see a little of the world. Not from the back end of a train or the wheel of a car. I'd like to get a boat, like the fellow in that book, and take my own time. Do something in music that will really live and not flash up suddenly and then fade out, like a shooting star . . . What's that?" he snaps at an usher who doesn't dare shove more than his nose through the crack of this particular star's dressing room. "We're on in five minutes? All right! I'll be there. Give me time, can't you . . ."

And next minute he is gone. Hurrying down the iron stairs to meet another deadline. Leaving you with a book in your hands titled *Vagabond Voyaging*, still open at page seven. And you can't help hoping that one day soon Artie will not only get a chance to finish the book but will actually shove off on such a trip. Dream down through sun-washed islands to some tropic heaven specially created for hard-working young band leaders, with a wife who loves him because he is a swell guy and not a big name, and with a couple of kids to help shorten sail . . .

"But the chances are," you say to yourself as the haunting refrain of *Begin the Beguine* with Artie on the clarinet follows you out the stage door on to 47th Street, "he never will."



Yes, any minute now you'll be seeing Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in *Gone With the Wind*. It really is finished



George Raft, snapped on his return from Europe. His next picture is *House Across the Bay* with Joan Bennett


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FEBRUARY, 1940
Vol. 29 No. 2

Hollywood

Incorporating SCREEN LIFE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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Edward Arnold puts finishing touches to the court costume of Silky, gangster played by Robert Montgomery, who finds himself the heir to a title in M-G-M's *The Earl of Chicago*



RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. W. H. Fawcett, Publisher; Elliott Odell, Advertising Director. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; foreign subscription $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issues five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York; 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood office, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.





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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ I wonder if anyone ever has enjoyed new stardom more than does Jane Bryan. I wonder if anyone ever took sudden fame more simply. She traveled to New York for the opening of her new picture, *We Are Not Alone*, at the beautiful Radio City Music Hall, and turned those wide-set eyes, those shining freckles, with delight at such things as the Aquarium, the Metropolitan Museum, the Empire State Building. She was enchanted with the subways that roar and scream for hundreds of miles beneath the crowded streets, and she was definitely relieved to find some of the elevated railways still up. She had been fearful, she explained, that they would all be torn down before she ever had a chance to ride on one. It would be difficult to find a pretty young girl who looks less like a movie star than Miss Bryan. She has all of the hearty bloom of a college sophomore, wears no make-up except a gay red lipstick, likes plain dresses and little jewelry. Her enjoyment of her stardom comes, not from the things that she can buy with the money that she makes, but from the parts that she will be able to play from now on. She has worked hard for a chance in Hollywood and, because she gets pleasure out of her career, rather than by means of it, she is one to watch.

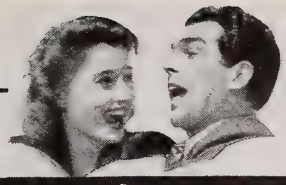
■ Osa Johnson is another charming person who is so busy with a career that she has no time to waste on a pose. Tiny, dainty, prettier than most stars, she is quite the last person you would expect to follow a life of vivid adventure in the African wilds. And it is just impossible to believe that many the time she has coolly held her ground in front of a charging rhino, waiting until just the right moment to fire a heavy-duty bullet into its furious bulk. Since the shocking death of her husband, Martin Johnson, in an airplane accident, she has continued the life of an explorer alone, and soon will have another picture ready for release. It is called *I Married Adventure* and will show much more of the fascinating life she led in Africa than did the earlier Johnson travel pictures. Wilbur Morse, Jr., who is just back from a trip to Europe for interviews with stars, went over to The Museum of Natural History when she was making some scenes in front of specimens which she procured, and now he is muttering about elephant guns and kraals and life on the veldt. You will find his fascinating report on Mrs. Johnson in next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine, but where you will find Mr. Morse, we are not sure. He sounded pretty determined about going on safari, even if he did seem to think it was something between a camel and a greyhound bus.

■ Jessie Henderson travelled one million years and a little more back through time for a story on the prehistoric animals that are the most sensational actors in *1,000,000 B. C.* If she brings herself back alive, and there is every reason to believe that she will, there will be a full account of her adventures in an early issue.

■ Kay Proctor has discovered that life can be just as hazardous in Hollywood as in distant corners of the earth or in by-gone times. When she journeyed out to Basil Rathbone's home for a nice quiet interview, she had a surprise. The house was overflowing with painters engaged in one of those early spring house-cleanings, and no sooner did Miss Proctor start to bring up the subject of Mr. Rathbone's villainous part in *The Tower of London* than they had to move. After this had happened several times, Miss Proctor found herself carrying a mop and two paint brushes and Mr. Rathbone had a ladder. They had completely forgotten about a discussion of Mr. Rathbone's career, and he was expressing pretty hearty opinions about the theory of spring-cleaning. That led to the practice of spring-cleaning. Fortunately, Cameraman Charles Rhodes was at hand to get pictures of the dashing star demonstrating by some heavy labor that spring-cleaning need not be hard work if you just organize your efforts. After Miss Proctor had spent two days in bed, resting, she wrote one of the funniest stories of her career, and you'll find it in next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

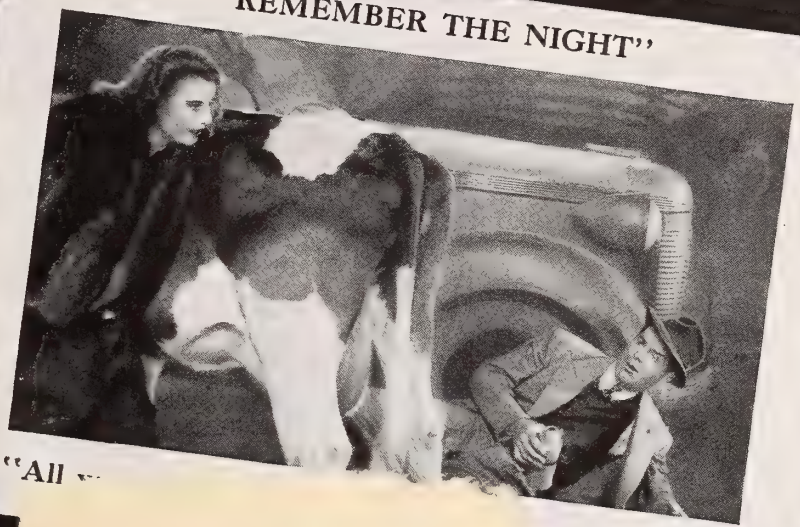


Behind those bandages lurks Vincent Price, taking very seriously his part in *The Invisible Man Returns*. Nan Grey seems worried, and understandable, too

BAD GIRL—  GOOD GUY—GREAT PICTURE!!!

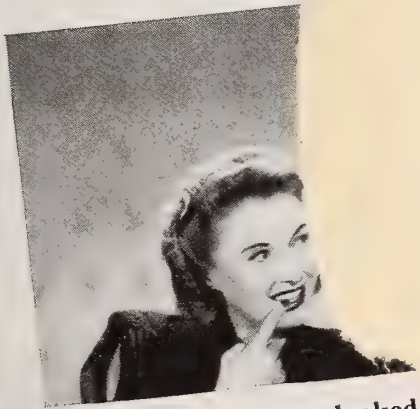
Only Mitchell ("Man About Town") Leisen could direct a scene like this.

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"All ... upset a guy."

"REMEMB...



"Know why you've looked at m... danced with me the way you have, kissed me t... way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."

"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

Only Preston ("Strictly Dishonorable") Sturges could write a scene like this.

Only Barbara ("Union Pacific") Stanwyck and Fred ("Honeymoon in Bali") MacMurray could bring you such a love story!



Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali"...Explosive as "Midnight"...Romantic as "Love Affair"

with **BEULAH BONDI**

Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges

Of Course,

IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Hollywood would be a much happier place if some of our movie mamas and papas would follow the example of the parents of Linda Darnell, the 20th Century-Foxer who hit star rating in her second picture, *Daytime Wife*.

Figuring she was doing pretty well, thank you, in a financial way, Linda decided to buy a house for her mother, young brother and young sister who have come to Hollywood from Dallas, Texas, to live with her.

But the family insisted firmly on paying its part. The house deal was canceled and Linda and her people now live in a home rented by her father, Calvin Roy Darnell, Dallas postal clerk, who sees to it that all but a very small percentage of his daughter's movie salary goes into a saving account in her name. Wise people, these Darnells from Texas.

■ Miriam Hopkins is still a southerner at heart. Born in Bainbridge, Georgia, and reared in Savannah, she remembers very well the stories her family told her of Sherman's sacking of those towns during his march to the sea.

That is why Mariam refused to sing "Marching Through Georgia" in Warner Brothers' *Virginia City*. Instead she chose "Yankee Doodle."

"I wouldn't sing a song based on Georgia's suffering," Miss Hopkins said emphatically. " 'Yankee Doodle' is something else. It was a patriotic American song long before the Civil War—and still is."

■ Ronald Reagan will have the most unique movie fan club in the world if plans of Maude Ledrine of Chicago, materialize. The club will be composed of people whose lives Reagan saved when he was a lifeguard.

"You may not remember me," wrote the girl to the Warner Brothers' star, "but you pulled me out of Rock River at Lowell Beach Park about ten years ago. I owe my life to you. I understand I am not the only one similarly indebted to you, and I am trying to get in touch with as many of the others as I can, and organize them into a club."

Reagan was officially credited with saving 77 lives during his seven seasons as a lifeguard.

■ One of the funniest off-stage anecdotes springing from the filming of *The Fighting 69th* concerns Pat O'Brien's mother. Seems son Patrick, brought her on location and got her a "front-line" seat close to Director Bill Keighley. Bill gave the command to "roll 'em" and in no time machine guns began to blast away, rifles began to crack and dynamite charges to explode. The noise was terrific, but of course the cartridges were blanks and the dynamite charges were tiny. Finally, unable to stand it longer, Mrs. O'Brien climbed down from her seat, walked up to the director and laid down the law. "If anything happens to Pat," she told him with a motherly glint of concern in her eyes, "I'll hold you personally responsible!"

■ According to box-office records, the biggest money-makers for the 1938-39 season are Alice Faye and Spencer Tracy. Nearest competitors were Jean Arthur and Tyrone Power. Top pictures of the year were *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, *Jesse James*, *Boys Town*, and *You Can't Take it With You*.

■ Maybe you can call this one "Caught Short." Anyway, a certain movie star bachelor who lives by himself in a quiet section of Beverly Hills, keeps fit by donning his running shorts in the evening and going for an hour's trot around several streets. One night not long ago, while attired in this abbreviated athletic garb, he was hailed in anguished tones by a colored woman's voice, and on slowing down he discovered it was his dusky laundress, who gasped out: "Ah'm sho'ly sorry, Mistah George, Ah'm late dis week, but ef'n you'll go right back home now, Ah'll promise to bring yo' washin' de fust thing in de mawnin'!"

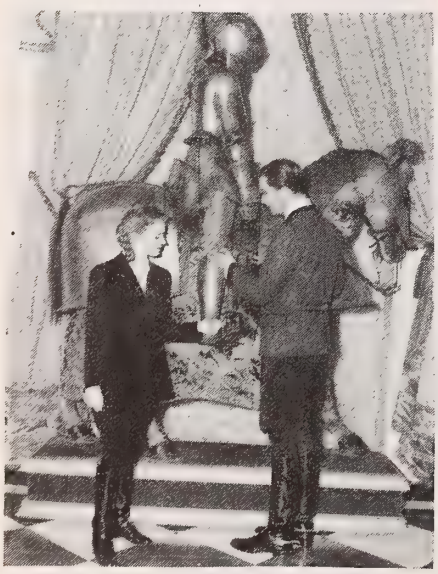
■ Three little girls grow up. No, this isn't a picture title. It's just a line to remind you that Judy Garland, Jane Withers and Bonita Granville are young ladies, now, and want to be treated as such. The three of them are grand people, mighty fine actresses in their own right and Hollywood is going to find it difficult to replace them.

Bonita, by the way, has a swell part in *At Good Old Siwash*. While in make-up as a fifty-year-old, she met Fred MacMurray on the Paramount lot. Bonita spoke to him, but Fred failed to recognize her. "Why, you know me," Bonita said. "I worked with you in a picture a couple of years ago."

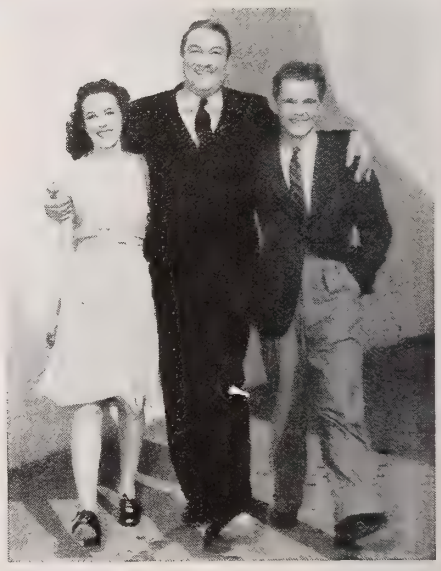
"What as—my mother?" Fred asked, struggling to place the little old lady. They also worked together in *Maid of Salem*.

■ Frank McHugh now owns one of the most important documents in history—an authentic copy of Marshal Foch's order ending the World War.

It was sold to Frank by Frank Pratt, bit player at Warner Bros. Pratt's uncle, the



Helen Gilbert and Robert Young take an awed look at armor worn in 1512 by King Sigismund I of Poland. It is to be seen in their new picture, *Florian*



Appropriately enough, the next film for Victor McLaglen is titled *The Big Guy*. Jackie Cooper and Peggy Moran are featured with Hollywood's biggest star



PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

The 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with **CLAUDE RAINS**

Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert

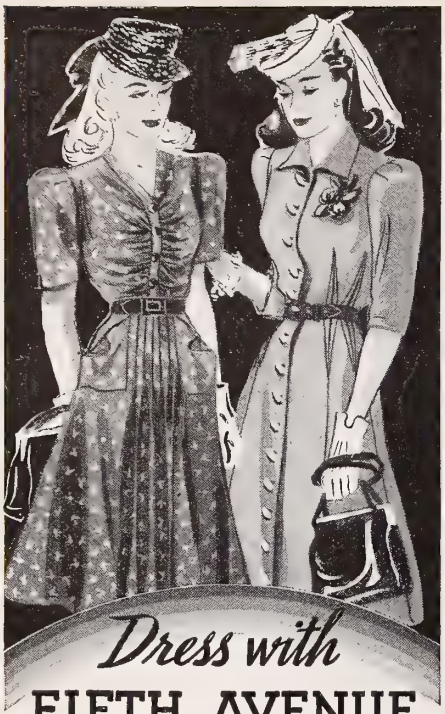
MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH
DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

The Character of 'Mickey Borden' as He Appeared in 'Four Daughters,' is Portrayed by
JOHN GARFIELD

Produced by
WARNER BROS.
And Now Showing



Dress with
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smartness
..yet SAVE HALF!

WOULDN'T it thrill you if you could get your frocks in the most exclusive shops of Fifth Avenue —yet pay only *the prices you can afford?* Now you can do even better than that! Thanks to our "Finish-at-Home" Plan, we bring the smartest of the new Fifth Avenue fashions *right into your home*, at a fraction of the cost of the original models! Our MAGAZINE OF FASHION gives you the glamorous parade of Fifth Avenue style—and tells you how to save half!

CUT TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS

■ Thousands of fashionable women have learned that it's difficult to be fitted in ready-made clothes. That's another reason why they prefer our "Finish-at-Home" Plan. When you wear our *custom-cut* fashions, you have frocks that fit perfectly . . . for we cut them to your *own, individual measurements.* Our expert men-tailors do every bit of the difficult sewing, and we furnish all trimmings and findings. *You* have only a few simple, easy seams to finish!

■ By selecting your Springtime wardrobe from our MAGAZINE OF FASHION—by doing your "shopping" direct with us—you'll *economize,* just as thousands of other women do. Yet you'll have *more* stylish frocks than ever before!

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late Frederick E. Pratt, was field clerk with the 6th Army Corps, and left the valuable paper to his nephew. The order, on a half sheet of thin paper, reads:

Received at 7:20 o'clock, Nov. 11, 1918, by VI Army Corps. No. 997. Radio picked up from Eiffel Tower. Hostilities will cease upon the whole front the 11th Nov. at 11 (French) o'clock. The Allied troups will not cross until a further order the line reached on that date and that hour.

(Signed) Marshal Foch.

■ It cost Eddie Albert about $15 to see his own picture, *On Your Toes.*

On the way to the studio, Albert stopped in front of Warner Bros. theatre to buy two tickets for the evening performance. Being the sort of chap he is, he never considered calling up the theatre for passes, and he didn't want to stand in line. The theatre manager assured him he didn't need to buy tickets. "Come down any time," he urged, "and we'll pass you right in. But you'd better hurry back to your car or you'll get another kind of ticket."

But Eddie was too late. He had been tagged for both double-parking in a restricted zone and leaving his car with the motor running.

■ Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman got themselves engaged during the shooting of *Brother Rat and a Baby* and had quite an enjoyable time for themselves when Director Ray Enright shot romantic sequences.

"That was pretty good," announced the director after okaying one, "but Jane stole the scene, Ronnie."

"That's okay," declared Reagan. "By the time the picture's released it'll all be in the family anyway."

■ David Niven has gone to war, but anecdotes about him linger on. One night the irrepressible David and Broderick Crawford decided at the last moment to go to a preview. They had no tickets, so they phoned Loretta Young. She called the studio for a pair of ducats, and handed them over to the boys. The word had gone out in the meantime that Loretta was attending the picture and the fans waiting became more and more restless as time passed by. Finally Loretta's car (borrowed along with the tickets) rolled up to the curb. David and Broderick carefully explained to the breathless throngs that Miss Young had been stricken with ptomaine after reading a too highly seasoned review of her last picture!

■ The "grip" was working on a picture that hadn't been going so well. Someone called for another "baby junior" and the grip in his hurry bumped into an object in a beret and a polo coat large enough to cover both horse and rider. In the rush of the moment the grip called to a fellow workman: "Funny what things you see when you haven't got a gun."

The grip isn't working any more.

The brains beating beneath the beret belonged to Josef Von Sternberg.

■ Director Michael Curtiz has the one and only "type" bank in existence.

The bank is in Mike's head. He never forgets a face and, like many others, he never remembers a name. Each bit or featured player who applies to Mike for a job in one of his pictures is immediately catalogued in the director's mind as to type. When the time comes that he has need of such a type he calls the Warner casting office and says something like this:

[*Continued on page* 47]



Fawcett photo by Charles Rhodes

With admirable wifely interest in his career, Irene Hervey Jones turns Allan to the cameras during the dinner in honor of his new musical, *The Great Victor Herbert*

Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days



Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars' lead—are enthusiastic about ACTIVE-lather complexion care. Hollywood's Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. ACTIVE lather leaves skin fresh and glowing, *really* clean. Try ACTIVE-lather facials regularly for 30 days—at any time during the day, ALWAYS at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for *your* skin.



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Use cosmetics all you like, but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

It's foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing. Use Hollywood's beauty care regularly!



Appear

SLIMMER

. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

BEFORE . . A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle



AFTER . . Sizes Smaller No Bulges . . in Thynmold!



Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

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Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

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Here's How!

Advice from Penny Singleton, next to be seen in *Blondie Brings Up Baby*, and make-up expert, William Knight, on the use of make-up



By ANN VERNON

■ Have you often wished that you could be made-up by a movie expert? Well, here's how it's done, with Penny ("Blondie") Singleton as the lucky guinea pig and William Knight, head of Columbia Studio's Make-up Department, doing the make-up.

If you study the four photographs carefully and pay strict attention to my explanation of each, then get out your own cosmetics and practice these methods, you'll find that your make-up will look as smooth as Penny's or any other movie star's. The important thing to remember is that practice makes perfect!

I have a feeling that most girls think they have nothing to learn about applying lipstick. But how wrong they are! If the Hollywood experts dared to smear color on a star's lips without first studying the lip contour carefully, and then tracing on the color with firm precision—they'd soon be looking for jobs! They found out early in the game that a star's mouth could be beautified enormously by the skillful application of lip rouge—by building up the upper lip, softening the curves of the lower lip. So they set about doing it with camel's hair brushes. They found it easier to do their delicate tracing with brushes than with the lipstick itself. I've seen girls who are so clever at wielding a fat lipstick that they do a very neat job of coloring their lips—but I've yet to see lip make-up that couldn't be improved by the use of a brush. You simply have to try one to get my full meaning, and once you use a brush, at least to outline your lips, you'll be a lifetime convert! In the large picture, Penny is filling in with her lipstick, after the clear, perfect outline was traced with a lip brush. Some people prefer to fill in first, outline later. Either method is effective.

There are several fine lip brushes on the market that you can use with your lipstick. The newest and snazziest trick I've seen is a fountain lip brush. A streamlined container that looks like a slender lipstick holds creamy color that feeds into a brush tip. All you do is turn the button at the end of the stick (as simple as re-

FREE FIGURE ANALYSIS

If your figure doesn't suit you, send for the new booklet telling how to improve it with the right foundation. Solve your hip, bust and waistline troubles this easy way! Miss Vernon will be glad to advise you on any phase of beauty, or send you the names of the products mentioned here. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, New York.



Never rub the powder in. Pat it on the skin lightly is William Knight's advice

plenishing the lead in an automatic pencil) to get more color for your painting. The cream color comes in seven lasting shades: Light, Medium, Dark, Brilliant, Red Red, Evening and Deepurple. There's an Ebonite fountain lip brush for $1. Refills are 35 cents. I'd love to send you the name.

■ In the second picture you see Mr. Knight supervising Penny's application of mascara, a cosmetic Hollywood stars would never think of omitting. The reason they can make it look so natural is that they learn to apply it skillfully—and so can *you*. Don't load your brush with paste, because that's when you run the risk of getting so much on your lashes that they look beaded and tend to run or smear. Always raise your chin high, then brush upward on your upper lashes. Coat each lash completely, pushing up to produce a curl, and then go over the lashes

[*Continued on page* 63]



Use brush to remove excess powder for smooth make-up like Penny Singleton's

Don't label yourself all winter long—



Underarms always perspire — even in Winter! To avoid offending, make a daily habit of MUM!

NO MATTER how cold it is outdoors, it's *Summer* under your arms. For underarms can, and do, perspire all year 'round. In winter as in summer, you need Mum!

Don't be deceived because you see no visible moisture. Chances of offending others . . . of being tagged as "unattractive"—are often actually *worse* in winter, for then indoor living and warmer clothes make penetrating odors cling.

So don't label yourself . . . don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant . . . in summer and in *winter*, too. You'll find Mum . . .

SO QUICK! In 30 seconds you're through, yet you're *completely protected.*

SO SAFE! Mum holds the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. And Mum never irritates your skin.

SO SURE! You can *rely* on the protection of a daily dab of Mum. And Mum doesn't stop perspiration itself (one reason why thousands of *men* have the Mum habit, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today.

WOOLENS ARE A TRAP FOR ODOR! PLAY SAFE



Important to You —

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

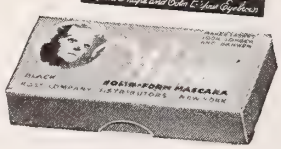
New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*



New WINX Mascara, flexible cake, will not break.



Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist... *the appeal men can't resist!* 4 tempting colors. Non-drying. STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

WE ARE NOT ALONE—*Warners*

■ Gentle, kindly, innocent people always are at a disadvantage when they find themselves under suspicion from society. Their very goodness, integrity, sweetness assume the face of guilt. Their simplicity prevents them from making an attempt at defense where, to them, none is necessary. And, in time of war, these innocent people are lost indeed.

This thoughtful film deals with the fate that overtook one small-town doctor, one quiet young girl, who asked only to live kindly lives in a good world.

He was absent-minded. He forgot his wife's parties, but he never forgot his patients, and he frequently remembered to forget to send bills to the poor ones. He forgot to light the lamp on his bicycle, but he never forgot to leave a night-light burning for his little boy who was afraid of the dark.

When he was called to treat an Austrian dancer who had hurt her arm, he saw deeper than the broken bone, saw her need for companionship and encouragement, took his little son to spend afternoons with her on the shore. It was his own wife who suggested that Fraulein enter their household as governess for the boy. And it was that righteous, respectable woman who turned her out when she discovered that Fraulein had been a dancer, had attempted suicide. From that time on to the shocking, pathetic climax, the unsuspicious doctor and the defenseless girl would have been helpless under normal circumstances. In England of 1914, with spy-fever mounting, their explanations seemed fantastic.

Flora Robson does a brilliant piece of work as the plain, middle-aged, unimaginative British wife, entirely unlovely, rigid, proper. Una O'Connor is funny because of her exact portrait of a snippy, mean-spirited general servant, frightening because of the power she shows the petty people to have over the great-spirited ones.

As is usual in Paul Muni's characterizations, there is enough acting to carry dual roles generously. As a result, Jane Bryan's repose, her thoughtful underplaying and her striking emotional talents shine all the brighter.

TOWER OF LONDON—*Universal*

■ They called him derisive names behind his crooked back, but they hesitated to show their hatred to his face because he was the greatest duelist of his day, and because his ruthless diplomacy was as deadly as his rapier. All too often actors show Richard the Third of England as a creature of such leering evil, of such obvious wickedness, that it becomes difficult to credit his tremendous influence on the court. Basil Rathbone makes him wicked, indeed, but virile and intense and, in a rather frightening way, immensely attractive. He makes quite believable the ugly story of the ambition that carried Richard closer and closer to the throne until only the two little princes, his nephews, stood between him and the crown . . . the two little princes who disappeared from the bloody Tower of London, no one knows how to this day.

A truly excellent cast has been brought together for the film which is the most believable of this season's pretentious costume dramas. There is singularly little of the posturing, or of the acting up to doublet and hose that so frequently mars dramas of by-gone days. The writers of the script did not make the mistake of using modern slang, but neither did they drag in "Prithee" and "'s Blood" between every other word. The actors seem to have put on their very attractive costumes and then forgotten them. The director seemed determined to tell a story about violent people, rather than concentrate on impressive mob scenes. All together an entirely superior production.

Boris Karloff plays the club-foot executioner whose capacity for evil makes his own Frankensteinian monster seem a mischievous child at play by comparison. Barbara O'Neil makes Queen Elyzabeth, mother of the little princes, a convincing woman rather than the usual stock figure. Ian Hunter is a fine, hearty, roistering Edward. No one can feel very sorry when Vincent Price is toppled with a splash into a butt of sack, there to drown in his favorite liquid, so unhealthily evil does he make the Duke of Clarence. Excellent also are Ernest Cossart as the clownish chimney sweep, Joan Sutton, Miles Mander, Leo Carroll, Lionel Belmore, Ralph Forbes, G. P. Huntley, Rose Hobart and Nan Grey. This is a good way to catch up on a chapter of history.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—

Paramount

■ Dick was an artist and he loved Maisie. Maisie was an artist and she loved only her ambition. They met when they were children. Dick kept the thought of Maisie close to him during all the years he was struggling for success, during all of his adventures as a war reporter. He knew that the words he had said as a boy, "Maisie, we belong together," were true for him. When he found Maisie again, grown-up and beautiful, he knew that he had found what he wanted.

This story by Rudyard Kipling is a none too pleasant one, but it is convincing and for that reason has engaged the imaginations of readers for some thirty years. It gives Ronald Colman opportunity for a singularly touching performance, provides Walter Huston with the very engaging

part of the loyal friend who understands Dick and does his rough best to help. Ida Lupino does an outstanding performance as the gutter drab who poses for Dick's masterpiece, and who destroys it and Dick with it when she takes her shocking revenge. Muriel Angelus is excellent as the cool, shallow Maisie. It is an invigorating experience to see, just once in a while, a film in which human beings meet the defeats of real life, find answers other than the happy ending. See this one for the excellence of the performances, for the sturdy, logical story.

FOUR WIVES—*Warners*

■ Remember that charming picture in which the Lane Sisters and Gale Page played the daughters of Claude Rains who was cast as a nice old musician? It was called *Four Daughters.* Then a little later they made another film and everyone was confused because while they still played sisters, while they still had the same boy friends, Fay Bainter played their mother and Claude Rains turned up as a ne'er-do-well father. That one was called *Daughters Courageous.* Now there is a new one. It is called *Four Wives.* It picks up where the first story ended, and escorts the four daughters to maternity wards. Practically everyone in the film has a baby, and it is all very jolly and tiresome, especially since Warner Brothers cannot be shaken from their determination to make a story about the Lemp girls every year and already are laying plans for *Four Mothers* which undoubtedly will be followed in due course of time by *Four Divorcees, Four Mothers-in-Law, Four Aunts,* maybe by *Four Great-Great Grandmothers* . . . who can tell? There are those who wish the Lane Sisters would call themselves *Daughters Rebellious* and call off the whole thing.

THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT—
Paramount

■ Twenty-eight of Victor Herbert's melodies are to be heard in this film which is not so much the story of Victor Herbert as a neat little love story concerning two stars.

Allan Jones, who has been off the screen for far too long, does handsomely with the role of a conceited, charming, selfish matinee idol. Mary Martin is very effective in her first screen appearance as the musical comedy singer who sacrifices career for love (where have we heard about that before?), Walter Connolly plays the great Victor Herbert with charm, but the music, itself, emerges as the real star of the offering.

Such favorites as "Kiss Me Again," "I'm Falling in Love With Someone," and "Sweet Mystery of Life" are prettily staged and very charming to hear again. See it if you are fond of Victor Herbert's music.

DAYTIME WIFE—
Twentieth Century-Fox

■ It is rather refreshing to see Tyrone Power play his own age in modern clothes, even though his newest film is not nearly so important a production as is usual for this star. He is seen as an ambitious young business man who perturbs his wife by forgetting a present for the second anniversary of their marriage. She (Linda Darnell) is wise enough not to reproach him. But, when a much married friend (Binnie Barnes) suggests that a secretary (Wendy Barrie) who uses expensive perfume may explain some of those late hours, she decides to see just what goes on in the business world. She secretly gets herself a job with another business man (Warren William) and, you've guessed it! The two business men make a date to meet with their respective secretaries for dinner. Tyrone Power shows a talent for comedy which has not had much opportunity before this, and, though the film will never be on a ten-best list, it is a pleasant enough way to pass an hour and a half.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY—
Paramount

■ After all, there is nothing quite like a good clutching hand to make you forget your troubles. If already you have

[*Continued on page* 17]

"For loveliness all over—try my Beauty Soap, Camay!"



SAYS THIS CHARMING NEW YORK BRIDE

It's a treat to use Camay for my beauty bath as well as for my complexion. Its thorough, gentle cleansing makes it a grand beauty aid for back and shoulders.

New York, N. Y.
May 15, 1939

(*Signed*) MARIAN BROWN
(*Mrs. Boyd Paterno Brown*)

NOWADAYS, it isn't enough to have a lovely complexion! Back and shoulders must look attractive, too! "Why not help them to stay lovely by bathing with your beauty soap?" asks Mrs. Brown. "I always use Camay!"

Camay gives you a priceless beauty cleansing combination—*thoroughness* with *mildness.* We have proved that mildness with repeated tests against a number of other famous beauty soaps. Time after time, Camay has come out *definitely* milder. You'll find Camay helps keep skin *lovely!*

So try Camay. Notice how refreshed you feel after your Camay bath—so dainty and fragrant you *know* others will find you attractive! Get three cakes today. It's priced so low.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

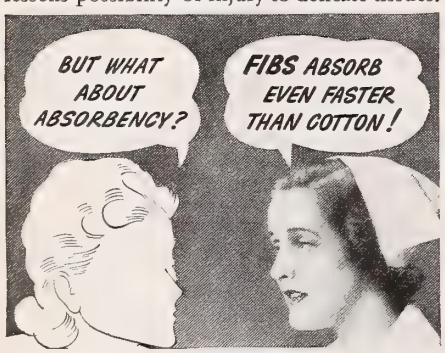
Put Yourself in this Picture



The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features*, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!* A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!

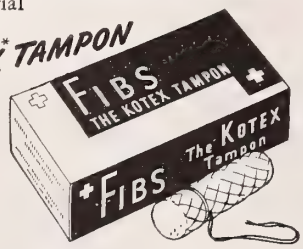


Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.



Made of Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen*. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

THE KOTEX* TAMPON
ONLY 25¢ FOR 12



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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

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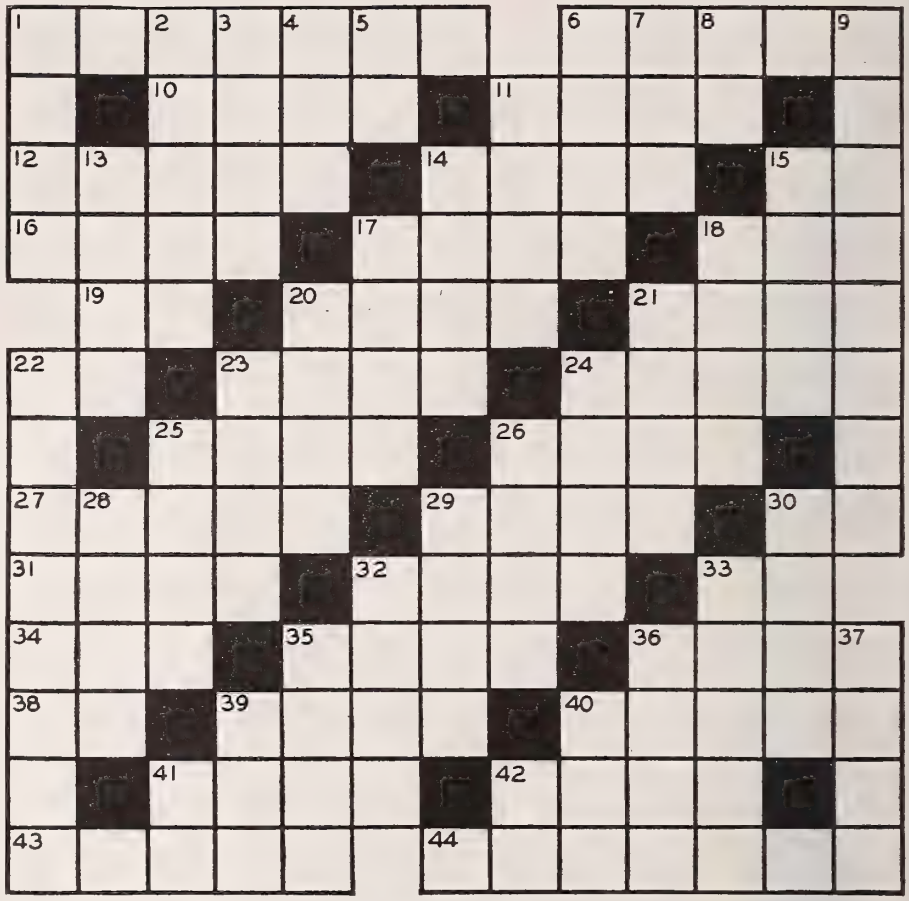
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Name _____

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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Drums Along the Mohawk.*
6. She portrayed Queen Elizabeth in recent film.
10. Dody Martini in *Babes in Arms.*
11. Jane Thomas in *These Glamour Girls.*
12. Gene Raymond is one.
14. One of Keystone Cops in *Hollywood Cavalcade.*
15. Miss Bondi's initials.
16. *Two Bright* ————.
17. First name of male lead in *The Escape.*
18. His last name is Carrillo.
19. Initials of Director Dieterle.
20. *Only Angels Have* ———— (sing.)
21. *Honor of the* ————.
22. ———— *Married His Wife.*
23. Descriptive of Joe E. Brown's grin.
24. Star of *Ninotchka.*
25. Artificial settings for motion picture scenes.
26. *Rulers of the* ———— (pl.).
27. Morrissey in *Eternally Yours.*
29. Alice Faye's husband.
30. *Dust* ———— *My Destiny.*
31. Brief comic sketch included in a revue.
32. A star of *Fast and Furious.*
33. *Dancing* ———— *Ed.*
34. *They Gave* ———— *a Gun.*
35. *Mr. Smith* ———— *to Washington.*
36. Hunk in *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence.*
38. Ona Munson's initials.
39. Whose role was that of Judge Black in *Babes in Arms?*
40. Actress wed to Francis Lederer.
41. Harold Lloyd's glasses have none (sing.).
42. She was Peggy in *Five Came Back.*
43. ———— *Right—You're Wrong.*
44. *Our Neighbors the* ————.

DOWN

1. Mr. Bonaparte in *Golden Boy.*
2. He was teamed with Patricia Morrison in *The Magnificent Fraud.*
3. Whose role was that of bartender in *Hollywood Cavalcade?*
4. Last reel.
5. Nelson Eddy was born here (abbr.).
6. Jean Hersholt is one.
7. Another star of *Fast and Furious.*
8. Margaret Sullavan's birthplace (abbr.).
9. Arleen Whelan and Gordon Oliver played opposite in this.
11. The girl in *For Love or Money.*
13. Featured actor in *The Witness Vanishes.*
14. It covers the neck of equine animals.
15. Margit in *Intermezzo.*
17. *The* ———— *From Kokomo* (pl.).
18. Whose role was that of Skeeter in *Jeepers Creepers?*
20. *Flirting* ———— *Death.*
21. Chris in *Smuggled Cargo.*
22. Star of *Meet Dr. Christian.*
23. *The Day the Bookies* ————.
24. William Ramey in *Blackmail.*
25. Lanky comedian in *All Quiet on the Western Front.*
26. *Three* ————.
28. Dr. Forster in *Disputed Passage.*
29. *On Your* ————.
30. Veda Ann's surname.
32. Baby Dumpling's playthings.
33. Gaston in *Ninotchka.*
35. They are used in war films.
36. He draws Donald Duck.
37. Animals such as Daisy and Asta.
39. *Andy Hardy* ————*s Spring Fever.*
40. Rochelle Hudson was born in this month (abb.).
41. Gregory ———— Cava.
42. Initials of actor wed to Joan Fontaine.

(Solution on page 58)

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 15]

started collecting worry wrinkles over the income tax, the old dark house on the eerie bayou is the place for you. You will be in fine company. Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard, John Beal, Douglas Montgomery, Nydia Westman and Elizabeth Patterson gather for the reading of the will, ten years on the stroke of midnight after the death of an eccentric relative. Escaped madmen, sliding panels, hidden jewels, flickering lights, screams and blows in the dark are supplied in lavish plenty. Gale Sondergaard glides around alarmingly listening to spirit voices. The heroine constantly is being left all alone in the library. The hero constantly is backing up against one secret panel or another, and you'll never guess who the murderer is. New and very funny dialogue helps bring the good old stand-by up to date.

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG
RKO-Radio

■ Those who follow Kay Kyser and his College of Musical Knowledge on the radio will be delighted with his screen capers because he plays himself and because virtually a whole air program is included in the film. Those people who don't rush home from the office to catch his program, probably won't rush to the nearest theatre to see him anyway, so everyone will be satisfied.

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—*Paramount*

■ She was pretty and she was young and she was tough. She liked lovely things, and she got them for herself by shop-lifting. When she was caught, just before Christmas, the young prosecuting attorney felt sorry for her. But he also was annoyed by the fact that the holiday spirit was exercising undue influence on the jury, and that it was inclined to consider the time of year rather than the evidence. So he had the case postponed. Then he bailed her out. Before the holiday was over, he had seen enough of her past to make him understand her warped philosophy. She had seen enough of his background to realize that crime doesn't pay. The acting, especially in the supporting roles, is better than the story, though Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray carry leading roles competently enough. Beulah Bondi and Elizabeth Patterson play the two adoring women who keep the mid-western home fires burning for the return of the boy who is making good in the big city. Sterling Holloway has a fine time with the role of the country lunk. And Willard Robertson does one of the funniest courtroom sequences you are likely to see as the impassioned defense attorney.



Aha! You think it is Paul Muni in just another beard? Wrong! It is Edward G. Robinson in *The Life of Dr. Ehrlich*



WHEN NERVOUS TENSION GETS YOU DOWN JUST USE THIS GUM FROM FLAVOR-TOWN

It is always refreshing and restful. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies (candy coated)—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Below is the famous "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N.Y.—known for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.



Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care



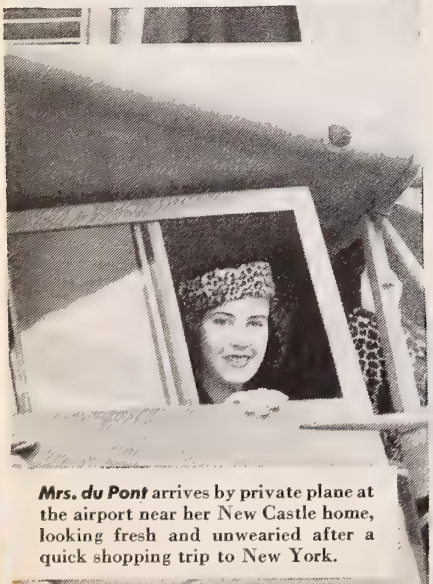
A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"



Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."



Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.



Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT



Pond's, Dept. 6-CV-B, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Scarlett had courage and daring and an unbeatable will, once she had set her mind on a goal. Hollywood is saying the same of its newest star, Vivien Leigh

By PAUL LARNARD

Is Vivien Leigh a Real Life Scarlett O'Hara?



Above, Vivien Leigh as she appears in the graceful costumes of Civil War days, strikingly like that description of Scarlett in Margaret Mitchell's book

Left, her first meeting with Laurence Olivier was when they made *Fire Over England* together

■ No matter what else may happen to her in a career that already has been crammed with color and change and that promises even more exciting personal triumphs in the future, it is likely Vivien Leigh will always be remembered best as Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind*.

Remembered as Scarlett, not alone for the long and widely publicized search that preceded her selection, nor for the truly great performance the young English actress is reported to have given, but chiefly because there is a striking similarity of Vivien, herself, to the rebellious romantic she portrays.

Scarlett O'Hara is one of the most vital women who ever swished their petticoats through the pages of American literature. And Vivien Leigh is the living, breathing embodiment of many of the challenging characteristics that lifted Scarlett above the level of less vivid ladies.

In the many months that *Gone With The Wind* was in production, Vivien Leigh didn't merely *play* Scarlett O'Hara. She *was* Scarlett O'Hara, from the flirtatious curl at the top of her temperamental head to the impatiently tapping toe of her independent little foot. It was easy for her to recapture the moods of Scarlett because it was easy for her to understand Scarlett.

Plenty of printer's ink has been used to describe the physical resemblance of Vivien Leigh to the green eyed, delicate featured, tiny waisted, tempestuous daughter of Tara. Vivien was, everyone agreed when she was chosen to play Scarlett, the perfect prototype of the portrait Margaret Mitchell had painted verbally in her bulging best seller.

What is only now coming to be realized, as Hollywood slowly pieces together an intelligible impression of the vivid Vivien who has been in its midst a year and yet is known intimately to but a few, is how kindred the self-contained little actress is in her outlook, her ambitions, her very philosophy of [*Continued on page* 60]

THRILLINGLY ON THE SCREEN! **Those stirring days of minstrels and river boats...when a great and stormy love put America's joys and sorrows to music and gave us the songs we took to our hearts forever!**



IN TECHNICOLOR SWANEE RIVER

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

SOIREE POLKA

SWANEE RIVER (OLD FOLKS AT HOME)

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

CAMPTOWN RACES

The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour

with

DON AMECHE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

and

FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

RING, RING DE BANJO!



"Gentlemen, be seated!"

Girl Without a Country?



In this country, we think of Sonja Henie as a Norwegian. In her native land, they call her a "Hollywood film star." Here is an inside report from her home town of her plans

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

There is, it appears, such a thing as becoming so much of a cosmopolitan that you lose the heart warming heritage of a home town. Sonja Henie, whose flashing skates have cut her an international reputation on the ice rinks of the world, is fast sliding into the unhappy status of a girl without a country.

For several years she has maintained houses in both Norway and America and yet, today, neither country is really home to her.

To Hollywood, in the land of her adoption, she is still a Norwegian.

To Oslo, where she was born and bred, Sonja now seems expatriated as "a Hollywood movie star."

Ever since she zoomed into the consciousness of the film capital with her sensational ice show, her incredible white automobile and her breath-taking salary demands for picture making, Sonja Henie has been looked on as a dimpled symbol of Scandinavia; a round faced little girl with an attractive smile who performed astonishing feats on skates in two films a year and then retired to her native Norway, a background movie folk vaguely viewed as consisting mostly of fish, furs and fjords.

While she was in Hollywood, she might chew gum, flavor her speech with "okays" and dance a provocative rhumba with an eligible American beau, yet, Froken Henie was definitely a part of the "foreign-colony."

Contrarily, in Norway, where you might have expected to find her hailed as a favorite daughter and greeted on each return as a national heroine just a shade less popular than good King Haakon, Sonja is felt to have become so Americanized she no longer seems a home girl but a visiting celebrity from that fabulous film city across the seas.

When I went to Norway last summer to get a story about Sonja against the background of her native haunts, I made the startling discovery that the skating star still held the imagination of her countrymen by her past [*Continued on page* 41]

The Grapes of Wrath

Our favorite extra works in the much discussed film about refugees from the Dust Bowl, and does a good deal less complaining than usual for him

By E. J. (OKIE-DOKIE) SMITHSON



Above, Jane Darwell in the part of "Ma" Joad



Zeffie Tilbury as Gramma



Charles Grapewin as Grampa



Russell Simpson seen as Pa



Dorris Bowden as Rosasharn



Henry Fonda as Tom Joad

John Carradine as the preacher

John Qualen as "Mulie"

Eddie Quillan seen as Connie







DEAR EDITOR:

How I managed to get an extra job on *Grapes of Wrath* is no never-mind of yours, Miss Editor, except that I will say that if it hadn't been for Henry King, of Weedpatch, (an Okie camp where some 1,000 migratory workers live) I wouldn't have got the job because the sets and locations were closed tighter than a Scotsman's pocketbook. Henry was brought down from Weedpatch by the studio with several other refugees from the Dust Bowl to see whether or no the film town was going to be fair to his people. After being shown the Okie town the studio had built, Henry smiled his approval. "It looks just like our'n," he told his guide, Director John Ford. "It might be Weedpatch, sure 'nough. Beats all—it looks just like . . . like home."

And in a way it was, too, because Director Ford hired Henry and his family of seven. You'll see them on the screen playing for the square dances just as they actually do of an evening back in their real home in Weedpatch, which is located 17 miles south of Bakersfield, California.

■ I happened to meet Henry King the day he arrived at the studio, and I told him how anxious I was to get a job on the picture. I ought to make a good Okie, I said, having been down and out so many times in the course of my variegated life. I must have given Henry a pretty good sales talk, because the next time I applied for work, the casting director said something about "Okie, Dokie," and I was in as easy as that.

Reporting for work the next morning I got two surprises. Right off the bat, a big, burly cop stopped me and gave me a rub-down from head to foot. Right away I began dreaming up an alibi of some sort, thinking it might develop into a pinch, but I didn't have to worry. All the copper was looking for was a camera. Every extra was searched for one, the studio fearing that production pictures might be secretly shot and later released. Not even the studio was releasing production stills, and this copper was stationed at the gate to see to it that no outsiders had a chance to snap any. The next surprise came when I got to the make-up department. Some guy tossed me a bunch of ragged clothes that a bindle-stiff would have sneered at. A tattered and torn shirt, a pair of patched and faded overalls, and a pair of shoes two sizes too big and so battered up that they weren't even good enough for the dump heap! Then some smart alec took a handful of dirt and practically threw it in my face. Right then and there I was ready to fight, but I didn't because this smart guy said that nobody in the picture, from Hank Fonda down to me, was wearing make-up. We all were to work as was, plus the dirt he took pleasure in dishing up in our muggs.

If you think us men extras squawked about this dirty work, you should have been around when the girls came trooping in. As soon as each arrived, the make-up experts grabbed them, removed all traces of rouge, lip-stick and face powder, mussed up their hair, and then gave them a smear of dirt. Ten minutes later you'd see them traipsing across the lot, clad in bedraggled cotton dresses, sockless and shoeless. Lady, if they ever de-glamourized a Hollywood gal they surely did it in this picture! The casting director told me later that he looked at more than 900 female extras before he found 150 of them who were sufficiently lean, pinched, and hungry-looking. And even then, he said, half of these had to be "doctored" up to give then a haggard appearance.

■ First off, let's get this straight about the film version of *Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck's controversial novel of the Dust Bowl refugees. Because if we don't—if there's the tiniest of notions nesting in the back of your pretty head that this is going to be just another movie—I might as well stop writing about it here and now and thumb my way out to the studios and look for another extra job.

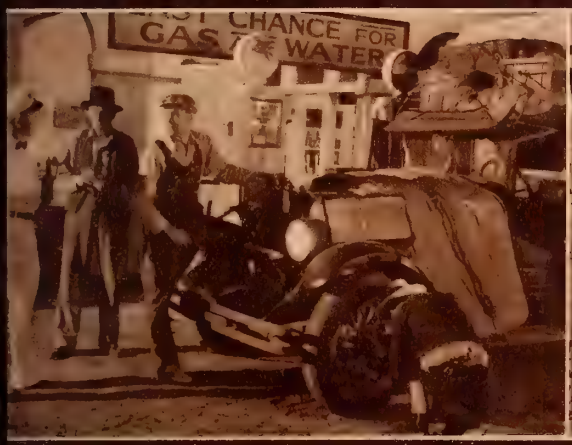
But take it from me, a tired, dirty, dusty share-cropping refugee if there



Dust storms such as this swept over Oklahoma year after year, driving from their lands thousands of families



What to do when the desert takes over? The Joad family faced starvation if it stayed. They had to leave



Thousands of cars, such as this one from *The Grapes of Wrath*, panted and wheezed out of the forlorn Dust Bowl



Dorris Bowden in front of a set, copied in every detail from an actual shack used by refugees



Actual camp of a migrant family, stranded by failure of the pea crop, photographed in California

ever was one, *Grapes of Wrath* isn't just another movie. To my mind, after six days of wandering around in ancient jaloppies, picking cotton, eating dust and living in broken-down shack towns and camps; after watching John Ford direct, after listening to the comments of dozens of real, honest-to-goodness Okies employed in the picture, and after long talks with Uncle Sam's technical advisor, Thomas Collins, (lent by the government to 20th Century-Fox to see that the refugees were presented in their true light), I'm of the unbiased and enthusiastic opinion that *Grapes of Wrath* comes as close to being colossal as any motion picture ever produced in Hollywood.

■ You know how it's been out here in Hollywood for years back. Producers were so timid about hurting feelings that they'd run for their mountain hide-outs whenever they got a few protests in the mail. Several good yarns about the Spanish Civil War were shelved because of complaints. Up until eight or nine months ago no studio would touch a Nazi story because of a few numerically weak but loud-voiced groups in this country. Why, you must remember surely, when you were here, that even to suggest that there were conditions in this country that ought to be corrected, would bring a deluge of mail down on the studios. Remember Darryl Zanuck's *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang* and how it scared the pants off of every producer in the business? Sure you do. And you'll maybe recall how RKO, after giving *Boy Slaves* a big ballyhoo, suddenly clamped the muzzle on and eased it, without fanfare, into the movie theatres.

■ But now comes *Grapes of Wrath* to prove that Hollywood is getting brave. If you've read the novel you know that it's one of the most biting indictments that anyone has written about a major social problem in the United States. Bankers, insurance companies, the big farming [*Continued on page* 44]



Above, actual scene in a migrant camp in California. Below, the Kern County Camp for Migrants, erected by Resettlement Administration near Bakersfield, Calif.



Typhoon

A blow by blow description of the joys and sorrows of the filming of Paramount's big, color South-Sea film

By
DUNCAN UNDERHILL



Dorothy Lamour, in the much discussed lava-lava which is replacing her justly famous sarong, with Robert Preston in *Typhoon*

■ Lava, as all graduates of Oxford and P.S. 36 are well aware, is a hot volcanic fluid. Lava-lava, thence, by extension, in a well-ordered world should be a double dose of hot volcanic fluid-straight.

But lava-lava is part of the trick lexicography of the cinematic South Seas, a land lying east southeast of Utopia, and while its meaning is related to the old-fashioned single-action lava, its connotations are not the same. "Hot," "volcanic" and "fluid" are all parts of its significance, but with vast deviations from the accepted sense of the words.

The South Sea Island lava-lava is a garment designed to confine some of the abounding charms of Dorothy Lamour. Thus it may be accepted without question as hot and volcanic. The fluidity element of the definition has to do with the way the lava-lava flows freely around the Lamour contours without spilling over at any strategic point.

Typhoon, a Technicolor tone poem of pearls and passion in the South Seas, will serve to introduce the lava-lava to the world as the newest frame for the talents of Miss Lamour. The Paramount technical department has pored for months over dusty reference books, and cross-questioned hundreds of South Sea Islanders cast up on the beach at Hollywood. It avers, without a twitch of self-consciousness, that a lava-lava is not a sarong, and that it resembles it only as a priceless Batik resembles a swatch of twenty-cent wallpaper.

The sarong, as students of Miss Lamour's topography will recall, has about it a touch of the tubular, a sheath-like

rigidity that obscures the sculpturesque line. No such slander can be alleged against the lava-lava, which being briefer and more pliable, sticks closer to the subject and blends almost indistinguishably with the wearer's personality.

■ The *Typhoon* scenario, unwittingly perhaps, calls for dozens of scenes in which the lava-lava will be seen as an accessory to Miss Lamour's primitive struggles with typhoons, gales, pirates, octopi, and that most savage of all the elements—love.

Every two or three stanzas in the script, a phrase like this rears its lovely head:

"Her breast rises and falls spasmodically as she is pinned to a giant tree by the full force of the typhoon, the lava-lava clinging to her storm-tossed, gallant young body."

Storm-tossing is the least of the misadventures that befall Miss Lamour's gallant young body during the course of *Typhoon*. The tale is an adaptation of the famous sea tale by Joseph Conrad. For added piquancy, the devilishly inventive scenarists have added a goodly number of story twists and modernizations.

In the original *Typhoon* there was an island trader, a roughish fellow with a heart of gold inlaid with platinum and encrusted with diamonds. But in the 1940 Technicolor version this crusty adventurer (Lynne Overman) turns up as an island trader, but with a difference. He is a Saratoga bookmaker on the lam, and the vehicle in which he is lamstering around the South Sea Islands is not the conventional ketch or lugger but a submarine.

In this way the story is provided with a double-strung bow. If, by any chance, there should be in the potential audience of *Typhoon* any astigmatic persons who could not appreciate the architectural oomph of the lava-lava, they surely would be the type that would vibrate emotionally to a submarine battle between murderous renegade natives and upstanding white Americans. Especially when the upstanding white Americans are led by Robert Preston in the character of a regenerated alcoholic to whom love brings a rekindling of the old white flame of pure endeavor.

The submarine hove into the script at a time when a series of shocking underwater tragedies had familiarized the public with the ghastly apparition of a pointed prow sticking out of the ocean. Just such a prow forms the backdrop for many of the mounting melodramatic subclimaxes that whip *Typhoon* along to the eventual envelopment of the lava-lava lady in the bronzed biceps of her deliverer.

■ Catalina Island, that old beachcomber among islands, impersonates in the production the tropical hideaway on which Miss Lamour is cast up by Dat Ol' Debbil Typhoon. At the time she is a tender maiden of middy-blouse age, the seagoing daughter of a dipsomaniac daddy. Thus at ten or thereabouts we find her fully acquainted with pool-hall slang stevedore invective and a working knowledge of the horrors of gin.

Sole survivor of the shipwreck, she takes up residence in an old abandoned treetop, where she soon strikes up a platonic friendship with a chimpanzee who is evidently a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, since he has rigged up an elevator from the ground to the aerial apartment.

While Dorothy is growing up among the wild hibiscus, romping in the surf and singing duets with her chum, the chimp, Robert Preston, her man of destiny, is degenerating into a dirty white at Sloppy Sam's place on the mainland. Preston's face is dirty white, his suit is dirty white and his nearest friend is in White Plains, N. Y. He spends his time wrangling with Sloppy Sam's credit manager, a reprehensible Cockney, until the arrival of Lynne Overman, who is cruising around in his submarine—Bookmakers' Special Model—looking for high adventure, low life and a set of fabulous black pearls.

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Preston agrees and the story gets under way at a smart pace of sixteen nautical miles per hour. Dorothy is in her treetop singing torch songs with her chimpanzee roommate; Preston, wearing white whites as a symbol of purity regained, is at the periscope of the bookmaker's submarine, and high adventure is lurking off to leeward.

■ The way to get the blow-by-blow blowdown of *Typhoon* is to whisk away to Catalina and look over Director Louis King's shoulder as the Technicolor film unwinds at the rate of about $2,000 per unwind.

Planted doggedly on the beach at Director King's left is Dr. E. F. Winckel, a knowledgeable old South Sea Islander with a twinkling eye remindful of Foxy Grandpa. The learned doc is a veteran of twenty-six years in the East Indies and associated backwaters, and speaks all the worthwhile languages current in those parts. The twinkle in his eye is accounted for by the fact that he has personally inspected more than 10,000 lava-lavas and their contents, being also an expert on the gossamer garments worn by the islanders.

In ethnological matters Doc Winckel is a purist, a circumstance that raised a merry hurrah with the *Typhoon* shooting schedule. It was he who threw the Lamour wardrobe wizards into overtime spasms by decreeing that the lava-lava—not the sarong—should be used to enhance the celebrated Lamourean allure. And it was he who shifted the locale of the story some 3,000 miles eastward because the island originally selected as the site of the action was not in the typhoon belt but in hurricane country.

From a comfortably upholstered loge seat, a typhoon may look like a hurricane and no questions asked. But Doc Winckel nixed such a shoddy substitution and, with one sweep of his membership scroll in the National Georgraphic Society, whisked the whole business a thousand leagues to port.

This necessitated other momentous changes in addition to jettisoning the nationally advertised sarong, which is a phenomenon of Hurricania. The people hired by the Paramount casting office to impersonate islanders were, in Doc Winckel's opinion, facially akin to natives of the hurricane country. Hurricanes and hurricany people had already been exploited to the hilt by Neighbor Sam Goldwyn, and Doc Winckel insisted that it would be unsporting to steal any of Sam's wind and rain. Hence new people had to be h i r e d — people who looked typhoony.

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[*Continued on page 48*]

How To Be a Villain

One of the most admirable demonstrations of the well-known British refusal to be flurried is this story. For that reason we are proud to print it, and also because it is one of the finest bits of satire to come out of Hollywood. Three days before he left Hollywood to rejoin his regiment in England, David Niven took the time for this light-hearted interview and posed for hours so that Charlie Rhodes might take these shots. Hats in the air for a gallant gentleman

By KAY PROCTOR



David Niven, very much the hero to the left, with Olivia de Havilland in a dramatic scene from *Raffles*



The Rathbone-type villain



The triumphant villain



The baffled villain



The amorous villain



"Ah, ha! Me proud beauty," villain



The dictator-type villain



The injured-innocence villain



The chill-menace villain

If you *want* to go on thinking David Niven is (1) a Grade A gilt edged hero with pure and lofty thoughts about the birds, bees and babes; (2) an irrepressible playboy with a devastating sense of humor; or (3) merely the dangerously good looking and charming gent whom all the glamour gals in town vainly have tried to hogtie into matrimony, I suppose that's your privilege. The Bill of Rights says it is and I'm not one to quarrel with the law except maybe about how long I actually was parked in that 15 minute zone and maybe you don't think I'm not going to give Officer Peetrie a piece of my mind about that one of these days.

If, however, you can stand the bitter truth about Davie, that's different. The truth is, under all that glamorous charm, back of that winning smile, in his self of selves, David Niven claims to be as monstrous a villain as ever walked the streets of Hollywood. He thinks of himself with modest pride as the original Evil One, a black-hearted Machiavelli, an abandoned soul reveling in wickedness!

He even brags about it.

"These posturing Rathbones, these brutish Bogarts, these glowering Tamiroffs and sneering Calleias!" he scoffed. "The colossal impertinence, the downright insolence of them calling themselves villains! It is to laugh!"

I said mildly I'd always thought the boys did a pretty good job of dirty work at the crossroads. Davie gave me a pained look.

"My dear," he said patiently, drawing his chair cosily close, "their technique, I'm sorry to inform you, is absolutely elementary. Grade school stuff. Of course the poor lads do the best they can but—"

In what way were they so woefully inadequate? I asked.

"The *fine points* escape them completely," he pronounced judgment. "What they do not seem to grasp is the essence, the fine flavor of the work. True villainy is a beautiful thing, a great art which must be tenderly practised as such. It is not enough simply to stab a man in the back, belay a woman with a crowbar, or throttle a baby with bare hands. It must be done with delicacy, with finesse, and above all, with imagination. It is in those fields, I must modestly confess, that I shine so brilliantly."

Was that so, I said. Funny thing I'd never seen any evidence of it on the screen.

"No," he said darkly. "Conspiracy, you know."

"What a pity!" I tch-tched. He said yes it was, because he had spent long hours and much hard work on his super villainy only to have his magnificent talents born to blush unseen. But, he added philosophically, there was one bright side to it; he was living proof that any man can do it, providing his heart is in his work.

"That's the trouble with those fellows," he said earnestly. "They don't really have the proper enthusiasm for their work. They put no oomph in it. Yes, and here's another thing: limit them to the commonplace—blackmail, murder, arson and such—and I suppose they can muddle through well enough; but confront them with the *emergencie extraordinaire* and they are caught as flat-footed as one of Bing Crosby's nags at the post."

What's an *emergencie extraordinaire*? I wanted to know.

"Well, a baby show, for example," Davie said. An unholy gleam filled his eyes. "Ahhhh! There really is an exquisite opportunity for the artistic dastard! And by the way, watch your spelling. Hays Office, you know."

Boldly I asked if he had time to elucidate. "Righto!" he said. All he had to do in the next few hours was finish the retakes on *Raffles*, his first starring picture for Goldwyn; pack an entire wardrobe, dispose of his furniture, place his houseboy in congenial surroundings; attend three cocktail parties and a farewell dinner; wash his hair and catch a boat. Or rather, catch [*Continued on page* 49]



Villain with heart-of-gold



Villain at bay



Half-time, or hick villain



The inflexible-steel villain



Frank, open-faced villain



The baby-killer villain



Snake-in-the-grass villain



The repentant villain

Zoo in Hollywood

What does a glamorous star do with her spare time? Well, she trains ocelots, for one thing . . . .

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

■ Starting an interview with a custard pie technique is not recommended by the best authorities. But I'm an expert at it. Like the time I managed to maneuver the two steps leading down into Claudette Colbert's living room, only to step on a small rug that was lurking there and go sailing across the room. I made a two-point landing at the feet of the surprised but entranced Claudette. Things like that break the ice—if nothing else.

Or the time the squab on my plate suddenly lifted its well-broiled wings and flew across Dolores Del Rio's table. Her butler, playing short stop, made a beautiful one-handed catch. This covered him with embarrassment. Probably he figured that he should have let it bounce once, for courtesy's sake.

Then there was the time I coyly sat in the small chair belonging to one of Bing Crosby's children, and couldn't get out of it.

But enough of these distressing reminiscences. What happened when Sigrid Gurie's butler showed me into the living room, is my current embarrassment, and painful enough. He said that Miss Gurie was still at lunch, and glanced reproachfully at the clock. I was half an hour early. A little later a girl came shyly into the room and said, "Hello." Miss Gurie's secretary sent to amuse me, I thought, and tore my attention from a marine painting long enough to ask her to tell her employer that I knew I was early and not to rush through lunch.

"Please," said the girl, "I am Sigrid Gurie."

In this case, I think my mistake was justified. Remember Miss Gurie in *Marco Polo*? Remember her in *Algiers*? Have you seen her yet in *Rio*? This was no sophisticated woman of

[*Continued on page* 64]

Center, Sigrid Gurie and one of her Great Danes. Below, in an argument with Mac, 85-year-old parrot, and posing with Lancelot the ocelot







Training starts early for Great Dane puppies in Sigrid Gurie's zoo

Lady Esther says

"You can't expect to win NEW LUCK if you wear an Old Shade of Powder!"

Is the powder shade that flattered you once . . . spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you *now!*

HOW MANY MONTHS have passed since you *checked up on your face powder?* Can you be sure that *right now* you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, perhaps ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore as little as four months ago can be *all wrong* for your skin as it is *today.* For your skin tones change with the seasons—and the one right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—*years* older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering.





It's really important to find your lucky, most flattering face powder shade!

And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder... but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find your lucky shade. Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you *free.* Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. Compare all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade for you.*

Make the "Bite Test". When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for *four full hours.*

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier *you!*



Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (52)

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

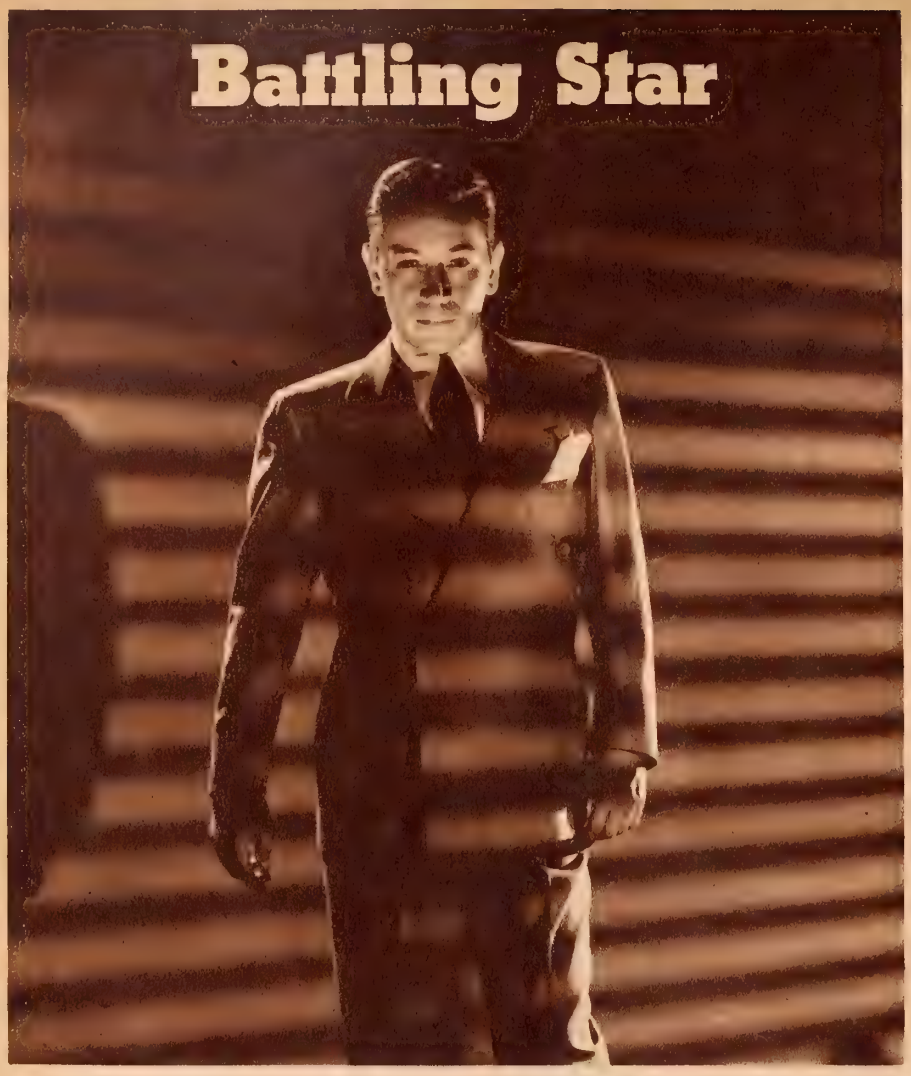
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Battling Star



George Raft looks just the same in *Invisible Stripes* and *House Across the Bay*, and indeed in all of his films, so the shot above nicely illustrates both new parts. This story tells you something of what goes on behind that mask

By IAN DUNCAN

A psychoanalyst should be willing to pay a year of his life for the privilege of exploring George Raft's mind with notebook and camera.

There is some rich delving to be done behind that highly-polished facade that has been peering Sphinx-like from the nation's screens these ten eventful years without betraying, by so much as a fleeting frown, what's going on inside.

Maybe the guy is just proud; certainly pride is one of the baffling elements that make him the Puzzle Man of Hollywood. He fairly bristles with self-respect; the militant kind of self-respect that is likely to develop in a self-made man, the kind that can't be compromised by so much as one thousandth of an inch.

George Raft's self-respect has won him some notable battles. During his eight years with Paramount, which was practically a running gunfight between George and the front office, he entrenched himself behind his self-respect in one bitter siege and refused to be dislodged by money, blandishments, fire, flame, logic or threats.

The occasion was the historic battle over *The Story of Temple Drake*. This was a morbid and lurid novel by William Faulkner, probably the unhappiest choice ever made for a major screen vehicle and a natural target for the embryonic Legion of Decency. Sadism, rape and kindred jollities were forever in the foreground and the background was knife-throwing, hysteria and pure horror.

The studio decided that George should play the part of the head scorpion in this devilish stew. George decided otherwise, insisting then, as he does now, that he has no objection to portraying varmints so long as there is a single redeeming feature about them. But he will not play pure, triple-distilled scoundrels, and that's that.

The *Temple Drake* case dragged along like the courtship of Miles Standish, George becoming more adamantine as ultimatum succeeded ultimatum. The picture had been promised to exhibitors. Finally, rather than admit itself stymied, Paramount drafted Jack LaRue into the villain's part and let the show go on.

This was not his only victory behind the scenes. He has yet to lose a battle in the conference room. Despite his continuous skirmishing against studio discipline his income has risen every year. The instant he stepped into the free-lance ranks he was snapped up by Universal to star in a film called *I Stole a Million*. When his Universal chore was finished, Warners signed him to a term contract. After finishing two on his new home lot, he was allowed an outside picture, the salary to accrue to his own bulging pockets. Six offers materialized. Walter Wanger's was the best and George is over at Wanger's now making a story about prison life called *The House Across the Bay*.

Associated with him in the picture are about a dozen of "the boys," as George calls his retinue of dependents. These are miscellaneous admirers and pensioners who have attached themselves to the Raft bandwagon and refused to be dislodged.

Mack "Killer" Gray is not to be construed as in this category. The Killer is an actor, having had speaking parts in twenty feature pictures. He is a sort of companion-secretary, bodyguard and knight-at-arms. The rest of the retainers are not so useful to the kingpin. The best they can do is follow Raft around from picture to picture, and act as atmosphere players in his starring vehicles. Raft's pictures always need plenty of mugg types, luckily.

Raft believes that criticism is helpful to these satellites of his and doesn't hesitate to give it to them. "Look at that hard guy," he suggested, pointing out one of his volunteer henchmen who was suffering from a Technicolor eye and enlargement of the nose. "With a couple of drinks under his belt he thinks he's Carnera. Some high school kid gave him his lumps."

Also carrying a Screen Actors' Guild card by virtue of his acquaintance with Raft is a town character nicknamed The Dummy, a mute newsboy who joined the troupe years ago and has never chosen to desert. If Raft quit pictures tomorrow a whole battalion of Boulevard figures would be destitute.

Convict characters weave their way in and out of George's life with monotonous regularity. In *The House Across the Bay* George himself is under sentence for the third time in a row, having previously made the can in [*Continued on page 59*]

I had the Spotlight Jitters





I don't know how it is in your town, but in ours "Amateur Night" is a real event. Everybody goes. Anyone who has a talent tries for a chance. I practiced my song-and-dance act for weeks and then . . .!

When the big day came it proved to be one of my "difficult days." Not only was I frightened to pieces to wear a white costume before all those eyes, but chafing made dancing a torture. So . . .

I decided I'd give up the whole idea—when my singing teacher came to the rescue! "Little goose!" she laughed, after hearing my woes. "Haven't you heard about Miracle Modess with that wonderful new feature—'Moisture Zoning'?" And . . .



In less than a minute she had rounded up some Modess and was showing me why "Moisture Zoning" is the grandest comfort-discovery in years—because it acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving the sides dry and soft longer than ever before! I certainly was impressed, but she wasn't through.



"Just look at this Modess filler," she went on. "It's a *fluff*-type filler—so different from layer-type napkins. Just as downy as a powder puff! And see, Modess has a moisture-resistant backing—it's *safer*, too!" She sprinkled some water on it and not a drop passed through. Well, *that* was enough for me!



Thanks to her tip, I went out there before that crowd as self-possessed as you please and sang and danced my best. And when school's over, I'm to try my act on a larger stage. Maybe I'll never be a big-time star, but anyway I got my chance, thanks to teacher and that wonderfully comfortable Miracle Modess!

Now—New Miracle Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning"



Take a Personality Test With Ginger Rogers

You will see Ginger Rogers next in *The Primrose Path*

Questions and answers always are fun. Ginger Rogers had so much amusement from this "Personality Analysis" that she gave us answers to check with yours

By HELEN HOVER

■ The desire to analyze one's self is one of the strongest emotions in human nature. Own up to it—you have that desire, too. It's normal, and everyone, whether he is rich or poor, a success or a failure, would like to have the power to look into that personal machine which is "I," and to see what makes the mysterious wheels of the mind go round.

If you answer the questions in this Personality-Analysis Test, you may discover many things about that mind of yours. Ginger Rogers declares that she had a lot of fun taking the test, and she proved herself an excellent sport by allowing us to print her answers, and also the results of her personal analysis.

When you see Miss Rogers' answers, and read what her test reveals of her, you may understand her better. You will understand why, for instance, she secludes herself in a hilltop house, seldom going out, when she is still young, vivacious and has the world of men at her feet—why she goes on secret vacations and yet is not guilty of pulling [*Continued on page* 54]



"Shall we give it to Daddy? . . . Look—look, Daddy loves it! He'll take it all, if you don't eat it up quick!". . .

Silly, eh? That's what a baby thinks, too.

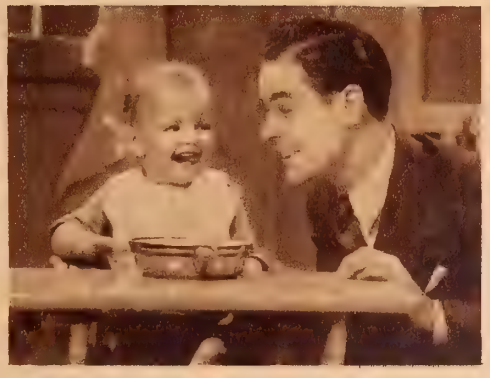
You don't need tricks if he likes the taste! He's bound to like Clapp's and thrive on them. You'd like them ever so much better yourself!

Cut the comedy and try Clapp's . . .

BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



There's no mystery about it really. Clapp's are garden-fresh when canned. That's one thing. They're ever so lightly salted according to doctors' directions—that's two. And years of plant-breeding and soil selection have made them rich in the minerals and vitamins that go along with appetizing flavor . . . Open up several different kinds of Strained Spinach, for instance, and taste them. You'll be astonished at the extra freshness and goodness of Clapp's!



Here's another point you might not notice—but babies do. Clapp's have just the right texture to give a baby's tongue real exercise without getting it into trouble. Babies appreciate that. So do doctors—they've been giving us tips about what babies like in texture and flavor for 19 years. For Clapp's is not only the oldest baby foods house—it is the only one of any importance that makes nothing *but* foods for babies and young children.



17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

"Rest Cure" For Bette





Why Bette Davis fled from Hollywood for a long lazy sojourn in the quiet of New England

By RADIE HARRIS

■ "You can't count your blessings when you're tired."

It was the First Lady of Hollywood talking—twice honored Academy award winner and, so far leading contender for this year's "Oscar" . . . Bette Davis to you.

We were sitting in the garden of her Brentwood Heights retreat, now her bachelor quarters since her divorce from "Ham" Nelson. She didn't have to tell me how tired she was. It showed on her pale drawn face—the dark shadows under her eyes—and the restless hands that lit cigarette after cigarette.

"How can I appreciate this lovely house?" Her eyes gazed vacantly at the azaleas in full bloom, the pansy beds that lined the terraced walk leading to the emerald pool. "While I worked on *Elizabeth and Essex*, I was too tired to even come home at night. I lived in my studio dressing room. How can I enjoy my work any more, when it's become just that—work?"

I know I should have reacted with sympathy, but I couldn't suppress a smug grin.

"I know exactly what you're thinking," Bette grinned back at me. "You're remembering a similar conversation we had three summers ago. I was in the same state of nervous exhaustion then, after making *Marked Woman, Kid Galahad, That Certain Woman* and *It's Love I'm After*, and I vowed I'd never allow myself to [*Continued on page* 39]



When asked for a statement she wrote: *"Dear Perc—For outstanding beauty and color I'll take your make-up in preference to anyone else's under the sun."*



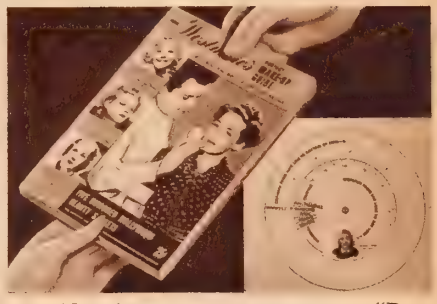
TAKE A BEAUTY HINT from Ann Sheridan—Above, Perc Westmore creates street make-up for Ann Sheridan with Westmore cosmetics, used exclusively in Warner Bros. pictures. Created by the four Westmore brothers, the screen's leading make-up experts. One secret of this glamour make-up is the wonderful Westmore Foundation Cream.



NOW YOU CAN HAVE this wonderful foundation cream . . . essential ground tone for a perfect make-up, as used by Hollywood stars! It's lasting, water proof, covers tired shadows, blemishes. Gives your complexion a youthful glowing look in bright day or evening lighting. In four glowing tones with powder to blend!

A complete line of cosmetics on sale at drug, department and variety stores, 25c and 50c sizes.

HOUSE OF **WESTMORE** INC.
HOLLYWOOD



HERE'S YOUR AID TO BEAUTY..."Perc Westmore's Perfect Make-up Guide," with measuring wheel to show you your face type. Tells how to make up each type for more glamour... how to play up good features, play down poor ones. Gives make-up rules the Westmores use for the stars. At drug and variety stores everywhere, 25¢.

IF NOT ON SALE NEAR YOU, USE THIS COUPON

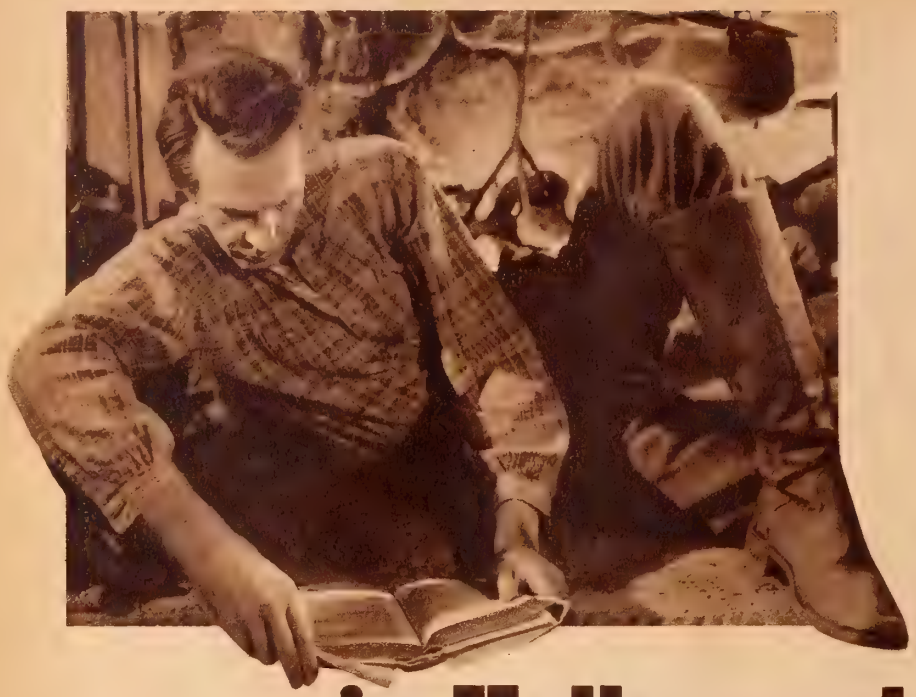
HOUSE OF WESTMORE D-21
730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Please send me Perc Westmore's Perfect Make-up Guide for which I enclose 25c

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Abe Lincoln in Hollywood



Raymond Massey declares that life in Lincoln's day was much more simple than in the twentieth century, even though there weren't any movies

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Over the dam came the ferry boat, the sixty-one hogs, and the man. Missing its safe niche on the wooded shore, the heavy craft hung an instant upon the dam's glossy lip and then plunged nose first among the rocks of the riverbed below, man and hogs thrashing about in the rapids. The man was Abraham Lincoln on his way, though he knew it not, to meet the one great love of his career.

In other words, the man was Raymond Massey, getting a load of American pioneer life in the 1830's. And loving it. "So much easier than life today," he explained, shedding hogs and Mackenzie river from his hair and preparing to do the whole thing once again.

He hadn't wanted a double for this sequence of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois,* though a double had waited, flexing his muscles, for a week. No, Mr. Massey wanted to do it himself. Off in the wilds of this "New Salem, Ill." location, on the banks of the "Sangamon"—really along the Mackenzie at the spot near Eugene, Ore.,—Mr. Massey wanted to find out at first hand what Lincoln went through in his early years. He found out!

They re-made that scene all day. When it had been done to suit Director John Cromwell, the doctor found a nasty wound on Massey's head, a sprained ankle, a strained tendon in his thigh, and as many bruises and abrasions as the young Lincoln himself would have sustained in a tussle with a b'ar.

Some time elapsed before Massey was able to proceed to the next scene and chase one of the escaped hogs through the woods where, a shoat beneath his arm, he first met sweet Ann Rutledge (Mary Howard), the girl he always loved, even though, after her death he married Mary Todd (Ruth Gordon of the New York stage).

For several weeks after those ferryboat trips over the dam, Massey wore a bandage on his ankle and limped a little when the camera wasn't looking. So life was easier then, eh? How come?

"Existence is a lot harder today," Massey insisted despite his bandages. "In Lincoln's time, everything was simpler. You knew which side you were on, you knew what you were fighting for. The issues in politics, for instance, weren't so infernally confused and subtle. Life was more difficult physically, but much less difficult psychologically. You had a balky horse, but not a skidding car. With young Captain Lincoln of the state militia, you went out to fight the Black Hawk Indians—and you knew approximately where to find them. You didn't have to fight gangsters that popped at you from alleys on apparently peaceful avenues."

Massey's brown eyes glinted, half indignant and half humorous. He has a ready sense of humor. He resembles Lincoln so strongly in real life, has played him so successfully upon the stage—and now on the screen—that perhaps it is no wonder he has a Lincoln flair for fun.

At the log cabin village built outside Eugene, Ore., for the early sequences of the film, he appeared to be in his element. It was pioneer stuff with a vengeance, but the more primitive it was, the better he liked it . . . . those small, one-room log cabins with their stick-and-clay chimneys, the squirrel gun above the hearth and the grease lamp burning with a smelly and none too certain flame . . . .

"Splendid!" Massey exulted—a trifle weary of civilized Broadway, perhaps, and maybe even weary of civilization in his native Toronto, Canada, or in Oxford, England, where he completed his education—"how much less complicated housekeeping was then! No telephones to wake you up for a wrong number, no telegrams routing you out of bed in early dawning, no electric light bill, no radio going all day in the neighbor's apartment. Not even any steam pipes clanking and no janitor with a grouch. No milkman forgetting to leave the cream—

"Breakfast! They *really* had breakfast!"

Massey rolled his eyes as if food meant a great deal to him. It doesn't, though. He's six feet three, like Lincoln, a little stooped like Lincoln, and as gaunt as Lincoln ever was. He doesn't eat big meals, but perhaps he would if he ever had time.

"No half an orange and a cup of black coffee! No hardbaked toast and a glass of hot water with lemon juice!" he proceeded, "I'm saying they ATE. We routed out some sample breakfasts from Lincoln's day—I shudder to think what those pioneers would have said to the little morning snacks they would get today.

"Lincoln got away with cornbread, and plenty of it; cured meat; wild fruit such as blackberries or huckleberries or wild plums; and wild game, like pheasant or partridge. Those open fireplaces certainly could *cook.* Another breakfast Lincoln had went like this: wheatcakes—six or so; several really thick slices of bacon, none of your dainty slivers; coarse oat porridge; fried potatoes. Of course if he felt hungry after this, he could always snatch the squirrel gun from above the mantel and go shoot himself a squirrel or a rabbit or, if he felt really hungry, a deer."

Massey considered a minute. "He wouldn't have to go out to the tennis court for exercise, either. I hate tennis, myself. Nor off to the golf links. A few hours of swinging an axe to split fence rails, or of following the plow, or apparently even of waiting on customers at Offut's store, and he was ready for his noontime dinner. About twice the breakfast ration. Yes, sir, a man respected his

digestive tract when it kept him going to carve out a new country."

■ The newness of the carving came to light in that "New Salem" set and also in the later "Springfield, Ill." set. The picture, you know, deals with the 30 years of Lincoln's life in Illinois between 1830 and his election to the Presidency. It takes in his admittance to the Illinois bar, his election to the Illinois legislature, and the famous Douglas-Lincoln debates which established him as Presidential timber.

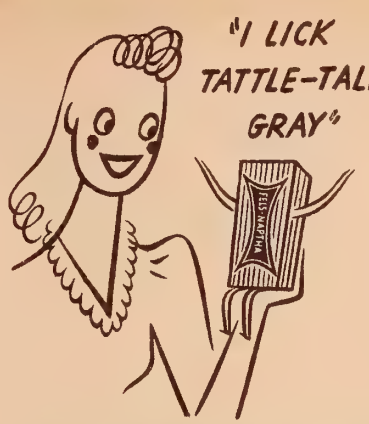
Springfield, Ill., considered itself quite an important metropolis in those days, and Mary Todd Lincoln's house was full of carpets and gewgaws amid which Lincoln in his great boots and his ever-wrinkled clothes moved awkwardly. ("Civilization was beginning to taint existence by that time," Massey pointed out, "they were on the verge of the era of hand-painted cuspidors.") But still the town had an air of newness about it; the nondescript court-house with its row of hitching-posts; the livery stable sign in ornate script down the main street; the "Oasis Saloon"; the coppersmith who advertised "bed-warmers expertly finished"; and the modest new sign in an upper window—"Stewart and Lincoln, Counsellors-at-Law."

"It was still a new country," Massey said, "that's the thing which interests me most about these sets, and about the story of Lincoln. The country was still expanding, while today it is almost contracting. It would have been strange if Lincoln had not emerged as a man of great prominence. With the country as it was, any man with initiative and with brains above the average could make a



A few minutes after this picture was taken, barge, hogs and Raymond Massey all went over the dam and into the water. Massey came up spluttering that the pioneer life still was all right with him

SEEIN' DOUBLE



Millions of women know that tattle-tale gray hasn't a chance—when the *golden* Fels-Naptha bar tackles the wash. They know it's the liveliest, busiest dirt-chaser that ever swished in a tub. But did you know this...?



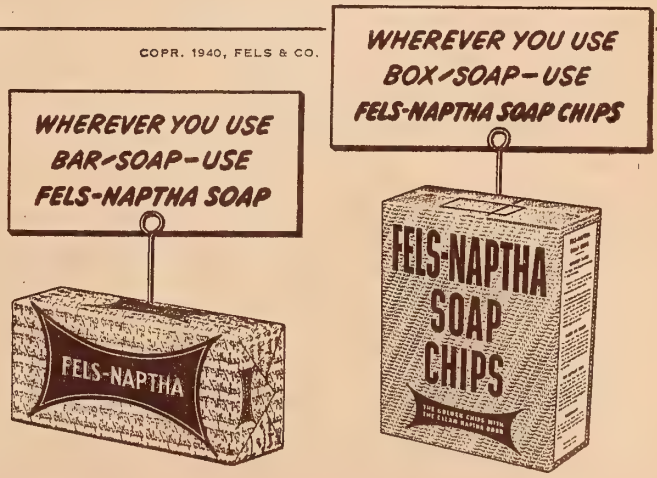
You can now get Fels-Naptha in chip form, too! Huskier chips that work wonders just like the grand *golden* bar! Chips specially made to whisk *all* the dirt out of clothes—to banish tattle-tale gray! Now at last...



You can get Fels-Naptha's *extra* help any and every way you wash! For in the chips as well as in the bar, you get richer, *golden* soap combined with that wonderful dirt-loosener, *naptha!* Use the bar for bar-soap jobs. See how quickly it hustles out dirt—without hard rubbing! See how gorgeously white and sweet it gets your clothes. And ...

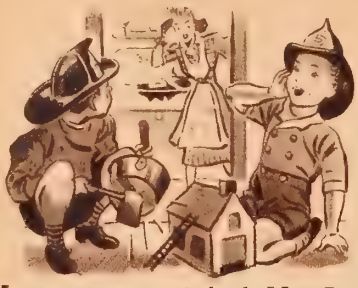
Wherever you've been using box-soap, put the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to work. They speed washing machines because they're HUSKIER—not puffed-up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they give oodles of rich suds because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. So try Golden Chips or Golden Bar—and banish tattle-tale gray.

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA—BAR OR CHIPS

VISITING FIREMAN SAVES LADY!



1. "Stop that noise!" pleads Mrs. Cates. "I've got trouble enough . . . with a sinkful of dishes—and the drain clogged tight!"



2. "My Ma knows how to fix clogged drains!" states Fire-Chief Billy, the boy from next door. "She uses some stuff in a can. I'll get her!"



3. Billy's Mother appears with Drāno—puts Drāno down the drain. It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck—clears the drain completely!



4. "That's the easy, modern way to clear a clogged drain!" smiles the neighbor. "And a teaspoonful of Drāno every night helps *keep* drains clean!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.





Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

success. It isn't so much like that in our times. That's what I mean when I say life was easier then."

■ Ruth Gordon swished past as Mary Todd. She wore the hoopskirted, dark gown of the era, and the nagging frown which she usually had for Abraham. Mary did so want Abraham to make something of himself; to be civilized!

"Maybe life wasn't easier for women," Massey admitted, eying the hoopskirts, "I can't imagine them really liking to be wrapped up in all those clumsy clothes. But for a man, the era was sartorially ideal."

Wha-at! With those awful, ill-fitting coats and pants, those heavy boots, and that superfluity of whiskerage! Aw! Men today—

"Exactly," Massey said, "men today rush to the barber all the time for a neat haircut. Those days, they cut their own. Today they spend heaven knows how many hours a year and how many years in a lifetime, just shaving. They worry about ties harmonizing with shirts. But if they had those full, fine beards they needn't wear ties at all. Their good suit is always at the cleaner's. They can't get by with one pair of shoes, because what would they dance in? Lincoln, very sensibly, danced in the shoes he had on."

The actor ran a hand thoughtfully over his unruly dark mane which is always flopping this way and that. "Lincoln never looked as though he combed his hair, either," he murmured, smiling.

That is only one of the many incredible similarities between Lincoln and Massey. Back in the year 1629, the first Massey came to Salem, Mass., and eight years afterward came the first Lincoln. Oddly, descendants of each family moved from Massachusetts to Illinois. Eventually, Massey's people went to Canada (his mother was an American). Like Lincoln, Massey was a salesman, a captain in the army (with the Canadian artillery in France).

Lincoln's married life was out of the ordinary. And Massey's has been out of the ordinary, though in a different way.

Lincoln failed to show up on the day first set for his wedding with Mary Todd. "I believe perhaps he felt this course was kindest to both of them," Massey explained; "Mary was a dominating character. If Ann Rutledge had not died and if Lincoln had married her, I think he would never have been President; he would have been a quiet country lawyer with a great gift of phrase, a keen appreciation for the meaning and beauty of words.

"Many give Mary Todd credit for making Lincoln President. I don't think she did it. He knew what he was doing, without her to tell him. With circumstances arranged exactly as they were, he'd have been President whether he'd married Mary or not. But I think he would never have been surrounded by those circumstances if he had married Ann."

As a matter of fact, the date for Lincoln's wedding with Mary was set three or four times by her relatives, and each time the plans fell through. Then Mary and Abe began to meet by themselves and —left unhampered by the advice or criticism of others—set a date and were married—almost a year after the date first fixed. It was a different courtship, anyway.

But it was no more different, though apparently much less romantic, than Massey's recent marriage. For some years he had been married to Adrianne Allen, an actress of the London and New York stages. Last spring they were divorced. Massey married the former Mrs. Dorothy Ludington Whitney, of New York society. His former wife married William Dwight Whitney, Dorothy Whitney's former husband.

■ Speaking (and who can help it?) of the uncanny physical likeness between Massey and the man he portrays—they found near Eugene, Ore., a little lady 92 years old, spry as a cricket, who remembered how she used to see young attorney Lincoln ride up to her father's gate on a yellow horse named "Claybank." Grandma Nancy Kerr Kester was the daughter of Abraham Kerr, who had played with Abraham Lincoln during their boyhood in Kentucky.

Grandma Kester said Lincoln "cottoned to her" because she was the smallest of the family, and would "trotty-horse" her on his knees for hours.

The little old lady, a pioneer herself in covered wagon days in Oregon, was a bright spot in Raymond Massey's stay at the Oregon location. He learned many new things about Lincoln from her, picked up many little Lincoln ways and mannerisms which he hadn't known about before. Once, inspired by some anecdote, he went out to split rails.

"Pioneer, hey?" some member of the company scoffed. "Bet you'd rather be on a tennis court." But the scoffer was wrong; Massey loved splitting rails . . . within reason.

Above his other resemblances to Lincoln, however, Massey has one likeness which is all-important. He wants to be an individual, not a resemblance. He wants to be himself. That's why, just because he looks so much like Lincoln, he has made up his mind not to play him any more when this current cycle is done. Just so he won't be typed, he wants to play in an hilarious musical comedy!

"Rest Cure" For Bette

[*Continued from page* 34]

get into such a condition again."

"I hate to rub it in, but your exact words, if I remember correctly, were, 'No work of any kind—whether it is at the Warner Studios in Burbank—or a factory in Allentown, is worth risking your health for—it's an empty glory being the richest actress in the grave!' "

Bette blew a smoke ring in my direction. "Remind me never to tell you anything I ever want you to forget! Seriously though, I deserve to have you rub it in, because I'm just as stupid as a child who plays with fire once and gets burned, and then does it all over again. I knew I was completely done in, after making *Jezebel, The Sisters, Dark Victory, Juarez* and *The Old Maid* in rapid succession, with no breathing space in between. And yet, I took on *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex.*"

"Why?"

"Because I just can't resist a good part. So what happened? I burst several blood vessels in the process of trying to pitch my voice several tones lower, to affect the robust woman that 'Lizzie' was. And I lost pounds, buried under the weight of the costumes and heavy jewelry."

"What you need is an orgy of rest and relaxation—as far away from Hollywood as you can get," was my parting thrust as I left her in the fading sunlight.

■ The curtain will now be lowered four times, to denote the lapse of a month. Like a lap-dissolve in a movie, the scene fades into a small New England cottage in Dennis on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. In the driveway is parked a station wagon with a California license. Someone emerges from the doorway and climbs into the driver's seat. She is wearing shorts, sandals. Her yellow hair is flying. Her smile is vivid, care-free. Her blue eyes are as clear as nearby Lake Scargo, and her whole body radiates healthy vitality. I stare incredulously.

"Pardon me, are you *really* Bette Davis?" a timid young thing with an autograph book in her hand asks my unspoken thought. Bette signs obligingly, and then turns to me with a gleeful chuckle.

"You see, I took your advice and got as far away from Hollywood as I could. And what did I find? New faces like Glenda Farrell, Sally Eilers, Doug Montgomery and Don Terry, all straight from Hollywood! They're playing here at the Cape Playhouse in summer stock. Hop in and I'll drive you over to the theatre."

It was less than a five minute ride, but within that short space of time Bette's conversation was like a non-stop exclamation point.

". . . And I put my station wagon on the Chief . . . and Peggy Ogden met me at Cornwall. We started acting at Dennis together . . . and Raymond Moore, he gave me my first job here—offered me his guest house . . . and I've always wanted to come back . . . and I haven't read a Hollywood column . . . and I've never

Lady Esther says

"Let me send you **12 SHADES** of **MY NEW 7 DAY NAIL POLISH FREE!"**



Choose your most flattering—your lucky nail polish shade—without buying a single bottle of nail polish!

WOULDN'T you like to be able to take the 12 newest, smartest nail polish shades and try each one of them on your nails at your own dressing table? You can do just that . . . and do it with amazing speed. For, in a jiffy, merely by holding one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips over your nails you can see exactly how each shade of polish—the actual polish itself—looks on your hands.

What are these "Magic Fingertips"?

They are life-like reproductions of the human nail . . . made of celluloid. Each wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You see instantly which shade flatters your hands...accents your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. See how this marvelous new polish gives your nails gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long days. And just one satiny coat is all you need!

FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Clip the coupon now for your 12 free Magic Fingertips. Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty . . . that looks smartest, loveliest with your costume colors.

Lady Esther's **7-DAY NAIL POLISH**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER, 7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (52)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



TO HELP WARD OFF SNIFFLES, many mothers start children on cod liver oil *early in the fall!* Many doctors say cod liver oil is unrivalled as a source of Vitamin A, so helpful in building resistance to common colds. And now THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO TAKE COD LIVER OIL . . . SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has *all* the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

CONTEST NEWS

Don't miss next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine. A complete list of the winners in the *Gone With the Wind* costume jewelry contest will be in the March issue, on sale February 10

been more relaxed or felt better . . . and I've eaten lobsters and clams until they came out of my ears . . . and I've bought out all the antique shops for baby furniture for my sister's new heir . . . and I drove to Provincetown and saw a play that I'm crazy about . . . it's called *The Woman Brown* . . . and I wired Warner Bros. and they've bought it for me . . . and this place has changed since I was here ten years ago . . . and, oh, but it's fun to be back!"

Backstage and up a narrow flight of stairs to the third dressing room from the end, Bette led me.

"This was my very first dressing room in the theatre, when I played with Laura Hope Crews in *Mr. Pim Passes By,*" she pointed with the pride of a mother exhibiting her first born. "And I shared it with Spring Byington. Bob Montgomery was on one side and Lloyd Nolan on the other. We were a permanent company, with an occasional guest star.

"Being back here—seeing all this, do you wish that it was just beginning again for you?"

"Not by a long shot!" was Bette's explosive retort. "And don't let anyone ever kid you that they feel any differently. Going back into the past is just glamorous in the imagination. Successful actors like to say that they were much happier when they were starving in some cheap rooming house than they are now, when their income taxes make them cut down on caviar and champagne. It's good copy, but no more to be taken seriously than the sentimentalist who cries, 'Give me back the good old days!' What good old days? Before radio? Electric light? Telephone? Talking pictures? Television? Before there was a serum for pneumonia? Before the Yankee Clipper and the Super-Chief? Before Helen Hayes?

"Coming back to Dennis was not a sentimental journey for me. I wasn't trying to recapture my early youth. I happen to adore the New England countryside—and I'm not being prejudiced because I'm a native New Englander. Most Americans ignore their own country. They'll travel days to see Amalfi Drive, the Cote d'Azur and the Scottish Lakes—when right in their own front yard they have Cape Cod, the Berkshires, New Hampshire, the Maine woods—scenery that is so breath-takingly beautiful, it almost hurts. I found the most divine spot at the foot of Sugar Hill, in Franconia, and I'm going to build a tiny rustic cabin on it, so that I can come to it on all my holidays.

"I know it's a terrific *cliche* to say that being in Hollywood for any length of time gets one into an awful rut, but unfortunately, it's true. It's like living on the Isle of Marken, in Holland, where everyone is related! We live in a private world of our own, with a large fence around it. International problems of the outside world pale into insignificance, compared to questions like "Will Cary Grant marry Phyllis Brooks?" or "Who has the most 'comph'?" It is to get away from this insular way of living—to find a new mental stimulus, that most players feel the necessity of coming East once in a while. In the past, I've always made the mistake of coming directly to New York and tearing madly around, trying to see everything and everyone in a limited space of time. Consequently, when my 'vacation' was over, I found myself badly in need of another!

"This trip has been gloriously different. For the first time, I can honestly say that I'd be perfectly content not to work again for a whole year. As a matter of fact, I've already said it to Warner Bros."

"And what was the answer?"

"Well, I'm under suspension again—this time I'm fighting against making so many pictures each year. During the past year it was almost a game to find a theatre in which a Bette Davis picture was *not* playing! The result was that I reached the point where I was getting bored with thinking, breathing and eating pictures, and that's the danger signal for any actress! I'm trying to drive home this fact to the studio."

■ The curtain is lowered four times again to indicate the passing of a long lovely autumn, in which Bette ate New Hampshire farm cooking, swam in the ocean, caught mackerel with seventy-year-old Mr. Peckett, and went to the county fair.

By October, Bette was more enthusiastic than ever about the play, *The Woman Brown,* waiting for her in Hollywood. By November the rest cure was completed and she was back at the studio. By the time you read this, filming of her next picture, Rachel Fields' story, *All This and Heaven, Too,* will be under way. And by spring, Bette may have plans for her New England house complete, so that a "rest cure" will always be ready.

Girl Without a Country ?

[*Continued from page 21*]

achievements on ice rather than her present success on the screen.

As a World's Champion skater, Sonja was the idol of Oslo.

As a motion picture actress, she has become merely a name on a theatre marquee, a shadow of the vital, colorful, whirling wonder of the ice rinks they had worshipped in person.

Not many years ago when she was keeping silversmiths busy making prizes enough for her to win as a skater, Sonja ranked with Ibsen, the playwright, and Amundsen, the explorer, among Norway's immortals. They hadn't put up a statue to her or named a street after her, but they were getting around to it. Sonja Henie could have won a poll as the nation's most popular woman with enough votes left over to seat her in parliament.

Today they speak of Sonja Henie in the past tense in the cafes of Oslo. It's what she did eight years ago when she won her second Olympic title, or her triumph six years ago when she won World's Championship honors for the tenth time. Her most recent appearance on the screen is discussed for a moment or two, but her last performance at an Oslo ice carnival rates an hour's reminiscence.

I sought an explanation of Oslo's surprising attitude toward the girl who is an enthusiastically acclaimed film favorite to the rest of the world. A blond young newspaperman, about Sonja's age, who had known the star since she was a school girl, gave it to me.

"To understand why we unconsciously refer to Sonja in the past tense," he answered, "you have to appreciate the Norwegian's almost fanatical enthusiasm for sports. To the average man or woman in Norway, the World's Champion skiier or skater is much more an important personage than the most famous actor.

"Sonja, as a World's Champion skater, brought glory to Norway, in the opinion of this sports loving public. Year after year, from the time she was a little girl of ten, she won one honor after another, one title after another.

"As a skater, Sonja stood absolutely alone. As an actress she is one of many in a field that to others may appear glamorous but to Norwegians cannot compare in glamour with sports.

"And there were some of these sports minded folk, proud of Norway's supremacy on the ice through Sonja's prowess, who felt she let them down by turning professional and seeking to earn a more substantial return from her skates than cups and silverware.

"Personally, I admire the way Sonja has cashed in on her fame and multiplied her figures of eight on the ring at the teller's window of her bank. After all a lady must live!

"And, of all the athletes who have ever turned professional, Sonja has proved to be one of the shrewdest in her financial dealings."

■ I recalled the journalist's comments about Sonja's absorption with money matters, the day I journeyed out to the star's country home at Landoen, overlooking the beautiful Oslo fjord about twenty miles from the capital.

Ex-King Zog of Albania had arrived that morning in Oslo en route to Paris. He had come the long way around from his lost kingdom, fleeing the Italians by way of Roumania and Poland to Sweden and thence to Norway from where he planned to sail for Antwerp and his final refuge of Paris.

The Norwegian papers had been full of his doings, of his retinue of twenty bodyguards, his four pretty sisters, and his lovely American-born Queen Geraldine and their new baby. Zog still carried with him, the press reported, his crown, which he was lugging around in a suitcase with a broken strap, and a fortune of some $7,000,000 in gold in a battered old trunk.

Sonja could not get over that $7,000,000 being transported from country to country so casually.

"You'd think he would have gone directly to London or Paris and put that money in a bank, instead of junketing all



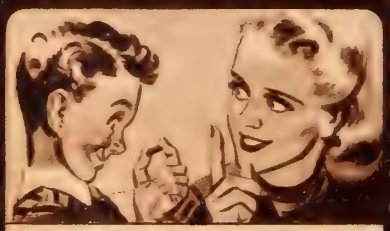
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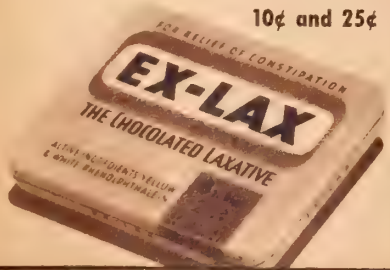


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over Europe with it in a trunk," she expostulated.

Sonja has a healthy respect for money. Talk to her about her pictures and she knows what each has grossed, its cost and its net profit.

■ But for all her shrewdness in money matters, Sonja has a streak of generosity as wide as the Oslo fjord. Her gift of a trip to Europe last summer to Belle Richard, pert, redheaded member of her skating troupe, is a sample of her largess.

Belle, who has skated in the Henie ice shows for the past two years and also worked in several of the star's pictures, volunteered last winter to help Sonja polish off the final rough edges of her accent. Between camera set-ups at the studio and on train trips on tour, the extra girl and the star read aloud together, with Belle prompting Sonja on syllables that still were stumbling blocks.

Sonja took a fancy to the bit player and claimed more and more of her time. Nothing was said about remuneration. The redhead skater wished none.

And then last spring when Sonja began talking of her plans for her usual summer trip to Oslo, she invited Belle to accompany her. A week in London, ten days in Paris and Cannes and a long summer on the Oslo fjord were Belle's reward.

■ They had just come back to Landoen from the land of the midnight sun, the day I called. Sonja, her mother, and her slim, fair haired older brother, Lief, and Belle had flown to Hammerfest, on the northern tip of Norway, above the Arctic Circle. Their pilot was Halvor Bjorneby, famous Norwegian aviator, and Sonja, who prefers travel by air over any other means, was full of the scenic wonders of her native land as viewed from the clouds.

The party had spent six days at the North Cape, fishing for salmon and trout, and Sonja had distinguished herself in still another sport by a record catch.

It was Lief who told me of his sister's prowess with the rod. "She would have been a champion at anything she undertook," said Lief. "The first summer she ever played tennis, I persuaded her to enter the Norwegian national tournament and she reached the finals. A little more practice, and she could have easily won the next year and then gone on to further triumphs in international play.

"But she gave up tennis, deciding that you can excel in only one sport."

Lief himself belies that statement, though, having won prizes in half a dozen different activities in Norway; skiing, speed skating, tennis, shooting and speedboat driving.

Even the dogs in the Henie menage are champions, both of the two airedales, Titus



Funnyman Jack Benny does not take any time off at home. Here he is providing laughs for his five year old daughter, Joan, with *Buck Benny Rides Again* antics

and Hannibal, having won blue ribbons at Oslo dog shows.

The dogs' blue ribbons have their own place in the big trophy room that Sonja has built in her country house at Landoen. There are the cups and medals her father, Wilhelm Henie, won when he was national bicycle champion of Norway, the various prizes won by Lief and literally thousands of prizes captured by Sonja in her long years of competition, from her first prize of a little copper medal, won in a foot race when she was eight years old, to the giant silver trophies emblematic of Olympic Games triumphs. Sonja has the awe inspiring collection insured for $100,000.

■ She was just putting the finishing touches on this trophy room when I visited Landoen, for, on her return to Norway last summer, Sonja had completely redecorated the whole house, in a lavishly modern mode that someday will be labelled by decorators as "1939 Hollywood."

Peach colored satin lined the walls of Sonja's bedroom, which was filled with silk covered furniture designed by some unnamed Chippendale on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. The mirrored dressing room was from Sonja's studio bungalow. Pigskin sofas and chairs were scattered around the cream colored living room. The dining room was dominated by a mural of Sonja, as the spirit of the cinema, leading a parade of figures famous in the theatre and sports world. It was all as lavish and costly and about as livable looking as the powder room in an Earl Carrol enterprise.



Janet Gaynor looks very small and very stately in a costume gown of black velvet, designed by her husband, the famous Adrian of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ This little corner of Hollywood Boulevard on the Oslo fjord will be Sonja's one remaining root in Norway. Following the death of their father, two years ago, Sonja and Lief decided to give up the big, gray stoned house in Oslo this summer. They have also disposed of the large fur and dress business of Wilhelm's which was one of the flourishing stores of Prinsensgate, one of the town's chief business streets. All the Henie business interests were moved to New York this year, where Lief plans, on the completion of Sonja's current ice carnival tour, to open an agency for ski and skating costumes.

It may be that word of Sonja's plans to uproot her sizeable holdings in Norway had something to do with the unfriendly attitude toward her I encountered last summer in Oslo.

But, if at the moment she seems to be a girl without a country, shrewd little Sonja Henie has taken steps to insure that that dubious position will not last long. She has taken out her first papers for citizenship in the United States.

Her old friends in Norway think she has become "too Americanized?"

"Okay," is Sonja's answer. She is going all the way and become . . . an American!

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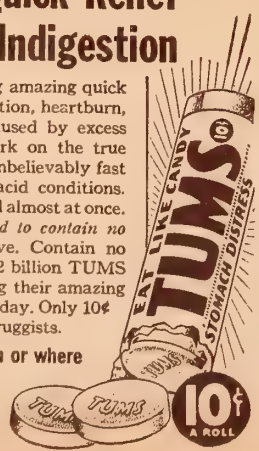
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The Grapes of Wrath

[*Continued from page 23*]

interests and politicians waxed vociferous in their denunciations of this John Steinbeck story about the dust bowl refugees in California. No one, said Hollywood's soothsayers, would dare film it.

And, most likely, no one would but Darryl Zanuck, production chief at 20th Century-Fox. Thanks to his courage, not a punch has been pulled to retain the novel's earthy realism. Just to show you how close Nunnally Johnson worked with the book in preparing the script, out of 700 lines of dialogue used, 650 lines were lifted word for word from the novel! "The other 50," Johnson said, "were necessitated solely for transitions. Mr. Zanuck told me to follow Steinbeck word for word so far as possible and that's what's been done."

■ So loud were the clamors of the Hollywood pro-and-conners on the advisibility of filming the novel that, when the day arrived for the cameras to roll, who should step into the making of it but the United States government! Uncle Sam, it seemed, was mighty definite about protecting his honor during the shooting. He was mighty anxious that his camps for the Okies be represented on the screen accurately. And just to be sure about it, the Farm Security Administration loaned Thomas Collins, manager of all the Okie camps, to serve as technical adivsor. And we're here to tell you he was right on the job. We recall one morning while we worked that he stopped all production because (1) the garbage cans around the movie U. S. camps didn't have lids. Collins said the government never would permit such an awful situation to exist. (2) The prop men had put wash tubs in front of the Okie tents. "The idea!" snorted Mr. Collins. "The U. S. provides a model building where the Okies may wash their clothes to their hearts' content." (3) There was a slow sign at the entrance to the camp. Mr. Collins said the Okies didn't believe in signs. No U. S. camp ever has them. The government instead digs a shallow trench all the way across the gate. That slows the Okie jalopies down to a walk. These changes, the government man insisted, had to be made or else. They were made, along with countless others as the filming progressed.

It was Collins, incidentally, who did considerable research for Steinbeck during the author's preliminary work on the novel. In appreciation Steinbeck dedicated the book to him.

"The Okies are going to come to life on the screen exactly as they are," Collins said. "The camps of the migratory workers, their clothes and their speech, their ways of living and above all, their indomitable courage will be accurately portrayed. After you have worked and lived with the typical migrant, as I have these many years, you are astounded at his independence. The real migratory worker abhors relief. He wants to pay his own way. He is not a loafer. I have known many sick ones who have refused aid from the county medical authorities because they could not pay for it. I remember a woman who was badly in need of surgery. She told me, 'I ain't had no charity and I ain't gonna to start now. I know a doctor back in Oklahoma. He'll trust me. He'll saw me open and sew me up. The ol' man can pay him gradual like.'

"Our camps have well-planned and well-lighted streets. We have our own sewerage and water plants, and our own fire, health, education, sanitation and police departments, all made up of the migratory workers themselves who cooperate with a resident manager from the Farm Security Administration. He is the only one who gets a salary. The workers themselves donate their time and keep the settlements in order. The government charges the workers 10 cents a day. The money goes into a fund to take care of the destitute ones. If any family doesn't have the dime, they can work out the charge about the camp. We have virtually no disciplinary problem. These people are as law abiding as any Americans. They are a 1939 model of the pioneers of '49 except that today there is no wilderness for them to conquer and no place for them to settle. That is the tragedy. The 200,000 who follow the harvests in California are only a fraction of the total. We estimate that five million men, women, and children lost their lands in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Kansas, South Dakota and Texas partly because nature swept the soil from them and partly because of other economic factors. It's a picture of their problem that 20th Century-Fox is bringing to the screen in *Grapes of Wrath*. It's not propaganda. It argues for no course. It's drama that has been lifted from real life."

■ Before I tell you about what happened to me on the first day I worked, I want to tell you about John Carradine. John portrays the role of the preacher and, of course, he's as dirty as the rest of the Okies. Maybe dirtier. At any rate, the first morning I worked, the cops on Pico Boulevard pinched John for vagrancy and hauled him away to the hoosegow! Seems John's car ran out of gas on the way to work, so he flagged down a car, meaning to ask the driver to be good enough to stop at the first gas station and send back some fuel. The coppers might have let him go, but when he pointed out the big Dusenberg he drives and said that it was his, they just boosted him in the squad car, and away they went hell-for-leather to headquarters. After much wild talking at the station John finally remembered his Screen Guild card and produced it for identification. The police were impressed but not convinced until they escorted him to the studio gates where he was recognized and released.

■ I'll never forget that first day. Lady, you couldn't see me for dust! And I DO mean dust! Believe me, I know, now, what those Okies really went through

when their little farms began to take to the air with the greatest of ease. Why they didn't die, all of them, after going through such a dust storm is more than I can explain. Henry King, my Okie friend from Weedpatch, said the studio storm was plenty bad, but nothing to compare with what he and his family went through many, many times back there in Oklahoma.

Well, anyway, it was clear and sunshiny when they led us out to the backlot to begin our chores. And fifteen minutes later you couldn't have seen your hand around your sweetie's waist. To blot out the sun and leave a four-inch layer of dust over everything on the set (and it was a whopper!) the technicians used around 4,000 tons of earth, and kept it moving hither and yon by a battery of 30 wind machines! The danged stuff made mudballs in your nose, stuffed up your ears, settled in your eyes, and saturated your clothes (such as they were) until you felt like keeling over and saying t'hell with it all. Ever so often the machines would stop so Director Ford could cough up a couple of pounds of dirt along with instructions on how the sequence should be done. While he was talking to Tom Joad (Henry Fonda) and Rosasharn (Dorris Bowden) who were supposed to take the brunt of the storm, doctors and nurses would scurry around and "de-dust" us extras by swabbing out our noses and throats. We keep this up until late in the afternoon. We keep it up all the next day and the next.

■ I had one easy day and that was when I rode on Highway 66 in one of those Okie jalopies.

According to Eddie Jones, a pleasant-faced young man in charge of the props, the studio bought 140 ancient hacks at prices ranging anywhere from fifty bucks up to as high as eight-five. Most of them dated as far back as 1920. After they were trucked into the studio, mechanics went to work, and finally got them in running order so they wouldn't stall and hold up production. The mechanics wanted to install new motors, but Director Ford nixed the idea because he wanted the old ones to cough and sputter for the sound track. When you hear them in the picture you'll agree that the director got what he wanted.

Well, we went groaning and grunting, jostling and bumping along 66 with the jalopies creaking and coughing. It sounded awful. But it was fairly easy riding. Once in a while one of our Dust Bowl limousines gave up the ghost and we halted while a truck of mechanics gave the ancient motor a shot in the piston and the old jalopy got to its knees and went coughing and spitting along again. The only person who really suffered was Eddie Jones. Every once in a while you'd hear him holler, "Be careful! Hey, you, easy on that baby!" Toward the end of the day Director Ford lined up the jalopy army across a patch of what is supposed to be the Dust Bowl. Henry Fonda jumped down from his bouncing barnacle that's loaded with everything from chickens to bed springs. He started roping a mattress that was sliding off and the director started the shooting. Hank was in the midst of his dialogue when the left fender, without any urging from anybody, suddenly cracked away, a clean cut, and fell to the ground, bringing a wild-eyed Fonda with it.

This Eddie Jones character threw a fit, and filled the air with some choice mule-skinner talk. "That blankety-blank so-and-so of a car won't stay together!" He fianally calmed down when Director Ford told him not to bother about repairs.

"It'll take too long," the director said. "We'll just move around to the fender on the other side. It's one down and three to go."

■ My next bit of high-class Okieing was done on a studio backlot where some sequences were shot in an Okie shanty town—27 dilapidated shacks and torn tents all transplanted from the San Joaquin Valley near Bakersfield. Not only did the studio transplant the shacks, but also the ancient cracked wood stoves, broken lamps, battered pots and pans, rusty beds, torn shirts, faded dresses, billboard advertisements (the latter three items used for stuffing windows), and even the trash!

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City ..... State .....



By China Clipper and transcontinental plane came this picture of Andrea Leeds on her honeymoon with Bob Howard in Hawaii. The native girl giving lessons in the hula is famous Tootsie Notley who serves pineapple juice to all visitors to her island

To the art directors, Richard Day and Mark Lee Kirk, fell the job of "planting" the town exactly as it was before the movers uprooted it. They charted every detail, including holes in the road and piles of tin cans. When the planting was completed, it covered ten acres on the backlot. One junk heap, however, had to be built up at home. This pile consists of more than 10,000 tin cans and it took eight trucks two weeks of raiding Los Angeles dump heaps before this number was collected. After sorting the tin cans out of the refuse, they were put through a chemical dip to guard against any disease that flies might carry, and then were stacked to a height of 30 feet at one edge of the shanty town.

■ You might be interested in knowing that Henry Fonda prepared for his part by living in Okie camps for several days at Bakersfield and Kernville. He dressed like the Okies do, ate their food, played their games, slept on an Okie bed at night. All this so he could get the necessary experience for his role of Tom Joad.

The only guy who had a "cushy" job during these shanty-town shots was Eddie Quillan who enacts the role of Connie. Two make-up men worked over the soles of his shoes at least a dozen times a day. They had to be kept just right—not too dirty and not too clean. When the make-up men weren't busy on the shoes, Eddie was stretched out on a cot dozing and getting paid handsomely for it!

Nothing like that for me, though. I'm here to tell you I earned my pay. My last day in the picture was spent picking cotton, and while those little white and puffy bolls don't weigh more than a baby's breath early in the morning, they can get as heavy as lead come the end of the day. Around five o'clock, every time I'd pluck one I could feel six vertebrae in my back crack from the strain. As a matter of truth I couldn't straighten up when quitting whistle blew that day.

I was mighty sorry I couldn't be used for another week because I wanted to see how the picture came out. The film story of these Okies is something you're never going to forget once you see it. I wish I had the space to devote a couple of pages each to the splendid performances of the whole cast. If Jane Darwell doesn't win an Academy Award for her interpretation of Ma, I'll eat ten feet of celluloid and call for more. She's that good. The same goes for Henry Fonda. Well, why be stingy. I'm willing to include the whole cast as candidates for those cherished "Oscars."

About the ending.

Director Ford required each worker and player on the set to take a pledge of secrecy when he began filming the final sequences. Up until he was ready the last few pages of the script had been kept under lock and key. When he got ready to photograph the ending, he read the actors the lines and they memorized them on the spot. The mimeographed pages were not passed around, as is usual. The scenes, too, were divided into many "takes" so that neither the players nor the workers would know exactly how they fitted into the finish of the story. I can reveal this, however. It won't be the ending you read in the book. But they say it's almost as sensational. It's one that Steinbeck first considered and later discarded for his book.

Well, that's that. As soon as I get that crick out of my back from cotton picking and a little water off my knee from being slapped by the jalopy fender, I'll be ready for another extra chore. New Year's is coming and I got to store up a couple of extra pieces of folding money if I'm going to celebrate in the right way.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

"Send me the man who wears the green necktie. He is little and pinched looking with gray temples. I talked to him when we were making *Captain Blood.*

Ordinarily this would not be easy to do. Out of several thousand extras and bit players, there may be hundreds who answer such a general and indefinite description. But the Warner casting office is used to Mike by now—it keeps a list of the people he interviews on every picture. This makes the search simpler.

Recently, on the set of *Four Wives,* a pleasant-faced woman, about 40 years old was sent in to the set. Director Curtiz was to decide if she would do for a bit role there.

"No, dear lady," said Curtiz gently, "you are not the one for this part. But I vill put you in my type bank. Someday, maybe in my next picture, *Virginia City* I vill use you."

"What is a 'type bank'?" she asked.

"I read about gold banks, so I make a type bank. In my memory I keep it. So I put you in my memory. When I need a pretty, plump lady, I send for you."

"But do you know my name?"

"Names mean nothing," Mike explained. "I never use them. I ask for you by type —'Send me the plump, pretty lady who came on the *Four Wives* set to see me.' Somebody remembers and there you are. You have a job."

■ Smart-cracking Roz Russell pulled this one the other day. Asked by an interviewer if she had any brothers or sisters, Roz grinned and replied: "I have three older brothers and three younger sisters. I'm in between—the ham in the sandwich."

■ Guess who Lew Ayres' heartbeat is these days. None other than the beautiful Helen Gilbert whom M-G-M lifted out of her studio orchestra job for stardom in pictures. Helen recently was granted a divorce, and it's said that Lew will ask for his legal papers freeing him from Ginger Rogers.

■ Errol Flynn has been bitten by the buried treasure bug again. His past few treasure-seeking exploits were chalked off to experience on the red side of the ledger, but he has been perusing reports of a Canadian syndicate, working on Oak Island off the coast of Nova Scotia. The island is reputed to be the site of Captain Kidd's buried plunder, and has witnessed the sinking of many shafts. It is estimated that $500,000 has been spent in recovery efforts over a 150 year period. Treasure seekers in the past have found traces of gold and old wood on their drills, but water from an underground tunnel rushed in to drown both shafts and hopes. Flynn instructed his business manager to determine whether he can buy into the project, after hearing that the present diggers had walled off the water.

■ "Doc" MacWilliams is a very interesting character. He started his career as a stunt man. Several years ago (15, to be exact) he was seriously hurt in an accident. So "Doc" resolved then and there to give up stunting and devote his time in trying to avoid accidents for other players. For years, now, he's been telling players what shoes to wear, how to avoid falls, how to take them, and all the hundred and one facts they need to know in their dangerous profession. Doc's real name is Paul. In all the long years since he gave up stunt work he's never been in a picture. Recently an interne was needed for a scene in *The Fighting 69th.* The temptation was just too much for him—so he took the job. And, believe it or not, after telling others how to keep fit for so many years, he fell into debris made by an exploding bomb in a battle sequence and dislocated his right shoulder!

■ Does it interest you to know who is the "best shod" woman in town? It isn't Dolores del Rio. She has only 85 pairs. Lili Damita has 150 pairs of shoes!



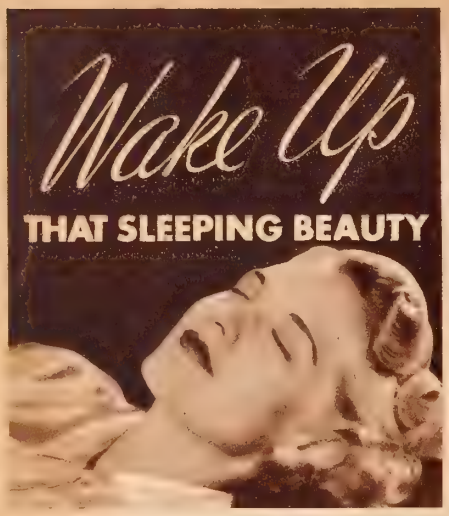
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Typhoon

[*Continued from page* 25]

This decision overloaded the Catalina ferries and water taxis with assorted American Indians, Hindus, Cingalese, Burmese, Melanesians, Samoans, Hawaiians and Filipinos shipped out for inspection. Doc Winckel spent busy days deciding whether they were the typhoon type or the hurricane type.

Meanwhile, location scouts had staked out a cove in the neighborhood of the unfashionable Isthmus on Catalina, at a point eight or ten miles away from swanky Avalon. This was christened Toujours L(')amour Beach and converted with property-department wizardy into the scene of a shipwreck, with a rotting hulk piled up in the tidewater.

With brush and palette the Technicolor guys went to work on the surrounding rock promontories, converting them into a fashionable seasick green. A schooner was hired, a wonderful submarine was whipped up, and the quality-folk—stars and featured players—were imported from the mainland by speedboat and airplane.

Among these was Koko, the chimpanzee, who gets fifth billing in *Typhoon* advertising, just under J. Carroll Naish and just over the native chieftain. Koko is a gentleman chimpanzee famous for his female impersonations and is one of the few Hollywood celebrities inactive in the recurrent squabbles of the Screen Actors' Guild. Frequently cast in love scenes with Johnny Weissmuller, Koko is the possessor of a finished petting technique that makes him well worth his $500 a week salary.

In a big emotional scene with Dorothy, Koko got swept up in a tornado of animal spirits, and nearly brought the whole *Typhoon* enterprise to an untimely end. Dorothy, wearing her lava-lava and a determined expression, is required by the script to unearth a case of hidden whiskey and destroy it bottle by bottle so that her lover, the partly-reformed lush, can't get his tongue on it.

As Dorothy began busting the bottles Koko began working up a frenzy. Whether he was overcome by the thought of wasting all that good liquor or merely unbalanced by the electric wrath that pervaded the atmosphere will never be known until Koko writes his memoirs. But as the fifth bottle disintegrated in shimmering shards he leaped toward Dorothy, and, bringing up his powerful fists from the instep, landed two terrific kidney punches on the rear view of the lava-lava.

Dorothy went down for the count but rallied under the ministrations of the company doctor and carried on through the day throbbing with pain. Two huge Technicolor welts marked the spots where Koko's punches landed.

■ This was just a prelude to the ordeal being stored up for the lava-lava girl. Whether as a result of her bout with the chimp or from the thick fog that settled on the Isthmus at night, Miss Lamour found on rising a couple of days later that her neck was wrenched into the shape of a corkscrew—in such a manner that no matter how she stood her gaze traveled over her shoulder.

It was in this shape that she finished a full day's shooting. She topped it with four hours' work the next day, and then raced by motor and plane to Hollywood to do her regular Sunday night broadcast. The instant the radio session was over she raced back to Toujours L(')amour Beach and bedded down to store up energy against the next day's shooting.

■ With deliberate perverseness, the sun played hookey for days on end at the only spot on the island suitable for photographing. The strand three hundred yards away would be flooded with actinic rays, but clouds hung about the painted beach scene. During these enforced waits some of the hardier members of the company swam in L(')amour Cove, but always under the watchful eyes of property men armed with rifles who patrolled in boats nearby.

The water appeared beautifully calm and clear, a bit of landlocked ocean as idyllic as a heavenly swimming pool. The only trouble with it was that it filled with sharks sometimes three layers deep.

"They won't bite," the knowing native Catalinans shouted encouragingly from the shore, but such sideline coaching bears little reassurance when a fourteen-foot sawtooth is coming at you half-speed with a gleam in his eye that might mean either admiration or just plain hunger.

The time-killing process was relieved one dull day by the unscheduled arrival in the cove of navy patrol plane, crippled by motor trouble. It cracked up on an offshore reef and began to disintegrate before the eyes of the whole company. Bob Preston, Lynne Overman (an old navy guy himself, veteran of the North Sea Patrol) and Louis King, plunged into the shark-infested cove and hauled out the pilot, Lieutenant Bryer of the cruiser Nashville.

While the aviator was awaiting help, he fraternized with the *Typhoon* mob and got a quick-trick picture of movie life on a South Sea Island. The yarns they told him convinced him he was in the right racket, safely aloft with no hazards except death and dismemberment.

NEXT MONTH

Basil Rathbone made the mistake of declaring that spring cleaning is easy, if you just know how to go about it. The story is hilarious and the pictures are even funnier than those of David Niven in this issue. Kay Proctor tells you about it in the March HOLLYWOOD.

How to be a Villain

[*Continued from page 27*]

the plane which would take him to New York in time to catch the boat which would take him to England from whence he eventually would land somewhere on the western front.

But dared I hope he would tell all? I pressed on. He pondered that quite a long time. Finally a great sigh escaped his lips.

"In the interests of bigger and better villainy, to which I have devoted the best years of my life, yes!" he conceded generously. "I will tell all! I may be gone for some time, and someone must carry on!"

And maybe, he pouted, some of the producer chaps around the town would wake up to what a great villain bet they had been overlooking and mend their ways when he returned. Speaking of producers, he said, that reminded him—

"An important producer's cocktail party is a wonderful place to spread a little well-calculated villainy. You have him and the other guests at such a divine disadvantage. First you lay the groundwork of ordinary unpleasantness by spilling drinks on the rosewood piano, leaving lighted cigarettes on a priceless antique, flicking ashes over the *hors d'oeuvres*, and starting a good old-fashioned beer hall brawl. That breaks down defenses and you are ready for the kill. Then—"

Yes, yes, then—

"Then you really go to work," he said simply. "Pretend you never have heard of any of the big stars the particular producer has under contract and to whom he is paying fabulous salaries. Talk airily about Norma Loy, Claudette Rogers, and Cary Gable. Express tremendous interest in the radio and predict a dazzling future for television. Come right out in favor of triple bills and bank night seven times a week. Emphasize the importance of the lost foreign market for pictures. Then, just as you are ready to leave, prepare the *coup de grace.*"

And that is?

"Kidnap his No. 1 Yes Man and exit shouting, 'No, No, NO!' "

"Not that!" I shuddered. "Anything but that!"

"But you *must,*" Davie gloated. "Pretty, isn't it?"

Another perfect spot for pluperfect villainy is the Literary Section of the Dingleberry Women's Cultural Club to which you have finagled an invitation to speak on *Poetry vs. Prose and Why.* You start things seething by mispronouncing everyone's name, preferably in as ridiculous a way as possible. McGurgle, for instance, for McGonagle. Next, you deliberately address every woman as Miss So and So, making it a plain implication you consider her such an old hen no man ever would have thought of marrying her. After that you inject the observation into conversation, as often as possible, what good sense Hollywood women show in maintaining their figures and how simple it is to do if one is willing to exercise a little control over natural gluttony. You speak of the advantage of restaurant food over the home-cooked variety and comment on the deplorable morass into which women have permitted their God-given minds to sink. One by one you stare at the millinery creations atop the assembled heads, alternately tittering or blinking in horror.

"Having carefully followed this outline in detail, you stride to the front of the speaker's platform and stand perfectly still until you have everyone's attention," Davie concluded. "Then you say in a clear ringing voice: 'Ye gods, but you are a dull lot! I'm going over to Sloppy Joe's for a beer!' "

Do you go? I asked.

"I would advise it," Davie said. "Politely asking the chairman to accompany you, of course."

The obvious advantage of refined torture of that kind over the blood and thunder tactics of the ordinary villain is readily apparent, Davie insisted. Whereas the pain of a slit throat is forgotten in a day or two, so to speak, the agony of the snide remark will tear at the soul for weeks, sometimes months, on end. Prolonged suffering in the victim must be the sole objective of the competent rake-hell.

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■ Arch villainy on the golf course is a comparatively simple procedure, Davie continued. Why bother with such childish rigamarole as potting the victim with poisoned darts when it's so easy to make him burst an important blood vessel with a few well-chosen words?

"I call it the old One-Two-Three," he explained. "First you casually accuse him of cheating in the rough. Next you firmly insist he cheats and threaten to withdraw from any future association with him. When his blood has reached the boiling point you say, 'Forget it, old man, I was only joking,' and poof! there goes a blood vessel as neat as you please."

■ Or take a street car, Davie said. Sooner or later you're bound to find yourself riding one and it's just as well to know the indicated procedure for malefaction. Never pay your fare with anything less than a $20 bill and argue loudly with the conductor over the change he gives you. Vehemently charge the motorman with reckless driving and make a to-do about writing down his number and asking for his name. Take a sketching pad from your pocket and pretend to draw the various passengers. (This, he explained, makes them so self-conscious they ride blocks past their corners.) If the car is extremely crowded, sidle up to the plumpest bundle-burdened woman hanging on a strap, glance adroitly toward the hem of her skirt and whisper, "Pardon me, Madame; could it be you are losing something?"

"That's a killer-diller," Davie chortled. "That's a daisy-waisy!"

Few men can steel themselves to perpetrate the basest form of street car villainy but Davie thought he might as well mention it in passing. It is designed for the woman with a small child. After she has paid the half-fare for Junior and is herding him down the aisle, you jump to your feet and point an accusing finger at her.

"Madame, you *know* that boy is more than six!" you shout. "Aren't you ashamed, a big woman like you cheating the poor street car company! Fie and double fie on you!"

■ Now supposing you are at the speakers' table at a big banquet and want to get in a little dirty work. Two short English words, *how* and *why*, are your lethal weapons. With them you can break up any speech on any subject under the sun and reduce the speaker to a quivering, jibbering candidate for the nearest boobyhatch.

"I guarantee it," Davie said confidently. "Let the speaker say, 'I am here tonight . . . ' and you interrupt him by calling out, 'Why?' If he says, 'I came here tonight,' your cue is, 'How?' Perhaps he may begin, 'It gives me great pleasure . . . ' In that case you use 'How.' Should he start with 'My friends,' your cue once again is, 'Why.' The possibilities, as you can see, are unlimited."

■ In case you want to get rid of your wife, Davie said, there is no need to get messy about it. So many men, un-

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fortunately, make that mistake and end up on the wrong end of a hangman's rope. The Niven System is much, much simpler and boasts the particular advantage of leaving you legally free to pursue the toothsome delights of further villainy.

"Start by always keeping her waiting anywhere from 15 minutes to half an hour, depending on her temperament," he explained. "Never, never tell her she looks well or notice a new frock except to complain bitterly about the ruinous bills she is running up. Callously ignore all her desperate attempts to arouse a spark of jealousy in you and cheerfully encourage male interest in her from other quarters. Should she start to tell a story at the dinner table, fiddle noisily with the silverware and assume a frightfully bored expression which plainly says, 'Heavens, here's that old thing again; my apologies, ladies and gentlemen.' When dancing, deliberately trip her up and then murmur an icy and perfunctory, 'Sorry, my fault.' Eventually she will take an ax to her brains, thus saving you no end of trouble."

■ Finally, Davie said, he would like to leave instructions in the fine points of villainy at a baby show. He had saved it for the last because it was the choicest field of endeavor. In fact, that was how he won the proud title of Slaughterhouse Niven.

"It's so much fun because babies are such dear little things," he said. "Well I remember one afternoon when I reduced six mothers to raving maniacs, sowed the seeds for at least ten divorces, and won the undying hatred of every pink-faced little angel in the show. That, indeed, was one of my greater triumphs and I shall cherish the memory of it forever.

"I started in a modest way, as I remember, by scaring the wits out of every exhibit under six months by pulling frightful grimaces. From six months to one year I pinched their beautiful little posteriors with exquisite little nips. From one year up I whispered horrible tales of boogeymen in closets and the truth about Santa Claus. In every case, I am proud to say, I was an unqualified success.

"My crowning glory, however, was won among the parents. I told every mother what every other mother had said about her baby. I pointedly refused to see any likeness between any baby and its progenitors but took especial pains to comment on the striking resemblance between Mrs. Brown's infant and Mrs. Green's husband. I started a whispering campaign about the judges being bought off in advance and casually dropped the word that the most popular pediatrician in town really was a veterinarian who had been run out of Council Bluffs, Iowa, for dog poisoning. I started a rumor about a well known baby food containing an insidious drug which stunted growth and induced absolute imbecility around the age of 18. My last touch, however proved the infinite limits of my magnificent talents. I said every one of the little darlings looked just like Shirley Temple and promised Darryl Zanuck would give them a screen test!"

■ Suddenly I felt two soft warm hands on my throat and saw two laughing black eyes staring down into my own.

"I'm terribly sorry, my dear," he cooed. "There's nothing personal in this but I just now realized my research in villainy is incomplete in one field. You understand, I'm sure, that this is in the interests of my career as a villain?"

Whereupon he throttled me to death.



It takes months to crochet an intricate tablecloth such as this, but the girls of the chorus at Earl Carroll's joined forces, each made a few of the little designs, and whipped out this beautiful piece of work in a few weeks as a present for the boss



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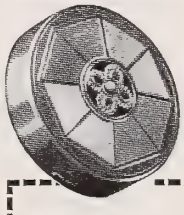
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The Ameches' Spaghetti



This is the way the young Ameches look when they are hurrying home for that special spaghetti which is the specialty of the star. You'll see him next in the musical, *Swanee River*

Don Ameche's ancestry is Italian, so he knows how to put just the right touch on spaghetti

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Watch Don Ameche's eyes sparkle when he sits down to one of his favorite dishes, and you'd agree that the Ameche enthusiasm is not an act saved for his screen and radio appearances.



Especially if it's spaghetti! In fact, Honore Ameche, very wise young wife, sees to it that always there is a supply of spaghetti in the kitchen in case Don has invited a half dozen friends (without much warning) to dinner.

But Don himself supplied the recipe, from the family recipe brought from Italy. And here it is, just as the savory dish is prepared in the kitchen of their comfortable Encino home.

SPAGHETTI A LA AMECHE

2 tbsp. olive oil or butter
1 lb. ground meat (beef, or beef and pork)
*One 6-oz. can tomato paste

*¾ cup water
2½ cups cooked tomatoes (one No. 2 can)
2 or 3 small cloves of garlic, finely cut
Few sprigs of parsley, finely cut
1 large bay leaf, finely cut
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. black pepper
1 lb. spaghetti
6 qts. boiling water
2 tbsp. salt
Parmesan cheese, if desired.

*If it is difficult to get tomato paste, use an additional 1¼ cups cooked tomatoes in place of the tomato paste and the ¾ cup water.

Heat olive oil or butter in heavy frying pan. Add the meat, and cook until browned. Add tomato paste mixed with water, cooked tomatoes, and seasonings. Simmer slowly for ½ to 1 hour (long cooking improves the flavor). Cook spaghetti until tender (15 to 20 minutes) in boiling water to which the salt has been added. Drain. Arrange hot spaghetti on hot platter. Pour over it the hot sauce made of browned meat, tomato and seasonings. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese, if desired. Serve immediately. This recipe makes 12 large servings.

■ To go with this delicious dish, let's try another Ameche favorite, Cinnamon Puffs. You can whip them up in no time at all, and here is his recipe:

CINNAMON PUFFS

5 tbsp. shortening (part butter for flavor)
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1½ cups all-purpose flour
*2¼ tsp. baking powder (single action)
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. nutmeg
½ cup milk
Coating
6 tbsp. butter, melted
Sugar and cinnamon mixture (½ cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon)

*If you use a double action baking powder, follow rule given by manufacturer.

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Blend in egg yolk, and mix well. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg together, and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Fold in the egg white which has been beaten until stiff but not dry. Pour into well greased muffin pan, filling each cup ½ full. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. When muffins come from the oven, roll them immediately and *very quickly* in the melted butter, then roll them in the sugar and cinnamon mixture. Serve warm. This recipe makes 1 dozen muffins.

■ As with all Italians, sea food is relished by Don. And since it is not so difficult as it once was to get shrimp at the corner butcher shop, we are including the tried and tested Ameche recipe for:

RICE WITH SHRIMP SAUCE

2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. all-purpose flour
1 onion, chopped
2 cups fresh shrimp (or 2 No. 1 cans)
1 bay leaf crushed
¼ tsp. pepper sauce
½ tsp. salt
1 small can tomato paste
3 cups water
3 cups cooked rice

Melt butter, stir in flour and stir until smooth. Add onion and let brown. Add cleaned shrimp, seasonings, tomato paste and water. Cook slowly until sauce thickens. Serve over boiled or steamed rice. TIME: Cook 45 to 60 minutes. This makes 6 servings.

To Cook Rice—Chinese Method: Wash 1 cup rice and put in 2 qt. saucepan with 1 tbsp. salt and 2 cups cold water. Cover closely and set over direct heat. Do not lift cover until ready to serve. When water boils hard, reduce heat to lowest possible, and allow to steam very slowly for half an hour.

■ Doesn't it all sound good? But then, Don Ameche makes even a simple recipe sound exciting because everything that has to do with living is given extra zest by this energetic young man.

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Take a Personality Test with Ginger Rogers

[*Continued from page* 32]

a Garbo act—the reason for her great success where other pretty, graceful actresses fail—and many other sides of her personality.

We are printing Ginger Rogers' answers, on page 55. You will also find your personal analysis there.

Instructions for Scoring:

Count the number of YES answers in each group. Where you have the occasion to answer "sometimes" give yourself a one-half YES. Where you gave yourself seven or more YES answers in any one group of questions, rate yourself with the Letter heading that series of questions.

For example, if you answered 11 YES on A, 3 YES on B, 9 YES on C, you're an AC type. And so on. You can be either of seven types: A, B, C, AB, AC, BC or ABC.

TYPE A

1. Do you like to be alone for long periods at a time and indulge in day-dreams? ———
2. Have you three or more friends whom you have taken completely in your confidence? ———
3. Does it make you nervous to be shut up in a small room? ———
4. When in a train or bus, are you more interested in looking at the people around you than in reading the paper? ———
5. Does it make you nervous to have to wait in line? ———
6. Do more than three people consider you "high strung"? ———
7. Are you actually thrifty? ———
8. Do you make careful preparations before beginning a task? ———
9. Do you like to play games where you have to do silly things as a forfeit if you lose? ———
10. Do you enjoy quizzes? ———
11. When in trouble, do you prefer to confide in someone rather than mull it over in your own mind? ———
12. Do people who take games seriously annoy you? ———
13. Do you look for the meanings of your dreams? ———
14. When you've nothing special planned, do you like rainy days as well as sunny ones? ———
15. Are you curious to know what other people think of you? ———
16. On a travel excursion, do you join a group that will be shown the important sights by a guide rather than do your own exploring? ———
17. When listening to a concert, are you embarrassed when you can not name the title or composer of the selection being played, if asked? ———

TYPE B

1. At a party, do you prefer to be with one person rather than a group? ———
2. When you went to school, did you ever get into scrapes that caused your suspension? ———
3. Does it make you uncomfortable to be conspicuous? ———
4. Do you encourage receiving the confidence of friends? ———
5. When you and your date arrive at a party in evening clothes, and you discover that all the guests are in street dress, do you stay, anyway? ———
6. If you fell while making a ski jump, would you try that leap again immediately? ———
7. Would you live in a small house in a fashionable neighborhood rather than in a roomy one "across the tracks"? ———
8. Are you better than average in more than two sports? ———
9. Have you a hobby in which you are actively interested? ———
10. Do you like to join clubs or organizations and take an active interest in them? ———
11. Do you voluntarily attempt to act as peacemaker when friends quarrel? ———
12. Do you feel a slight resentment when people whom you first meet immediately use your first name? ———
13. Do you "doodle" when you telephone? ———
14. At a party, do you prefer talk to playing cards? ———
15. Do you enjoy telling friends of your experiences? ———
16. Do you like to meet new people? ———
17. In school, were you frequently considered the leader of the group? ———
18. You are going home to your drab apartment and you feel so blue you could scream. Only $2.00 stands between you and payday. Would you spend it on a gay fling in a good restaurant and theatre to cheer yourself up? ———

TYPE C

1. When you are confronted with a problem or a game of skill, do you like to figure it out for the sense of achievement it gives you? ———
2. Have you ever done anything dangerous for the thrill of it? ———
3. When someone is unpleasing to you, are you apt to leave him alone rather than give him a piece of your mind? ———
4. When someone says a thing is impossible, does that make you want to do it? ———
5. If you were stranded two miles from home without a cent, would you walk rather than ask a passerby for carfare? ———
6. If you are seen with an obviously seedy person by another acquaintance, would you attempt to apologize or explain later? ———

7. You have been made director of the little theatre play and your rival is cast as leading lady (or leading man). Would you let her (or his) performance go with little attention, while you concentrated on the other members of the cast? ———
8. Do you force yourself to read books that are supposed to be elevating, even if you find them dull? ———
9. When the waiter serves you a dish which is not prepared as you like it, do you hesitate to ask him to change it? ———
10. Would you join a fan club if you liked an actor or actress very much? ———
11. When going out with a group of people, are you the first to suggest what to do and where to go? ———
12. Do you read best sellers? ———
13. At a party someone who considers himself quite erudite recites an obscure passage from Shakespeare incorrectly. Would you correct him? ———
14. If someone mentioned a word you've never heard before, would you ask for the definition and spelling of that word? ———
15. Do you read the front page of a paper before the funnies or movie section? ———
16. If your club initiation required you either to walk down the main street in a bathing suit leading a goat, or wash dishes for a week, would you choose the latter? ———

■ You've answered the questions, and added up your score. But first, let's see how Ginger Rogers answered hers:

Type A	*Type B*	*Type C*
1. Yes	1. No	1. Yes
2. No	2. No	2. No
3. No	3. Yes	3. Yes
4. No	4. No	4. No
5. Yes	5. Yes	5. Yes
6. No	6. Yes	6. No
7. Yes	7. No	7. No
8. Yes	8. Yes	8. No
9. No	9. Yes	9. No
10. No	10. No	10. No
11. No	11. Yes	11. No
12. No	12. Yes	12. No
13. No	13. Yes	13. No
14. Yes	14. Yes	14. No
15. No	15. ½ Yes	15. No
16. No	16. ½ Yes	16. Yes
17. No	17. ½ Yes	
	18. Yes	

Ginger's score is: A-5; B-11½; C-4. Therefore, Ginger Rogers is a B type. Now let's see what her—and your—personal analysis is:

TYPE A

■ You are a "castle builder," spinning your dreams but doing little to make them materialize. The fear of failure is always before you, and makes you hesitate to start ambitious undertakings. To the world, you present a practical, efficient exterior, and many of your acquaintances do not know the sensitive, imaginative personality beneath. Circumstances and environment are the contributory factors which make you hide behind a conventional mask. If you would develop exhibitionism and ego, your beauty-loving and imaginative streak would not be buried, but would be evident for all to appreciate. You like to read of the fabulous doings of great and famous people, and you derive almost a personal satisfaction from their achievements. You would rather follow than lead, but the person you follow must have high qualifications.

You are a person of discrimination and have a feeling for fine detail. You are affectionate, understanding and sensitive to the needs of others. You assume responsibilities toward those whom you love, and try to assume their worries if you think it will relieve them. Sometimes, your own needs and trials are pushed in the background when the worries of a loved one upset you. You can fight, but you don't, except for the man or woman, the friend or dependant close to you.

You are meticulous, honest, follow rules and are above craft and design. Although such iron-bound qualities make you inflexible in approach, don't look down on them. Actually, you can always find

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escape when things look oppressive, for your mind has corners which are never completely occupied by routine.

TYPE B

(Ginger Rogers Analysis—and perhaps yours)

■ You are blessed with the faculty of thinking in a straight line. You are capable of understanding and sympathizing with the problem of others, but you like to figure out your own problems, and you feel an aversion toward letting others in on your private worries. You have little use for abstractions. You deplore helplessness, wishy-washiness. Deep down in your heart, however, there come many moments when you yearn for a bit of babying, but you fight against the urge to cry on someone else's shoulder.

You don't spare yourself in your efforts to get what you go after, and you like to finish a thing as quickly as possible. You like to attack several things at once, and drive yourself hard. While this gives you a zip and a verve which makes you plunge straight ahead, you don't pause long enough to enjoy the fruits of your energy. You are apt to eat too fast.

You have a keen evaluation of people, but are a nonconformist when selecting your friends. You don't try to cultivate those who may do you the most good, or shun those who might tear you down. This reveals an impractical side of your personality, plus a strongly independent and unconventional streak. If you are a woman, you have the unhappy tendency to demand the equal rights of man, and at the same time to expect the special privileges of a woman.

You are resentful of interference and hate to have people tell you what to do and what not to do. When you make mistakes that are results of your own decisions, you are a good sport about accepting the losses. However, when those same consequences follow because you took the advice of someone else, you're a poor loser. You must be careful not to become childish or "negativistic"—in other words, deliberately doing the contrary of what people suggest.

With strangers you are remote. You do not accept outsiders instantly. You are fearful of many people—even those whose motives are above suspicion.

However, there is this to be said of you: once you accept a friend, you stick by him, and are capable of putting up a terrific battle for him. You protect those you care for. Because you like to pretend you are not a sentimentalist, you try to hide this with a flip manner which fools many.

TYPE C

■ You have the knack of putting up with most people and making them like you. You are imaginative and ingenious. Besides that, you have a genuine love of people and trust in them. When your faith is betrayed, nothing in the world can reconcile you to that false friend.



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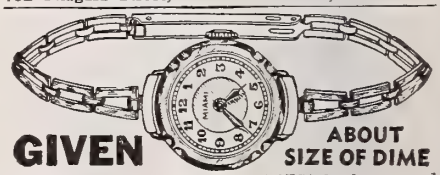
Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 401, Detroit, Mich.

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Frontier Asthma Co. **125-F Frontier Bldg.**
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NOTHING TO BUY! GIRLS! LADIES! Send name and address. Lovely little Watch or Cash Commission. Send no money. Either Watch, Cash or other valuable premiums GIVEN—SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE Big Colored Pictures with our well known White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, used for chaps, cuts, mild burns, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with favorite picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. Act Now! 45th year. Write today for order of Salve and Pictures sent postage paid. WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-19, Tyrone, Pa.

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Geppert Studios, Dept. 45, Des Moines, Iowa

Such qualities make for success in work, and in social activity—but for one important factor: you have an inclination to tear off at tangents. You don't harness your imagination or your energy. You start many jobs and have to be driven to finish one. You are unhappy in routine—it stifles you, makes you feel that you are getting nowhere. This results in an inability to face facts or take orders. The flaws and quirks in your personality make for boundless charm, but you don't use it to the fullest advantage. Basically impractical and impulsive, you jump into decisions before you weigh them carefully. You have not learned how to be a firm opportunist, to make every acquaintance, every experience, every contact help you get what you want.

Your moods seldom pursue an even course—either you own the world, or you can be bought for a nickel. Most of the time you can't explain the reason for this feeling, and this leaves you all the more unprepared to cope with it. You like variety, change and excitement. You are a respector of "important" people, but you do not kowtow to them. You want so many things, you are interested in so many people and projects that your main problem is selection. But you are not easily thwarted. Once you organize your personality, you have the cleverness to interest others in your own purposes.

TYPE AB

■ You are slightly over-fond of applause, aren't you. Don't be blind to those who are too ready to cheer for you. Remember to suspect everyone about once a month, otherwise your naivete will trip you up. Your confidence—coupled with your belief that everyone is as honest and outspoken as you—may make you see opportunities that don't actually exist. When disappointment sets in, you take it hard. This only serves to whet your inclination to take chances. But you are not as good a gambler as you'd like to be. When things go your way, you're a good sport. When disappointments set in (and they often do, because you expect too much) you go to pieces.

You like orderliness and routine, but will do without them rather than contend with associates who are dominant. You like to play Lady Bountiful or Prince Benefactor. The fact that these roles bring you a source of pleasure doesn't lessen your sincerity. In fact, you are one of these people of whom it is said, "Your heart rules your head." You get a sock on the chin instead of thanks every once in a while, and that makes you decide to toughen up—but before long you are again falling for someone's sob story. You must also take care not to be timid or overcautious. It isn't that you are afraid, as much as it is because you prefer security to excitement—safety to glory. You work better when someone is over you, and sets a quota or a standard for you to aim at. You lack the ruthlessness to accomplish your aims regardless of consequence. Look out that you are not stepped on by less considerate people.

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MARRIED WOMEN
PAYS UP TO $22.00 IN A WEEK



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No Experience Or Money Needed — Use Spare Time

Don't just wish for money. Here's an amazingly easy way to earn all the money you want quickly. I need ambitious married women (and a few exceptional single women) in every town to make up to $22 in a week demonstrating and taking orders for beautiful smart new Spring and Summer styles of famous Harford Frocks. I send you ABSOLUTELY FREE complete line—over 125 styles—of exquisite, last-minute models featuring the very newest fabrics and colors in all sizes including complete range of extra sizes at no increase in price. Show them to friends, neighbors, everyone, and see them flock to give you orders for "Most Gorgeous Dresses and Sensational Values".

Look! YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE OF EXTRA COST MAIL THIS NOW!

2-Pc. Pencil Stripe Spun Rayon Chiffon Ascot Zipper Placket

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I show you how to make the same brilliant success enjoyed by thousands of other women. Mrs. Lee Walker, Alabama, earned $7.30 one afternoon making a few pleasant calls on neighbors. Mrs. Eva Mitchel, Indiana, earned $28.00 just showing Harford Frocks to a few friends. Over 1,000,000 satisfied customers. Gorgeous dresses, low as $1.24 each. Women can't resist values. Your opportunity to go into dress business of your own—full or spare time—without penny of investment. I supply everything FREE.

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TYPE ABC

■ You are the happiest of happy mediums. An exceptionally reliable person, you do what you think is right, and that thought sustains you even if your plans do not always work out. You have the courage of your convictions, but stubbornness is not one of its accompanying features. You can listen to another person's side of the story, and change your mind, if you are wrong.

You are a hard worker, and are capable of sticking to a project endlessly, no matter how tedious it becomes. Your danger is in becoming smug. Because things generally run on an even keel for you, with little ups and downs, you are apt to view the frettings and fripperies of others with some amusement. Worse yet, there are many times when you like to give unsolicited advice. When your advice is rejected, you sulk.

You have a great personality safeguard: you can sense falseness. You are not easily fooled. Because you don't possess an over-abundance of conceit, and flattery doesn't work its sinister charm on you, you have the faculty of seeing through people.

You would do well to develop your imagination. You have such a sane approach to things that you are too inclined to be matter-of-fact. These are success qualities, but on the other hand, you are often inclined to ignore your sense of humor and place emphasis on unimportant details. Do something very silly every once in a while. Be impractical at least once a month. If you're a girl, let out a good scream when you see a mouse or a Karloff picture. If you're a man, buy a silly gadget.

TYPE AC

■ At heart you are an exhibitionist. Nothing would please you more than to be the center of a group of people—entertaining them, being noticed by them. But you don't have the nerve to go through with it. Actually, when it comes to the "performance" test you fail. You suddenly become tongue-tied, your hands turn to limp rags, and you become nervous and self-conscious when it's your turn to take the floor. Then you choose the easier way out and say to yourself, "Well—next time. Tomorrow." The fact that you sometimes feel ashamed of yourself for not having taken advantage of the opportunity only makes this condition worse, because then you indulge in self-censure.

I speak of this "exhibitionism" broadly. It applies not only in social gatherings, but in business, as well. It's only when a gathering is broken up, and you're home that you think of the clever things you *could* have said. This is all due to an inherent shyness which freezes you up when you most need command of yourself. Not many people suspect you of possessing this timidity because you yourself are constantly developing a defense mechanism to hide it. As long as this defense attitude is developed to build your poise and self-confidence, you are all right. But once you begin to become morose about the situation and let the sensitive side of your makeup rule you, you are licked.

Try not to imagine that other people are talking about you or laughing at you. Develop an interest in others and you can forget yourself. You are an interpretive creator. Stick to your creative urge. Don't let anyone discourage you. Tear loose from your inhibitions. Then watch yourself go!

TYPE BC

■ If only you could rid yourself of your inferiority complex, you would come that much nearer to having a victorious temperament. Certainly, there is no reason for your defeatist attitude. You have romanticism, ambition and a love of people—a rare combination.

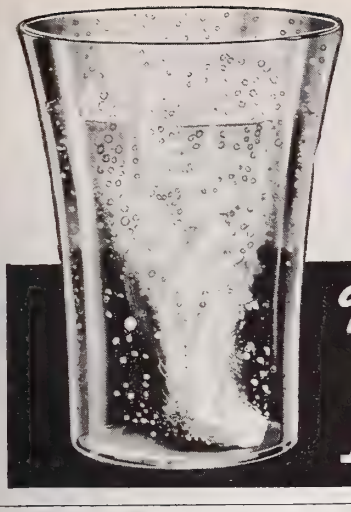
Your personality is flexible and you're a dogged worker, but that is not enough. You are licked before you start because you constantly see failure before you. The boys and girls who get to the top are those who *knew* they were good and no one could make them believe otherwise. That's why they got there. Ann Sothern, for instance, had such supreme confidence in herself that in spite of mediocre success, she wouldn't believe that she didn't have within her the qualities of great acting. Instead of resigning herself to unimportant roles, she quit films for a year and returned to be hailed a re-discovered star. That took courage—and faith in herself! And that is the quality you're short on. You "let down" very quickly.

If you're disappointed in love, you can become very bitter and cynical, unless you watch yourself. You are naturally a social person. If you feel shy, you can rid yourself of your inhibitions by making new friends, and letting them feel the sincerity and charm which you possess. A person of your type has no reason for failing in social relationships. If you do, it's because of a negative attitude which you must overcome by telling yourself fifty times a day: "I'm wonderful!"

You are sensitive, artistic and capable of infinite, quiet patience. You generally accomplish what you have set your heart on doing. In emergencies you generally keep a level head.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

C	O	L	B	E	R	T		D	A	V	I	S	
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H	I	M	■	G	O	E	S	■	W	A	R	D	
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L	■	L	E	N	S	■	B	A	L	L	■	G	
T	H	A	T	S		C	A	R	T	E	R	S	



Got a COLD?

Be Wise. For the Distress of Colds Take

Alka-Seltzer

Battling Star

[Continued from page 30]

Each Dawn I Die and *Invisible Stripes*.

The convict suit he wears in the Wanger picture is the same one he wore in *Each Dawn I Die*. His lifeblood, spilled out for Jimmy Cagney and Jack Warner, is still faintly visible on the bosom of the nifty English drape model penitentiary swagger suit, which fits George as snugly as all his other clothes do. Even in Alcatraz and San Quentin he's a fine figure of a clothing model.

The German grandfather, Johannes Ranft, who introduced the merry-go-round to this country, bequeathed none of his giddiness to George, who is about as blithe and impulsive as the Chase National Bank. His ingrown passivity was never better demonstrated than during the Raft-Paramount War. During one of the major offensives, George went A.W.O.L. from the studio. The exact reason for the one-man strike is lost to history but it had its origin in a script that was not acceptable to the star.

"When I read that thing it got me," George confesses. "I cried like a baby. The part they had written for me was so bad that I got the weeps out of sympathy for the guy that would have to play it. You can be sure the guy wasn't me."

His agents worked themselves up to a high emotional pitch and drew up a scathing war communique which was designed to set forth that their hero was getting a royal kicking-around from the studio. Reporters were called in and the stage was set for a dramatic entrance by George, who was supposed to recite the lines the agents had cooked up.

"Whaddya gotta say about this?" the reporters asked.

"Nothing," George replied, his pan as dead as yesterday's newspaper.

■ Deep inside, the fellow is a caldron of boiling impulses but by the time they reach the surface they are pretty well dissipated. Even when George is going to smack you in the nose, he tells you about it in a cool, impersonal way and suggests maybe it would be better if you just got out of the neighborhood.

That's the way it was the other night at La Conga, where George was sitting quietly at a table with Steffi Duna, the film dancer, who was doubling as a floor-show entertainer.

A patron at a neighborhood table made some remarks George didn't like. George went over to the chap and suggested that he muffle his wise cracks. This happened a couple of times. In the end, somewhat wearily, George invited the guy out into Vine Street and clipped him a couple of times.

A minor tempest in California Cafe Society resulted. He Who Got Slapped Around threatened a damage suit. George gladly paid him $1,000, remarking complacently, "It's worth a grand to know your jab is still working."

That casual grand was twice as much as George ever earned in a ring career that lasted twenty-five bouts. He was a bantamweight then, fast, shifty and willing to take a punch to get one in. His willingness to mix it cost him seven knockouts and he shifted to baseball, where the penalties for aggressiveness were not so swift and rigorous. Two years in the bush leagues carried him to the dawn of the fox-trot era, when he began to find himself.

■ His swiftness afoot won him some small neighborhood fame as a dancer and almost imperceptibly he drifted over the line into professional dancing. As a champion of the Charleston he toured the United States and Europe in vaudeville and with musical shows. In six years of whirlwind hoofing it is his boast that he never missed a beat.

Along Broadway and in the byways of metropolitan night life he acquired a legion of friends and rooters. George makes friends as easily as a fox terrier and as unquestioningly. A couple of years ago he wrote a vivid memoir of his association with some of the top figures in underworld society. The article is still making the rounds of the magazines. No editor will take it seriously, discounting it as movie-star hooey.

"I've bounced around with some bad guys," George says, "but they were good to me."

Never alone, he is the champion dinner-check-grabber of the West Coast. If he has a good thing, whether it be a joke,



It's Great for the Relief of COLD SYMPTOMS

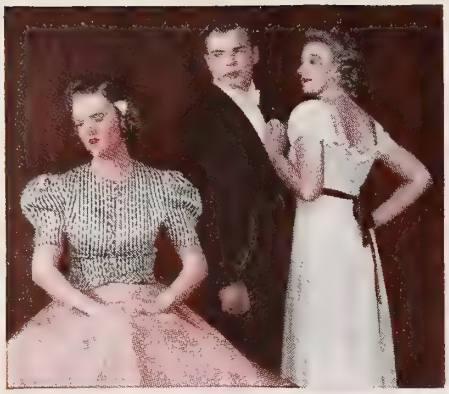
MILLIONS of people like the pleasant, quick relief that Alka-Seltzer offers for cold symptoms.

Alka-Seltzer is so pleasant to take — it acts quickly because it enters the stomach in complete solution; effective, because its analgesic properties are protected and speeded up by alkaline buffers. It provides symptom relief in a surprisingly short time.

At the very first suggestion of a cold, try a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer.

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WHEN PEOPLE GLANCE YOUR WAY

Because of—

PSORIASIS

Lesions?

Then try **INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS**

SIROIL

During the past five years the beneficial effects of Siroil have been enthusiastically acclaimed by psoriasis sufferers in the United States, Canada and Mexico—in Europe, South America and South Africa.

PSORIASIS LESIONS

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Few people can make headway in business if always embarrassed or self-conscious because of psoriasis lesions. Often such blemishes are a bar to employment or advancement. Nor can women wear the sheer garments which add so much to their charm. They must dress for concealment instead of adornment.

Why You Should Begin with SIROIL at Once

Siroil tends to remove those crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and are located on the outer layer of the skin. Should such lesions recur, light applications of Siroil will help to keep them under control. This is an accomplishment above price to psoriasis sufferers—and thousands of men and women in all walks of life have written to Siroil Laboratories expressing their thankfulness.

→ **SIROIL** ←

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If after two weeks Siroil fails to benefit your psoriasis lesions to your satisfaction, merely return bottle with the remaining contents and the purchase price will be refunded. Siroil is applied externally, does not stain clothing or bed linen and does not interfere with your daily routine. Avoid imitations—insist on Siroil.

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Box 488, Windsor, Ont., Dept. 8-C

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Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

an investment or a race horse, he can't wait to share it. His personal finances are a morass. The very first day he was at work on *The House Across the Bay,* George endeared himself to everybody in the company. A friend telephoned him from a distant track that a certain nag was ready to "go." George slapped $250 on the entry's nose and passed the tip along to everybody at the studio who would listen to him.

The nag won and there was vast rejoicing in Wangerville. So pleased was the phalanx of Raft beneficiaries that when George, the very next day, broached the matter of buying a hoss, everybody within earshot wanted a hunk of the deal.

As things stand now it requires the full-time services of one of the star's camp-followers to keep track of the syndicate's finances, and a good chunk of the business manager's waking hours. Shares fluctuate from day to day, and indigent grips and prop boys are forever borrowing four bucks until pay-day with their 1/1100th of a horse as security.

In his new French Colonial house in Coldwater Canyon, which is the Big Money Belt of Beverly Hills, the atmosphere of partnership-with-everybody is much the same. George picked up the furnishings himself in New York, London and Paris, getting acquainted with Wedgewood and Spode and Duncan Phyffe and Chippendale and the Numbered Louies. His cronies have the run of the place whether it's convenient to the master or not.

"Here's the way I dope it," George Raft confides. "I'm in pictures. I'm a star. I don't know yet how it happened or how long it's going to last. It doesn't hurt to carry a few guys along. I figure I'm in on a pass myself."

Is Vivien Leigh a Real Life Scarlett O'Hara?

[*Continued from page* 19]

life, to the complex character she has brought to life.

Scarlett O'Hara was a romantic but she was also a realist. In a South of honeysuckle and sentimentality, she not only knew what she wanted of life but managed by ways either devious or direct to get it. The harsh experience of seeing her security devastated by war developed in the careless coquette a native shrewdness. Once Scarlett knew what she wanted, she kept her goal always in sight, justified any means of attainment.

Vivien Leigh went through somewhat the same transition from pampered young beauty, who sought and captured the attention of every young man around her, through a marriage contracted more from pride than passion, to a well earned triumph over personal and professional problems.

Self-centered, Scarlett may have been, and cunning, and her fierce fight for the fulfillment of her own destiny may have been essayed at the expense of others.

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Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and non-systemic and non-organic Kidney and Bladder troubles may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription **Cystex** helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of **Cystex** may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try **Cystex** under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. **Cystex** costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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But if she were ruthless in her struggle for security she was equally chivalrous in lightening the burdens of others about her, once it was won.

Her undaunted courage, her driving ambition, her rebellion against convention, these are the dominant traits that make Scarlett a compelling figure. And these traits are part of the armor of character Vivien Leigh has worn onto her own private battlegrounds; a gallant courage, a vaulting ambition, a rich contempt for the bonds of the commonplace.

■ Like Scarlett O'Hara's, much of Vivien's adult life has been spent in working toward goals either distant or denied. First there was a patient struggle for recognition in her chosen career, the theatre. Tirelessly she tutored at dramatic schools in London and Paris. Arduously she accepted the apprenticeship of walk-on parts on the stage and minor bits in British films. Success, when it came, was as definite as it was deserved.

Her striving for personal happiness has been just as careful and, it now appears, destined for as certain an attainment.

Married in 1932 to Herbert Leigh Holman, when she was nineteen years old, at a moment when social position and domestic security beckoned invitingly, Vivien separated from her husband four years later. For the last three years she has been in love with Laurence Olivier.

Like Vivien, Olivier was married and separated. They faced their situation with a frankness that demands respect. There was no furtive secrecy. They were in love. They knew it. Their respective legal spouses knew it. Anyone who saw them together for even a few minutes knew it. They ignored the past and the future and lived for the happiness of the moment.

And just as patience and persistency won for Vivien the goal she had set for herself professionally, so time and tenacity have solved the problem of her domestic desires.

Both Holman and Jill Esmond, Olivier's actress-wife, have finally applied for divorce, and the way soon will be open for Vivien and Larry to marry.

Somehow it is easy to imagine the shade of Scarlett O'Hara smiling sympathetic approval of the promised realization of this romance.

■ There is much in Vivien's life that would have appealed to Scarlett's sense for the dramatic.

Vivien's childhood was as full of change and adventure as Scarlett's was static on her father's plantation in Georgia. Like Scarlett, Vivien was of French and Irish parentage. Her father, Ernest R. Hartley, of French descent, was a stock broker in Calcutta. Her mother, Gertrude Robinson Hartley, was from Connemara.

Vivien was born in Darjeeling, a resort in the foothills of the Himalayas, November 5, 1913. Her first few years were spent traveling about Asia and Europe, to the various capitals where her father's business called, and the panorama of new places, new sights, new people, sharpened the receptiveness of the sensitive little girl.

When she was eight, Vivien was sent to England to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton, just outside London. Scarlett would have rebelled at the six years Vivien spent in this convent, for Scarlett, her creator tells us, held little with book learning. But Vivien proved an eager pupil.

Maureen O'Sullivan, who was a schoolmate of Vivien's at Roehampton, is authority for the note that Vivien's imagination was first turned toward the theatre at the Convent when, at twelve, she was cast in a school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Years later, when they were playing together with Robert Taylor in *A Yank at Oxford*, Maureen recalled to Vivien their exchange of schoolgirl confidences when each dreamed someday of becoming an actress.

Vivien was sixteen, the same age at which Scarlett was first married, when she set her cap in earnest for a theatrical career. A year in a French convent at San Remos, on the Italian Riviera, had followed graduation from Roehampton, and then Vivien persuaded her family to send her to school in Paris where she might study under one of the stars of the *Comedie Francaise*.

Scarlett would have revelled in that year in Paris, magic beautiful Paris. Vivien was captivated by its charm and her enthusism carried her sailing through her first leading role in a Victor Hugo play presented at the school.

A final year at a finishing school in Bavaria, and Vivien returned to London to enroll in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Here, for two years, she highlighted her rigid tutoring with walk-on parts in several plays. And then, at nineteen, Vivien met and married Herbert Leigh Holman, a young London lawyer, whose social position and assured future made him an enviable catch.

But three months of the brittle, brisk life of Mayfair society was enough for Vivien and she turned again to the more purposeful paths of her own career, adopting her husband's middle name of Leigh as the name she would work to win inclusion in the electric lights of Picadilly.

Finding no immediate opening on the London stage, Vivien snatched at several bits in undistinguished British films for the experience and then acquired an agent and began a calculated campaign to achieve attention as an actress.

A few months after she was 21, Vivien was swept to the heights of a London success in the lead of a popular play called *The Mask of Virtue*. Her stunning performance in this hit, brought several offers of film contracts. She signed with Alexander Korda and for the better part of the next two years found herself cast in one picture after another that was cancelled before it entered production.

■ But if her screen career seemed halted before it had fairly begun, Vivien managed to make new opportunities for herself on the stage while she waited for screen assignments. Like Scarlett, if she

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could not accomplish a plan one way, she tried another. She played a season of Shakespeare at the Old Vic, a house famous in London's theatrical tradition. She journeyed in triumph down to Oxford to guest star in an Oxford Dramatic Society production of *Richard II*, in a setting Scarlett would have loved, with a clamoring court of admiring young collegians packing her dressing room with roses each night and vieing for the favor of her smile.

Finally Korda called her for her first important film role in *Fire Over England*.

Laurence Olivier, matinee idol of London at the moment, was the leading man in this costume tale of the Elizabethan period. When they met, the two young players, each in their ascendancy professionally, were both miserable in the tangle of their private lives. They were drawn together instantly by a community of interests and ambitions. Their personalities complemented each other's, the alert, self-assured, vital Vivien drawing out a latent fire in the reserved Larry.

They were together constantly during the making of *Fire Over England* and on its completion made a pilgrimage together to the Castle of Elsinore, at Kronborg, Denmark, to play the leads in *Hamlet* for a festival week in the locale of the tragedy.

Other films followed quickly for Vivien; *Storm in a Teacup, Dark Journey, A Yank At Oxford* and *Sidewalks of London* with Charles Laughton. In *The First and Last,* Vivien was again cast opposite Olivier. Columbia bought this film before it was released in America and is planning to distribute it here under the title *Twenty-One Days,* following the general release of *Gone With The Wind.*

Meanwhile, as Vivien was promoted by Korda from featured roles to stardom, bids from Hollywood continued to pour in on the girl who was considered Britain's brightest bet in the cinema world. Vivien turned down all offers to come to America.

■ It is interesting to note that, a full year before she was selected for the part, before Hollywood's hectic hunt had really started, Vivien told friends in London that the only role that would tempt her across the seas would be that of Scarlett O'Hara in a fine new book she had just read.

But it was not to join the ranks of candidates for the disputed role of Scarlett that Vivien finally came to America in December of 1938. It was to visit Olivier, then making *Wuthering Heights*, on the Goldwyn lot.

How Myron Selznick, the agent, took her out in a party to his brother's studio one night to watch the spectacle of the burning of Atlanta for *Gone With The Wind,* and how David, on meeting her instantly decided he had found the long sought Scarlett for his picture, is now Hollywood history.

To that history, after watching Vivien's inspired management of both her private and professional affairs, Hollywood has added a footnote that will index the brilliant little English girl as long as she remains on the public scene: Vivien Leigh *is* a real life Scarlett O'Hara.



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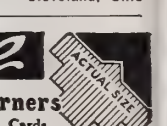
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Here's How!

[*Continued from page* 13]

with a clean brush to make each lash stand out, separate and curling.

There's a perfectly grand mascara that just came out in an improved formula *and* in pretty new pink and blue containers. It comes in two forms, cake and cream, and both are amazingly finer and smoother in texture. All of which makes them go on easier and makes the lashes look naturally darker. They leave the lashes as soft, smooth and silky as a child's, so you needn't worry about their breaking off. The shades available are black, brown and blue and the price is ten cents.

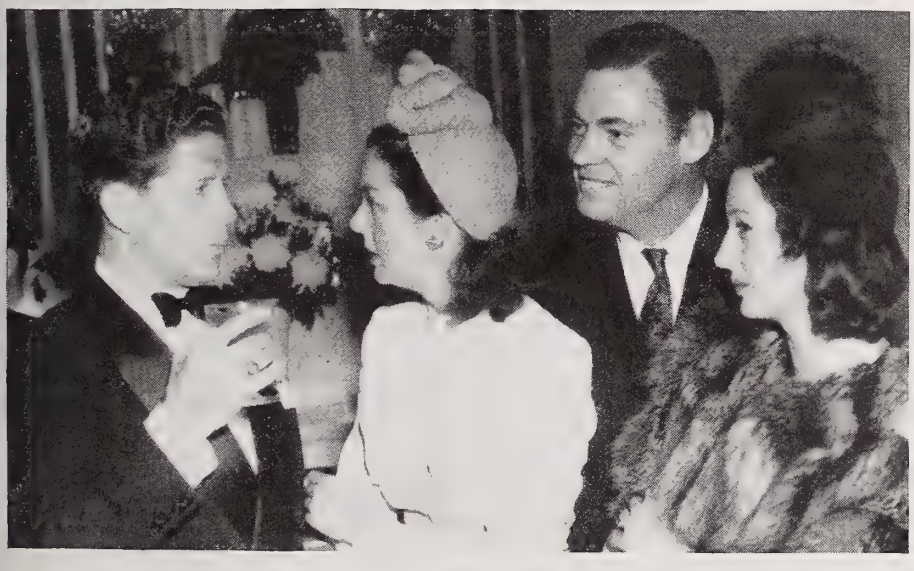
The last two pictures showing Penny's professional make-up stress two important points in applying face powder. Pat, don't rub, face powder on your skin. Use a large puff and be generous in the amount of powder, patting it all over the skin and in the facial crevices. Then, when the powder has had a chance to set, go over your face with a soft powder brush, removing the excess powder and smoothing the rest to an invisible but flattering film. You'll find that your powder lasts hours longer, too.

■ Of course, you'll want a nice fine powder, and one that comes in flattering, natural shades—to complete the illusion. I have the answer—a silk-sifted face powder that many movie stars use on their own pretty pusses. It comes in seven shades, all the way from the palest pink to a dark brunette shade; and it costs 10, 25 and 50 cents a box. I'd advise you to try the small size, because I'm sure you'll like it.

The same manufacturer makes a strawberry scented mask that gives you the loveliest and quickest home facial you could imagine. The mask looks like strawberry ice cream, and smells like it, too—so I'll guarantee you a pleasant as well as a profitable 20 minutes under its soothing sway. It works, like any fine mask, to increase the circulation and exert a gentle mechanical pull on your skin. You'll be delighted to notice the results—a fresh rosy color and smoother, finer-pored appearance. The mask costs 10 cents a tube, but you'd better buy two tubes, because that will give you three facials. Want the name?

Think of make-up these days and you automatically think of nail polish shades, because it's become so smart to match your fingertips to your lips. To go with your true red lipstick there's a new shade of polish in that blazing red-red tone—the red that's neither blueish nor orangey. This color is the latest addition to a line of lacquers that includes a dozen or so tints—all the way from a soft dusty rose to a deep blue-red . . . Recently the formula was changed so that the polishes are much more lasting. Even if you give your nails a thorough drubbing at house work or office work, you'll find that this polish will last a full week without chipping or peeling. The firm has a tricky new way for you to test the various shades on your own nails. Drop me a line and I'll tell you more about it. The price of the polish is, unbelievably, 10 cents a bottle.

Write to me before February 15th if you wish the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Just send a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope for my reply and address your request to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Rudy Vallee, Rosalind Russell, Johnny Weissmuller deeply tanned by his summer at the New York World's Fair, and Johnny's bride snapped by cameraman Charles Rhodes at the reception at the Victor Hugo cafe following Barton MacLane's marriage



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"Thanks!" he said, looking happy for the first time. "I can't pass a flavor like Beeman's! It's got a freshness, a tempting tang, that scores with me and scores big! Honors to you, partner—you hold the tops in fine flavor!"—That cheered *me* up—and darned if we didn't win first prize!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

Zoo in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 28*]

the world who is hailed as one of Hollywood's most glamourous stars. This girl looked not more than nineteen or twenty; she wore a beautifully simple white dress, bobby socks and sandals. She seemed a very naive and typically American girl, with the sort of face every man wishes his sister had. But as she talked and showed me about her Pacific Palisades estate, that deep seductive beauty that is Sigrid Gurie's became apparent. That quality of hers that is called exotic is not of the billboard or magazine cover variety. It sneaks up to you on tip-toe.

It is easy to imagine a glamorous star reclining like mad on a panther skin, with a tropical parrot perched on one wrist and a Maginot line of bracelets on the other. But it is hard to picture that same star clad in grubby slacks, sitting in the middle of a large wire cage, training a pair of ferocious ocelots! But that is exactly what Miss Gurie is doing.

Her husband, Dr. Laurence Spangard, gave her a male ocelot for an engagement present. The ocelot, which looks just like a half-pint leopard with spots and everything, came from South America, and by the time he arrived in Hollywood he was mad as all get out. He had been see-sick; he had been frightened and humiliated by his crate; he hated everything and everybody, and was in no mood for any wise-cracks. Being quite a bit larger than the biggest house-cat, the ocelot is a dangerous animal to handle.

And so, wisely, she didn't. "First I stood outside his cage and let him get used to looking at me," she said in her fascinating Scandinavian accent. "Then I began to talk to him, in a low voice. I told him how beautiful he was, how much I liked him, how lucky he was to live in America now. When he rubbed against the fence and let me scratch him behind the ears, I ventured into the cage. He promptly retreated, growling with much fierceness. But I never show fear; I never raise the voice; I never never spank him. And now I handle him like any cat. And he rides in the car with me and looks at the scenery and loves it. Oh, he is a pet."

She had him about eight months when Dr. Spangard sent for a girl friend for him. She arrived in the same frame of mind the male did, only she has remained in it. She will now just barely allow Miss Gurie to pet her, but she shows plainly that she wishes the lady wouldn't bother.

I met Lancelot and Lancelottie, as Miss Gurie has named the ocelots, personally. Very personally. Standing in the large cage, I remarked ingratiatingly to Lancelot that his beauty was astounding. He gingerly offered me a large paw and then tried to swallow my hand, meanwhile emitting hair-raising growls.

"You see," cried Miss Gurie, "he likes you, so he talks."

Lancelottie didn't like me. She remained crouched angrily on the balcony of the house Dr. Spangard built for the ocelots—and spat. She was a tail-



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swishing proof of Kipling's conviction that the female is more deadly than the male.

Incidentally, ocelots have never been known to reproduce in captivity, and all over the country zoological authorities are keeping interested eyes on the romance of Lancelot and Lancelottie.

Miss Gurie feeds the cats raw meat, olive oil and a vitamin product which apparently makes up for the absence of their normal jungle life. Their cage is large and is built around some trees which give them their climbing work-outs. Once a day, Miss Gurie takes them out to play with her on the spacious lawns. If she misses seeing them for even one day, Lancelot cries. Lancelottie doesn't give a hoot . . . yet. But she's weakening.

■ "Peanuts, popcorn, lemonade," chanted Miss Gurie, and we moved on down the line to her aviary. She has every kind of bird imaginable, including pheasants and several exotic Chinese birds. The most amusing is a certain type of pigeon which struts around pushing its chest way up and out, its head resting on its tail; and the most beautiful bird is Mac, an eighty-five year old parrot whose plumage and vocabulary are resplendent. Not so his disposition. Nobody but Miss Gurie can handle him with any degree of safety.

He climbed up the wires of his cage, hunched himself sideways, and then did the hottest shimmy ever seen outside of Minsky's. Having thoroughly disarmed me, he made a sudden lethal grab for my thumb. While Miss Gurie scolded him expertly and I backed hastily away from there, he yelled, "All right, all right, if that's the way you feel about it!"

■ A full-throated roar came from the other side of the hedge. Mac shrieked, "Quiet, quiet!" and other roars joined the first. Twelve Great Danes bounded toward us, looking like nothing so much as a cavalry charge of very earnest horses. She remained standing, but a large thunderbolt by the name of Remus rode over me and I went down for the count. Those dogs of hers are super-Great Danes, the biggest in the country.

All of her Great Danes are show dogs. The Spangards have a room set aside that is simply draped with blue ribbons and jammed with silver cups. The only undoggy note in this room is an aquarium, and the fish all seemed to me to be suffering from an inferiority complex.

There are three generations of dogs in the kennels, and they are dominated by grand old Champion, the biggest and best of them all. The Spangards are experimenting in breeding blue Danes, and the five newest puppies have definitely blue heads and necks and a blue tinge on the rest of their coats. They are beautiful and very unusual.

■ When Sigrid Gurie was eleven years old in Oslo, Norway, she showed her family what to expect in the future by bringing home two cute little kittens. They turned out to be wild cats.

Mrs. Haukelid, the star's mother who came to America for her daughter's wedding and is being kept here because of the war, told me that little Sigrid was continually bringing home stray animals.

"Well, we had plenty of room," said Miss Gurie. "Our home is on a mountain. The land is so big we'd say, 'that peak over there marks our north boundary and that farthest lake is on the southern line.' There are thirty lakes on the place and miles and miles of pasture for the sheepherders and their sheep. It is good hunting on this place, but I never could kill anything. I always shot at targets, and I hit them, too. I am a good shot, but the idea of killing an animal gives me shudders."

She will kill flies, however. In her patio she has a large electrified plate covered with a coarse wire screen. A jar of honey coaxes the flies under the screen and the plate capital-punishes them and sends them to fly heaven accompanied by a sizzling sound and a thin column of smoke.

■ Miss Gurie was born in Brooklyn, but her family took her back to Norway when she was eleven months old. She lived, studied and traveled in Europe until she came to Hollywood. Born in America of Norwegian parents, married to an American, she doesn't know exactly what she is.

Of one thing she is certain, however. "I am the worst skiier and skater in Europe," she said. "I do not like sports. I am just no good at them. I like to sit and knit and I like to train my animals, but I can train an ocelot faster than I can knit a sweater. My husband bought me a bicycle and makes me ride for the exercise. It is a racing machine. For what do I want a racing bicycle? Me? I am lazy."

Far be it from me to doubt Miss Gurie's word, but if she is lazy how is it that she has decorated an enormous house, supervised an elaborate and beautiful new garden, trained two ocelots and any number of dogs, appeared on the radio, and worked at the studio every day? Why does she hate layoffs?

■ One paragraph in the star's "biography," made up by the studio for publicity purposes, reads: "After being educated in Norway and in finishing schools in Brussels and Biarritz and in the Art School of London, she decided to become a screen actress. She came to the United States and then journeyed to Hollywood. She studied dramatics under a well-known Hollywood coach and when she thought she was ready, she applied at the studios for work. She was signed by Sam Goldwyn, who cast her in *Marco Polo*.

"Was it as easy as all that?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said surprisingly. "One day I decided the time had come and I went to Universal. They turned me down because I had too much of an accent. The same day I went to see Mr. Goldwyn and he signed me . . . because of my accent, I bet."

But I'll bet it wasn't. Sam Goldwyn has scooped Hollywood on glamour before.

"The first time I saw myself on the screen I didn't recognize myself," said Miss Gurie. "I thought it was some other girl, and I thought she did very well, too!"







Play Ball!

On location at Pismo Beach for *Strange Cargo*, Clark Gable abandoned the prison mood long enough to take on the local girls' Soft-Ball team

Fawcett photos by Charles Rhodes



"G'wan, I was safe!"

Headin' for home



"Hold it, Clark, hold it!"

No-miss Gable snares another

"Put 'er over the plate!"



Ian Hunter races for first

Gable misses a put-out

Ooops! A high one

"Where's that ball!"

And Gable is on his way









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STYLE 417

Marian Marsh
Hollywood star, is extremely smart in her print frock with matching print sheer coat.
STYLE 411



Rochelle Hudson
20th Century - Fox player, wears this plaid blouse and smartly flaring six-gore skirt.
STYLE 461

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Patricia Donnelly of Detroit

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TYRONE POWER

SEE PAGE 28

"MY SON--TYRONE POWER"



Like almost all other fresh fruits, strawberries yield Dextrose sugar—which is a most valuable energy "fuel" for the body.

Luscious ripe Strawberries are rich in pure Dextrose Sugar...and so is delicious Baby Ruth

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Get 3 cakes of Camay. Then give Camay every test you can think of. Note its wonderful, new, longer-lasting fragrance. Feel how your skin responds to its gentle, beauty cleansing care!

THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY!

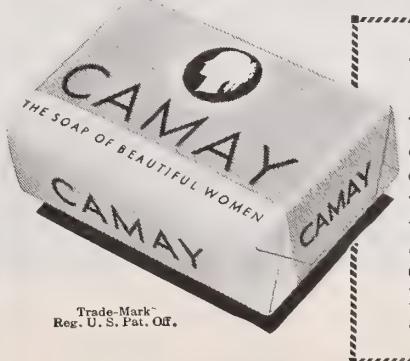
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(Signed) MADELEINE BERRY
(Mrs. Gilbert Berry)

November 2, 1939



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IN

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MARCH, 1940
Vol. 29 No. 3

Hollywood

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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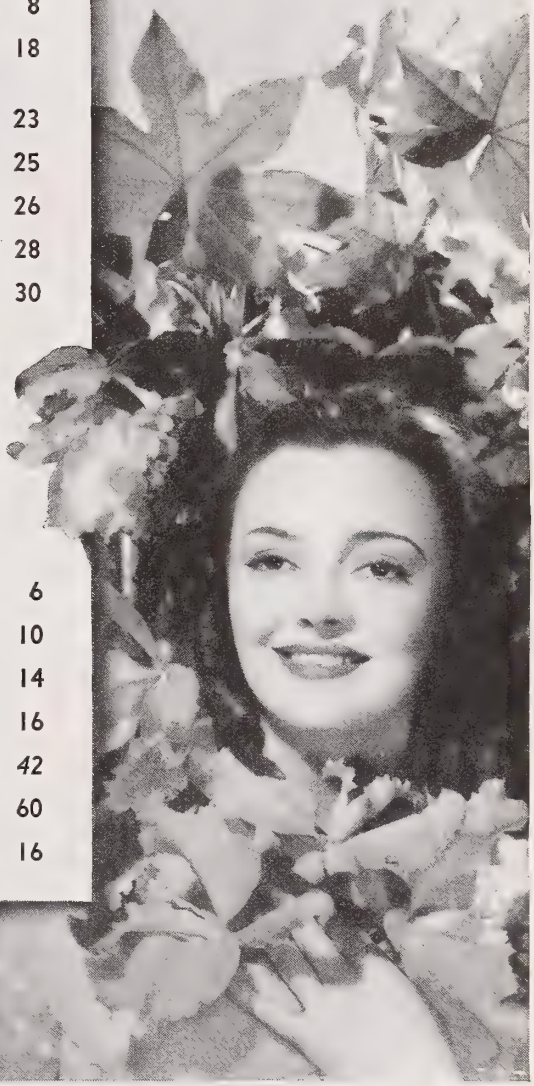
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Smiling amid her Easter orchids is Andrea Leeds, who appears soon in 20th Century-Fox's *Maryland*



RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. W. H. Fawcett, Publisher; Elliott Odell, Advertising Director. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; foreign subscription $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issues five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York; 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood office, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ All we know about *The Dictator* is what we have gleaned from a prop boy. The prop boys says that he's laughed so hard and so long during the shooting that he's gained 10 pounds.

The story of *The Dictator,* so my prop boy says, is a sort of "split-in-two plot" affair. One story tells about what goes on in the imaginary world of a dictator—his government, his palace, and his kingdom. The other story deals with a smaller world—a ghetto in which live peace-loving, law-abiding workers who ask that they be allowed to go their happy ways in peace and quiet. A curious resemblance between the dictator and a resident of the ghetto then leads to a story involving both worlds.

Charlie Chaplin, says the prop boy, is always called "Charlie" by everybody on the set when he is in the role of Charlie. But when he assumes the robes of the dictator, everybody calls him Mr. Chaplin. There seems to be something in those dictatorial trappings—the sword, the epaulettes, the cap and so on, that changes Chaplin completely. Even his voice changes, says the prop boy. The sets are far from lavish. Such old-time comedy favorites as Chester Conklin, Eddie Gribbon, and Hank Mann are in the cast. Paulette Goddard is the leading lady. Reginald Gardiner, Jack Oakie, Henry Daniell, Maurice Moscovitch, Lucien Prival, Emma Dunn, Bernard Gorcey and Billy Gilbert have featured roles.

■ If Edward Norris is so financially disposed, he can settle a private debt of $6,400,000. Here's how.

In 1663, a member of the Norris clan borrowed 10,000 pounds sterling at 2 per cent compound interest from Charles I of England in order to build himself a castle on the Isle of Wight. Ill fortune then beset the family and no payments were ever made to the Exchequer.

Eddie took time out the other day to figure his family's indebtedness. He found that the original sum had doubled itself seven times and had reached the staggering sum of 1,280,000 pounds or, as we write, $6,400,000. Eddie didn't say whether or no he had hopes of paying this sum, but he's doing a lot of worrying about it.

■ We still get a big laugh out of that Cagney-Dorothy Parker story.

One Sunday, while Jimmy was making *The Fighting 69th,* he invited Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, to a party on his yacht. They didn't know it, but Cagney is allergic to the open sea. Being so, he kept the boat at anchor all day long.

Toward evening, his guests invited Cagney to an automobile party. Arriving at their home, he found Dorothy and her husband sitting in their auto. He joined them.

They sat chatting about this and that for some time.

"Well," said Jimmy, finally, "when do we get going?"

"Oh," grinned Dorothy, "we're not going any place. This automobile party is just like your yachting party."

And with that she opened up the lunch hamper and offered the surprised Jimmy a sandwich.

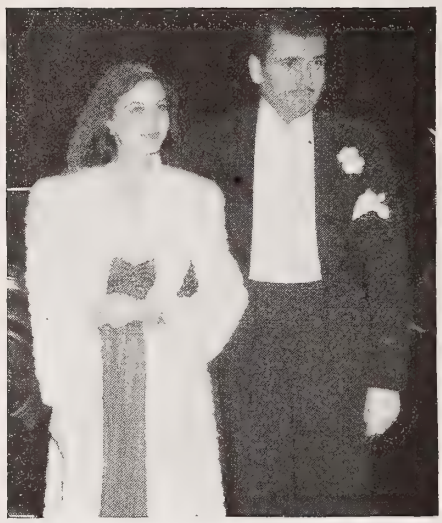
■ While in Connecticut last summer, David Niven, now in England, noticed a theatre showing a picture in which he was co-starred, and he decided to have some fun.

Introducing himself to the theatre's manager, he outlined his plan. After the picture had been shown, the house lights went on, and the manager introduced his guest as "a young British lad who does a very good imitation of David Niven, the star of the picture you've just seen."

Thereupon David made his entrance, went through a very natural routine, stalled for about five minutes, and finally left the stage blushing profusely. Not one person in the audience recognized him as the REAL Niven.

■ Brian Aherne, now working in *My Son, My Son,* went off his feed during the first week of production, and his wife,

[*Continued on page* 49]



Hollywood's newest, brightest star, Vivien Leigh, arrives for the first showing of *Gone With the Wind* with her fiance, Lawrence Olivier. Notice the three ermine wraps on this page



Joan Crawford wore snood, hood and lace ruffle to the evident delight of Cesar Romero, who took her to the opening and to Jock Whitney's party



Norma Shearer entering John Steinberg's new Trocadero with George Raft for the party which Producer Whitney gave following *Gone With the Wind*

ONLY RUDYARD KIPLING COULD WRITE SUCH A ROMANCE . . .

ONLY RONALD COLMAN COULD PLAY SUCH A ROLE!



To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Heldar, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun . . . but more than that . . . the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.



Ronald Colman's Scottie, Mr. Binkie, a severe critic, a loyal friend.

Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with

WALTER HUSTON

Ida Lupino · Muriel Angelus · Dudley Digges

Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling



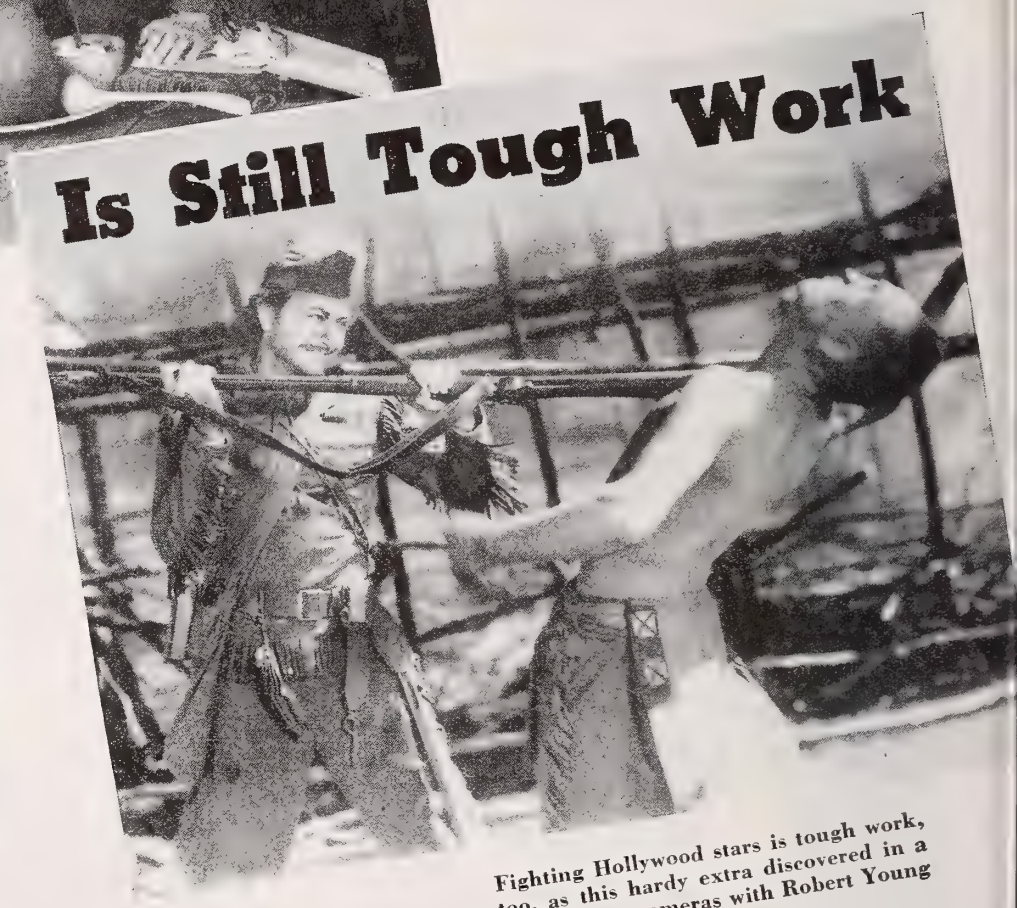
Injun Fighting Is Still Tough Work

They did everything but scalp the players when they filmed *Northwest Passage*

By SERENA BRADFORD



Spencer Tracy as Major Rogers endorses hot buttered rum to Robert Young and Walter Brennan who wake up to find themselves thoroughly enlisted Rangers



Fighting Hollywood stars is tough work, too, as this hardy extra discovered in a bout for the cameras with Robert Young

Through the icy river waters, which were just four degrees above freezing, struggled Robert Young with hatchets, rifles, and an accidentally overturned canoe practically wrapped around his neck. Under the weight of the heavy green uniform worn by Rogers' Rangers in the year 1759, complete with belt, boots, Scot's cap and tomahawk, he was tugged this way and that by the rushing current before he gained the river bank, where half-naked Indians hauled him to safety. Young sank down on a rock.

"Tell you what," he suggested when he caught his breath, "why don't you have them scalp me?"

Director King Vidor stared at him.

"Everything else has happened to me in this picture," explained Bob gaily as his teeth began to chatter.

He spoke the truth. Things happened to Spencer Tracy, too (Major Robert Rogers, the greatest Indian fighter of all time), and to Walter Brennan (Hunk Marriner), and to others in the cast of the Technicolor production, *Northwest Passage*, both while they camped in the wilds of Idaho and after they returned to M-G-M studio for interior scenes. But the sufferings of Major Rogers were epic, while the doggondest things, the annoying things—in the scenario and out of it—seemed reserved for Bob. Even to the fact that when he came home after six weeks on location, his little daughter wouldn't kiss him. They made him go unshaven for a fortnight, and Carol doesn't like beards.

That particular ducking in the river, for there were lots of others, caught Bob so unprepared that the result might easily have been serious.

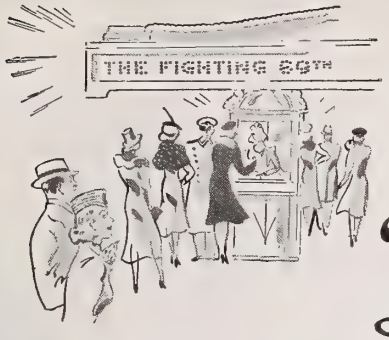
As youthful Langdon Towne, one of the two chief characters in Kenneth Roberts' book, he was lying, badly wounded, flat on his back in the bottom of the canoe, when despite the paddler's efforts, the craft began to float too near the camera launch. A member of the camera crew tried to shove it away with his foot and capsized it. Expert divers were going down in 16 feet of chilly water for the next half hour to rescue equipment.

As a matter of fact, such is the reputation of the tempestuous Payette River, up among the mountains near the little Idaho town of McCall, that the company included not only expert divers but also Olympic swimmers and professional lifeguards. On a ten-mile lake situated deep in the wilds, the studio revamped the face of nature with a thoroughness seldom known even to a movie location unit.

They cleared ten acres of forest, and that's a-plenty of forest. They built a dam and dynamited it, thus widening the river at a certain point so that the French-and-Indian Wars of the New England colonies could continue unobstructed. And, by permission of the proper authorities, they blew up an island that stood in the combatants' way.

At the very [*Continued on page* 35]

One Day Soon



they'll all be saying



"LET'S GO SEE 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'"



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'! Because if ever a movie *moved* this is the one! There've been exciting films before—but not *this* kind of excitement! You've laughed HA HA HA loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too... but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it's over!

Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' and see grand screen stars like **JIMMY ☆ CAGNEY** and **PAT ☆ O'BRIEN** and **GEORGE ☆ BRENT** give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they've portrayed, of these they'll be proudest ever!

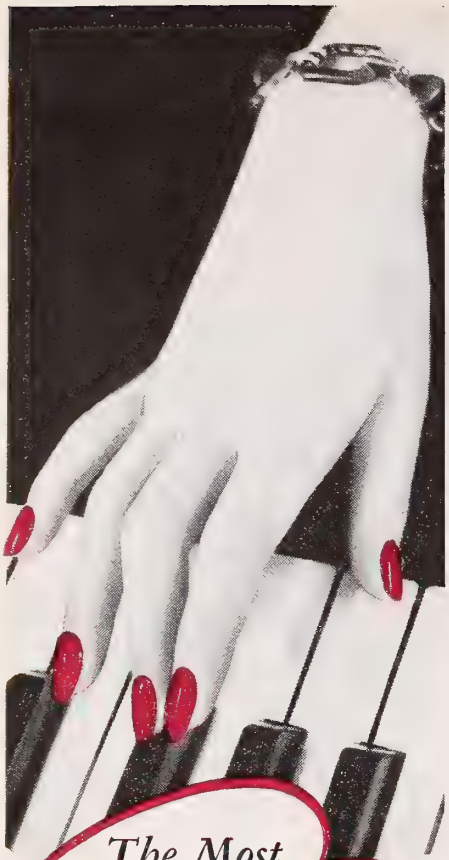


Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' because 'The Fighting 69th' brings you history's heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

JAMES CAGNEY · PAT O'BRIEN
GEORGE BRENT
in 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'
with
JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
HENRY O'NEILL • JOHN LITEL
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



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Handy! Sure! Quick! No guesswork. Choose exact shade by life-like "fingernail cap"—coated with the actual polish! Only *sure way!* Only Dura-Gloss has it!

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Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

HIS GIRL FRIDAY—*Columbia*

■ Brightest comedy of the month is this re-make of *The Front Page* with the fast-talking quick-tempered star reporter, Hildy Johnson, turned astonishingly into a girl! Once you become accustomed to the surprising idea, you have to admit that the story remains the same and that the plot, for screen purposes, is all the better for the bitter, quarrelsome romance that runs all the way through instead of appearing only incidentally.

Cary Grant plays the fantastic Walter Burns, managing editor, to whom kidnaping, arson, and the passing of counterfeit bills are all reasonable practices if they help him get a story. In the new version, Hildy Johnson (Rosalind Russell) is not only his star reporter who is quitting the newspaper busines in a rage, Hildy is also his ex-wife who is marrying a sweet, mild, innocent insurance agent, played with enchanting bewilderment by Ralph Bellamy.

Burns is determined not to let the best reporter he ever had get away. He also is determined to get his wife back, and the unfortunate insurance agent is arrested four different times during the course of one hectic afternoon on such fantastic charges as mashing, stealing a watch and passing phony bills.

Howard Hawk's direction and the sparkling playing of the whole cast keep the show moving at firecracker speed. There is bright new dialogue, quite in the spirit of the play, and the gaiety of a genuine comedy hit throughout.

RAFFLES—*United Artists*

■ Dear *Raffles* is back again, matching wits with Scotland Yard, doing good deeds and polishing away his finger prints with suave, insouciant grace. Why is it that "the amateur cracksman" who certainly would be an undesirable social connection in everyday life, becomes such a delightful fellow at a matinee? Why is it that we are inclined to think of him, affectionately, as the Robin Hood of the Twentieth Century, rather than, with distaste, as a well-dressed public enemy? Why are we glad he gets away?

Part of the answer lies in the charm of the gentlemen who play the part. David Niven is an ideal choice for the new version of the old favorite. He can look honorable and pained at the same time better than anybody, and our heart bleeds when he faces the necessity of stealing his hostess' necklace. . . . such wretched taste!

Olivia de Havilland plays his sweetheart with quiet, convincing charm. Dudley Digges has a fine time with the part of the wily Inspector MacKenzie and the rest of the cast is equally well cast and talented.

Raffles was completed just a few days before David Niven left for England. He



It was a charity match at the Lakeside Club that produced that grim look on Bing Crosby's face. Or maybe it was Bob Hope's crack, "You'll swing for this!"

LORETTA YOUNG

shows you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL—







Use cosmetics all you like—but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really *works*—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing—protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.



YOU want to have smooth, soft skin. So don't fail to remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—don't risk Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

I TOLD THE CONDUCTOR WHERE TO GET OFF



BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"Where's your fare?" the conductor wants to know — and me without even a dime. "Right here," says I, passing him a stick of Beeman's. "Spent my last nickel for it. And is it a treat! Taste that keen, fresh flavor, that delightful tang—"

"Beeman's!" says he, looking mighty tempted. "I've been hankering for a chew of that smooth, tasty gum. Beeman's flavor rings the bell with me every time. Always fresh, always peppy. And just to show you I appreciate it—by golly, I'll lend you your fare myself!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

had some little difficulty getting back because no one wanted him to go. Even the British Government wanted him to stay on this side, wait until he was called. But his friends and relatives all were in the army, and he felt that the only thing to do was to return and join his old regiment.

SWANEE RIVER—
Twentieth Century-Fox

■ Stephen Foster was a remarkable man. He started writing songs before the Civil War, wrote hundreds of them, and the nation is singing many of them to this day.

Foster, in spite of his fame, was a failure from the start. His family scorned his musical ambitions, wanted him to go into business, so he was a disappointment there. He also was a failure to himself because, while such songs as "Old Black Joe," "Breakdown Races," "Oh, Susanna," and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" brought him plenty of money, he wanted to write serious music, and his talent did not extend that far. And he was a failure as a husband because he turned to drink in all emergencies, and finally didn't wait for an emergency to pour out another.

The chief interest of the film which tells his story is the delight which audiences show as one old favorite after another is sung. Andrea Leeds plays the girl who believed in the young song writer, forgave him numerous binges only to leave him at last. Al Jolson plays the bombastic minstrel show producer, E. P. Christy, who cheated Foster out of profits on early songs, but who paid him generously when he had to. Don Ameche plays Foster in just exactly the same bouncing spirit he gave to his Alexander Graham Bell, which is all right if you keep your wits about you. We are sorry to say that we became a little confused at one point. Perhaps it was the drowsy warmth of the theatre. Perhaps we were carried away by the pretty lights and shadows of the Technicolor. But the fact remains that, when Foster finally, after much suspense, thought up the melody of "My Old Kentucky Home," we were pretty mixed up for a moment. We had expected him to produce the telephone.

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—*Universal*

■ No wonder westerns have been popular since the very first one was filmed. No wonder the people in the cow towns think pityingly of the unhappy folk in the big commercial centers who never get a chance to see the sheriff foil the bad men. No wonder, if all westerns are like this one!

They aren't, of course. *Destry Rides Again* is one terrific, definitive western with all of the stock plots neatly pieced together and Marlene Dietrich added for good measure. And if it isn't just about the best western you've ever seen, this department will go out, plait itself a lariat and hang itself.

The big moment of the film is the fight between gentle Miss Una Merkel and the exotic Miss Dietrich whose greatest physical effort on the screen in the past has been the lowering of eyelids, and some deep breathing. It is a wild rough-and-tumble, with both distinguished ladies seeming as deadly in the clinches as a combination of rotary press and mountain lion. James Stewart, who has the unhappy job of keeping the peace, suffers horribly, first as an innocent bystander, second as referee, but he has an underlying look of pleasure through it all because he must be enjoying the part. Certainly it is one of the best for this young star, who has had very good ones indeed recently.

Charles Winninger, Mischa Auer, Brian Donlevy, Irene Hervey, Allen Jenkins, Billy Gilbert and Warren Hymer play assorted good and bad citizens of the little town out where the west begins to hurt.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—*Paramount*

■ The amount of labor involved in making the thousands of drawings necessary for a feature length cartoon is staggering to the imagination, and anyone who has the persistence to complete such a film deserves great admiration. Inevitably, however, comparisons must be made with the first cartoon feature, Disney's *Snow White*, because it was the first and because it set such a high standard.

Gulliver's Travels is not very much like *Snow White*, except that both are cartoons. *Gulliver* deals mainly with people while all of Disney's stories are crowded with enchanting little animals. Perhaps that is one of the explanations of the great charm of Disney's stories. The fact that his little creatures betray human emotions and impulses is the basis for that delicate, ironic gentle humor that never is lacking in his films.

Max Fleischer chose to make the satiric tale of Gulliver and his voyage to the land of the Lilliputs for his first full length cartoon. To the familiar adventures he added a love story concerning the thwarted passion of the prince and princess whose fathers go to war because they can't agree on which national anthem will be played at the wedding. The idea is quite in keeping with Swift's story, but it must be admitted that the little prince and princess are even more wooden and sweetly unconvincing than was the prince in *Snow White*. And that poor fellow touched a new low as a negative character.

There is much in Gulliver that is delighting children . . . gay songs, pretty color and some broad comedy that is effective. Scenes where the little people sneak up on the giant in the moonlight are particularly well done, but there are some who wish that the fascinating details of how the Lilliputian empire fed and housed Gulliver were not cut out, some who could do away with the romance.

However, it is a tremendous effort, and undoubtedly Mr. Fleischer will have his just reward in the laughter of many hundreds of thousands of children.

OF MICE AND MEN—*United Artists*

■ Lennie wasn't bright, but he was as strong as four men, and almost twice as big as his friend, George. Lennie meant

no harm, and he was anguished with shallow grief when he petted his beloved puppy too hard and killed it.

George was smart. He knew that he had to watch Lennie carefully or there would be trouble, because there always was trouble. They had left their last good job in a hurry because Lennie wanted to stroke the red velvet of a girl's dress, and there wasn't time to explain that Lennie loved pretty-colored soft things, that he liked to stroke little mice.

Like many men who roam the country, taking work where they can find it, planting a crop in one end of the state, harvesting a crop at the other end, Lennie and George talked a lot about getting a little piece of land for their own. It was just a piece of talk until they ran into old Candy who knew that he was too old to get another job and who had $300. The money was no good to old Candy all by himself. At best, it held off the poor house for a few months. But, in partnership with strong Lennie and smart George . . . there was a hope. All three of them took fire at the idea, but a shocking, inevitable, useless tragedy destroyed all of their well laid plans.

This story was written by John Steinbeck, author of the sensational success, *Grapes of Wrath*. It also is a story of the mean lives, the almost hopeless lot of migratory workers. It also is absorbing and not a little depressing.

Burgess Meredith plays George, who watched after Lennie because the big dangerous lunk needed him and gave him unwavering affection. Lon Chaney, Jr., plays Lennie, and, after you become accustomed to the strongly emphasized mannerisms, gives him a pathetic eagerness and a frightening force. Betty Field is the only woman in the cast. She plays the bored, lonely, neglected young wife who just wanted someone to talk to, and so destroyed herself and Lennie and George. The cowboy star, Bob Steele, is seen as Curley, brutal jealous son of the boss. Charles Bickford, Roman Bohnen, Noah Beery, Jr., Oscar O'Shea, Granville Bates and Leigh Whipper carry important roles, and the cast is uniformly excellent.

There are shocking scenes in this film, shocking to the eyes, like the crushing of Curley's hand, and shocking to the mind, like the hints of cruelty in the manhunt, but it is an absorbing picture and one to remember.

On his way to M-G-M Jimmy Stewart got his car bumpers locked tight with those of another car. During the unsnarling of the traffic jam, Jimmy was recognized and spent a hectic twenty minutes signing autographs. In the crowd that had gathered Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, both unrecognized because of their make-ups, pushed through and in loud and raucous voices demanded an autograph. When Jimmy refused they gave him a tongue-lashing on traffic violations. It was all in good clean fun, and Jimmy, catching the spirit of the thing, kept their identity secret, and gave as good as he received. So well was the act staged that a cop finally told 'em to pipe down or he'd have to call the wagon!

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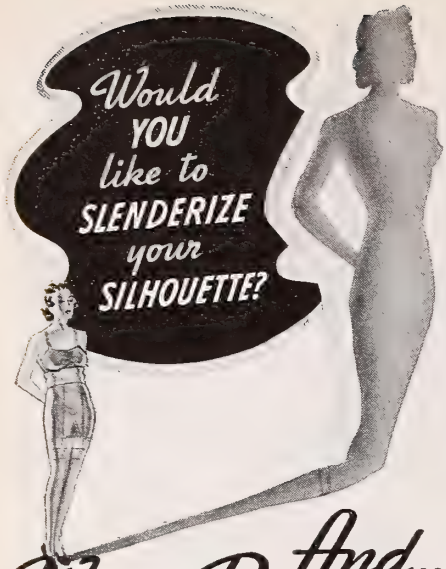
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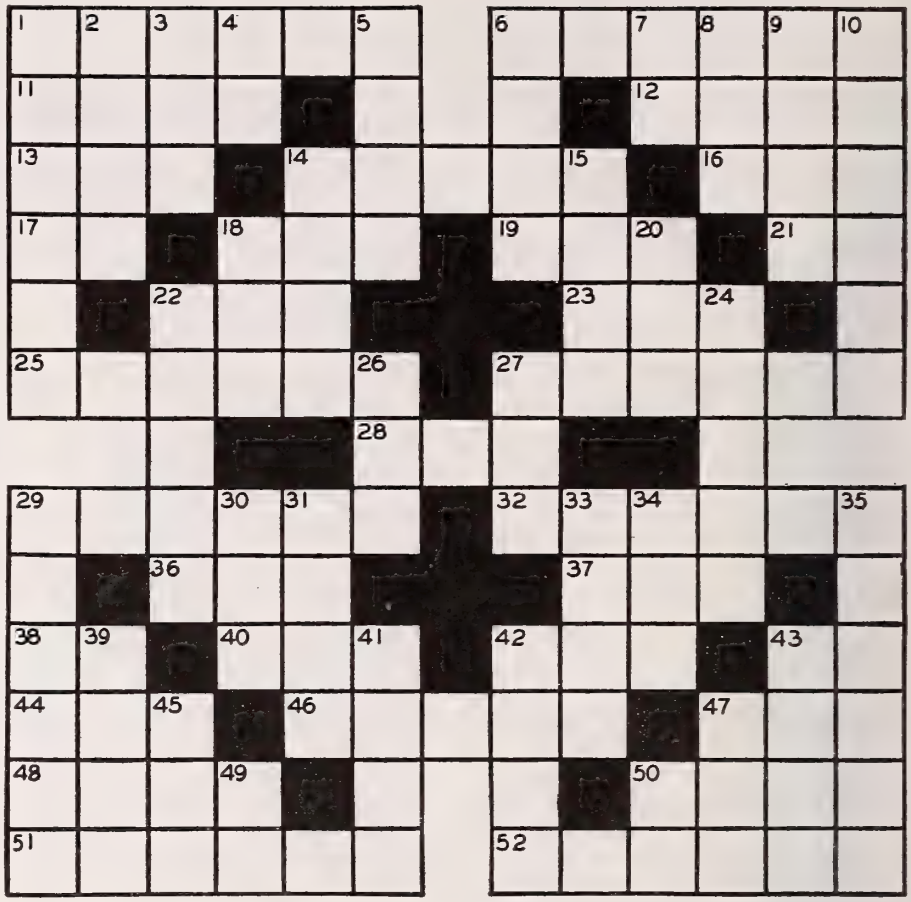
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Feminine lead in *Disputed Passage.*
6. The menace in *Return of Dr. X.*
11. Poetic name of Maureen O'Sullivan's birthplace.
12. It makes Asta scratch.
13. Date in January on which Loretta Young celebrates birth.
14. He co-stars with Claudette in *Drums Along the Mohawk.*
16. *Never* ——— *Die.*
17. Birthplace of 1 Across (abbr.).
18. What Mary Pickford's husband is called (Short).
19. Lieut. Guild in *Another Thin Man.*
21. Lola's initials.
22. Bette Davis wore a red one in *Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex.*
23. First name of a featured actor in *The Great Victor Herbert.*
25. One of *Five Little Peppers* (poss.).
27. Star of *The Day the Bookies Wept.*
28. One of custard variety is thrown at comedians.
29. Descriptive of Hollywood's glamour girls.
32. First name of Sally Blane's husband.
36. ——— *Married a Cop.*
37. ——— *Down South.*
38. Miss Rutherford's initials.
40. Ronald Colman's birthplace (abbr.).
42. Color of Hedy Lamarr's hair.
43. Initials of Mr. Rathbone.
44. ——— *My Darling Daughter.*
46. Feminine lead in *One Hour to Live.*
47. *They Made* ——— *a Spy.*
48. Anne Hewitt in *Meet Dr. Christian.*
50. Mrs. Errol Flynn.
51. Last name of 18 Across.
52. Buster Keaton was born here.

DOWN

1. Star of *Intermezzo.*
2. Selection from a Deanna Durbin film.
3. He rode Tony in Westerns.
4. ——— *Dress Parade.*
5. First name of Mr. Howes.
6. *A Child Is* ———.
7. Miss Farrell's initials.
8. Whose mammy singing is heard in *Swanee River?*
9. *The* ——— *Glory.*
10. A star of *Remember?*
14. Comedian in *Eternally Yours.*
15. Rudy Vallee attended this university.
18. Small part in a screenplay.
20. Date in December on which Una Merkel celebrates birth.
22. *Four* ———.
24. *6,000* ——— (sing.).
26. *Television* ———.
27. What actors use to autograph a picture.
29. Performer in a motion picture.
30. Word often used in film titles.
31. Grace Moore's birthplace (abbr.).
33. Greer Garson's screen father in *Remember?*
34. *Brother* ——— *and the Baby.*
35. Louie Peronni in *The Escape.*
39. Richard Dix and Gail Patrick co-star in this film.
41. *Henry* ——— *Arizona.*
42. Tim Holt's father.
43. Star of *The Phantom Creeps.*
45. His last name is Rumann.
47. ——— *Girl Friday.*
49. Cecil B. ——— Mille.
50. Lloyd Nolan's initials.

(Solution on page 53)

"I know men better than their wives do"



"I see them stripped of the cloak of civilization...I see the depths of terror in the secret places of their hearts. It takes a lot to make me love a man in the face of all I know about them!"

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Reveals the Intimate Secrets of a Private Nurse in a drama more searching and absorbing than his first great success—the story of two sisters and a doctor who braved a cloistered code to find the love their spartan calling would deny them...Played by three great stars with a brilliance that makes this the first great human drama of the year.

CAROLE LOMBARD



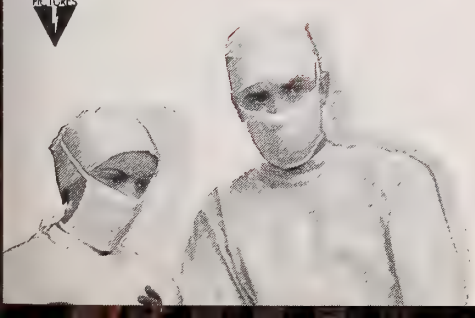
BRIAN AHERNE



ANNE SHIRLEY

RKO RADIO PICTURES

"Vigil in the Night"



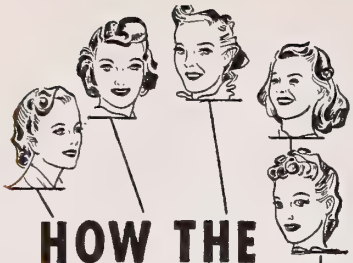
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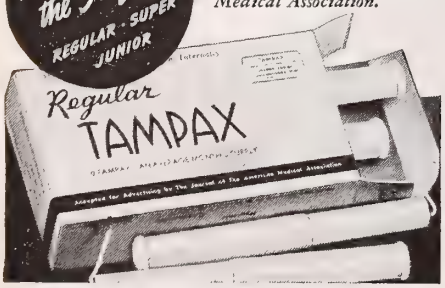
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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ The big news of this and many months to come is *Gone With the Wind*, of course, and there does not seem to be much of anything to add to the reams of compliments, the tons of news reports, the glowing comments of all those who have seen it except to remark that, to us, the film seemed a little short.

Not that we would like to see many films that run four hours. Sincerely, we hope that *Gone With the Wind* does not start a "trend" of pictures that last an entire evening. Length, alone, never made a good picture better, and many a bad picture becomes insufferable after the first hour.

But *Gone With the Wind* is different, and so are we, and we think with longing of all of those yards and yards of film that fell on the cutting room floor. Wistfully, we regret that there wasn't a little bit more about those early days on the plantation, more about the fiery Gerald O'Hara, more footage for the colorless little sisters, more space for the wonderful, loyal, simple Pork, the battling Mammy, the infuriating Prissy, and all of those hundreds of characters, including two of Scarlett's children, who never were mentioned in the script.

It is a wonderful job that the script writers have done, and it is hard to find a single essential scene that has not been touched on, at least briefly. But wouldn't you like to see more of the upstart overseer? And of the impossible Emmy Slattery? And of Aunt Pitty-Pat? Of course you would. That is why the picture is apt to walk away with just about all of this year's awards.

■ The awards for 1939 have been getting top attention for the last weeks. One of the most interesting polls, and one of the most important is the Film Daily's Annual. That important trade paper makes a survey of the whole country each year, and the results are particularly interesting in that they represent the opinion of the entire nation.

Five hundred and forty-two critics voted, and here is the singularly interesting list of ten best pictures of 1939:

	Votes
1. Goodbye, Mr. Chips (M-G-M)	472
2. Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)	433
3. Pygmalion (M-G-M)	349
4. Wuthering Heights (Goldwyn)	283
5. Dark Victory (Warners)	280
6. The Women (M-G-M)	254
7. The Wizard of Oz (M-G-M)	244
8. Juarez (Warners)	216
9. Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	213
10. The Old Maid (Warners)	166

On the honor roll, with almost so many votes as *The Old Maid*, are *Stagecoach, Young Mr. Lincoln, Babes in Arms, Love Affair* and *Union Pacific.*

■ Another poll of great interest is that conducted each year by another great trade paper, *The Motion Picture Herald.* It is based on the actual box-office returns in all of the theatres of the country. The popularity of these ten leading players is evidenced by the clink of money actually paid across the ticket counter, a pretty good standard of judging! The following players were chosen and in this order by votes from 12,273 exhibitors all over the country.

1. Mickey Rooney
2. Tyrone Power
3. Spencer Tracy
4. Clark Gable
5. Shirley Temple
6. Bette Davis
7. Alice Faye
8. Errol Flynn
9. James Cagney
10. Sonja Henie
11. Jane Withers
12. Bing Crosby

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is proud of the fact that, in keeping with its policy of giving you latest news about your favorites, it has had feature stories on all of these personalities and that very nearly all of them have been engagingly portrayed on our colorful covers.

Prize Winners

Gone With the Wind Jewelry Contest

■ Congratulations to the clever prize winners, listed below, and sincere regrets from HOLLYWOOD Magazine that there were not a hundred times as many prizes.

So many thousands of readers sent in such exceptionally good entries that the task of judging was extremely difficult, but, after days of comparing and checking, the judges announce this list of winners:

Grand Prize Winner

Marvelle M. Nice, East 415 Wellesley Ave., Spokane, Wash.

First Prize Winner

Mrs. Duane Himber, 1722 Washington St., Eugene, Ore.

Second Prize Winner

Mrs. Lillian Woods, Palmer, Neb.

Third Prize Winner

Mrs. James Lennox, 2528 N. New Jersey St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Fourth Prize Winners

Mable R. Starks, 1235 Warren Road, Lakewood, Ohio.
Mrs. Russell John Hook, 1752 Shaw Ave., East Cleveland, Ohio.
Miriam Anderson, 1239 W. 101st St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Ruth Smith, 8009 Avalon Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mildred Lee Ward, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 267, Norfolk, Va.
Mrs. Leo Kowalski, 61 Diamond St., San Francisco, Calif.
Marguerite Butler, 1934 S. Buckeye St., Kokomo, Ind.
Alice Heiss, 180 Potomac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Doris Gordon Frazer, Wainright Hall on 118th St., Kew Gardens, N. Y.
Betty Meyer, 904 N. Madison Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Joyce O'Hara, 1014 Dragoon Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. William L. Stanaway, 126 East Case, Negaunee, Mich.
Betty McClellan, 134 Arlington St., West Haven, Conn.
Helene Ramsey, 615 Linwood Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
Mary C. Moore, 735 N. 63rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. H. R. Bierhorst, 1316 Jennings, Shreveport, La.
Mrs. L. Willis, 81 Glen Ave., No. 305, Oakland, Calif.
Margaret Wilson, Box 3339, Texas State College for Women, Denton, Tex.
Helen Choucleris, 227 Millwood Ave., Winchester, Va.
Mrs. William H. Holden, 3 Vine St., Peterborough, N. H.

Fifth Prize Winners

Mrs. J. H. Percy, Jr., 608 Fifth St., Baton Rouge, La.
Helen Ann Mahan, 1417 S. 17th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Helen L. Gagarin, 7942 N. W. 7th Ave., Miami, Fla.
Jennie Smith, 39 Princeton Blvd., Kenmore, N. Y.



Jane Withers spending time between takes on *Jubilo*, in which she plays opposite Gene Autry, to get evident pleasure out of the adventures of Captain Marvel, one of the many noble heroes of Fawcett's new comic strip book, Whiz Comics, now on sale

Hazel Timms, 353 Second Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
Mabel A. Abbott, 7224 S. E. 21st Ave., Portland, Ore.
Florence E. Johnson, 16050 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Mich.
Ruthe Jones, 241 E. Seaside Blvd., Long Beach, Calif.
Ethel B. Hirst, 322 Harrison Ave., Upper Darby, Pa.
Mrs. V. G. Vasbinder, 2320 Ridgewood Ave., Alliance, Ohio.
Beatrice Genter, 826 National Rd. (Glenwood), Wheeling, W. Va.

Nancy Farr, 48 Boylston St., Cambridge, Mass.
Jeanne M. Flanagan, 2629 E. 127th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Sara Nollner, 1915 Russell St., Nashville, Tenn.
Mrs. Racine C. Heuchan, 414 N. 8th St., Columbia, Mo.
Mildred Cawthorne, 213 S. Pine St., Mt. Prospect, Ill.
Hazel Gullens, c/o Drug Dept., Hudson's Bay Co., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.
Patricia Hendron, 3943 Kennerly Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Terry Krug, 1711 Central Park, Topeka, Kans.
Harry Stecko, 112 Churchill St., McKees Rocks, Pa.

■ Next month HOLLYWOOD Magazine promises to be an issue packed with fun and information. We found Mischa Auer complaining bitterly that women's clothes forever were being influenced by the movies. . . . *Gone With the Wind* ruffles, *Marie Antoinette* bodices, even *Seven Dwarf* hats. He said he wanted his clothes to be influenced by the movies, too. Kay Proctor tells you about Mr. Auer's wistful thinking in an hilarious story "How to be an Easter Egg."

The second most popular program on the air is *Information Please,* according to a poll completed last week. Of course you have heard the program. And of course you will be interested in a first hand report of what goes on in the studio when one of the movie shorts is filmed. You'll also have fun answering HOLLYWOOD Magazine's own "Information Please" Quiz. Watch for it in the April issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, on the stands March 10.

If your lips DRY-

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NEW LIPSTICK

FROM the motion picture world comes exciting news of an original lip make-up creation by *Max Factor Hollywood*...It's called Tru-Color Lipstick. Note these four features that you've always wanted in a lipstick...

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Can you imagine a lipstick more perfect? Really, there's a thrill awaiting you when you try Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick. There's a color harmony shade just for your type. $1.00



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CREATED in original color harmony shades, Max Factor's Face Powder imparts the look of lovely, youthful beauty. Satin-smooth, it really stays on longer...$1.00



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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Make-Up*".....FREE. 5-3-56

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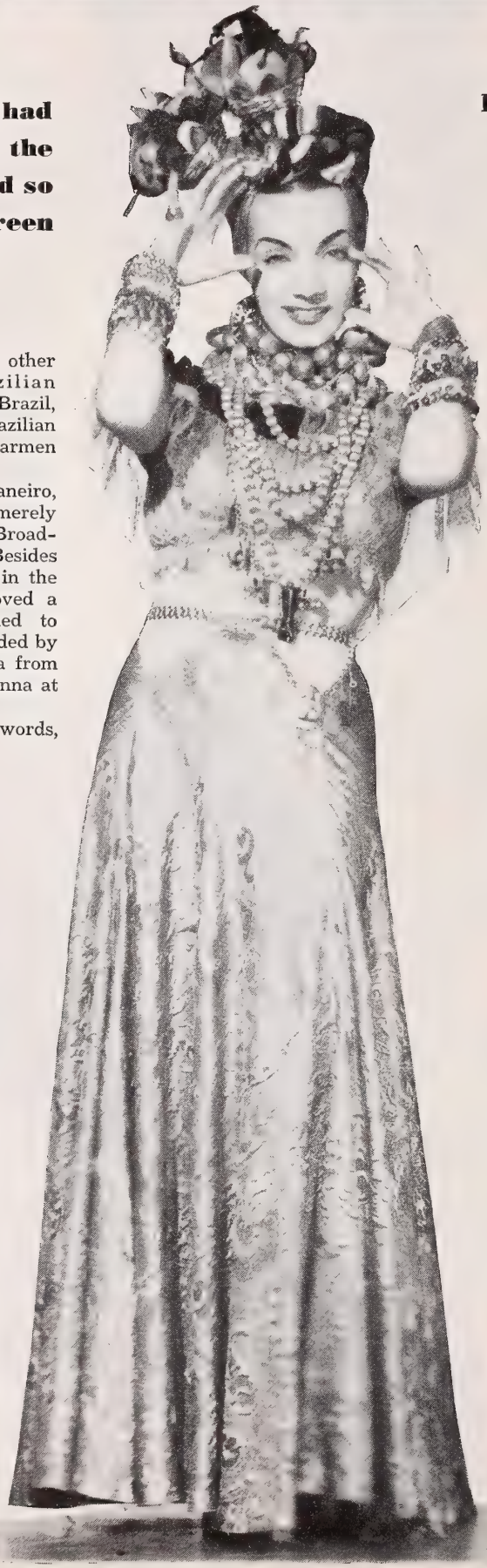
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
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THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA.

Ze Brazilian Bombshell

Carmen Miranda has had a devastating effect on the radio, on the stage, and so appears soon on the screen

By FRED FELDKAMP



■ She's been called, among many other stirring nicknames, the Brazilian Bombshell, the candied peach from Brazil, the Brazilian sirocco, and the Brazilian incendiary. Her real name? Carmen Miranda.

Carmen sailed from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, last May, and so far she has merely taken New York by storm in a Broadway revue called *Streets of Paris*. Besides her tremendous personal triumph in the show, and on the radio, she proved a definite menace to those inclined to apoplectic strokes, and she is regarded by hard-working reporters as "manna from Heaven"—or at least Rio. But manna at any rate.

Carmen is, to use her own words, "tereefic."

When the Bombshell—then not yet exploded—sailed from Rio, it is reported that 500 ardent swains collected on the pier and serenaded her. After seeing her act in *Streets of Paris* and conversing with her, via an interpreter, we have no doubt at all that 500 is a conservative figure.

Right here might be a very good place to outline, for the benefit of those who haven't been lucky enough to see *Streets of Paris*, the manner of Miss Miranda's presentation.

Each night, just before the end of Act I, Carmen Miranda appears, smiling infectiously and dressed in a costume that is the sheerest of delights to the eye.

Over an abbreviated bodice, really a gold lace brassiere with ruffles dropped below the shoulders, are piled innumerable strands of large, violently colored beads. On her slim wrists are wide bracelets, some "cuffs" of filigree gold, others of colorful beads, and from her ears dangle huge gold hoops with an exquisite ornament inside each ring.

To crown this collection of glittering adornment she wears a fabulous turban, draped closely about her head. It is velvet in multicolor harlequin blocks, terminating at the top in two small baskets filled with tiny fruits (similar, we're told, to those carried by fruit vendors in Bahia, of whom she sings in one of her songs).

But we've been neglecting one of the most important parts of her ostentatious outfit. The skirt that goes with the costume in question is circular, also velvet, but in *large* harlequin blocks, suspended from a diamond girdle around her middle, allowing several inches of South American tummy to peep through.

Her shoes are thick-soled in the extreme. She wears, both on and off stage, two types—either a gold kid with a very high platform covered in kid, or a dark brown alligator affair with a cork platform in its natural tone.

The over-all effect definitely puts Joseph and his coat of many colors deep in the shade.

As soon as the spontaneous applause, with which audiences evidence their delighted shock at her first appearance, fades a little, Ze Bombshell stretches out her arms, crooks them at the elbow so that her bracelets are exhibited to their best advantage, sways her hips ever so slightly—but ever so effectively—and rolls her eyes bewitchingly. Although there are many people onstage during Carmen's numbers—a full set of chorus girls, a group of men of the ensemble, and her Samba band—the stage might just as well be completely bare for all the attention they get. Nothing seems nearly so important as the arc that Miss Miranda's exotic green eyes are describing or the way she cocks her head to one side.

So far as she is concerned, there are in this wide world only two types of singing, she explained later. "*Canciones parades o canciones con movimientos*"—standing still, or with gestures. And which does Miss Miranda prefer? (As though everyone couldn't tell at a glance!) "Ohhhhh, *con movimiento!*" That should give you a rough idea.

Her voice, while she is giving out with those swift Portuguese lyrics plus her delightful *movimientos*, is alternately husky and sweet, but always full of that same lilt that suggests tropical moon-

***South American Way* is the title of the picture in which Miss Miranda will do her engaging dances, sing her riotous songs**

It's a "Green" Girl . . .



. . . at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who *know* wear outfits that aren't hampering . . . choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

For the same reason, girls who *know* choose Kotex sanitary napkins. Made in soft, smooth *folds* (with more material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad), the New Kotex is naturally less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers. Less apt to chafe, too...for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



To guard pearls and pins—some smart person designed the modern safety clasp . . .

And to guard your peace of mind, the makers of Kotex now put a moisture-resistant panel between the soft folds of every Kotex pad! Then . . . to eliminate tell-tale bulges . . . Kotex gives you tapered, *pressed* ends! Think! . . . No thick, stubby ends to make embarrassing outlines! Kotex ends are invisible (and patented)!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Super—Regular—Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

• All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers...flat, tapered ends... and moisture-resistant "safety panels." *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

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ITS NEW SOFTNESS

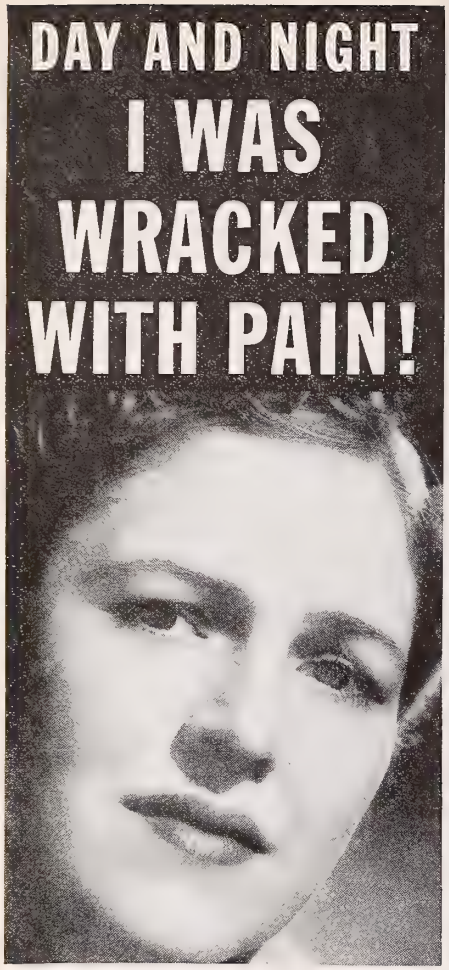
PROVE
ITS NEW SAFETY

COMPARE
ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS



*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"



THE AFFLICTION OF THOUSANDS!

Simple Piles may sound like a light thing, but they are an awful agony.

They make your every move a torment. They even hurt or itch while you are sitting or lying down. The torture drags you down and makes you look old and worn.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, during pregnancy and after childbirth, *women* especially are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

AH! WHAT COMFORT!

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request.

Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **FREE!**
Dept. 121-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

Name _____

Address _____

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This offer is good only in U. S.

light on a Brazilian beach. The audience remains enraptured, as she lifts her eyebrows, crooks her finger, extends a tanned arms in a graceful sweep, and sings the lyric with that fetching throaty inflection.

Finally she tops off her part of the proceedings with the tune appropriately titled "The South American Way." She sings this in Portuguese also, except for the recurring title phrase, which she pronounces "the Souse American way."

She claims she intended to say it S-O-U-T-H, "but my lips they say it *souse,* and it make everybody veree happy."

After taking several bows on that historic first night of *Streets of Paris,* she kept repeating "batatas," her eyes shining. "Batatas," it developed, means potatoes, and is the Brazilian equivalent for our expression "It's the berries." She is now also called "potatoes" by many of her fans.

Backstage, after her performance, we crowded through a narrow hallway jammed with Brazilians—six, as we found out later. Suddenly we were in the Senorita's presence. An interpreter informed her that we wished to talk with her about American movies for this magazine. "Ahhhhhhh," she said with enthusiasm, arching her eyebrows, grasping our hand and pressing it warmly.

Miss Miranda speaks but a few words of English, so one of her accompanists, a guitarist named Oloysio Oliviera (Joe for short) acted as "interrupter," as she calls it.

During the course of our three-cornered chat, we learned a lot about Miss Miranda's likes and dislikes, the former being in the large majority. When she arrived in New York her English consisted of "Yes, no, monee, men." In Brazil, it seems, the Brazilian men are crazy about American girls. "They take all the men away from us," Carmen pouted. Brazilian women don't dislike American girls on that account, but American men in the eyes of Brazilian girls—"ohhhhhhhh!"

Brazilian women have the international situation well tabulated. First they rate American men ("Teerone Power!" Carmen says glowingly), next Brazilians, then Argentines, French, Portuguese and Spanish. Nort' American men, though, are definitely the Batatas, for Carmen's tastes.

American movies she likes "veree much —ummmmm!" Especially does she enjoy watching the screen images of Greta Garbo, Teerone Power, Clark Gobble, Paul Moonie—and Betti Davis "ummmm!"

Carmen has already made several pictures in Brazil, so she knows what it feels like to appear before the cameras.

In case you may have gathered that Miss Miranda started her singing career on the eventful opening night of *Streets of Paris,* we hasten to mention that she's had a large and fervently loyal following in Brazil for several years. She's made hundreds of records, which are bought up as fast as they're placed on sale, and her night club appearances in Rio were a huge success.

She is now busily studying English for a "nice Professor" between shows, and her appearances each midnight at the Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Her social life is relatively simple—a little window-shopping on matinee-less afternoons, and that's about all. After she's



Rosalind Russell and William Powell contribute a little free acting for the benefit of Loretta Young and Director George Cukor at a Trocadero party

finished her numbers for the Waldorf patrons. she's generally "too tired to make whoops."

■ This Brazilian enchantress had pretty tough sledding to get her career launched. Her family threatened to disown her and wouldn't listen to reason—they were just dead set against having a little entertainer in the home. While she was working as a model she took to singing to her fellow workers at lunch, and one day the *patron* came in while she was in the middle of a neat cadenza.

"So," he boomed, "you take my girls from work. Maybe she should go on radio."

Maybe indeed! A kind amigo took her to the nearest radio station and she sang a song. By one of those coincidences that happen only in real life and help make big careers out of little ones, the manager of RCA Victor in Rio was listening to her initial broadcast.

His actions from that point on are quite understandable. He turned off the rest of the program, sent an emissary out to round up this singer, and from then on Carmen just concentrated on captivating her listeners.

For three or four months her family held out, but finally broke down and decided to be proud of their little girl. She has taken no lessons either in voice or gestures. "It is my own creation, this wonderful way I sing," she explained with quite proper enthusiasm.

When Lee Shubert signed her to a contract, President Vargas of Brazil began to worry. He was afraid that she would not find the right kind of musical accompaniment in the United States. So he sent along her own six-piece Samba band —guitars, drums, and *claves*.

She gets a special kick out of being in New York without a chaperone. "In Souse America a young girl—a *soltera*—cannot travel alone. My mother went with me when I went to Buenos Aires. Now I am with six men. *Six!* And *men!* But up here it is—poof, nothing. We are all one family, no?"

Ze Bombshell is an excellent swimmer and a first-rate cook. She stands five feet three ("One meter sixty") and her weight of 115 pounds she considers "just right." Her shoes are made by a special *bottier* in Brazil, and she is very prodigal in ordering additional pairs from her friends. Her hair is not its original shade, she admits with charming honesty. "It's darker—I had it dyed."

Convinced finally of her success, she's still pretty amazed by it all. In fact, she was fairly sure she wouldn't go over in a strange country. "In Brazil I do the same thing," she said in rapid Portuguese. "I sing the same songs. But everybody knows what I sing. They comprehend the language.

"Nobody here knows what I sing. All they can do is understand from my tone. From my movement. It was a *maravilha!*"

Right now she's veree, veree happy. But after three or four more years of singing, she'd like to settle down. Almost in the same breath she added pensively. "Boys veree nice here. Boys veree nice Brazil. Everywhere. How to choose?

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so *surely* guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset... as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't *all* girls play safe with Mum—*every single day?*

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past* ... but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come.*

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

HARMLESS! Apply Mum *after* dressing ... fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business... be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every* day.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS



Important to You—
Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent Sub-Deb

BOTH *Young Moderns* CHEER THE SAME *Thorough* SKIN CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:
Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:
What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

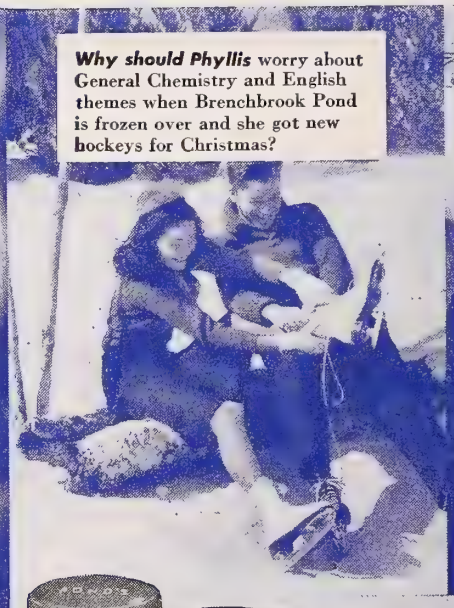
QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even *touching* a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Popular Senior



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Battle of the Sexes

Mae West and W. C. Fields co-starred in *My Little Chickadee* prove that sex is not only popular, it's funny, too



Right, Miss West as the fatal school-marm, Mr. Fields as the great lover



A care-free country boy

knocked galley west by love

has a momen of self-doubt

"After all, I am attractive

"and have a lovely musical sense

"I can do parlor tricks, too!"



But card-tricks come in handy

When you want to forget it all

By THOMAS NORD RILEY

■ With great bravery, Universal is making a picture called *My Little Chickadee* starring a wicked blond lady named Miss Mae West and a man who will kick a baby in the slats for a laugh, W. C. Fields. If *My Little Chickadee* can sneak through the Hays office without having its innuendoes clipped, the public is in for some hilarity and wild laughter.

This picture is what is coyly known as a super-western and it is replete in scenes calculated to give Mr. Hays and Mr. Breen harrowing existences. Men sneak in and out of the blond lady's bedroom, there is a bogus marriage, a song about man chased by women for the gold in his teeth, Indian fights, and a mob that has its mind set on lynching Mr. Fields for card-sharping.

The Hays establishment has okayed the script, but it is going to look a nervous breakdown in the face just the same, mostly because there is no telling about this blond lady. She is a problem, this lady is. What she's got won't go into scripts. She has the most eloquent gait in the animal kingdom. When this lady walks, scripts burn. Besides that, she has a voice that overwhelms description. Once she read over the air a sweet, innocent-looking script passed by radio censors, and when she finished with it the radio audience thought they had tuned in on an Elk's smoker. When it comes to saying words the way they shouldn't be said, this lady is just plain breath-taking.



"To the ladies!" W. C. Fields raises the root-beer in salute

And Mr. Fields, whose nose, like the Dionnes and the Rainbow Bridge, is famed natural phenomena, is no slouch either when it comes to scripts. Mr. Fields ignores them. He is the world's most incorrigible ad libber. It is said that looney-bins are bursting with men who have tried to write scripts for Mr. Fields.

The plot of the picture, arranged especially to present both stars at their best, is the work of [*Continued on page* 52]


Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK
A spirited belle of the brawling waterfront, headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!
Alice Fred Richard
FAYE · MacMURRAY · GREENE
and
BRENDA JOYCE
ANDY DEVINE
HENRY STEPHENSON
FRITZ FELD
Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Story by John Balderston
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young
Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago", "Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!

She Married Adventure



The story of Osa Johnson, Kansas country girl who made the whole wide world her home town in a life packed full of adventures

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

The tall, thin young manager of *The Snark,* the second moving picture theatre in the little town of Independence, Kansas, was worried. His competitor was drawing most of the town's limited audience.

It couldn't be because his rival's films were superior. Both theatres played about the same run of shows. Nor were his seats more comfortable, or his prices more moderate.

It must be, the manager of *The Snark* decided, his rival's wife, who sang sentimental songs between reels. Ergo, what *The Snark* needed was a singer. And if *The Snark's* manager, in adding a headliner to his house, also acquired a wife for his home, well, it was all in the interests of his career.

He would, he mused, look for a singer who could also cook!

In the nearby town of Chanute there lived, friends told him, a pretty sixteen-year-old girl, with soft brown eyes, a trim figure, a radiant smile and a voice that was increasing attendance weekly at the Methodist Church, where she sang in the choir. Incidentally, her strawberry shortcake was rumored to be a Kansas epicurean's idea of elegance in edibles.

On a Friday afternoon, the twenty-six-year-old bachelor showman, dissatisfied with both his boxoffice and his boarding house fare, journeyed to Chanute to investigate the enthusiastic reports about the chorister-cook. Sunday afternoon he married her. Monday night business at *The Snark* was doubled and its manager sat down to the best meal he had eaten since Jack London treated him to dinner at the San Francisco Palace.

Thus, twenty-nine years ago, began in what might appear a somewhat unromantic fashion, the partnership of Martin and Osa Johnson, who for the next quarter of a [*Continued on page* 46]



Martin Johnson with the beautiful choir singer he took to the jungle



The friendly little honey bear is one of her most attractive toys

How To Do Spring-Cleaning

The suave, dashing Mr. Rathbone, idol of a million matinee goers, has another side which he proved none too conclusively when he claimed that spring-cleaning is simple if only you know how to organize your efforts

By KAY PROCTOR

—Fawcett photos by Charles Rhodes

■ Heaven knows I am a patient woman, even under extraordinary conditions, but when life, liberty and the pursuit of a nominal check forces me to go termite hunting in broom closets and prowling around chimney pots in search of the elusive *myotis sublatus* (bats to you) I say, well really!

Perhaps I had better start at the beginning. . . .

I decided to call on Basil Rathbone, which I've always considered one of the more delightful pastimes in Hollywood on account of he is one of my favorite people and I like his tea and toasted crumpets. In a merry frame of mind I whanged the iron knocker of his home which sits on a hill overlooking the sixth hole of a swank golf club.

Something lean and tall opened the door. I knew at once it wasn't the butler (I catch on quick that way!) because it wore a white cap which said "Simpson's



Right, handsome Mr. Rathbone greets Miss Proctor in strange garb which, at first, she considered just a gay masquerade. The star looks nothing like this in *Tower of London* or in *Destiny*



Spring-cleaning is really simple, insists Rathbone



All you need is some thought and a plan



Like piling all of the furniture in one place



Do not forget the beauties of nature



Elmer Athenous and H. A. Kerruish need convincing



"Do it my way or yours!" Rathbone trusts his luck



Don't be discouraged by expert criticism



Paints Are Better Paints" in red letters on the visor. Moreover, it was wearing a striped English four-in-hand, the latest style Mexican huraches, a pale tan shirt, and white denim overalls which hit its legs amidship knee and ankle. A harassed look around the eyes and a wide paint brush in the left hand completed the puzzling picture.

"Hello!" it said heartily. "So nice of you to come. Pop in the library and I'll be with you in a minute. I've got to see a man about a wall."

That sort of thing is bound to come out in Hollywood sooner or later so I might as well admit right off that the peculiar spectacle turned out to be Basil himself. It really is amazing, the things that can happen out here. Don't ask me why, because I only work here.

Some inner voice warned me to take a powder then and there. My good fairy, probably. Unfortunately I didn't. I walked into the library.

Now I honestly can say I have seen everything.

Two gents, whom I later learned were named Elmer and H.A., were doing a balancing act with a pine plank 15 feet long. They were extremely solemn about it. Sitting militantly in a straight-backed antique was a woman with a mixing bowl full of batter in her lap. She said it was angel food and her name was Bessie. Near her stood Nellie, the maid, nervously wringing her hands while near-by was Tom, the Japanese houseboy, giving an excellent imitation of something whipped up by Gutzon Borglum in an off-moment. Placidly ensconced on the davenport facing the fireplace was a Woman in White, absorbed in the inspection of a baby's nursing bottle.

The silence in the room was deafening. Finally I could stand it no longer.

"What gives?" I asked pleasantly.

Nobody troubled themselves to answer except Bessie who let out as vitriolic a sniff as ever I've heard.

"How about a game of rummy?" I persisted. I really didn't want to play but I thought it was the friendly thing to do.

Another sniff from Bessie. I was getting desperate.

"I'll wrestle anybody in the house for a quarter," I volunteered. No answer. "No holds barred," I coaxed. That brought a gleam of interest from Elmer until H. A. pointed out in a surly tone that he couldn't hold that blankety blank board by himself.

"A pox on you all, then," I finally exploded. "I'm going home."

Just then Basil burst through the door. Around his neck was a snake-like coil of webbed tubing. In one hand he carried a weird assortment of brushes, blowers, etc., and in the other a vacuum cleaner. He fairly was exuding Purpose.

I grabbed the well known bull by the horns. "Basil," I demanded, "what in the name of St. George is going on around here?"

"Why, *darling*!" he beamed at me, "didn't I tell you? We're doing the spring house-cleaning!" [*Continued on page* 44]

And don't let it stop your regular routine



A preparatory course at M. I. T. is useful



If you get tired, try checkers with the soap



And follow through on everything you do



nd aim high t the start



You always can change your mind



Remember you have to live in the house



Nothing like the joy of a job well done



And nothing like the joy of just giving up





Do not forget the beauties of nature

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"Do it my way or yours!" Rathbone trusts his luck

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Some inner voice warned me to take a powder then and there. My good fairy, probably. Unfortunately I didn't. I walked into the library.

Now I honestly can say I have seen everything.

Two gents, whom I later learned were named Elmer and H.A., were doing a balancing act with a pine plank 15 feet long. They were extremely solemn about it. Sitting militantly in a straight-backed antique was a woman with a mixing bowl full of batter in her lap. She said it was angel food and her name was Bessie. Near her stood Nellie, the maid, nervously wringing her hands while near-by was Tom, the Japanese houseboy, giving an excellent imitation of something whipped up by Gutzon Borglum in an off-moment. Placidly ensconced on the davenport facing the fireplace was a Woman in White, absorbed in the inspection of a baby's nursing bottle.

The silence in the room was deafening. Finally I could stand it no longer.

"What gives?" I asked pleasantly.

Nobody troubled themselves to answer except Bessie who let out as vitriolic a sniff as ever I've heard.

"How about a game of rummy?" I persisted. I really didn't want to play but I thought it was the friendly thing to do.

Another sniff from Bessie. I was getting desperate.

"I'll wrestle anybody in the house for a quarter," I volunteered. No answer. "No holds barred," I coaxed. That brought a gleam of interest from Elmer until H. A. pointed out in a surly tone that he couldn't hold that blankety blank board by himself.

"A pox on you all, then," I finally exploded. "I'm going home."

Just then Basil burst through the door. Around his neck was a snake-like coil of webbed tubing. In one hand he carried a weird assortment of brushes, blowers, etc., and in the other a vacuum cleaner. He fairly was exuding Purpose.

I grabbed the well known bull by the horns. "Basil," I demanded, "what in the name of St. George is going on around here?"

"Why, *darling*!" he beamed at me, "didn't I tell you? We're doing the spring house-cleaning!" [*Continued on page 44*]





Right, handsome Mr. Rathbone greets Miss Proctor in strange garb which, at first, she considered just a gay masquerade. The star looks nothing like this in *Tower of London* or in *Destiny*



Spring-cleaning is really simple, insists Rathbone



All you need is some thought and a plan



Like piling all of the furniture in one place



Do not forget the beauties of nature



Elmer Athenous and H. A. Kerruish need convincing



"Do it my way or yours!" Rathbone trusts his luck



Don't be discouraged by expert criticism

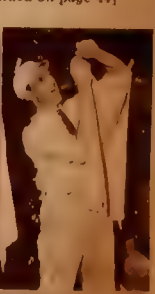
And don't let it stop your regular routine



A preparatory course at M. I. T. is useful



If you get tired, try checkers with the soap



And follow through on everything you do



And aim high at the start



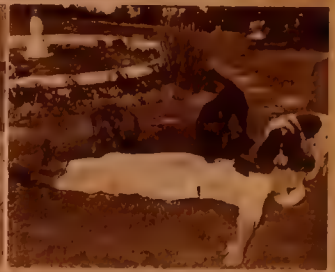
You always can change your mind



Remember you have to live in the house



Nothing like the joy of a job well done



And nothing like the joy of just giving up

Patia Power Discusses

My Son—Tyrone

with Jessie Henderson

Tyrone Power's mother is known as one of the most charming, talented parents in Hollywood. This story tells why she is also known as the most successful mother-in-law in the town





Above, Tyrone at five appeared the glass of fashion to his small sister, Ann, who cuts a dashing figure, herself

Left, when he was four, Tyrone, a speed demon



Above, Patia Power and her son, Tyrone, check advance notices on his next film, *Dance With the Devil*



From Patia Power's album: Tyrone posing nicely at the age of three

■ "But aren't you *worried*?" a friend cried when Patia Power allowed son Tyrone, just out of high school at 17, to leave home in search of an actor's career.

"Not a bit," Mrs. Power answered, "I've had him for 17 years and I think I've given him the right advice and upbringing to carry him safely through . . . And if I haven't, then it's TIME he left home!"

In reality, when you see Tyrone Power on the screen, you're seeing his mother. Not that Ty isn't an individual in his own right, but the fact that he *is* a definite individual, traces back largely to Mother Power. Ty would be the first to say it. The way she brought him up is the chief reason for his film success, and for the success of his marriage.

If you want to know about Tyrone, it's his mother you should ask, as I did the other evening. She's an expert on the subject, an expert who can stand off and see him from an impersonal viewpoint—no mean feat for an affectionate maternal parent. Actress and dramatic coach herself, she trained Ty in more than his profession. She trained him also (during the long absences on tour of his famous father, Tyrone, Sr.) in what she considers a still greater art . . . being himself.

As a mother, Patia Power never tried to dominate her son. "He wasn't the kind you *could* dominate," she said, but the point is that she never tried. Logically, she turns out to be the ideal mother-in-law, for she doesn't try to dominate his marriage or his home. A successful Hollywood mother-in-law happens to be as rare as—well, as a successful mother-in-law anywhere else. No wonder daughter-in-law Annabella is among Patia Power's most enthusiastic friends!

"As a matter of fact, I fell in love with Annabella before Ty did," Mother Power confided, eyes sparkling in the firelight, "my first glimpse of her was on the screen of a Hollywood theatre where I'd gone to see her in *Wings of the Morning*. I stopped right in the aisle.

"People with me whispered, 'Come on'—but I stood there, murmuring to myself, 'An *actress!*' And I came home and raved about her. It was her freedom and freshness, I think, [*Continued on page* 56]



Lady Esther asks

"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"



Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" *because it contains grit!* Why not find out about your powder?



You have a testing laboratory right in your own teeth. Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest trace of grit. But . . .



What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This superfine powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look . . . a new loveliness!



When you make your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! *You can*—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock . . .



And at midnight—after the gayest evening . . . your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, *at my expense.* See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit . . . goes on smoothly. And you can find your *lucky shade,* too . . . the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most . . . that will make you look *years younger than you really are!*

Try the "Bite Test"! Place a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains *no trace of coarseness or grit!* You'll find it never gives you a coarse, flaky, "powdery look"... but clings smoothly to your skin . . . flatters your beauty.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all . . . don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for your skin —*luckiest for you!*

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (53)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



The Swiss Family Robinson struggles to shore on a make-shift raft after the storm and the ship-wreck

Thomas Mitchell braves the realistically rough waves in an attempt to save food from the wreck



Swiss Family Robinson in Hollywood

Life on a desert island, even an air-conditioned desert island on a Hollywood sound stage, usually is packed with plenty of excitement and adventure

By EMILY NORRIS



Tim Holt, Bobby Quillan, Edna Best, Terry Kilburn, Thomas Mitchell and Freddie Bartholomew dining on fruits



Fifi, the ostrich, for all her mild look, was a vigorous actress

■ Boy, it was going to be a ripsnorter!

You could tell by the way the jungle darkened to sickly green around the black waters of the lagoon. By the way the pigeons and parrakeets and monkeys, though well out of range, fell silent as the sunlight faded. By the alert look on the man who worked the lightning, and the hitch that the technician behind the wind machine gave to his sleeves.

Director Edward Ludwig nodded. And *W H A M!!*

The waters of the lagoon leaped into billows before a tumultuous gale. Great palms and tamarinds tossed and groaned and bent double. Through torrential rain you could see Freddie Bartholomew and Thomas Mitchell, Tim Holt, Terry Kilburn, and the rest of the *Swiss Family Robinson,* trying to save various possessions that whisked from their grasp.

One of the prop men, [*Continued on page* 61]

Below, Thomas Mitchell had to learn many useful things





Terry Kilburn had a well-equipped zoo to play with

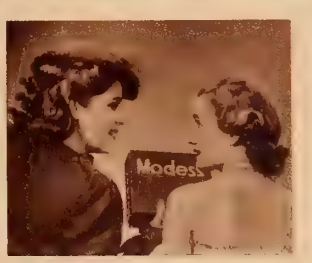
THE DEB SAID "NO!"



Was I lucky to find my old schoolchum, Martha, in the dressing room away from the crowd! She's "news." She photographs like a dream. A picture of Martha at the bazaar would give me an "in" with any fashion magazine. But when I asked her if I could shoot, she turned me down—*flat!*



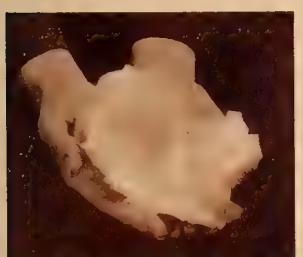
"Not today, Janet!" she moaned. "It's my bad time of the month and I'm so chafed I could scream!" Well—I wanted that picture, so I blurted, "Good grief, Martha, why be tortured when Miracle Modess now brings you 'Moisture Zoning'?"



And I quickly rounded up some Modess and showed her why "Moisture Zoning" is the grandest napkin improvement in years—because it acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving the sides dry and comfortable longer than ever before!



I certainly got my reward! Five beautiful shots of Martha, and the nicest little note; "You can take more pictures any day you want," she wrote. "Believe me, I never knew what real comfort and peace of mind were till you told me about Miracle Modess."



Martha was amazed, but I wasn't through. "Look," I rushed on as I opened a Modess pad. "This is why Modess is *softer*. It's made of fluff—entirely different from layer-type napkins."



Then I poured some water on Modess' moisture-resistant backing—and proved that not a drop went through. "See? Modess means greater safety against accidents, too," I crowed. Well . . .

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Back to the Farm

By
BETH BROWN

He spent part of his early childhood on a farm and that is why he was never content until he bought his own land

According to the records, Cagney first broke into pictures in 1930. But off the record, and confidentially to you, Cagney was in pictures 'way back in 1915.

This will surprise a lot of people who thought they knew all about Cagney. As a matter of fact, it came as a distinct surprise to me. Moreover, it even surprised the chap who told me, for he had not meant to do so.

The truth was that Cagney owed his start in pictures to a burg known as Brooklyn. Brooklyn? you'll echo, as I did. What's Brooklyn got to do with it?

Well, you know as well as I do that Cagney was born on the lower East side of New York, above his father's handsome saloon at 8th Street and Avenue D in the gas house district. You and I know that when he was three months old, he moved to Yorkville. But what you and I don't know is that when Jimmy was eleven, he moved to Brooklyn.

What's more—and here is something that none of us knew—Jimmy had been to Brooklyn before. He had been there not only ever now and then during the winter, fall and spring months, but all through the summer—for five summers straight—he had lived there. He used to visit a favorite aunt.

The lady had a house in Brooklyn and the house was directly opposite the old Vitagraph Studios. They were making the John Bunny pictures in those days and some wild and woolly Westerns—yes, in Brooklyn! The Studio was an easy-going place but it had one strict rule and it was this: NO ADMITTANCE. The rule was aimed mainly at the kids in the neighborhood. The studio cops enforced it to the letter. There was a tall wall which separated the hallowed grounds of the studio from the ordinary earth of the street, and this wall was continually being dusted off by the studio cops, for here the small boys gathered, thicker than flies, and like flies, were swatted right and left.

But a KEEP OFF sign meant COME UP to Jimmy Cagney and just as often as he was dusted off, just so often did he climb back to a high place on that tall wall. The rule, he argued, that was meant for the boys of the neighborhood, did not apply to him since he, James Cagney, was strictly from New York.

In this, his aunt upheld him.

It was better, the lady decided, having him sitting there than making the rounds of the neighborhood and breaking all the windows. And in time, with that tenacity of purpose for which he is so well-known, Jimmy found himself providing background for John Bunnys and Westerns. Somehow—he knew—he had a hunch—his inner urge told him—that this was his world. It started out as a small boy's wish which the man vitalized and solidified into being.

So you see, it wasn't in 1930, and a Warner Brothers' contract that marked his inception into pictures. The whole thing started in 1915 when a small boy wished a big wish at Vitagraph.

And it's not New York either, as is generally accepted, but Brooklyn that played a big part in his life, for when Jimmy was eleven or so, it was to



These are the smiles that the James Cagneys wear for the joyous return to their farm at Martha's Vineyard

Brooklyn that the family moved, bag and baggage.

They leased a farm on the Brooklyn end of Fresh Pond Road. Here they lived for a number of years, and here, he confesses, he spent the happiest time of his childhood.

There was the studio to fascinate him and there, besides, were swamps galore, all about the farm, where he could roam to his heart's content, discovering those continents which are known to boys only. Cagney loved Brooklyn, and even long after the family returned to Yorkville to live, he went back, again and again, to spend his summers with his aunt, back to the peaceful realities of the farm.

■ Today he has success—adulation—big time—big dough—but he won't let any of it touch and change the real Cagney. Each time he feels himself "going Hollywood," he packs up his Tuesday toothbrush and blows the town.

He goes to Martha's Vineyard where the folks have their feet on the earth and the great James is known to the sea-faring folk simply as Bub, just another guy. Or he'll clamber aboard his boat, the Martha, and for hours on end lie under a sky of stars, all bigger than he and yet, in the great scheme of things, tiny pin-points in the Universe.

Somehow, going away from Hollywood always brings him back to himself, he says. And being himself in a world of klieg lights and glamour has not been easy. It's been a continual struggle. But this is what has kept him humble. And this too, is what is making him great.

He's had to conquer not only himself—but Hollywood, and this was his biggest ordeal, for Cagney has always hated Hollywood. It's been hard to forget that back in 1924, when he was a vaudeville hoofer, he tried to get extra work. All his efforts ended in failure. He cooled his heels in the front offices. His letters of introduction were returned unopened. He couldn't get to see anyone of importance. He couldn't get to first base.

He trekked back to New York with his young wife, playing one-night stands to pay for their fare and food. He never forgot that first reception.

In 1929, he played in *Maggie the Magnificent,* with another young unknown whose name was Joan Blondell. Both scored. Both were signed for *Penny Arcade.* They scored again. Al Jolson saw them. He tipped off Warner Brothers. Warner Brothers signed them up for Hollywood.

He went with a fat contract in his pocket. But he wouldn't soften. He couldn't forget. He vowed he would work there, but he would never live in Hollywood.

Between pictures, he always made a fast getaway—as far away as possible.

■ About three years ago, Cagney told his wife, Billy, that he was going on a trip to New England. He was going alone. He didn't know why. He had to go. He found himself in Martha's Vineyard. He fell in love with the place. But something else held him to the scene like a band of

"I'll be the laughing stock of the town..."



MARY: Oh, Mother, why did that snooty Mrs. Palmer have to drop in today! Now it'll be all over town that even my tea napkins look so gray, they aren't fit to be seen!

MOTHER: Lucky I dropped in, honey. That soap you're using is so weak-kneed it doesn't get things really clean. Come on—I'll show you how to say goodbye to tattle-tale gray.



MOTHER: There! Just hustle home and put Fels-Naptha to work with its richer *golden* soap and busy, dirt-loosening *naptha.* Use the bar or the grand new chips. Either way, your wash will be so sweet and white, you won't recognize it!



MARY: Whe-e-e, Mother! I'll say your tip about Fels-Naptha turned the tables! Mrs. Palmer came to tea again and her eyes simply popped when she saw my snowy linens. And she ended by asking Tom and me to a party!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Use Fels-Naptha Soap *Chips*—wherever you've been using box-soap. They speed washing machines—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they whip up the creamiest suds ever—because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder!

Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs—and get the *extra* help of richer *golden* soap combined with gentle *naptha!* Together, these two cleaners make the grimiest, greasiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing! They get clothes so white, they fairly sparkle in the sun!



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

CAUGHT IN HIS UNDERSHIRT!



1. "Please pardon Theobald," gasps Mrs. G., "But our kitchen drain's plugged up and he's been struggling with it for hours!"



2. "Fiddlesticks," says her guest, taking charge. "We'll get some Drāno and show him how *easy* it is to clean a stopped-up drain."



3. "See," lectures the guest, "There's nothing like Drāno for cleaning drains. Just pour it down and it *digs* away that clogging grease and muck!"



4. "And remember," she admonishes at parting. "To guard *against* clogged drains, use a teaspoonful of Drāno *every single night!*"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN



Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

iron. He couldn't explain it. He couldn't describe it. All he knew was that he had been there before.

He sat on a string piece down on the dock and a strange feeling possessed him. Everything somehow seemed familiar here. He couldn't figure it out. He couldn't analyze his feelings. It was the same feeling he had had on that tall wall outside of the Vitagraph Studios. He knew then that he was going to be in pictures. He knew now that he had been here before and that this was his home.

He tried to shake it off. It was silly, unreal. It had no substance. And yet, here it was—as plain as his hand before his eyes. He was here where he had always wanted to be—and he was here to buy this place and he had to buy it quickly.

He bought it.

He went back to New York and announced to his wife that they owned a new home out at Martha's Vineyard.

Somehow, he felt impelled to see his mother and tell her the news right away, too. So he went to Jackson Heights where his mother lives.

"Where have you been?" his mother asked him.

"I've been to Martha's Vineyard," he told her.

"Martha's Vineyard?" she echoed, and she looked at him with a strange expression and said: "What in the world were you doing there?"

"Just bought a place."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"I do," was her cryptic answer. "I guess I've never told you this before, but your grandfather used to sail out of there eighty-five years ago. He was captain on a whaling boat."

"Oh," said Cagney, "that explains it."

"Explains what?" she wanted to know.

■ It was then he told her about the odd experience he had that day as he sat on the edge of the dock. He couldn't analyze his feelings then but what his mother told him now about his grandfather explained everything.

The skeptics may scoff at this story, but here it is and Cagney likes to believe that his place waited for him for two generations.

Cagney loves his Vineyard farm above any other possession on earth. He owns 130 acres there and has an interest in 600 additional acres. But Martha's Vineyard is very far from Hollywood, so recently he built himself a home in Coldwater Canyon. This is the first concession he has made, so at least, in his heart, he has signed a truce with Hollywood.

■ Cagney—in real life—is an antithesis of Cagney on the screen.

On the screen his voice sounds out like a pistol shot. In real life, he speaks so softly you can scarcely hear him across the room.

On the screen, he usually wears flashy clothes. In real life, he wears simple grays and blue, modestly cut. At Martha's Vineyard, he wears boots, corduroys and heavy flannel shirts and sweaters, with a cap perched precariously on the tip top of his head.

On the screen, he is dapper, smooth-shaven. Off the screen he is always in need of a haircut.

And believe it or not, this gangster, this thief, this robber, this sharpshooter on the screen—can't shoot a tinker's durn off the screen. As a matter of fact, he's terrified by fire-arms. He abhors killing anything.

He owns a yacht but he has yet to go sailing in it. He can't. He gets seasick.

He's always playing bootleg parts but in real life he seldom takes a drink, smokes only on rare occasions and then only when he is nervous or upset.

He likes serious books, mostly biographies, and is intensely interested in early American history. He numbers among his friends, Dwight Franklin, the great authority on early Americans.

■ He's been the black sheep at Warners more than once and yet the Warners make haste to concede that for fairness in business deals, first place goes to Mister Cagney. They cite this latest fair play on his part:

Cagney signed a contract with Warners for five pictures to be made within ten months. The first one of these was *Boy Meets Girl*. Although the critics liked it, the public did not, so Cagney said he would not count it as one of the five in the contract.

Warners had never before had an actor make such a concession so they came through on their own. Just what did Mr. Cagney want?

Well, for ten years, he had been wanting to play *John Paul Jones*. No one would take the idea seriously, least of all Warner Brothers. There was no picture in the life of John Paul Jones. Cagney insisted that there was and succeeded in having it put on his schedule.

Cagney has a hunch that *John Paul Jones* will be his best picture to date, because when his inner voice speaks to him, it does so with authority. It's spoken to him before and it will speak to him again. It's been the secret of his success, for James Cagney, the great star, is not the one who's making picture history. No, it's that small boy sitting on a farm fence with all the hunger and the vitality and the reality of a million small boys everywhere that is projecting itself from the screen.

Injun Fighting Is Still Tough Work

[*Continued from page 8*]

start, they had scoured six States to find the New England wilderness of 1759. Forests still exist in New England, to be sure, but New England has too much motor dust and too many summer resorts, motorboats and planes. The area selected was reached by logging train up a steep canyon through which foamed the Payette River. It took 9 hours to climb 125 miles. The only plane likely to disturb the silence belonged to Wallace Beery—his ranch lies 50 miles to the north—but Beery was busy making a picture in Hollywood.

In this remote spot, surrounded by fragrant pine and maple woods, the lake and river crystal blue and green, Brundage Mountain leaping upward 6,500 feet from lake to turquoise sky—they built two really enormous sets. The Indian village of St. Francis and the fort at Crown Point, N. Y.

Those 10 acres of forest had been cleared for St. Francis, Indian headquarters from which raid after murderous raid descended upon the colonial New England settlements. The felled trees were used to construct 125 log cabins. In the cabins were installed, for picture purposes (they lived between scenes in a town of tents), 375 Blackfeet, Nez Perce and Shoshone Indians brought by bus from various Northwest reservations.

They had their own make-up department, their own make-up specialists. Jack Dawn, head M-G-M's make-up department, frequently lives on Indian reservations during vacations. It's a hobby with him. George Macon, assisting him, has made a study of the intricate warpaint patterns. These two men probably know more about warpaint than does the average Indian of today. They had the Indian contingent out at five o'clock each morning to check up on markings and on the shaved heads with the scalp-locks.

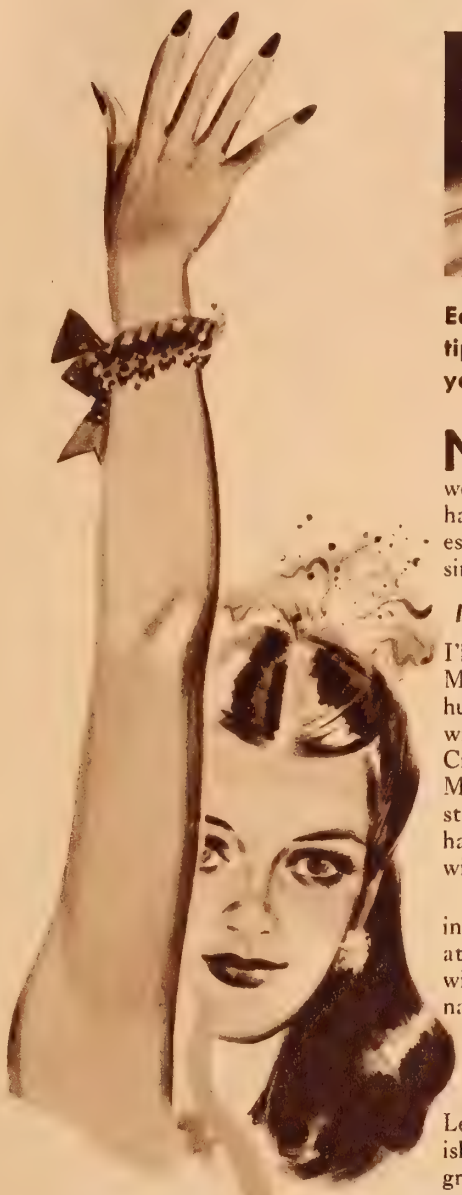
"I'm scared of *myself!*" said one Indian high school graduate, gazing pensively into the mirror when George Macon got through with him.

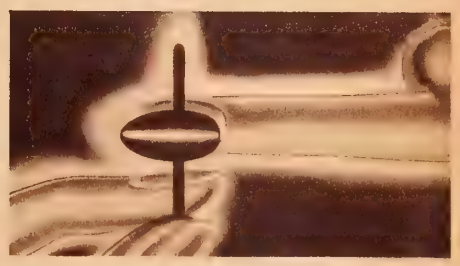
The capture of St. Francis by Rogers' Rangers is the high point of excitement in the film. Roll a dozen pictures into one, and you won't find a sequence that makes you grip the arms of your chair as this does.

■ What leads up to and follows the desperate battle is this: Young Langdon Towne of Kittery, Maine, has been expelled from Harvard for cartooning the overseers of the college; he wants to be an artist, but Rev. Browne, father of Elizabeth, whom Langdon loves, says portraits bring in no money and Elizabeth (played by Ruth Hussey) shall marry no dauber. Embittered, Towne drops in at the tavern with a friend and speaks truly but unwisely against "the better people," especially King's Attorney Wyseman Claggett and Sheriff Packer. Claggett and Packer overhear him and after the brawl that ensues, Langdon and his friend,

Lady Esther says

"Get 12 FREE SHADES of my 7-DAY Cream Nail Polish"





Each shade is on a "Magic Fingertip" which you can try on right over your own nail! Find your lucky shade!

NO LONGER need you wonder about which shade of nail polish you should wear—which shade is loveliest on your hands! For now you can try on all the newest shades—right at home—before buying a single bottle of polish!

It's all done with my Magic Fingertips!

I'll gladly send you *free* a set of my 12 Magic Fingertips. Each is shaped like the human nail—made of celluloid—and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You simply hold each Magic Fingertip over your nail—and instantly you see which shade gives your hands enchanting loveliness—goes smartest with your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. You'll be thrilled with this rich, cream polish that gives your nails flattering beauty for 7 long days!

FREE! *Send Today For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!*

Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty! Clip the coupon now.

Lady Esther's
7-DAY NAIL POLISH



(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)
LADY ESTHER, 7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (53)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



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SCOTT'S EMULSION

Hunk Marriner, a clever woodsman, head for the forests.

In due course they meet Major Robert Rogers and his Indian guide, Konkapot (Andrew Pena); and when Langdon and Hunk recover from the effects of hot buttered rum, they find they've joined Rogers' Rangers and are embarking at Crown Point for St. Francis. Rogers—fearless and apparently owning a charmed life—wants Langdon as map maker, and is more keen about him than ever when he learns that Langdon knows all the projected routes for the long-sought Northwest Passage, the mythical shortcut by water to India. Rogers dreams of some day finding it.

By boat and on foot the Rangers proceed for three weeks without fires or hot food or adequate rest. This heroic feat of endurance is a matter of American history. They wade through swamps, and it's a fact that in the swamps near Payette Lake a man would sometimes disappear in a chuck hole and have to be dug out by his fellow actors—realism with a vengeance!

After incredible hardships, the remnant that survived both privation and Indian warfare stumble through the forests to a rendezvous where supplies of food, as well as reinforcements, are to be on hand. But something has gone amiss. When, more than half dead, they stagger into the clearing where, according to agreement, their first good meal in nearly two months should be waiting, they find the place empty. The military detachment sent to rescue them has come, and departed.

It had departed so recently that the embers of its campfire are still warm, and the sounds of its departure float back faintly through the woods. But the wretched little handful of men are too weak to follow; too weak to shout. They would have lain down and died right there but for the indomitable Rogers. He it is who digs roots for food; who manages to make his way down river to a fort, from which General Amherst sends the supplies that save what's left of the Rangers.

Those who have read the book, *Northwest Passage,* will realize that the picture takes in only the first half of the story; the half which builds up to that epic struggle at St. Francis. M-G-M intended to put the entire book into the one film, but when they had reached this point they saw that they had a picture already, and a darned exciting one. Rather than anticlimax it with the search for the Northwest Passage, which takes up the rest of the novel, they plan now to make a second picture of the novel's second half.

■ The attack on St. Francis, and the spectacular burning of the village come at dark and creepy dawn. The half-nude bodies of the Indians, the flashing axes, the fleet motions of the Rangers, make an eerie sequence against the black sky in the light of the roaring flames. From this strange and terrible fight, the Rangers bring back two white women captured years before, a girl, Jennie Coit (Isabel Jewell), who refuses to desert her Indian husband, and aged Sarah Haddon (Helen McKellar).

For six and a half weeks, Miss Jewell and Miss McKellar were the only actresses on location among six or seven hundred men. Isabel knew that type of country, and Indians were no novelty, either. Born across the line in Shoshone, Wyoming, she went to school with Shoshone Indian children and often played with them on the reservation. From her own remarkable collection of Indian relics, she provided her costume for Jennie Coit.

■ Rogers was a leader who took no chances. You should have seen him (in the person of Spencer Tracy) creep silently past French and Indian outposts, wade across shallow bays in winter weather—br-rrr!—without a splash, to circle boatloads of the enemy. More adroit than the Indians themselves, he made his forces sleep in tall trees while the foe combed the ground unavailingly for a sign of them.

"I'll never sleep again! I couldn't!" groaned Tracy, rubbing his back after Director Vidor had placed him in an especially unyielding tree fork.

"The original Rogers' Rangers had nothing on us," Brennan agreed, working his shoulder.

"Except," Tracy reminded him, "*our* Indians aren't actually trying to kill us."

"Might as well be knocked off by an arrow," Brennan grunted, "as by falling out of a tree."

The way Brennan didn't care for trees was the way the rest of the cast didn't care for mosquitoes. In the swamp sequences there were clouds of these insects—"big as buzzards," Bob Young stoutly maintained—and a howl went up when Director Vidor announced that in the film the mosquitoes didn't look like mosquitoes. Rogers' Rangers plunged through the sequence again, their hands and faces coated with oils and unguents . . . and this time, to augment the genuine pests, there were "doubles" in the form of powdered cattail rushes!

Soon after this strenuous experience, Spencer Tracy got spilled into the river when they broke the improvised dam. He disappeared from sight in the turmoil of rough water, and gave everybody an anxious half minute.

Not to be outdone, Bob Young fell in again. They were forming a human chain, clasping hands in a long line across the river, before attacking an Indian position, and the river was so cold that they had to

come out and change uniforms every ten minutes. But the moment they got into a nice, dry, warm uniform, it was discovered that, for a close-up, Young had to be wet clear to the neck. He meant to do no more than duck gingerly in the edge of the stream, but his feet were swept from under him and he was carried 100 yards down river before the lifeguards reached him.

"Right now, I take a vow never to get even a fingernail wet again!" he declared when the water stuff was over. But Fate was far from through with him. They had some boat races on Sunday—not for the film, just for fun. They let Bob pick his own crew. He chose such people as Frank Hagney, formerly world champion in the single sculls, and Fred Zendahr, twice Olympic champion breast-stroke swimmer. Bob's boat won. So his dear, gentle, sympathetic fellow-workers tossed him into the lake.

■ The first scene they took on location will probably be the most colorful (that is, in actual colors), and the last scene the most miraculous. The first scene was the embarkation at Crown Point, N. Y., with Payette Lake doing duty as Lake Champlain. As a building job, this was the greatest of all. The fort, constructed from the original plans, was 300 feet across the front, 400 feet long on the sides, 40 feet high. It took 110,000 feet of lumber. Again it was necessary to clear the forest, blast out rock, haul in dirt to cover the rocks again. Some 240 members of the Idaho State Militia played the British troops, in fine red coats.

The final scene was simply incredible. But it really happened, exactly like this: There had been only one rain in 39 days, and they needed a rain sequence scheduled for 3 p. m. sharp! They got out watercarts, and on the dot of 3 p. m. clouds came up and it rained. They wanted sunshine shots, and the sun came out. They found they needed long shots in the rain and (don't stop me) the clouds came back and it rained again!



Joan Bennett has made a great friend of Smitty, 160-pound Great Dane which appears with her in *House Across the Bay*. George Raft plays opposite her



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ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

RUTH: Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.



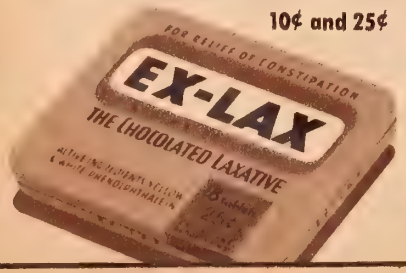
LATER

ANN: Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

RUTH: I *knew* you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

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On Safari in Hollywood



Tullio Carminati, Madeleine Carroll, Lynne Overman and Douglas Fairbanks in one of the exciting moments in *Safari* when the cannibal chieftain begins to feel the pangs of hunger

Our favorite extra discovers that the life of a savage is not all dancing around campfires and sleeping late in the morning, so he decides to stay in Hollywood for a while

By E. J. (Tom Tom) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, I knew something would happen to me if I got too hungry for money and took on another extra job without first taking a few days' rest to get rid of the dust I swallowed as an Okie in 20th Century-Fox's *The Grapes of Wrath.*

At the time it seemed as though I had a fairly good reason for picking up some extra change without waiting to dig the dirt out of my ears. The pretty blonde who works the Central Casting Office switchboard had a birthday coming, and I figured I better get to work and turn in the jack on a nice present for her. More than once she'd tipped me off to some good jobs and I wanted to pay her back.

That was why, mainly, I scooted over to Paramount without waiting for my last "Grapes" paycheck when I learned that Edward H. Griffith was ready to shoot the opening sequences in *Safari,* an African jungle picture starring *Madeleine Carroll,* Douglas Fairbanks, Muriel Angelus (she came to Hollywood from London to play opposite Ronald Colman in *The Light that Failed*) Lynne Overman, and Billy (The Big Sneeze) Gilbert.

The first man I see at Paramount is Terry DeLapp, the studio's demon publicity man. I tell him what I want, and, in less footage than it takes to register a movie kiss, I am in the make-up department along with a couple of hundred other extras. A trio of burly guys order us to disrobe to practically strip tease specifications and when we're down to our last "G-String" they smear us with black make-up paint. When that's finished they give us feathered headpieces and about twenty pounds of brass ornaments to wear. When we're all dollied up we're herded into studio trucks and wheeled out to Sherwood Forest, a location site about 40 miles from the studio. Believe you me, by the time we got there those brass ornaments, bouncing with every bounce of the trucks, had given the skins on our shins a burn hotter than an actor gets when he reads a poor notice in the reviews.

Once we got there, we were taken in

tow by—you'd never guess in a million years, so hep me!—Prince Modupe, an Oxford-educated son of the ruler of the powerful Euroba tribe which occupies most of the British and French Guinea in West Africa!

The Prince, in addition to playing the full length part in the film, also served as technical advisor on all the native African sequences. While the grips, electricians, sound men, cameramen, carpenters and other laborers were getting the set-up in shape to shoot, the Prince took us aside and instructed us in the art of going native. It was as simple as falling for a cute blonde the way he explained it! All we had to do was to squat on our heels in the man-made jungle and keep moanin' low while the scene was being shot. Well, that was easy for me because I'm moanin' low most of the time according to the girl at Central Casting. Everything was going along swell as we went native, and then Old Man Bad Luck picked me by the scruff of the neck and sat me down behind one of the dozen African drums the Prince said should go boom-boom as background music for the shot.

The Prince showed us how to slap 'em with the palms of our hands, and we put in half an hour of practice just to be sure that we had the hang of the peculiar rhythm. It looked like a mighty easy way to earn that birthday gift money, spanking the top-side of a drum, and I was hoping it would keep up for a week,



The baby giant Panda stopped by for a visit with Douglas Fairbanks and Muriel Angelus on the *Safari* set, and seems to be looking with longing at the animals who got a chance to work in the picture

but I certainly changed my mind right after the shooting started.

Believe it or not, just as you like, but I suffered sprains in both wrists from beating my tom-tom! Which should put me in a class by myself among the ten thousand Hollywood extras. At any rate, when noon and the box lunches arrived my arms, from fingertips to shoulder sockets, were so sore I couldn't raise 'em to scratch the back of my dirty black neck!

Now it just occurred to me that you may wonder why I haven't mentioned Madeleine Carroll, Doug Fairbanks and the rest of the principals thus far in my report of the shooting. Well, the reason why I haven't is because they weren't there. Not a single one of them. All Director Griffith was filming on this particular day was us jungleers squatting on our heels back a ways in the jungle and a zebra at a water hole! And just one zebra at that! Which may explain why movies cost so much today. This zebra, by the way, surely was a prima donna if there ever was one in the animal kingdom! He—or she—just didn't want to be seen at the water hole. Coaxing, shoving, pulling and even whipping failed to do much good. Director Griffith finally blamed us drug store natives for the animal's temperamental didos. He said the zebra didn't like our smell! True or not, the shot wasn't okayed until four that afternoon! On the way back to the studio I got to chinning with Prince Modupe—the first and only prince, in case you're interested, that I ever met up with. And a nice sociable fellow he turned out to be. He came to the United States, so he said, to gather material for a book in which he traced the origin of the American Negro spirituals back to their beginnings in Africa. Later, he said, he became interested in motion pictures. He's been living in Hollywood for the past two years. Although in line for the throne, he plans to abdicate, he said, so that he can devote himself entirely to gathering knowledge

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which will enable him to return to Africa and "improve my people."

"Anyway," he went on, "I don't expect to inherit soon. My father is now 72, but my grandfather lived to be 103 and my grandmother 102."

Director Griffith, I learned later, had given the Prince free rein in providing native music, costumes and so on and the jungle sets you'll see in the picture will be authentic in every sense of the word. The only phonies are us colored folk fresh from the Hollywood drug stores. But Prince Modupe seemed to be satisfied with our masquerade and we hope movie patrons will be, too.

During lunch that day, a farmer drove a herd of cows across a near-by road. Everybody stopped munching their sandwiches and watched in silence until a prop man got a laugh with: "Hey, lookit! Cecil B. DeMille and his company—lost again!"

■ Came the dawn of the second day's shooting and your tom-toming extra was being carted out to a jungle village built on the edge of Baldwin Lake, a beauty spot on Rancho Santa Anita.

The scene to be filmed that day called for a 70-foot paddle-wheeler to arrive at the landing dock, a bit of simple shooting that even a third assistant director could have canned without turning a hair if everything had gone according to Hoyle —which it didn't.

On board the boat were Madeleine Carroll, (I think she's the handsomest gal in Hollywood!) Doug Fairbanks, Tullio Carminati, Lynne Overman and two score of us natives, feathered and brassed up as of the day before. With the cameras all set to grind, the boat backed into the lake for its three-minute run to the dock, but before it could go forward a foot it listed badly to one side and sank like a rock. Fortunately the lake was quite shallow and there was little danger to any fairly capable swimmer, but believe me, commotion reigned supreme for quite a spell. Director Griffith, Actress Muriel Angelus, Cameraman Ted Tetzlaff and the rest of his crew, along with those extras not working, leaped into native canoes and paddled Billy-be-darned to the rescue of those of us who were floundering about in the water. In their eagerness to help, some of the rescuers tipped over their canoes, and had to be rescued themselves, but finally, all got ashore that was going ashore. After being wrapped up in blankets for an hour we went to work in the jungle village. The boat was brought to the surface by a night crew and was ready for a retake two days later.

We spent the rest of the day milling around the village for a scene showing the preparations of a safari (journey to you) into the interior of the jungle and what a time we had. Right off the bat Director Griffith gets a three-inch gash across his forehead from bumping into a camera boom, Madeleine Carroll backs up against some *apis mellifera* (honey bees), gets herself stung and lets out a shriek that sets Nissa, the leopard, to howling and the fourteen elephants to trumpeting.

Strangely enough, Director Griffith seems happy about what's going on. He's assured now, he says, of the picture's box office success! By a curious coincidence, each time something happens to a member of his troupe, or to himself while shooting a film, the picture turns out to be a big grosser. Erline Rogers, his secretary, was struck by an automobile during the shooting of *Honeymoon in Bali*. Fred MacMurray suffered a wrenched knee while making *Cafe Society*.

Nissa, the leopard, deserves a special paragraph.

Whenever any studio has a picture calling for a leopard it's Nissa who gets the job. A beautiful animal is Nissa, but she's certainly got a peculiar mind and a stubborn will.

Believe it or not, she pulled a sit-down strike on us that afternoon and positively refused to work with the actors until she was sprinkled—and liberally—with, of all things, perfume! Yes, ma'am, that's the truth, so help me, and I saw a prop boy squirt half a bottle of gardenia perfume over the spotted hide of that there animal! And another funny thing about the whole business. Nissa won't stand for any of this five-and-ten-cent counter perfume. Not Nissa! A whiff of cheap stuff sends her right into her best jungle tantrums.

So that Nissa would remain in good humor the prop boy, under instructions from Director Griffith, doused Madeleine and Doug with Gardenia, too, and the place was the sweetest smelling location site I ever worked on! "The only trouble with Nissa," so her trainer told me, "is that only recently she has discovered Christmas Night perfume. She seems to like that better—and you know what that costs!"

But it wasn't only Nissa who gave us some bad moments that afternoon. Those fourteen elephants were mighty peevish, too, if their dismal trumpeting meant anything, which it did, according to the men who bossed them around. Most likely they had a reason considering that on their fourteen mammoth heads hung fourteen pairs of ears that didn't belong to them! You see these were elephants from India, and India elephants have much smaller ears than African elephants so Director Griffith, stickler for detail that he is, had the property department make huge, flapping ears, some six feet across, and fasten them to the heads of the elephants from India. They looked okay to the camera, but not to the elephants. Finally, though, they went through their paces like old-time troupers and Director Griffith managed to okay three shots before quitting time.

■ Before the next morning's shooting started, Old Man Bad Luck made another appearance and Director Griffith grinned from ear to ear. Muriel Angelus' dressing room suddenly burst into flames and burned to the ground along with all her costumes before the fire could be extinguished. Being Eddie on the spot, I made a grab for a fire extinguisher, shook it loose from its bracket, but I couldn't hold onto it, being somewhat excited, and the darn thing bounced off

the head of Tullio Carminati who started yelling bloody murder in his best Italian with all the improper gestures. I made a bee-line for the interior of the jungle where I stayed until the doctor had patched him up. Tullio wasn't very friendly to me after that, and maybe I shouldn't blame him. Madeleine got quite a kick out of the ruckus. At any rate, every time she'd see me from then on she'd call me "Old Fire Chief."

So far as the shooting went that day, nothing much happened except we kept traveling through the jungle, dodging elephant feet, brambles, vines, and warlike natives. The luggage I was toting on my back got heavy along toward the close of the day and I managed to acquire a few rope burns, but they were nothing to brag about.

Billy Gilbert, who has a featured role in the picture gave us a laugh that afternoon. Billy, reputed to be the film colony's most explosive sneezer, showed us a letter he had received from a drug concern in the mid-west offering him a positive cure for his affliction.

"This," announced the letter, "will surely stop your sneezing if you take it."

"And if I take it," Billy grinned, "I'll probably quit eating, too."

Billy, the rotund man of a thousand dialects and ten thousand sneezes, plays the role of a cafe owner in an African trading village and plays it to the hilt. It's the best role he's had for months and he does a bang-up job.



Judith Anderson, distinguished stage star, plays the important role of the grim housekeeper in *Rebecca*, soon to be seen with Joan Fontaine and Lawrence Olivier in the leading roles

I rode home that afternoon with Muriel Angelus, as pretty and as nice an English girl who ever came to these parts. Muriel wasn't so much interested in *Safari* on the ride back as she was in her efforts to discover a submarine-less route to England. Not that she was planning to return to the British Isles, but she said she was gathering together a quantity of gifts, clothing and material for English orphans and she was determined that the packages arrive safely.

"With England at war," she said sadly, "I'm afraid there won't be much time for anyone to think of the little youngsters who are in institutions, or who have been evacuated from London. I've got some things together, and some of my friends have donated more, and now we want to be sure they get there safely."

The best route, she said, tracing it on a huge map she pulled out of a car pocket, was to ship the boxes from Hollywood to Australia, thence through the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to France, then by rail to the English channel, and from there to England by air!

We've wondered many times since, in view of the numerous torpedo sinkings by German craft, if those packages ever arrived. We hope so.

Well, this is Safaris I'm going to go, except to tell you that the blond cutie at Central Casting was pleased with her birthday present. So pleased that she got me another job down at the Edward Small Production Studio where *My Son, My Son* is soon to be filmed, and I'll tell you about that next month.

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Face Facts



A glowing skin is a great factor in the beauty of Hedy Lamarr, soon to be seen in *I Take This Woman*. The routines described on these pages will help give you skin loveliness

By ANN VERNON

■ My mail bag contains more questions about skin care than any other beauty problem. There's something so plaguing and so puzzling about skin trouble that it causes thousands of unhappy girls each year to take pen in hand and ask for advice on how to correct it . . . Just in case some of you are worrying about the same sort of thing, here are some typical questions—and answers. If the answers don't solve *your* particular problem, just write me a letter, and I'll be glad to advise you personally.

Q. *My skin is very dry and it chaps in cold weather. Whenever I use soap, my face feels taut and irritated, and because the skin is so dry, my make-up always flies away.*

A. You must see that your skin gets plenty of stimulation, lubrication and protection from extremes of heat and cold. And your skin cleansing routine *should* include soap and water cleansing as well as cream. You need soap and water because of the stimulating effect. The use of warm water, the friction of scrubbing with brush or wash cloth, and the final rinsing in cold water always step up the circulation, bring fresh supplies of blood to the tiny blood vessels just under the surface of the skin. And that helps materially to normalize the skin functions and correct the dryness. Use a good bland soap, and after you have dried your skin thoroughly (leaving it semi-damp will only add to your troubles), smooth on a tiny bit of cream to take away any feeling of tautness, and to act as a lubricant at night or a daytime powder base . . .

There are three new products on the market that will be a great help to you in overcoming your annoyingly dry skin. They all contain lanolin, one of the derivatives of wool fat, a skin lubricant that closely resembles the

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oils in the human skin . . . The soap is superfatted, so that it cannot possibly irritate the tenderest dry skin. There's a lanolin cleansing cream that is a delight to use, and a pure lanolin lubricant as well. If your skin is rather dry, you'll find the lanolin cleansing cream will also make a grand lubricant or a powder base; but if it is excessively so, you'll want to use the pure lanolin cream. These products are inexpensive—about 12 and a half cents a cake for the soap, and 59 cents for the cleansing cream. There's a 25 cent tube of the pure lanolin, as well as 59 cent and one dollar jars.

Q. *My skin is so oily that my make-up gets gummy, and I can't keep my skin free from blackheads. What shall I do?*

A. Your best cue is to scrub your face two or three times a day with soap and water and a complexion brush—and to go very lightly on make-up. The action of a firm bristled complexion brush and plenty of soap suds will tend to normalize the oil output, remove all the excess oil from the skin and keep your pores from enlarging and becoming clogged with solidified facial oil. In addition to this cleansing routine, use plenty of mild astringent on your skin, especially on the oiliest sections before applying your make-up, and always after using a cream or oily lotion for skin-softening purposes. Blotting off excess oil with tissues will also keep your make-up looking fresh longer . . . You will find the cake type of make-up ideal for your skin . . . and I can recommend a fine new one just on the market. It looks like compact powder, and comes in several shades in round, flat tins. You moisten a sponge or clean cotton in water, rub it over the cake, then spread a film of the make-up on your skin. It goes on *so* easily and provides the dull, smooth finish you want. If you wish, you can dust a tiny bit of matching face powder over it, but for oily skinned girls, it provides adequate make-up alone, and doesn't require re-doing for hours. Comes in Peach, Rachelle and Brunette and costs a dime.

Q. *I have that worst of all beauty problems—pimples. Sometimes my skin clears up temporarily, but not for long. My forehead, chin and cheeks break out most.*

A. It is difficult to tell from a written description where "occasional pimples" end and where acne begins . . . That is why I urge you to consult a doctor—preferably a skin specialist who can tell you how serious your condition is, and suggest the proper treatment. For acne is a very serious disease and one that should never be neglected. People are too prone to say, of 'teen age girls—"Oh, she'll outgrow those pimples. They're nothing to worry about." That is the kind of attitude that causes permanently scarred faces. So if your pimples are more frequent and widespread than the occasional one that comes from eating rich foods, off to the doctor, please! Of course you should always be extra careful about cleansing your skin and keeping it clean. Using soap and water three or four times a day is not too often for a blemished skin—and be sure to have everything that comes in contact with it fresh and clean. Soiled powder puffs or towels can re-infect a pimple that is about healed, or help to start one. And don't use too much make-up. The tendency to apply more make-up over old is responsible for many a blemished face.

Your diet should be carefully watched, too. Include lots of fresh fruits, vegetables, milk and water—but stay away from fat meats, gravies and rich sweets—and be sure to keep yourself clean internally. All these things have a bearing on the condition of your skin. You will find a good healing lotion a big help—in addition to all these precautions. May I suggest one that we have tested and found excellent? It is a milky looking liquid that is simple and pleasant to use. You saturate clean pieces of cotton with the lotion and pat it on the skin. Let it dry, and then with clean dry fingers, rub the powdery film into the blemished skin. Leave it on during the day if you can, and all night—but be sure to cleanse your face with soap and water before making another application. If, after a few days, your skin begins to feel taut, there is a softening ointment that you can apply to relieve the irritation. The big thing in using the healing lotion is faithfulness.

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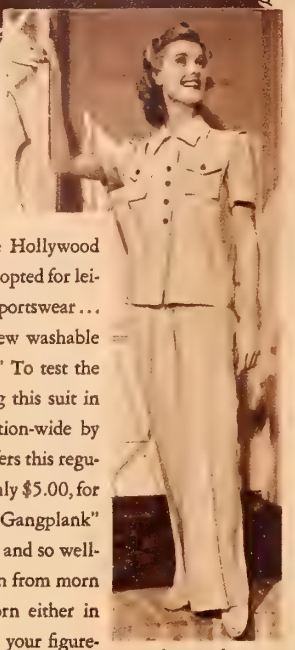
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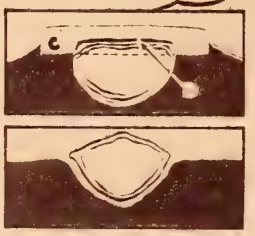
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Write to me before March 15th if you wish the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to send a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, for your reply.

How To Do Spring-Cleaning

[*Continued from page 27*]

"But it's only January!" I remonstrated.

"I know it," he said calmly. "That's part of my system."

Bessie sniffed audibly and Basil said, "Bessie, that will do. We've all got to pull together on this thing . . . "

"Or you'll all hang separately," I finished it for him. "Mister Rathbone, answer me one thing. *Where is your wife?*" I was very chilly about it.

"Ouida?" he chirruped. "Oh, Ouida's in New York. Shopping, you know."

"And you're doing this as a little homecoming surprise for her?" I ventured.

"Well, yes and no," he answered. "Ouida will be pleased, of course, but mostly I wanted to prove a certain contention of mine based on years of observation. Scientific research, you might call it."

His face took on a stern expression. "I have maintained for a long time that women made entirely too much fuss about this spring house-cleaning thing," he pronounced. "They get themselves and every inmate of the house in a frightful lather over nothing at all. They upset routine unnecessarily. They exhaust themselves over trivialities, and for one solid week they make a man's life a nightmare of eating pick-me-up meals in the kitchen, slipping on cakes of soap left in dark hallways, and dodging frantically between denuded windows while trying to put on his pants with some semblance of gentlemanly modesty. I believe," he said pontifically, "it is a simple question of organization and am about to prove it!"

"You're bats!" I said elegantly. It was, I am afraid, an unfortunate choice of words for he nodded enthusiastically, said it was an excellent idea, and promptly made a note of it in his little black book. "You know, of course, that the correct name is *Myotis Sublatus* and you find them in chimneys just before Christmas," he observed.

"Find what?" I asked.

"Bats," he said simply. "We'll attend to them as soon as we get the downstairs washed up. Should be great sport."

"It's open season on termites, too," I said in what I thought was withering sarcasm. His face lighted up.

"It *is*?" he said joyfully. "That's wonderful!" Again he made an entry in the black book. "We'll choose up sides and the first one to bag the limit gets to be a sergeant. No, by jove, we'll make it a lieutenant!"

■ The next few hours remain a *pot pourri* of blurred impressions like the time I had my tonsils out under ether. I distinctly remember the deadly self control with which Basil attacked the assembly of the vacuum cleaner attachments and whipped it to a standstill. I remember him balancing the telephone on his shoulder while vehemently denying to Jimmie Fidler that Ouida's trip to New York had any *phfft* significance. (As far as I could make out he was proving it wasn't necessary to stop whatever you were doing just because the telephone rang. Organization, that's all. Jimmie apparently could make out even less because the next day he wrote a full account of the new laboratory Basil had installed in his home to experiment with atom smashing.) And I remember a hideous interlude called "Guess Where." We played it with the formal drawing room furniture, and Basil claimed it proved women scattered their energy.

"The average woman displays an incredible lack of imagination and coordination when she wants to rearrange the furniture in any given room," he stated. "She overlaps herself, if you know what I mean. For instance, she wants the white chair where the gold chair has been standing. So she moves the white chair to where the gold chair is. That means she has to move the gold chair somewhere else. She thereupon puts it where the ultramarine davenport was placed. In turn, the davenport has to be moved to where the piano stands. Then the piano has to be moved. Before she knows it, she is right back where she started from with everything in its original place. A vicious circle of futility!"

His system, he maintained, was infinitely simpler. Just pile everything in the center of the room and work from the inside out. Then if the white chair doesn't look well where the gold chair was, all you have to do is move it back

to the middle pile and start over again.

It might have worked if he hadn't made that one teentsy weentsy mistake about the piano. Somehow it got on top of the pile instead of on the bottom. But, as he said when we left the room in the *status quo* (i. e. everything in the middle with the piano on top), Ouida probably would prefer to make her own decision about it anyway.

■ We tackled the upstairs next and there I must confess Basil distinguished himself, earning the title of "The White Flash." He was here, there, and everywhere, a veritable human cyclone of speed and thoroughness. One moment I would see him lugging heavy mattresses through narrow doors, arranging them in a neat stack in the hallway. The next moment he would be perched on the top of a step-ladder, explaining to Elmer and H. A. the advantages of painting "across the grain" over "with the grain." (Elmer and H. A. were just a mite miffed until Basil whipped out his union card in Local No. 71; after that they were real buddies, I can tell you, as friendly as anything. Basil, in fact, was insisting the movies were overlooking two good bets for the screen, and Elmer was talking about putting Basil up for the 1940 presidency of No. 71.) The next thing I would know, Basil would be down on his knees, hard at work on the squared tile flooring.

■ Ouida Rathbone is an understanding woman so I'm sure she will not mind that awful mess she finds upstairs on her return from New York. She will realize Basil had no alternative but to leave the mattresses stacked six deep in the hall when it turned out he could not remember which one came from which room. She will know he left the walls and ceilings splotched up with a priming coat *only* because he wanted her to have the pleasure of picking out the final colors. And she is bound to understand about the five buckets on the white squares and the three hatboxes on the black ones in the tiled hall; the squares had suggested a game of checkers but unfortunately Elmer had received an out of town call before the game was finished which gave Basil no choice but to promise to wait until he could come back.

She is a generous woman, too, so she'll probably understand about the bats and why such extreme measures had to be taken in the end.

Basil had located the nest in the big north chimney with Sherlock Holmesian despatch, and was prepared to use humane methods to dislodge them. His plan, I believe, called for covering the chimney with a pup tent so the bats would think it was night and fly right into the ingenious canvas trap. The bats proved obdurate, however, and wouldn't play by those rules so he had to resort to drastic measures of fire and water. A fine smudgy fire of wet straw was started about two feet from the top of the chimney. Unexpectedly it slipped its moorings and stuck half way down where eventually it fizzled itself out. Naturally that left but one course and Basil took it without batting an eye. He hauled up the garden hose and turned it down the chimney full force.

The resultant mess of smoke, water and debris in the living room was a little discouraging, particularly since Basil never did catch the bats; but as I said, Ouida is a generous and understanding woman about such trivialities. And he meant well.

■ I'm afraid, though, there's going to be a little trouble over the termites.

To be fair, I don't think Basil intended to do it; I think the man just didn't know his own strength. When he discovered definite traces of the destructive little beasts in the underpinnings of the west wing he grabbed a handy crowbar and went to work.

Theory or no theory, I don't think Ouida is going to like it when she comes home and finds half her house tilting at a 30 degree angle. A thing like that upsets a woman.

Linda Darnell is the only girl in Hollywood ever to sprain her wrist while baking a cake! She stirred up the pastry concoction so long that she had to call in the doctor.

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She Married Adventure

[*Continued from page 25*]

century were to symbolize, to millions of movie-goers and readers of travel books, the very spirit of romance and adventure.

For more than twenty-five years, Martin and Osa Johnson, explorers extraordinary, have been hailed by schoolboy and scientist alike as the final authority on the native and animal life in half a dozen of the little frequented, far off places of the world. Borneo, the South Seas, the New Hebrides, Australia, all ceased to be meaningless names on the map and vividly came to life in the pictures and books produced by these pith-helmeted Marco Polos.

But it was to the vast, challenging continent of Africa that the Johnsons owed their greatest fame. Or perhaps, I might better say, it was to the Johnsons, in the last fifteen years, that Africa owed much of its fame. More widely even than Lawrence attracted attention to Arabia, the Johnsons, as modern day historians of Africa, with camera tripod and typewriter have made that "Dark Continent" known as a light continent, a sportsman's paradise.

Certainly to untraveled and untutored persons like your reporter, Africa, for the past decade, has been a large body of land surrounding Martin and Osa Johnson.

■ Three years ago Martin Johnson died from injuries received in an airplane crash in California. Osa, temporarily crippled in the same accident, carried on from a wheel chair the lecture tour they had just begun.

And now, as a testimonial to the tremendous task her husband accomplished in pioneering and perfecting jungle films, Mrs. Johnson has just finished assembling a feature length picture, *I Married Adventure*, an exciting record of the highlights of their various expeditions, culled from more than a million feet of film shot in the last twenty-seven years.

I learned something of just what sort of a picture *I Married Adventure* will be, when Osa Johnson came to New York a few weeks ago to shoot a preface to the film at the American Museum of Natural History, which owes so much of its magnificent display of African wild life to the Johnsons.

I learned, too, the connecting links in the story of the transition of a gingham gowned little Kansas girl, who had never been thirty miles away from home before she married, to perhaps the most widely traveled woman in the world.

Just what sort of a woman I expected to meet the afternoon I called on Osa Johnson in her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria, I am not certain now. But it was a big woman, a woman of big bones, big gestures. Probably a complexion like an English saddle, tanned by equatorial suns. Maybe a mixture of Ma Pettingrew, the boisterous ranch owner of fiction who rolled her own cigarettes, and a grown up Girl Scout in tweeds and a mannish felt hat and an air of just having walked a brisk twenty miles in sensible shoes.

Instead I found myself admiring the chic furs and faultless coiffure of one of the most dainty and feminine looking ladies who ever set a modish foot on Park Avenue.

Her pictures reveal how photogenic Osa Johnson is herself. A description of her impeccable taste in attire and just how smart and stylish a figure she cuts, is a job few men could do justice to. This reporter merely will point out that the Academy of Fashion last year named Osa Johnson as one of the ten best dressed women in America and cast his vote in complete accord.

But though she might have stepped from the pages of *Vogue*, so smart and sophisticated did she look, and though her adventures have taken her six times around the globe and in and out of most of the capitals of Europe, there is nothing of the blasé cosmopolite, the thrill-hardened Baedecker belle about Osa Johnson.

In her spirited enthusiasms, in her simple viewpoints on life, most of all in her high pitched, almost girlishly eager voice, Osa Johnson is still 100% Kansas. Twenty-nine years of hair-raising experiences, half a million miles of travel, roughing it in Rhodesia or promenading in Paris, have not worn off the bloom and charm of the girl from Chanute, Kansas.

Osa Johnson speaks of being captured by cannibals, of tortuous treks in the Congo, of lion kills, of charging rhinos, of thundering herds of elephants as though she were describing a cow pasture in the middle west. She was seventeen when she set sail for the South Seas. When she is seventy, I'll wager she'll be hiking up the Himalayas or conducting a campaign equally energetic somewhere else.

■ But to get back to that bright-eyed sixteen-year-old bride who had come to tickle the ears of audiences in *The Snark*, the movie house in Independence, and the appetite of its manager, back there in May of 1910.

The Snark had derived its name from the fact that Martin had accompanied Jack London on his memorable cruise to the South Seas in the 47-foot boat of that name. The films that Martin had made on the well publicized cruise supplied his chief stock in trade when he set himself up in the theatre business on his return to his Kansas home town.

The wide public interest in those films gave Martin the idea of a second trip to the South Seas to make pictures on his own, a year or so after he had married Osa Helen Leighty, the little choir singer of Chanute. To finance his venture, Martin wrote the first of his many travel books, *Through The South Seas With Jack London*, and, selling his movie theatre, he set out on a lecture tour, with his *Snark* cruise film and Osa's repertory of two newly learned Hawaiian songs as chief side attractions.

"I was wriggling around in a Sarong before Dorothy Lamour was born," Osa told me, recounting how the adventurous



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pair worked their way West to San Francisco, with one night shows in mining and lumber camps where acetylene gas supplied their projection lighting.

"From San Francisco, we shipped to the Solomon Islands, where we chartered a sailboat and headed for the Cannibal Islands. It was an open boat and I had to be lashed to the deck at nights, when I slept.

"It was on this trip I had the narrowest escape of my whole life. We had gone to photograph a tribe of cannibals on the island of Malekula, in the New Hebrides. We had been warned it would be dangerous, but there had been no white men attacked recently and we decided to take the chance. We landed and got along fine with the natives for the first day or so. Then, as we were about to leave, Martin decided we should say goodbye to the chief, both out of courtesy and as a feature for our film.

"We climbed the hill to his village and approached to where the chief and a group of his warriors were holding some sort of pow-wow. 'Go up and shake hands with him,' Martin told me, and prepared to take pictures of my bidding goodbye to the savage, a sinister looking old devil with a human bone stuck through his nose.

"The chief reached out and took my hand, but when I turned to leave, he would not let go. He grabbed my arm with his other hand. He seemed fascinated by my white skin and kept rubbing it, as if to rub away some mysterious white paint. Then he began to feel me all over.

"Martin made a move to gain my side but was seized by several natives. I was so terrified I could not speak, and merely looked at Martin in dumb pleading. He tried to wrest away but it was obvious that the cannibals had turned ugly.

"I don't know what might have happened. Martin, they probably would have killed and eaten. I probably would have been added to the chief's retinue of wives. It is still too ghastly an experience to think much about.

"However, as we stood there, wondering what our fate was to be, a native ran up and began gesticulating excitedly. We looked in the direction in which he pointed and there, to our immense relief, saw an English gunboat slowly making its way toward shore.

"Of course, the natives believed the ship was coming in search of us, and, as small boats began to put out from the ship, the savages let us loose and took to the hills. We ran just as fast toward the beach!

"The government official who had come to our rescue, himself was captured some years afterwards and eaten by the cannibals. I've never liked the looks of a big black pot since!"

When they returned to America with their first feature film, *Captured By Cannibals,* Martin and Osa Johnson immediately were established as the foremost makers of adventure films. For the next several years they cruised the South Seas making other native pictures and then, in 1917, at the promptings of exhibitors who declared the public was tiring of native films and wanted animal pictures, the Johnsons made their first expedition to Borneo where they shot *Jungle Adventurers.*

In 1921, with the release of *Trailing African Wild Animals,* regarded as the first authentic African film, the Johnsons decided that on "The Dark Continent" lay the most interesting of the unexplored paths for their future expeditions. For the next fifteen years Africa was their real home. They returned to America only for visits every two years upon the completion of a new film.

Some of the titles of these jungle epics will stir the memories of adventure loving fans, memories of exciting hours in the theatre watching *Simba, Safari, Across The World, Congorilla, Baboona, Wings Over Africa, Jungles Calling, Borneo* and many others.

It is from the million or more feet of film shots for those past triumphs (several of which grossed over $2,000,000) that Osa has painstakingly picked the dramatic thread of her own story—in *I Married Adventure.* Scenes of lions killed within a few feet of the camera, rhinoceros charges, angry elephants dropped by Osa's keen marksmanship at the very feet of her husband who kept grinding away his camera in a hundred harrowing episodes. The breath-taking beauty of the great African plains, studded with every kind

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of animal; the weird dances of the natives, the happy pranks of pygmies, all these and many more scenes, Osa told me she had collected for her film which will follow pictorially the narrative of the biography she published in January under the title *I Married Adventure*, the same title as her forthcoming film.

For, like her husband, Osa is a writer of considerable reputation. The $10,000 she received for a series of ten magazine articles once helped finance one of the Johnson expeditions and her full length books, *Osa Johnson's Jungle Book* and *Osa Johnson's Jungle Pets*, have been children's favorites for some years.

■ "But in addition to the narrow escapes and the thrills of particularly stunning animal shots, *I Married Adventure* will have a new slant on jungle films in that it will reveal the human inside story of how such pictures are actually made, the days and weeks of patient waiting in blinds to get one scene, the drudgery of scientific labor that Martin put into his work," Osa declared in speaking of her new entertainment venture. I specify entertainment venture, for in the last year this enterprising woman of forty-five, who has the energy and appearance of a young girl in her twenties, recently has embarked on several new ventures.

Returning from a three months expedition to Africa, last year, where she supervised the filming of the 300,000 feet of location shots for *Stanley and Livingstone*, Osa Johnson entered the field of commerce with two novelties for the market. One, a glove, made of Congo pigskin, and the second, a series of toys, copied from the actual animal pets she had at various times; *Toto Twiga*, a baby giraffe; *Pantaloons*, the baby elephant she brought to America; *Snowball*, the baboon she presented the Washington Zoo; and *Honey Boy*, the Borneo bear she reared as a pet.

So far as I could learn, about the only type of animal Osa never adopted as a pet at some stage of her life in Africa, was the rhinoceros.

"Rhinos are the only animals I really hate," Osa told me. "In my opinion they are the most dangerous of all animals. They are the animals from which I have had my narrowest escapes."

■ Speaking of jungle dangers, I asked the handsome woman if she had ever feared human molestation as she trekked for months at a time through the wilderness of Africa, the only woman in parties that sometimes numbered forty or fifty blacks.

"No," she replied, "I never felt the slightest fear of the black men in Africa. For one thing, to the average African, a white woman is ugly. He thinks her hair is hideous and, strange as it may seem to us who think of the black race as having a definite odor, to the black man, the white man's scent is even more repulsive.

"For another thing the boys had a great respect for me because I was a good shot. They depended on me for their food. 'Little Big Boss' they used to call me. I learned Swahili, the native dialect, and this made me liked by the blacks. Martin and I grew fond of them, too. The African blacks are children. No emotion, hate or love or fear or anger lasts long after the stimulating cause of it has been removed. We especially loved the pygmies. They are the happiest savages on earth. They never think of tomorrow or of yesterday. All that matters to them is today. Never have I seen them quarrel or fight among themselves."

"Did you," I asked the silk gowned lady, "in the long months in the jungle, the only woman among so many men, find yourself adapting men's habit's, become looked upon as 'a man's man'?"

Osa Johnson looked up with a quick grin and a captivating brittleness was added to her tone.

"I did not!" she stated emphatically. "I was in love with my husband. I wanted to keep him in love with me. The only way to do that was to keep up the attractions of a woman. Everywhere I went I carried my little kit of cosmetics, and every evening, no matter how long the trek, I 'made up' as carefully as if I were dining at Claridges, and every night it was possible, bathed and changed from my workday slacks to a fresh, utterly feminine dress.

"A good wife has got to be a woman, even in the desert!" Osa Johnson concluded with a soft, reminiscing look in her eye.

As our talk drew to a close, I looked out the window of the room high in the hotel, at the panorama of New York, stretched out below us. It was twilight, that magic hour when Manhattan is at its gleaming best, when the lights are winking on in the tall office buildings, and over the whole twinkling city hangs an air of rare beauty.

And suddenly the everyday streets became canyons in man-made mountains of great stone buildings. The big, clumsy double deck buses became great green elephants, lumbering through a jungle of traffic.

Osa Johnson had taken me on such a safari of the imagination that I bade her goodbye as if I were about to strike out for Nairobi, two hundred miles up country. The native drums and spears that ornamented her room, the zebra skin rugs on the floor, heightened the illusion and I almost asked if she wanted me to send her back anything from the trading post.

Say, you don't have an extra steamer ticket to Capetown lying around, do you?

They tell this out at Selznick-International. As far back as 15 years ago, Clark Gable was hounding the casting offices for work. "Got anything today?" he used to ask Fred Schuessler, then at Universal Studios. The two men never met again until Gable went out to Selznick to work in *Gone With the Wind*. Schuessler, now with Selznick, watched the elaborate preparations going on to receive the famous star, and he wondered whether or not Gable would remember him. Twenty minutes after Gable arrived, Schuessler, standing in his office with his back to the door, suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder, then a whisper in his ear. "Got anything for me today?"

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 6]

becoming alarmed, sent the colored maid to the nearest store for a bottle of extract of beef, hoping that this would restore his appetite.

The colored maid brought back the extract of beef—but it happened to be MILK.

■ A much looked-forward-to motion picture is *Our Town,* being produced by Sol Lesser. It's the most ambitious picture venture he has ever attempted, and if ever there was a labor of love, it's this one. He loved the stage play and he's going to make you movie fans love his screen version. The play was staged without the use of scenery, and Sol is going to follow the same line of procedure. We've read the script, had a peek at the set designs, and have listened by the hour while Sol talked about his plans. Here's a sample of the unique treatment to be employed.

The film opens without the usual title, acting and technical credits. Instead all you'll see, first, is the back of a man's head. He's working over a jigsaw puzzle of the map of the United States. The man turns around, glances into the camera and says:

"This picture is called *Our Town.* It was written by Thornton Wilder, produced by Sol Lesser, and directed by Sam Wood. In it, you will see,"—here he names the cast. Then the man (he's Frank Craven) goes on. "The name of the town is Grover's Corners, New Hampshire—just across the Massachusetts line, longitude 24 degrees, etc." And so the story begins and goes on with either Craven appearing in his gentle characterization or narrating on the sound track with appropriate pantomime from the cast until it speaks its own dialogue. The famous graveyard scene, as Wilder discusses life after death will be in it. Lesser, with a camera crew, made background shots of a great number of New England cemeteries, and these scenes will find places in the film. *Our Town* should—and will—make a picture worth seeing.



Clark Gable and Carole Lombard flew to Atlanta for the opening of *Gone With the Wind* and flew back again to attend the huge premiere in Hollywood

■ To give you an idea just how popular Arthur Lake is with the *Blondie* movie fans, and how they have accepted him in reel and real life as Dagwood Bumstead, the post office department has installed a special box in the Hollywood branch and labelled it "Dagwood." This was done because officials claim that more than 90 per cent of the mail he receives is addressed, "Dagwood."

As for Dagwood's wife, Blondie—well, she's getting her share of public attention these days, too. Just recently Orchestra Leader Billy Artz wrote a new hit tune and titled it "Blondie" and it's going over big.

■ Ken Murray, if he'll take our advice, had better cut out his acrobatics from now on and stick to emceeing. At one of his radio broadcasts, he was supposed to leap onto a piano for a number Frances Langford was to sing for him. He missed and landed INSIDE, instead of ON

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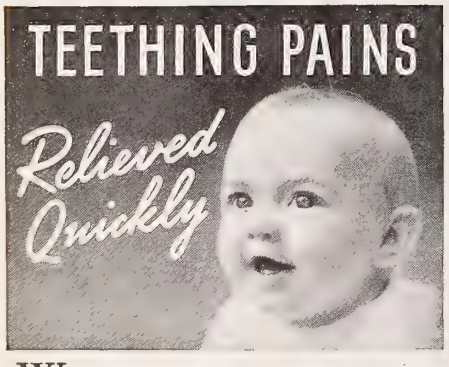
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Charlie McCarthy is a mighty sick boy. Aided by a group of Universal Studio carpenters and machinists, Edgar Bergen has provided his stooge with animated eyes. It's the second operation Charlie has had within the year. In his first operation he was given mobile arms and legs.



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the piano, with a crash that had more discords than all the jitterbug music you ever have heard! The audience, thinking it was part of the act, gave him a big hand. The doctor gave him first aid.

■ Back to "Blondie" who, in real life, is Penny Singleton. On New Year's Day, Penny ordered her cook to prepare an elaborate dinner. "For three very special guests," she said. When the time arrived to serve, the cook, worrying for fear her cooking efforts would go for naught if the guests delayed too long in arriving, voiced a sad complaint to Penny.

"You mustn't worry like that," Penny smiled. "The guests are all here. You call the gardener, and the baby's nurse—and then you take off your apron. This dinner is for the three of you—and I wouldn't want nicer guests, either!"

■ Hollywood is a funny place, says Humphrey Bogart.

In Hollywood, he points out, "Mike is not an Irish comedian. It's a microphone that picks up actors' voices. A beard is not a chest protector. It's a covering for the microphone. A baby does not have to be fed from the bottle. It's a small spotlight. A three-step is not a new dance. It's a short stepladder the electricians use. A juicer does not squeeze oranges. He is a studio electrician. A grip is not a piece of baggage. It's a name for the men who do the heavy labor on sound stages."

Hollywood is funny in other respects, Bogart says. "People that are not, are—and people who are, are not. Sounds silly, but that's Hollywood. For instance. William, Dick, and Eleanor Powell are not brothers and sister. Rosalind Russell is not the daughter of Lillian Russell. Jimmy Cagney is as Irish as Paddy's Pig, but he can speak Jewish better than most Jews. A bank check signed by Dennis Morgan would be forgery. His real name is Stanley Morner. Garbo's deep voice was not caused by a throat operation. She developed it to imitate one of Sweden's greatest actresses. And, though I am a bogey-man on the screen and they call me 'Bogey,' I'm not really that way. I play a crackerjack game of hazard croquet!"

■ **Would You Believe It—and If You Do, What Of It Department:** That the newest hobby in Hollywood among the motion picture stars is to make up dances between scenes on the movie sets. Bette Davis and Henry Fonda have made up a dance which they call the "FONDAtion Fox-trot . . . Jane Wyman was selected by the west coast chapter of the National Bowlers' Congress as their official "Pin Girl." In other words, the girl with the prettiest set of "pins" (ouch!) . . . Huntley Gordon, talent scout for the Gulf Screen Guild Theatre has traveled a total distance of 13,500 miles to contact movie stars for this radio series—AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, Nelson Eddy says he was fired from his job as a reporter on the Philadelphia Press for singing during working hours . . . That James Stewart was the bugler in his Boy Scout troup during the star's boyhood in Indiana, Pennsylvania . . . The fastest trip from Europe to Hollywood was made by Maureen O'Sullivan. She left Europe on the Yankee Clipper, arrived in New York



Not tired a bit was Ginger Rogers after sitting through four hours of *Gone With the Wind*. Walter Plunkett, who designed the graceful gowns for the film, accompanied her to Jock Whitney's party at the new Trocadero after the show



When Dorothy Lamour finished work on *Typhoon*, this is how she "rested." She is after tuna, and evidently it is a big one on that heavy line

and an hour later caught a plane for Hollywood.

■ Funniest Christmas present — the snood that Orson Welles received to wear over his beard!

■ Eleven-year-old Gloria Jean got a big laugh from the practical joke she played on Charles Previn, Universal musical director. In addition to her daily voice lesson, the youthful coloratura star of *The Under-Pup* is also taking piano lessons from Previn. Recently the musical director was a dinner guest at Gloria's home. Walking into the house he found Gloria seated at the piano, her fingers running over the keys and the difficult Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire" ringing true. Previn was amazed until he learned that his "prodigy" was merely going through the motions, while a player piano roll ground out the tune!

■ Director William Dieterle took time off one day during the filming of *Magic Bullets* to give a lecture to a score of extras who seemed to be going through their acting paces without the proper spirit. The scene called for them to storm the doors of the children's hospital ward in the Kaiser Wilhelm Hospital in pre-war Berlin.

"Act like mothers!" the director admonished. "In that room are your children dying from diphtheria. Force your way in. Push the door open. Your children are in there."

Then as a final exhortation Dieterle shouted: "Make believe it's dollar day in a department store basement!"

Even the threat of an operation fails to dim Joan Fontaine's sense of humor. Taken to the hospital, during the filming of *Rebecca*, for a series of X-ray pictures, Joan was laid on a table and warned by the nurse to lie perfectly still. "Of course I'll lie still," grinned Joan. "This is the biggest close-up I ever had!"



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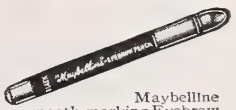
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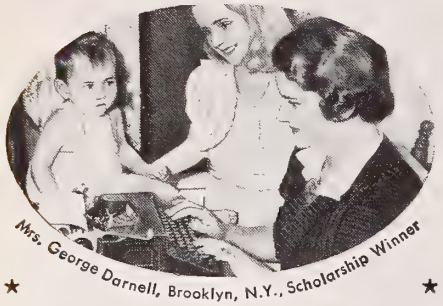
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Battle of the Sexes

[*Continued from page* 23]

Mr. Grover Jones. Miss West wrote most of her dialogue; Mr. Fields his. Miss West, as Floradora, a Chicago nightclub singer, comes out west to visit relatives. On the way she is kidnapped by a masked bandit. Later she shows up in Little Bend looking uncommonly contented for a lady who has been kidnapped. That night the masked bandit is observed leaving her room, and the townspeople are perfectly capable of putting one and one together and getting foul play, so they drive Floradora from town and instruct her to get married. Floradora bumps into Mr. Cuthbert J. Twillie, a medicine man with a troupe of Indians, and is delighted to see that Mr. Twillie's carpet-bag is stuffed with money. Floradora decides to get the money by marrying Mr. Twillie in a phony marriage ceremony. Mr. Twillie's attempts to get into the same bedroom with his wife are constantly being frustrated and Mr. Twillie is driven to all sorts of artful dodges to gain entrance. Once he masquerades as the masked bandit and gets in, but Floradora gets a peek at Mr. Twillie's nose and chases him out. Mr. Twillie morosely observes: "I married a woman like the old army game—now you see her, now you don't." Meanwhile, Floradora has fallen for the saloon proprietor, a hard character named Jeff Badger, played by Joseph Calleia, and is absolutely astonished to find she loves both the masked bandit and Mr. Badger. She can't figure it out until she kisses Mr. Badger and in so doing learns that the masked bandit and Mr. Badger are one and the same.

■ As Floradora, Miss West is the one who is going to stab Mr. Hays in the back if he is going to be stabbed, and so we will give you the lowdown on this blonde first, and expose Cuthbert J. Twillie later.

Miss West wears a total of 15 elegant dresses in *My Little Chickadee* and most of them are at least skin-tight. Word has gotten around that Miss West whittled off twenty pounds just before starting this picture. How and where those twenty pounds went has made your correspondent almost intolerably curious, but it is still a secret. What is more vital, Miss West now weighs 120 pounds, and cross my heart and hope to be a purged Russia, if she isn't the toothsomest lady this correspondent has seen since that dream he had about Bali. Her complexion is the make-up man's delight and her eyes are big and blue and loquacious. In other years detractors were wont to say that some of Miss West's lushest curves were swindles, arrived at by using pads, balloons and other unscrupulous equipment, so when Miss West, bulging delicately in a boudoir raiment, swished by for a scene I whispered hoarsely to Mr. Cline, the director: "Am I seeing everything I'm seeing?"

Mr. Cline, who had been directing this blonde for seven weeks then, and still seemed pretty awed, replied: "The camera never lies!"

■ The thing that worried Universal most was the suspicion that the personalities of Miss West and Mr. Fields would mingle like fire and nitroglycerine. Both are members of the old school vaudeville, and it is well known that either of them will resort to anything up to and including murder to prevent the theft of a laugh or a scene. On one occasion Mr. Fields was doing a billiard table act and a comedian named Ed Wynn sneaked under the table and made faces at the audience, arousing laughter when Mr. Fields wasn't expecting it. When Mr. Fields discovered Mr. Wynn he hauled off and pasted him with the butt of the billiard cue and knocked Mr. Wynn colder than a penguin's heel. Such is the stuff with which Mr. Fields and Miss West are made. Consequently, when it was announced that these two would make pictures together, sharing top billing, a localized war was expected. So far, not a shot has been fired.

Each day Mr. Fields greets Miss West with an affectionate kiss on the cheek. The blonde rolls her big blue eyes up at him and says, "Oh Bill, darling; how are you?"

"Fine, my plum, fine. Thank you dear."

"Your nose, Bill," says the blonde.

"My nose, dear?" asks Mr. Fields, caressing his built-in 'cello. "Is something amiss?"

"It isn't as red as it used to be."

"Garcon!" thunder Fields. "Garcon, fetch me my sherry jug, my nose needs conditioning!"

It is an awful thing to say, but I suspect Mr. Fields is flesh and bone like the rest of us, and is susceptible to the wiles of woman. Just after the picture started, Miss West said: "Bill, darling, I don't like the way you're doing your hair."

"Don't you, dear? What's wrong, not enough of it? My mother, Mrs. Dunkenfield, once beheld an Indian scalp a white man. Consequently, I was born bald as an onion. Haven't had much since."

"It's not that, it's the part. Come here, let me do it for you."

It is my humiliation to report that Mr. Fields yielded, let the blond lady part his hair at a new angle, and has worn it that way ever since.

Miss West's solicitude went even farther one day when Fields, clad in pajamas for a boudoir scene, was strolling about the set. Miss West called: "Bill, you must be cold, why don't you put on my robe."

"Mrs. Twillie," said Mr. Fields, "I am a man, not a silkworm."

"Go on, Bill, lots of men wear women's robes."

"And how would *you* be knowing a thing like that, my robust little hourglass?"

"I read it in a book."

■ The actual dialogue of the picture is a secret to be unleashed upon the public undampened by advance reports, but a few lines have escaped:

In one scene Miss West is a school-

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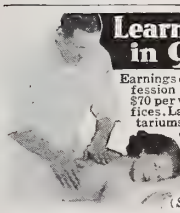


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teacher; a pupil asks: "Teacher, what is addition?"

"Well, one and one are two," replies the succulent scourge of Greasewood City; "two and two are four, and five will get you ten if you know how to work it."

■ As Cuthbert J. Twillie, Mr. Fields is in his legendary role as the man whose philosophy is "Never give a sucker an even break." Mr. Twillie, like most Fieldsian characters, is lovably criminal. Most endearing of his delinquencies is his card-playing, which is adroit and uniformly crooked. He is wearing his gray stovepipe hat in *My Little Chickadee*, palming counterfeit money and managing a medicine show, including an Indian named Milton, played by George Moran. But Mr. Fields, like an anteater, gains a great part of his fame from his gorgeous nose. Your correspondent inspected the livid promontory at close range, and was reminded of nothing so much as of a tomato with hives. This beak of Mr. Fields is worth its weight in radium, for besides being a trademark, it is kind of a nasal pipe-organ from which Mr. Fields delivers sounds ranging from a vibrant snarl to the coo of an adenoidal infant.

As usual, Mr. Fields is ad libbing. He has been ad libbing since an early experience in vaudeville when his partner, a nervous girl, sprinted on to the stage and knocked over a backdrop with a row of houses painted on it. Mr. Fields eyed the carnage, then muttered to the audience: "They don't build houses the way they used to." The audience laughed. After that the girl knocked down the scenery every night.

Sometimes, Mr. Cline, the director, who realizes that Mr. Fields talking on the loose is as good if not better than the script, lets the camera run when the old master has forgotten his lines and is functioning smoothly on what ever comes into his head. Recently, when Mr. Cline was cashing in on these free drolleries, Mr. Fields, without batting an eye, finished out his sentence— "and I'm not saying another word, I only get paid for so much."

If Mr. Hays runs his blue pencil through *My Little Chickadee*, your correspondent is going to join somebody's army.

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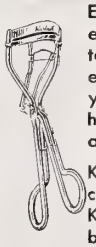
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What the Family Said

There is nothing to compare with the pride and glory of that first stage appearance, and there is nothing to compare with the let-down when the family speaks up

By KOLMA FLAKE

■ There isn't one of us who doesn't hope someday to rate a brass-band and parade when the news of our impending return to the old homestead is announced. At no time are we more certain that such fanfare will be ours than the day on which we get that first professional engagement. Then of all days, we have visions! Certainly we expect Ma, Pa, Bub, Sis, dear Auntie and good old Unc to swoon with pride over that first achievement. But, oh, alas! And, oh, alack! Which one of us is understood *ALL* of the time at home?

Take Charley Ruggles' experience for example. His father was San Francisco's leading amateur comedian. Whenever the Elks had a parade, Papa invariably was cast in the side-splitting role of a nice, over-size infant riding in a be-ribboned and be-ruffled baby-buggy. Make no mistake, Papa was a hit. Papa was a wow. Papa slayed them. Papa never failed to draw huzzahs from the happy, holiday-spirited crowds.

But Papa was an amateur. When Charley obtained his first professional theatrical engagement in a road-show troupe playing one-night stands in California, Oregon and Washington, Papa was not exactly enthusiastic. After three months, the troupe arrived in Oakland just across the bay from his home town. Much persuasion was necessary to get Father Ruggles to attend the performance.

Encamped in the second row, he sat glumly through the play until the final scene when Charley—garbed in the bloody, battle-torn uniform of an American soldier and carrying the American flag—came over a parapet and collapsed in a dramatic death scene. During the ensuing ovation, Charley opened one eye very slightly and with joy saw his father standing and applauding heartily. Off-stage at last, he rushed to Father exclaiming, "Well, Dad, I see you liked my work!"

"Didn't think it was so good," was the nonchalant reply.

"But, Dad, you stood up and applauded the last scene," Charley exclaimed.

"Of course, I did," Father snapped. "Every patriot stands up when they play 'The Star-Spangled Banner', and I always applaud the American flag!"



Charles Ruggles got a big hand



Penny Singleton started a fight



Edgar Kennedy lost a friend

Well, perhaps a comedian doing a dramatic turn should expect that—even from his own father. But Charley isn't the only one who's had such an experience.

Irene Dunne's first screen appearance was in *Present Arms,* a musical comedy.

When Miss Alice Henry, Irene's favorite relative and distinguished member of Kentucky society, saw her niece as an over-rouged, fluffed-up, pseudo-glamourized, candy-stick musical comedy heroine, she immediately despatched an indignant wire, "NO LOUISVILLE DUNNE EVER HAD TO LOOK LIKE THAT TO EARN A LIVING STOP COME HOME."

It was a wire which deflated John Payne, too. As a student at Columbia University, he thoroughly blew his lines six times during a school production. Any hope that his parents might overlook that was crushed by a wire which read, "DEAR JOHN COME HOME STOP WE DON'T THINK YOU WILL EVER BE AN ACTOR STOP MOTHER AND DAD".

When a mere lad in Butte, Montana, Alan Dinehart had memory trouble, too. In his first appearance in a local stock company, he played the role of a 70 year old man. Carefully, he applied the white hair and beard, and used the lining pencil lavishly. He made up his neck and he lined his hands. He practised a decrepit walk for days, and his fellow actors congratulated him enthusiastically upon his wonderful make-up. Unfortunately, on stage he kept the prompter busy. His father was a kindly soul. He contented himself by saying, "Well, Son, it's too bad you put all the lines on your face instead of in your head!"

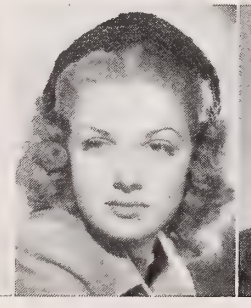
Back in Texas a few years ago, a wholesome young damsel named Clara Lou Sheridan entered a bathing beauty contest. And much to her surprise, she won first prize. Laden with a silver trophy the size of an umbrella stand, she rushed off to get her family's approbation. But the first member she chanced to see was her younger brother, whom she had noticed sitting right alongside the "gangplank" watching the beauty parade. She ran over to him and was dismayed when he



Irene Dunne got a wire



Billy Gilbert got only tears



Ann Sheridan had a shock



Henry Wilcoxon had competition



Ilona Massey got petticoats



John Payne's family fled

exclaimed, "Gee, Clara Lou, that's the first time I ever saw you walk decently!" Now, as Ann Sheridan, Clara Lou can grin about that.

About twenty years ago, Henry Wilcoxon obtained a professional engagement with a Shakespearean company presenting *Midsummer Night's Dream* in an outdoor theatre near London. Proudly the lad presented his parents and brother with tickets on the third row so they could see and hear him speak his five lines. Just as Henry's cue came, an airplane flew overhead. Since planes were decided novelties in those days, every head in the audience turned to the sky. At the conclusion of the presentation, Henry was sought backstage by an anxious family exclaiming, "Are you ill? Did they replace you at the last moment? Did you lose your costume? You weren't in the play at all! Where were you?"

Lured by a five dollar bill offered as a prize, Penny Singleton—at the age of nine—surreptitiously entered an amateur contest held by the neighborhood theatre. When the audience started to laugh at the little girl's warbling, Penny stopped and delivered a very heated, Irish tirade on audiences who didn't give a fellow a chance . . . and won the prize on her pointed remarks.

Her parents, duly impressed by the prize, were present when Penny entered the next one. Between the two, Penny had done a considerable bit of practicing and was in fine fettle. Singing her heart out and her head off, she won again. Going out to get parental blessings, she found her mother and father far too busy in an argument about whether she took after Mamma's folks or Papa's side of the family, to pause for congratulations.

Billy Gilbert, rotund comedian of *The Under-Pup* and of *Destry Rides Again*, recalls the deflation following his performance very thoroughly. He is just about the only one who was deflated by his mother. By the time he obtained his first engagement, his parents had retired from the Metropolitan Opera Company where they had been very successful. Both Mere and Pere sat on the front row of the Valencia Theatre in San Francisco to watch Billy as a member of a comedy vaudeville team. As he went off-stage, he was thoroughly elated by the generous applause and hilarious laughter.

But in his dressing room he found distressed parents. Instead of praising him, they exclaimed, "You were terrible!"

"But, Mother, why did they laugh?" Billy expostulated. "I must have been funny!"

"You were silly—not funny, my son. That's why they laughed."

Edgar Kennedy lost a friend when he made his appearance as leading man with the Ferris-Harmann Company in *Stubborn Cinderella*. Before becoming an actor, Edgar had been boxing his way into the Pacific Coast Amateur Championship. His friend, Tim, was thrilled with this achievement, and bitterly disappointed when Edgar turned to acting. After watching his hero in the play on the first night, Tim walked around to Edgar's dressing room and exclaimed, "Gee, and I thought you were going to be a real champ!" Disgustedly, he went out the door. Edgar has not seen nor heard of him since.

Ilona Massey's first screen performance in *Rosalie*, in which she sang a song dressed in a long, black, revealing velvet gown, threw consternation into the Massey family. They live in the little town of Nagykoros, Hungary, where it is believed that a girl should wear clothes—lots of petticoats.

In *Rosalie*, Ilona wore none. Her figure clad in black, formed a beautiful silhouette which caused most audiences to gasp. Well, in Nagykoros, they gasped too—but in horror. The small town's one theatre was jammed full the first night of the picture's showing. After the film was unreeled, Mother and Father Massey and thirteen Uncle Masseys rushed home, fearing to face the neighbors.

The townsfolk held court in front of the theatre and discussed the situation. Women were astounded that Ilona could be so—well, so brazen. The men just grinned. Eventually, the verdict on Ilona's screen debut reached Hollywood . . . would she please wear more clothes?

Whatever the let-down during those first exciting days, the actors look back now with laughter instead of hurt in their hearts.

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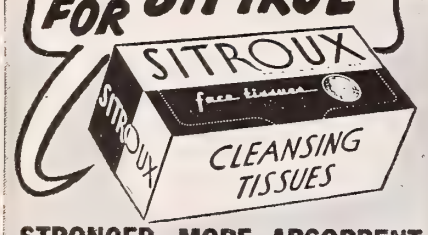
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My Son—Tyrone

[*Continued from page 28*]

that appealed to me most. Then when Ty began being interested in this same girl, that was perfect! It wasn't until the production of *Suez,* however, that I finally met Annabella. Off the screen, I liked her even better."

Incidentally, when you say "Mother Power" (as many do, to distinguish her from Mrs. Power, Jr.), you perhaps give the impression of a comfortably plump, chimney-corner sort of person, content to bask in the aura of her movie star son and let the world go by. Ha! No impression could be further from the truth.

In a peach taffeta hostess robe, and gold sandals that reflected the gleam of the wide gold bracelet on her arm, Tyrone Power's mother welcomed me into a modernistic apartment with which her sophisticated charm was in complete accord. She's a vital personality whose achievements stand on their own feet, however high any child of hers may climb. To the old-fashioned fundamentals of mother-love and helpfulness, she adds the thoroughly up-to-date outlook of a woman whose days are full of study, of charity work, and of such social events as she permits within her routine. "If only," she says, "the days were 48 hours long, instead of 24!"

She is handsome, with those dark eyes and dark brows, and that exquisitely coiffed dark hair streaked with gray. Yes, but more. Well-bred, gracious, with smartness of grooming and mind and dress. The kind of mother a son would be glad to take out to dine and dance. The kind of mother who has a wideawake sense of humor. The kind—

Why, one night at half past 11, with Mrs. Power sound asleep after a hard day, Ty bounced home on his motor-scooter. At the time he was delivery-boy for a drugstore and the scooter went with the job. This was the night of the Fourth of July, and Ty had bought at terrific bargain prices the entire leftover stock of fireworks at the drugstore. Cheerfully Mother Power climbed from bed, though she wanted her sleep, and applauded the purchase. "Splendid!" Only thirty minutes of the Fourth remained. "But we went out in the yard and got them all shot off before midnight," Mother Power reminisced amusedly.

Reflecting its owner (who honestly doesn't like noise, fireworks or otherwise), that modernistic apartment of Patia Power's is one of the few serene spots in Hollywood. Its lofty ivory walls have upon them three or four good paintings in restful greens and blues. Its furniture is bright with rusty-rose and cream. There's a deep fireplace, and a mellow glow of lamplight.

"I hunted apartments while Ty and Annabella were getting engaged," she explained, "of course it was useless to consult those two—they couldn't hear anyone but each other! I told them to keep a certain evening open, for dinner. 'Where?' they asked. 'You'll see,' I answered. The evening came and I gave

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them this address. When they arrived, Ty stared in astonishment. 'Mother!! do you live here? when did you get the furniture? when did you move in?' 'I did all this while you've been making love,' I told him. They were quite amazed that so much could go on under their noses without their being aware of it. But people in love—you know."

Ty and Annabella drop in at Patia's apartment from time to time. Whenever they are out for a drive or shopping, they come by. Mother Power drops in on them, too—no regular days for it, the latch-string's always out—to her. Sometimes the three of them get together twice a week or oftener, sometimes once a fortnight, but at least twice a month "the children" take Patia to dinner. "Some place where there's good roast beef," Mother Power laughed, "I'm afraid my appetite is mannish, and roast beef never tastes so good at home as in a restaurant . . . Naturally, I don't see Ty so much as when he lived at home with me. But," added this paragon of mothers and mothers-in-law, "he has his life. I have mine."

While Patia doesn't interfere at all with this life of her son's, she does look on with interest and appreciation. "Annabella makes it very apparent that she regards Tyrone as head of the house. You can tell by the way she defers to his opinion. French girls are brought up like that, don't you think? Anyhow, Annabella wants things this way.

"It pleases me to watch them entertain. They gave a cocktail party for Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat. I hesitated when they asked me to come, because I felt it would be the younger crowd, but they said, "Mother, do come over and look on, anyhow', so I went. Annabella and Ty had their eyes upon everyone but watched no one (my own idea of correct entertaining); they were everywhere, making sure each guest was happy, but without obtruding themselves on anybody.

"They used the new glassware which they brought back from Europe. Really lovely dishes, especially the red plates with the white 'paper dollies' blown into the glass. Nearly every guest, lifting a cup from the plate, tried to lift the doily, too.

"Yes, they entertain cordially, and so easily, too. On another evening, when their guests were the Zanucks, I noticed that they didn't try to figure how the Zanucks would entertain, but did it simply and naturally, just as they always entertained. It was Annabella and Tyrone giving a party without trying to be sud-



No, Edward G. Robinson hasn't taken up adagio dancing. He had to be out of breath for one scene in *Magic Bullets*, and Director William Dieterle, who believes in realism, waltzed him around and around until both were winded



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denly grand. And I think the party was a success because they were themselves.

■ To be oneself is so important in Patia's scheme of things that she's always believed her children (Ty has a younger sister, Ann) ought to be free to do what they seriously decided was best. This liberty of decision stood as Rule 1 of the code by which Mother Power brought them up to be independent individuals.

"They could always come to me for advice, yes. But I tried to let them make their own decisions, even though sometimes I could feel my stomach turning over and my hair pulling out at the roots!"

In accordance with Rule 2, she always told Ty and his sister the truth, so far as they were able to understand it at the time. "They could ask any question they liked and get a correct, if not always a complete, answer. Then, as they went on and learned more, they never had to unlearn anything. I never had to say: 'Well, dear, I told you such and such a fable because you were too young—' and so forth.

"Tyrone is a 'why' person. I'd say, 'I want you to do this,' and he'd say, 'Why?' So I'd say: 'Let's sit down and talk it over. . . . Now, in my experience, I've found that if you do thus and thus, then so and so will happen. Here's what *I* think, and I'll never say, 'I told you so,' but just remember, if things turn out wrong, what I'm telling you now.'"

■ Generally, Tyrone took her advice. Not always, though. There was the time when he rode the bike on Sunday.

"Not that I expect you to keep still like a statue all day," Mother Power said—this was back in Cincinnati, when he was a small boy— "but there's a certain standard of Sunday behavior in the neighborhood, and I'd rather you wouldn't race round on your bicycle."

While Mother was busy, Tyrone mounted his wheel and set off gaily down the street. Looking in one direction to see if he remained unobserved, and speeding in another, he ran full tilt into a parked car.

"When he came into the house, he was the strangest looking sight," Mrs. Power remembered, "half of one eyebrow had been sheared off by the edge of a fender, and with half that thick eyebrow gone his face looked so bare. 'What happened to *you?*' I asked. He told me. 'You weren't supposed to ride your bicycle today?' 'No, mother.' 'And you did?' 'Yes, mother.' 'Well, that's it, isn't it?' I said, 'you've had your punishment.' It took quite a while for the eyebrow to grow back. Long enough for him to think things over."

A second occasion on which Ty didn't think things over first, but made up his mind without benefit of advice, was when at an early age he decided to bob sister Ann's hair. Sister Ann had lovely, long, dark curls—she looks like Tyrone and both look like their mother—but if Ty said the curls should come off, that was all right with Ann. She has always worshipped Ty. Scissors were procured, and a very ragged job of barbering accomplished. Friends exclaimed over the sacrifice of the curls, but Sister Ann refused to feel dashed. Ty could do no wrong.

Mother said nothing much, for hair



Lon Chaney, Jr., as the big, childish Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*, is frightened of wiry little Curley (Bob Steele), but Curley makes the great mistake of underestimating the giant's strength. A review of this powerful picture is on pages 12 and 13

comes in again and Patia Power doesn't waste time fretting over non-essentials. "Why do we take life so grimly?" she said, commenting upon the crowds that rush by along the street, "life is something to be lived. Why not live it happily and with a good air? Have you noticed, on the street, how few people smile?"

■ Tyrone needed all the smiles he could muster when—thanks to the habit of making his own decisions—he first came to Hollywood alone, looking for a job in the movies. After Hollywood's crazy pattern, he didn't prosper in the film capital until after he'd gone to New York and—spotted by producer Darryl Zanuck in a Twentieth Century-Fox screen test—been summoned back again.

But during the interim, while he was finding out how cold Hollywood can be, his mother arrived on the Coast to manage a little-theatre at San Diego. She stopped for a few weeks in Hollywood en route. "Mother, these breakfasts are wonderful!" Tyrone said when with a chum he had sampled his mother's cookery for several days.

"Just the conventional breakfast," his mother protested, "fruit, cereal, eggs, toast, coffee. . . . Nothing unusual."

"You'd think they were unusual," Ty retorted with emotion, "if you'd breakfasted on coffee and doughnuts every day for six months."

Not until then did Mother Power realize that Ty was truly having a struggle. "Not that it hurt him," she remarked, "it did him good—as it does any young fellow—a lot of good."

She thinks of those days when she pastes the clippings now into Ty's scrapbooks. As Keeper of the Clippings, Mother Power—aided by Sister Ann (who, by the way, paints and writes with real talent)—has an important job. Each picture rates its scrapbook, sometimes several scrapbooks, and the tomes are painstakingly filed in such a way that any desired clipping may be found almost immediately. Mother Power admits that 20 years from now, Ty will probably appreciate these records more than he does today, but at least, today, he admires the neat and businesslike appearance of the files.

"Tyrone's a very orderly person," Mother Power said with a twinkle in her eye, "his sense of order developed rather early. He discovered that if he threw a favorite coat or pair of trousers on the floor, he wouldn't find the garment next time he wanted it. He had tossed his things helterskelter—how could he expect anyone to know where they were?"

■ It isn't his sense of order, though, which Mother Power judges to be her son's best trait. "What satisfies me most in Tyrone," she said, "is his ability to go straight to a point.

"He takes time to consider all sides of the matter, he listens to what you have to say, but once his mind is made up, once he's sure of his decision, he drives directly for his objective. No matter what difficulties bar the way, he climbs over them or around them and keeps on.

"The second trait that gives me great satisfaction is Ty's ability to take a beating gracefully.

"He will fight and argue to the last minute, but if you can cap his final argument, if you convince him that you're right, then he yields—and does it well. I'm glad he has this quality."

Yet, it is characteristic of Mother Power that she isn't "proud" of these traits, nor of her son's rise to stardom. "I've never felt that sense of pride about which you hear," she said thoughtfully, "what I've felt wasn't surprise, either. It was satisfaction."

You gather that she rather expected Tyrone to mount to the heights. And that she expects him to mount still higher.

"I can see real growth in his acting since *Lloyd's of London*, she remarked. She goes over Ty's pictures with him after each preview, points out what she thinks particularly good in his characterization, what could be improved; giving him the benefit of her expert professional criticism.

"He was a boy in *Lloyd's* and a man in *The Rains Came*. I saw him do things in *The Rains* which I knew he was doing independently and not because he'd been told to do them. As in the scene outside the hospital, when the heroine dies and he rather goes to pieces.

"To me," said the professional dramatic coach, not the mother, "this proves that he's maturing as an actor. He's becoming self reliant. It shows in his character and his work. Marriage has done this for him."

She sat a moment in silence, the peach robe golden-pink in the fire flicker. Her voice, friendly and magnetic, took on a deeper tone.

"I think Ty grew up," she said softly, "when Annabella left him so soon after the wedding to go to France, to visit her people and settle various business affairs over there. For the first time he realized his responsibility as head of a household.

"Always before, there had been Mother to see that things ran smoothly. Now, in spite of servants, there was no one but himself. Yes, that's when Ty grew up. Marriage did that for him, too."

Ida Lupino, who should be busy enough scoring best performances of the year (she's terrific in *The Light That Failed*), is working with Ralph Forbes on a musical comedy which will be produced locally sometime in the spring. Ralph wrote the story and the lyrics, and Ida is doing the music. For those of you who may not know, Ida is the composer of a book of ballads and waltzes which will be published probably by the time you read this.

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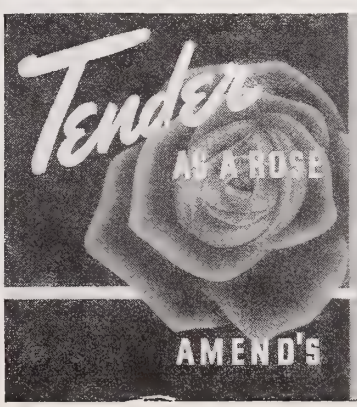
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Blondie's Bridge Luncheon

Penny Singleton takes time out from the filming of the *Blondie* series to give favorite recipes for luncheon

By BETTY CROCKER



Penny Singleton, better known to the movie and radio fans as "Blondie", doesn't mind a bit being compared to that delightful cartoon character. Really, Penny is so much like "Blondie" that it's surprising. She lives in a modest little cottage, has a cute and lovable child, entertains the girls at her regular bridge club, and even gets into comical situations just like her prototype in the Columbia pictures.

For instance, Penny's earnings enabled her to buy a nice little home for her parents, and she proudly took them out one night after a broadcast for the unveiling. But, to her disgust the lights wouldn't go on, so she summoned the electric company's repair man. He soon found the difficulty. Blondie hadn't put globes in the sockets!

But to get to our subject—Penny's bridge luncheon: In her well-equipped kitchen, where she loves to do her own cooking, Penny got out her recipes for her last luncheon. First of all came Hot Crabmeat Salad in crisp lettuce cups accompanied by tiny hot cheese biscuits, and then applesauce cake to top things off. Here are the recipes:

HOT CRABMEAT SALAD

½ cup butter
⅔ cup all-purpose flour
2⅔ cups milk
2 cups flaked crabmeat (one 13 oz. can), with tissue removed
1 large bunch celery, chopped
⅓ green pepper, chopped
1 large pimiento (⅓ can), chopped
⅓ cup blanched almonds, quartered
4 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
2 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. butter
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
8 lettuce cups
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup chopped sweet pickles

Make a White Sauce by melting ½ cup butter in saucepan, blending in flour, and slowly adding milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. (Cook about 10 minutes over direct heat or 20 minutes over hot water to eliminate raw taste.) Blend crabmeat, celery, green pepper, pimiento, almonds, eggs, and salt into White Sauce. Pour into a buttered 7½ by 12 inch shallow baking dish. Melt 2 tbsp. butter in frying pan. Stir in bread crumbs, and mix well. Sprinkle buttered crumbs over the crabmeat mixture in the baking dish. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve hot in crisp lettuce cups garnished with special mayonnaise made by blending chopped sweet pickles into plain mayonnaise. This makes 8 generous servings.

For dessert, our "Blondie" had a favorite cake, made with applesauce, which she claims even her cartoon character would have no trouble with. Here it is:

APPLESAUCE CAKE

½ cup shortening
2 cups sugar
1 egg
1½ cups unsweetened applesauce
2⅞ cups cake flour
or 2½ cups all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. cloves
½ tsp. allspice
1 cup chopped raisins
½ cup broken walnuts
2 tsp. soda
½ cup boiling water

Cream shortening, add sugar, gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend in well beaten egg. Add cooled applesauce. Sift flour once before measuring. Use a little of the flour to dredge fruit and nuts. Sift remaining flour with salt and spices. Dissolve soda in boiling water. Add flour mixture to the creamed mixture alternately with the water. Add the floured raisins and nuts. Pour into well greased and floured 8 by 12 inch pan. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F.

NOTE: If only ½ recipe is used, bake 45 minutes in 8 by 8 inch pan.

Applesauce: Wipe, quarter, core and pare 6 to 8 sour apples. Put in saucepan with just enough water to prevent apples from burning (about ¼ cup). Cover, and cook to a mush stirring occasionally. This makes 1½ cups applesauce for Applesauce Cake.

MOCHA ICING

6 tbsp. butter
1 egg yolk
3 cups confectioners' sugar
1½ tbsp. cocoa
1½ tbsp. hot coffee

Cream the butter, and blend in the egg yolk. Sift sugar and cocoa together, and add to the butter-egg yolk mixture alternately with the hot coffee. Beat until smooth.

Free Recipes

Menus for Two Weeks!

This is the time of year when frantic cooks are saying "There just isn't *anything* new to cook!" Families are tired of winter vegetables cooked the same old way, and every taste needs to be tempted by something a little different. My menus covering two weeks make it positive that you won't repeat. They aren't expensive or exotic, but they are good and they are different. If you would like to have them, absolutely without cost, clip the coupon below.

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Swiss Family Robinson in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 30]

may heaven forgive him, waved a signal. Pzzzzzst—crrrash! a thunderbolt of blinding intensity splintered a tree that went boom into the lagoon and your correspondent, allergic to thunder showers, darn nigh followed suit. Don't talk to *me* about realism on the screen. My hair won't lie down flat yet.

All in all, it was one of the worst tempests that ever swept the Indian Ocean or a sound stage. That tempest demolished the boat which the Swiss Family Robinson were building in an attempt to return to civilization from the luxurious desert island which producers, Gene Towne and Graham Baker, had whipped up for them—at a cost of $300,000. It also demolished every idea held by the shipwrecked parents and their four boys about leaving the island, except by a chance rescue ship.

Not that Father Robinson wanted to be rescued. But of course you know the story. Still, in case you don't, here it is in brief.

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Beech-Nut Gum



Written in 1812 by Johann David Wyss, a Swiss, it is still (even after 120 years) the world's best seller next to the Bible. It has been translated into nearly every language, yet this, the first producing venture of the screen-writing team of Towne and Baker, is the first time the story has been put upon the screen.

The tale begins in London during the year 1811; a time singularly like our own. Across the English Channel, Napoleon sought to dominate Europe and many a thinking man longed for some Utopia far from wars and rumors of wars. Father William Robinson (Thomas Mitchell), a wealthy Swiss watchmaker, sees his family growing away from him. His wife, Lady Elizabeth (Edna Best), and his second son, Jack (Freddie Bartholomew), are caught up in the extravagant and silly world of fashion. Fritz, his eldest (Tim Holt), is in military school learning to love warfare. Ernest, the third son (Terry Kilburn), is a young literary prig. Francis, the 2-year-old (Bobby Quillan, also a 2-year-old), is an enigma; he has not yet uttered a word, but his father gloomily expects some kind of a surprise when he does begin to speak.

Resolved to save his family from themselves, Father sells his business and books passage to Australia, then an outpost of the Empire, for the lot of them. Shipwreck in the tropics brings the family to a lush and lovely desert island where—after salvaging goods and domestic animals from the wreck and building themselves a tree house—they find independence and simplicity. But wife Elizabeth remains discontented until the almost fatal illness of young Ernest from a spider bite draws the family more closely together and they are one in spirit at last.

The wife has become self-reliant and gracious, the boys manly, before an English ship drops anchor off the island. Here is the chance for passage to London! Father Robinson bids them return—but he has found paradise; he will stay. Elizabeth, Ernest, and little Francis likewise refuse to leave but Father Robinson sends the elder sons back to win wives and careers. They will return for visits from time to time; and other colonists will arrive, to find the peace which has come to the Robinsons.

■ To re-tell this enlightening narrative, the studio built almost 100 sets which ranged from a stupendous tamarind forest to a sinister cave. And it is doubtful whether the Robinsons themselves had a livelier time taming their island than the players had in re-living the Robinson adventures—adding unintentionally a few of their own.

The most unusual set was that jungle and lagoon. Big enough to get lost in, it abounded in palm-trunk bridges to be walked over gingerly, treacherous mossy banks, tree ferns, brilliantly blossoming undergrowth, and enough fauna of enough different varieties to stock a respectable zoo.

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anism so it could move and look real, and when you turned your head away the dog-gone thing would nip you on the ear. It *was* real! And, too, there was Fifi, the ostrich.

■ They wanted an ostrich that would lay an egg at the proper time (no mean cinema feat in itself) and that wasn't camera shy. Fifi doesn't object to the camera. Given the opportunity, however, she will bite a chunk from the cameraman just for fun, or kick him violently in the stomach. Like all her ilk she has the kick of a mule. To restrain Fifi's playfulness they kept her hooded most of the time. When she left the set they backed her out so that her long, tough legs couldn't go into unexpected action.

Her owner appeared solicitous lest Fifi be frightened. But Fifi looked upon her surroundings with pleasure and her fellow actors with disdain. It was her fellow actors who were scared to death of *her*.

Oddly enough, this island stocked with real and authentic flora and fauna, is an imaginary place so far as the map is concerned. Major C. S. Ramsay-Hill, technical advisor, globe-trotter, English officer in the first world war, had the job of selecting a site for the kind of island described in the Swiss Family story. He "located" it somewhere in the tropics and in the Indian Ocean where it would have only two seasons, wet and dry.

■ The sea-washed dot of jungle is in strong contrast with the opening scenes. Here we behold Father Robinson in his London clock shop, surrounded by $75,000 worth of rare and real Swiss timepieces of the Napoleonic era. His clothes (designed by Ramsay-Hill with the aid of descriptive cables from England) include a copy of the braided coat worn by Prince Esterhazy, Hungarian diplomat and noted London fop.

It was the heyday of Beau Brummell and of skin tight trousers. Freddie Bartholomew, as a young man of fashion, wears a reproduction of Brummell's favorite attire. Terry Kilburn (he's the lad, you recall, who with that shy, appealing smile said, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" in the picture of that name) wears a swank velvet suit copied from Lawrence's portrait of the Honorable George Lambton; and Tim Holt, as the military cadet, is in a snug uniform plus gold buttons and trig leggings.

■ It's the men in this picture—not the ladies—who had to have "leaning chairs" between sequences because their clothes were too tight to sit down in. Before they got into the loose buckskin outfits of their desert island days, Mitchell declared he wouldn't pick up a lady's handkerchief for a thousand dollars. "My face turns red," he confessed, "every time I hear a sound like ripping cloth."

Sartorially, the ladies fared better. Eddie Stevenson, RKO designer, copied Edna Best's fascinating pastel-colored gowns from those of Mme. Recamier and the Empress Josephine. But these Empire frocks weren't meant for walloping round through lagoons and underbrush; despite



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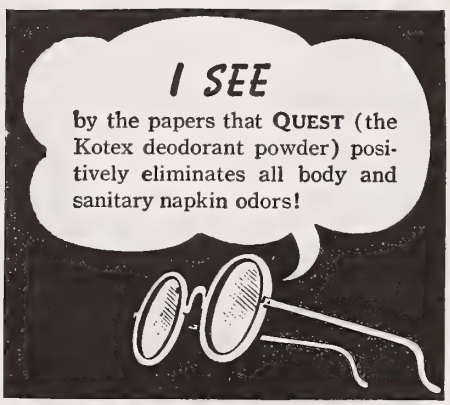
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her love of style, "Elizabeth" was glad enough on the island to sew deerskins together and "get into something comfortable."

■ You can imagine how those modish London clothes, both male and female, looked after the shipwreck! The wreck—the result, not of the lightning storm on the island, but of a previous gale at sea—sends mountainous billows over the brig's deck and is as stirring a sequence of its sort as you're likely to find. They couldn't depend on a real wrecked ship staying afloat long enough, so they built merely the hold of the "Flying Swan" and let the waves beat over it while the Robinsons clung to the rail and to one another. When the waves subsided next dawn, Father Robinson and his sons rescued the livestock that splashed about in the flooded hold.

The hold was dank and chilly. It held two cows, a bull, a donkey, scores of ducks, geese and chickens, some sheep, two dogs—one of them the grandson of the Great Dane that appeared with Freddie five years ago in *Little Lord Fauntleroy.* Freddie is 15 now, and almost 6 feet tall!

Every once in a while the Swiss Family Robinson would swoosh out of the hold between takes, wrap up in blankets, and hop over to a salamander stove. They sloshed around in the water all day and drank nearly 10 gallons of hot chocolate to take off the chill.

During this sequence Freddie was supposed to save Father Robinson, who had fallen overboard. An ardent admirer of Thomas Mitchell's acting, Freddie noted approvingly with what vigor Father struggled and kicked, exactly as if he were strangling. As a matter of fact, he was. Freddie in his enthusiasm had gripped Mitchell so firmly around the neck that the actor couldn't breathe.

But a still bigger moment arrived when Freddie and Terry Kilburn made water wings from kegs and rescued Lady Godiva. Lady Godiva, a small black and white pig, didn't care to be rescued. She *liked* the wreck. Each time when they hauled her from the hold—an S. P. C. A. representative looking after her interests but not, as Terry pointed out, after theirs—she eluded them, skidded down the slanting deck with indignant squeals and scuttled back to her cage.

"I object to this pig hogging the scene!" Freddie protested. As he spoke, he lost his balance on the slippery deck and bumped into Terry. Together, yelling and laughing, they tobogganed to the rail. During subsequent swoops upon the kittenish Lady Godiva, this slide to the rail became practically a routine and more than once the cameras had to stop till boys and cameramen could curb their glee. The delay was the worse, from Director Edward Ludwig's point of view, because Freddie as "Jack" is supposed to originate the saying (popular since "Swiss Family" was first published): "I'll do it before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

■ Another sequence full of excitement, though for different reasons, was the one where Terry and tiny Bobby Quillan

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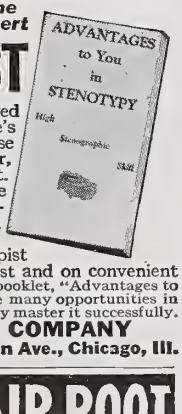
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(the 2-year-old "Francis Robinson") discover the cave. Terry (as "Ernest") is after butterflies, and he sees a beauty in the cavern's depths.

It is a swell cave. The rock strata are oyster white and clay color and faint rose; there are grotesque rock formations, and the place has an air of menace. One of the technicians with a bottle of rubber cement and a hand electric-fan stood creating spider webs for its interior with a flick of his wrist. In due time Terry enters with net poised, and with little Bobby (nephew of Eddie Quillan and the 13th of the family to become an actor) at his heels. As "Francis," you recollect, the baby has never uttered a word though he has a smile that would melt the heart of a stone idol. "Francis" didn't speak—though he didn't smile—even when he was nicked in one sequence by a rubber crab carefully concocted, with an eye to harmlessness, in the research department.

But now he catches sight of an enormous spider dropping from the cave roof. "Bug! Bug!" he cries, tugging at Ernest's sleeve.

Astonished that his baby brother has at last begun to talk, Terry nevertheless shushes him. The butterfly mustn't get away! But, as Terry catches the butterfly, the spider catches Terry—on the back of the neck. A little later, Terry staggers and falls. Bobby, terrified, runs on fat small legs to summon the family. By the time Ernest recovers from the spider bite, "Francis" is talking fluently.

■ Another sequence that stands out is the dinner party given as a housewarming when the tree residence is finished. The family dresses in London attire: Father and boys in tones of rich brown and blue, the mother in a low-necked pearly gown that would have graced an affair at Court. Deep in the heart of a gargantuan hollow tamarind is their spacious dining-room. A mellow light floods it, partly sunset, partly salvaged lamps.

The great roots of the tree have been hewn into steps. Bird boxes with the sons' names have been prankishly perched at different levels in the branches where the members of the family have their private apartments. A veranda is to be constructed. The place, at last, is "home."

The family is gathered to eat the first meal that the mother, ever cooked in all her life. A meal? Well, it's a fish soup—she hopes. But she has seasoned it so zealously, with so many queer condiments, that the result is just about inedible. The family is supposed to make wry faces at the first taste.

But the prop man who supplied the soup had a good, kind heart. He served a really delicious fish chowder. The assembled actors, hungry after several hours' work, gobbled it down with never a sign of reluctance.

Director Ludwig ordered a retake. The prop man served more chowder. But this time the family had no trouble registering anguished surprise. He had doused it with vinegar.

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Rounder McCarthy home at last, ready to call it a day. Ken and Edgar agree



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ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH — Bennett Partin, North Carolina tobacco farmer, shows flowering tobacco plant—from which seeds are obtained. U. S. Government methods of raising tobacco are used on Mr. Partin's farm. *Below:* Mr. M. J. Moye in action.

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Vol. 29 No. 4

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M-G-M imports a beauty of the ballet, Irina Baranova, for an exotic role in *Florian*, soon to be released

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. W. H. Fawcett, Publisher; Elliott Odell, Advertising Director. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; foreign subscription $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issues five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York; 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood office, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.



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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Calling all cars and detectives! Alice Faye would like to discover the whereabouts of one of her admirers by the name of "Rosalie." Rosalie, for the past four years, has been sending Alice gifts on her birthday, Easter, Christmas, and wedding anniversaries. Recently, Alice received a hand-knit sweater. Inclosed with the gift was an apologetic note stating that the giver was sorry she couldn't do better but times were hard and would Alice believe that the spirit in which the gift was given was the same as ever? Alice would like to meet Rosalie, but the only clue to where she lives is the Los Angeles postmark on packages. Come on, Rosalie, roll up that curtain of secrecy so that you can meet one of the finest gals in Hollywood!

■ Imagine Rita Hayworth's embarrassment! Rita was trying on an evening gown at one of our swanky stores. She paraded up and down the room and then stopped and giggled with two girl friends who were seated in the shop waiting for her. Apparently the manager was new, because she thought Rita was one of the models, and proceeded to give her a first-class dressing down for dressing up and being too friendly with the customers! Rita, amused by the tirade, pretended she was angry, sassed the manager back, and promptly got "fired." A salesgirl finally got things straightened out, the manager apologized profusely—and Rita bought three gowns instead of the one she originally had planned to buy to prove that she really wasn't offended.

■ Ssh! Bob Taylor has designs on his lovely wife, Barbara Stanwyck! Bob has taken up jewelry designing and spends his spare time figuring out pretty doodads for his wife to wear.

■ Saw Arthur (Dagwood) Lake on the *Blondie* set the other day and he told this one on his little niece.

Seems she gets three cents allowance every week from her mother, Florence, for being a good girl. Arthur says he asked her where she was going to spend all that money, and she replied, soberly, "Oh, I'm saving it—you never know where you are in this lousy business!"

■ To initiate his off-with-the-old-on-with-the-new policy of romancing for 1940, Cary Grant is seen these nights squiring Fay Wray hither and yon among the nightspots. But Cary isn't fooling anyone, least of all himself. The lady of his heart is Phyllis Brooks, regardless of the fact that her intent to wed him has been postponed.

■ If you're a horse opera fan you'll be interested in what Paramount says about Bill Boyd.

Bill has played *Hopalong Cassidy* 30 times in the past six years. During that period he has ridden his horse, Topper, more than 2,800 miles and corraled 28 gangs of cattle rustlers, range crooks and outlaws. During all of this hectic six-gunning and riding, he's never kissed a heroine except the one time when he kissed Evelyn Brent on the forehead during a death scene.

■ If you get a chance, peek over Bing Crosby's shoulder the next time you catch him reading a newspaper. It's fifty to one that you'll find him looking at the racing news or the classified ad section.

"Next to the racing news," Bing will explain, "the classified ads are the most interesting parts of a newspaper. You run across a lot of intriguing stories there. I've been reading them for years."

Bing's four sons have inherited their father's love for horseflesh. All of his boys have mounts of their own. Even the youngest son, Lindsay, age two, jogs around the backyard, strapped to the saddle.

Bing spends every Thursday morning at Santa Anita during the racing season, and his four sons climb out of bed and go along. They are not allowed to stay for the races, but Bing lets them wander around the stables early in the morning. During the workouts, they are about the most excited group of youngsters you ever saw when they can sit on the rail with their dad while he holds the stop watch on his thoroughbreds during their time trials.

■ Wayne Morris is proudly showing the medal he won as the champion diaper changer of Hollywood. Seems Wayne made a bet of $10.00 that he could change diapers quicker than any of his pals who are proud papas, and they took him up.



King Mickey Rooney bestows a congratulatory kiss on Queen Bette Davis after they were voted favorite stars of 1939 in a poll of a million newspaper readers



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Just a couple of hitch hikers on the "Road to Singapore"



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who causes that traffic jam on the "Road to Singapore"

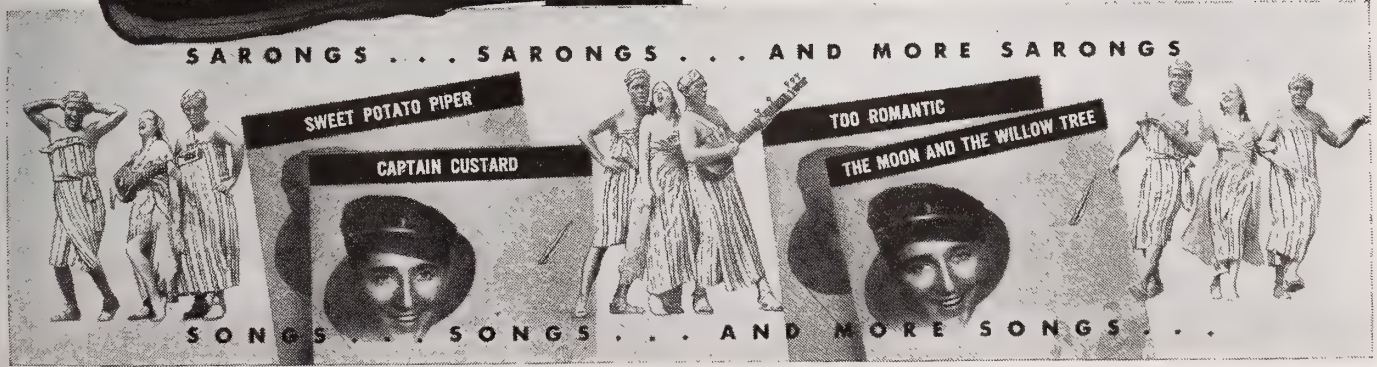
Paramount presents

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"

with **BING CROSBY · DOROTHY LAMOUR · BOB HOPE**
Charles Coburn · Judith Barrett · Anthony Quinn · Jerry Colonna

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER · Screen Play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler · Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

SARONGS . . . SARONGS . . . AND MORE SARONGS



SONGS . . . SONGS . . . AND MORE SONGS . . .

Bewitched
BY A PAIR OF
Irresistible Lips



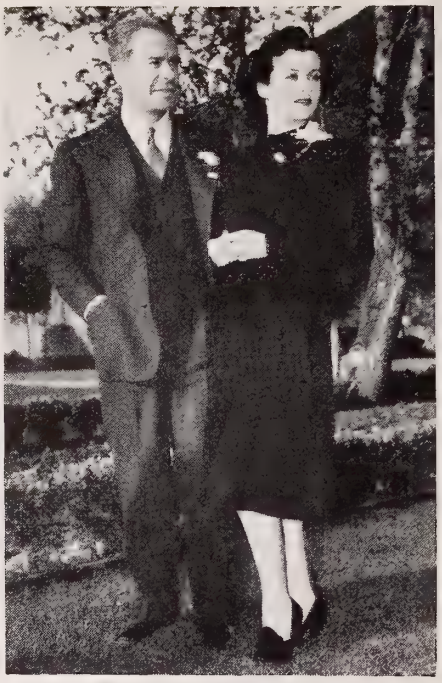
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IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK PUTS THE
YOU IN IRRESISTIBLE YOUTH!



The producer-star newlyweds, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, pose for wedding pictures at her Hollywood home

Using Wayne's son as the subject of the experiment, and with Allen Jenkins, Bing Crosby, Andy Devine, Henry Wilcoxon and Dick Powell each taking their turns at the task, Wayne came through the winner by diapering his youngster in twenty seconds flat according to the stop watch held by Jeffrey Lynn. Any of you young papas ever do better?

■ It started as a gag, with somebody suggesting, over a dinner table, that "Slow-Burn" Edgar Kennedy ought to endorse a slow-burn tobacco. An enterprising youngster heard about the quip, and sought out the actor. Result—in a short while, cigar stands throughout the country will be stocked with "Edgar Kennedy's Slow-Burn Tobacco," and a quick-witted college boy will have made himself a neat piece of change.

■ If by chance—or good luck—any of you Hollywood tourists visit the Goldwyn Studios, be sure to stop long enough for a chat with Alec Gorin, the gateman. You'll find him one of the most interesting men on the lot. Alec was once a member of the secret police under the Czars. Hollywood's pet name for him is the G-sky Man-sky of the Lens-skys.

■ These death-defying Hollywood stunt men are a queer bunch. Take Harvey Perry, stocky, athletic dean of the select fraternity of men who will try anything once. Perry has driven a car over a 50-foot cliff, has stood within a foot of a spot where a three-stick charge of dynamite was fired, has ridden motorcycles through walls of brick and light plaster and performed countless other stunts equally as dangerous. But he's scared stiff of a barber's razor! The reason? "Well," he explains, "I once heard a wild yarn about a barber who went screwy while shaving a customer. And now I even hate to have my hair cut!"

And take Duke Green. Duke would be willing to stand on his head atop the Empire State's mooring mast. He'd welcome a chance to jump from the Brooklyn bridge, or whip a car into a spectacular turn-over down a cliff, but he gets frightened into a deep chill every time he thinks about being buried alive. Recently he was called in to do a scene in which he was to be "buried" in a dugout by a shell explosion. He couldn't do it. He chose, instead, to do a "dead man fall" through a window to a paved courtyard 15 feet below. "It was a cinch!" Duke said.

And consider "Sailor" Vincent. The Sailor has established the reputation of being the toughest of the Hollywood wrecking crew, but he's a veritable sissy when it comes to heights. He'll do anything in the world, anything that calls for cool, unadulterated nerve, calm thinking and lightning-fast decision, but he won't jump off a five-foot platform! He turns cold all over when he even looks down from a window two floors above ground. He likes to tell the following story about this fear of his.

"Billy Jones and Yakima Canute, two of my practical joking buddies, thought they'd cure me of this fear one night. We were playing a little penny-ante game of cards in a friend's apartment, located three flights up over a garden that was filled with little trees and bushes. Suddenly Billy and Yakima picked me up and darned if they didn't chuck me right out of the window! I never did go back to finish that hand. I didn't get hurt a bit,

[*Continued on page* 51]



A picturesque marriage chapel in Glendale was the scene of the Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan wedding ceremony



Original Screen Play by Robert Buckner • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture



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BOSTON, MASS.	60 Park Square
WASHINGTON, D. C.	1403 New York Avenue, N. W.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN	Washington Boulevard at Grand River
FT. WORTH, TEXAS	905 Commerce Street
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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

Outstanding, not only among this season's pictures, but among all of the pictures ever turned out in Hollywood is *The Grapes of Wrath,* and I venture to predict that, 50 years from now, it will have a prominent place in the histories of Hollywood as one of the great milestones in the labored coming-of-age of the industry.

Until very recently, motion pictures, almost without exception, avoided all controversial subjects. Politics were taboo. War was shunned except as a prettified background for a hero who never was more than insignificantly injured. Poverty was shown extensively at the beginnings of pictures, but you were almost sure to win money by betting that the heroine would marry a millionaire in the last reel. And a picture that did not have a happy ending was considered an offense to the box office.

There were some magnificent exceptions. *All Quiet On the Western Front* and *Journey's End* are two of the great films which left permanent imprint on the thinking of all of those who saw them. A few years ago a new approach to subject matter for films began to evidence itself. Warner Brothers, in particular, began to explore the whole untouched field of current events with such films as *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,* which dealt with convict labor in the South, in *Little Caesar,* first of the great gangster pictures which had no little part in rousing public feeling against graft in civic affairs, callous corruption in certain city governments. *Zola* was a passionate retelling of the shocking tale of racial prejudice. More recently, Columbia ventured a sly, absorbing criticism of party political machinery in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* These outstanding films, and a few . . . a very few more . . . proved, by the tremendous response from the public, that America of today is eager for drama that reflects problems with which we must deal. We still love romances. We always shall. We still love the happy endings. Nothing is going to change the old human habit of hope. But the whole country is facing facts more steadily today than it has for many years, and now, at long last, no subject really vital to us is likely to be banned from the screen.

The Grapes of Wrath proves that.

Faithfully, exactly, with a fine integrity, John Steinbeck's book has been brought to the screen with none of the punches pulled, none of the issues evaded.

The film starts slowly, unsensationally. Along a magnificent, great, smooth concrete highway clumps a pair of heavy prison boots. There is a little airy chirp from a hidden bird. There is soft wind over the wide farm land. The sun shines brightly on the polished gas station, on the powerful truck in front of it. It looks fine to a man just through with four years of prison. It looks great, and Tom Joad is so eager to be home that he does not notice that the soil is powdery, that there is a film of dust all over everything.

They had dusty days before he went to prison. As more and more of the grazing land in Oklahoma went under cultivation, the dust became a nuisance in certain times of the year. But the rains always came and laid it, the crops came up, and it wasn't much trouble until the dry season next year . . . too far ahead to worry about.

But those four years away from the world had made a frightening change, not only for his family but for thousands of people just like them. Bad year had followed bad year. Homesteads that had been held free and clear for several generations were mortgaged. More bad years followed, and even the interest could not be wrung out of the dry soil. The banks were frightened, and, to save themselves, turned thousands of small holdings over to big land syndicates. The syndicates were frightened, and sent in men with machines to try to produce a profit with big business methods.

It was nobody's fault. No one was to blame. But what were the Joads to do? Where were the Joads to go?

The Joad family has been so brilliantly cast and played and directed that it is impossible to give top honors, though Jane Darwell, as the courageous, unbeatable Ma Joad, absorbs the mind because of her vivid portrayal of the central character. Some members of the family grew angry, some complained, some were passive and beaten by circumstances. Some just drifted. But Ma did what had to be done without wasting more than a touching moment on regrets. It was Ma who thought of getting Grampa (Charles Grapewin) drunk on soothing syrup when he refused



Ginger Rogers in sweat shirt and rubber boots waits for Joel McCrea's approval of her costume for *The Primrose Path*

to leave the land where he had been born. It was Ma who watched Grandma (Zeffie Tilbury) die in the desert and then lied to the border patrol so that the family could get through to California. It was Ma who never failed the family, even when it began to break up under the strain of hunger and hopelessness.

Henry Fonda has the simplicity and directness of great acting as Tom who was inexorably forced into the hunted life of an outcast. Russell Simpson as Pa, who had worked hard all his life, only to find that his best was not good enough; Dorris Bowden as the pathetic, childish bride who wanted only a little house; Eddie Quillan as the shallow-witted Connie who planned with giddy hope to be a mail order radio repair man; John Qualen as the shaken Mulie who hung around his wrecked homestead like a ragged ghost; John Carradine as the unbalanced preacher, all are so exceptionally fine that anything but highest praise of their work is impossible. The rest of the cast is packed with wonderful little performances. Dozens of splendid players appear for instants only, contribute telling moments to the film, withdraw. They are far too many for individual credit, but this film is well worth seeing a second time, just for the purpose of examining the many fine performances that are minor in time only.

You will hear, particularly from native Californians, the protest that *The Grapes of Wrath* is a one-sided picture of a problem. That is true, because the story is the history of dust bowl refugees in California, not of the entire state. There isn't time to show the confusion of the Joads of another generation . . . the people who had the luck or the wit to find themselves a little holding in California while yet there was time, or to show the problem of the Californians who can take care of themselves but who, no matter how sympathetic, just do not have enough to care for thousands and thousands of penniless people.

John Steinbeck's book offered no solution. It was just a story of what is happening to tens of thousands of Americans. The picture offers no solution, either. But it ends with a promise.

In the last scene, the Joad family is once more on its way in the fantastically heaped truck that holds all of them and their miserable possessions. Ma Joad looks ahead down the wonderful, smooth highway. "Nothing can stop us!" she says. "Because we're the people. We go on and on. We're the people that live."

You never can tell who's who in Hollywood, which is one good reason why you've got to be careful what you say and why. Kurt Simon, in his daylight hours, is a 27-year-old messenger boy out at Warners. He calls it a red-letter day if he receives, just once, something better than a "step lively, you!" from his superiors.

But at night he's something different. Vastly different. He is the director of television broadcasts over station W6XAO, and his superiors, if they're lucky enough to be on the show, "yes, sir" him all over the station.

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when skin has this fragrance men love!



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WHEN it's a must that you be loved by a certain man, winning is twice as easy if your skin has the *fragrance* men love.

For nothing throws so much cold water on a man's desire, as an indelicate scent from your skin. In fairness to yourself, be critical of the fragrance left by your bath soap.

Go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with affinity for the senses of men.

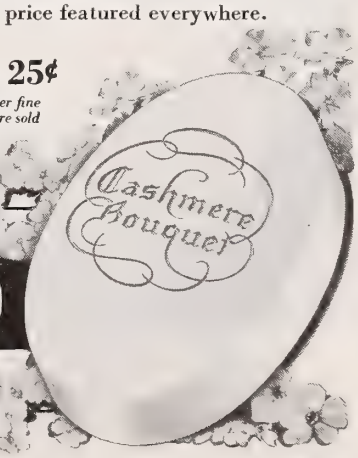
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BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

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AFTER . . . Sizes Smaller No Bulges . . . in Thynmold!



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■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

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Lya's Lively Career



Lya Lys wanted to be an international spy when she was seventeen years old, but when a foreign government finally did send for her, she voiced a more than vigorous refusal

By IAN DUNCAN

■ In the rich purple dusk of the Mediterranean midwinter the dulcet note of the stationmaster's whistle signalled the engineer of the Paris night express that the moment of departure had arrived.

The brass band locomotive chuffed authoritatively and the world's premier luxury train slid smoothly out of Barcelona, its sleek salons and sleeping cars aglitter with brilliant lights, rich appointments and the gaudiest collection of racy folk on the face of Europe aboard.

The lounge car, the special gem of the sleeping-car company, was the *Louis-Napoleon*. It was filled beyond its seating capacity with the rich and raucous upper-crust of the continental underworld.

Munitions magnates, opium traders and international pawnbrokers pored over their late newspapers containing the closing prices on the London share market and the bourses of Paris, Amsterdam and Brussels. At their sides, dressed and coiffed like duchesses or demi-mondaines, lolled the world's most beautiful and expensive women.

No vivid imagination was required to perceive in the chromium-plated equipage the ideal setting for a mystery story or spy drama. Instinctively every passenger on the Paris night express from Barcelona felt that his neighbor in the lounge car was a character out of E. Phillips Oppenheim, and that Drawing Room A in the sleeping car ahead was occupied jointly by Operative J-16 of the F.B.I. and Cleek of Scotland Yard.

On this historic journey of the *Louis-Napoleon,* tucked away on an alcove divan, speechless with joy and apprehension, was a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl who will presently emerge as the heroine of this dime novel. She was a law student at the

University of Paris returning from her winter vacation in Spain, which was also her first unchaperoned skirmish with the world.

Wearing severe tweeds, sensible shoes and a frigid expression that said in all languages, "Touch me not," she cowered in a corner of the *Louis-Napoleon,* her legs carefully uncrossed, and her eyes riveted on The National Geographic Magazine.

Fairly awash in a whirlpool of plutocrats, potentates and malefactors of all stripes and hues, she became aware, as the train flashed through the gathering darkness, of a high-powered personality sending out electrical impulses on her wave-length.

Rigid with awe, she somehow lifted her glance to discover that the neighboring supercharged phenomenon was not a snaky Eurasian swami, as she had half-suspected, but what seemed to her to be the loveliest woman this side of paradise.

Practically fainting with relief, the schoolgirl flashed one of her toothiest grins. The apparition from heaven smiled back, and the ice was broken. From there on the mismatched pair were pals, and the career of the fledgling attorney, one Mlle. Lya Lys of the Sorbonne, got sidetracked during the course of the journey.

Up until the Affair of the *Louis-Napoleon* lounge, Mlle. Lys, a Parisienne of German birth and Russian parentage, was dedicated to the Code Napoleon and the civil and provincial ordinances of La Belle France, not because she had any special talent for courtroom bickering, but because her parents had decreed she must pursue a useful profession and become eventually a steel girder in the social structure of the republic.

■ Lya's father, a preposterously wealthy banker, and her mother, a practicing physician with a vast record of accomplishment, were made of a durable alloy that could not be warped to conform with the plans of a pretty, blond daughter. The daughter, according to their strict continental tenets, was the plastic material around the house, and they were determined to shape her into something useful.

At age ten, therefore, Lya was on sparring terms with all the arts, sciences and languages, and at fifteen, scarcely out of the nursery, she was a full-fledged freshman at one of the world's great universities. An imaginative kid with little knowledge of the metropolises in which she had lived and traveled, she staged a quiet rebellion against the tyranny of her parents and teachers, and found her spiritual home in the paper-backed adventure novels sold for a quarter on every newsstand in Europe.

Thus, while she was supposed to be drenching herself in the lore of torts and habeas corpuses, she lived in her imagination the life of an inscrutable mystery woman, wheedling her way with perfumed kisses into the hearts of ambassadors, generals and premiers.

The encounter in the lounge car of the Barcelona express was the materialization of a chapter from her dream world. The lovely lady with the Mona Lisa smile was a friend of Ivar Krueger, the Swedish match king, at that moment one of the most powerful political and financial figures in Europe. She not only was adrip with charm, personality and emeralds but also with ancedotes about her sub-rosa encounters, in Krueger's company, with kings and cabinet members and international scoundrels of all shapes and colors.

For the first time the shy little law student got a glimpse behind the tarnished tapestry of post-war big business and an opportunity to perceive the hugely important part played by lovely ladies in the great games of diplomacy, stock exchange raiding and high-minded larceny.

As dinner hour approached, Lya's fascinating companion carted her off to the most luxurious stateroom on the train —really a suite, with a complete staff of maid, hairdresser and secretary—and, laying out the lushest dinner dress in her collection, turned the demure damosel over to the expert ministrations of her servants.

Thirty minutes later there emerged from the royal suite a devastating blond caricature of an adventuress—Miss Lys, glowing like a marquee with diamonds and sapphires and only faintly recognizable under a layer of extravagantly applied cosmetics.

[*Continued on page* 57]

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First, the color harmony shade for your type will enliven the beauty of your skin, imparting the look of lovely, youthful beauty.

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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*.....FREE. 5-4-37

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



Boy Wonder

Orson Welles is only twenty-four years old, but already he has made a tremendous success as a stage producer, and as an actor. His vivid description of Martian hordes landing in New Jersey was the cause of panic in the east. Now he is astounding Hollywood

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ This is a picture of a young man out on a Hollywood limb.

Not content with outdaring the brash young bucko on the flying trapeze, Orson Welles is so exhilarated by the challenge of his limb-walking stint that he has asked for a longer and whippier limb. This is known in the movies as sportsmanship, or suicidal mania.

To milk the metaphor, Orson is voluntarily subjecting himself to a trial by ordeal, balancing his matronly figure on the swaying branch of a sapling. Spread below him are the assembled cannibal tribes of Hollywood, ready to rend him with claw and fang if he makes a misstep.

On the other hand, if he succeeds in pulling off his stunt, the denizens of the Hollywood jungle will hail him as a demi-god and tremble at his frown.

And Orson, like a true sportsman, is giving the natives a run for their money. He not only strides along his willowy perch with all the assurance of Nelson pacing his quarter-deck but to add a fillip to the perilous proceedings, breaks out now and again with a fast Charleston, a handstand and a somersault.

Young Mr. Welles is a readily recognizable figure in the national scrapbook. Lisping infants instantly

identify him as the bearded youth who climbed out of a radio loudspeaker and seized the sovereign state of New Jersey for the planet Mars.

Tabloid newspaper readers know him as a conventional American who separated from his wife during his first season in Hollywood.

Many grown-ups recognize him as a cannily perceptive editor of Shakespeare, as a daring innovator in stage direction and design, and as an actor whose stage and radio performances have ranged from stunningly good to all right.

Hollywood knows him as a young squirt from back East who had the effrontery to get hired on a four-way contract by RKO-Radio Pictures at a fantastically high wage.

Actor, author, producer, director are the dire designations on his contract. A Welles contract in any of these capacities would have been enough to stoke fires of envious rage in the bosoms of 21,000 Hollywoodites who learned about movies at Edison's knee and closed their minds on the subject in the fall of 1910.

These crotchety standpatters of the cinema are the gentry who "ma-lioned" Orson on his arrival in California, to quote a word fabricated in the Welles study on company time.

Unlike most visiting Elks, Four-Ply Orson did not enter Hollywood on a tidal wave of Scotch and honey calculated to predispose the natives in his favor. On the contrary, he arrived with a complete set of actors under his arm, selected shock troops from his own Mercury Theatre.

In addition to the players there is a long personal Welles retinue. Quite the most frightful of these is the fabled Vakhtangov, whose function is to scare visitors to death. Welles tripped over this eerie creature in a theatre a couple of seasons ago and was "fascinated by his utter emptiness." At the time the fellow had a very ordinary name, something like Emil Grindstone.

"A few trifling changes in your make-up, Grindstone, and you'd fit very nicely into my way of life," Welles suggested. "First, you must get rid of that very unimaginative name. I think I shall call you Vakhtangov in memory of a great Russian director. And that mouse-brown hair of yours must be dyed to a more provocative color. I give you your choice of Cabinet-Member Gray or Dynamite Yellow."

Vakhtangov took dynamite yellow, with the result that he looks like the King of the Zombies as he goes about in Welles' wake.

Every member of the cortege is richly individualistic as Vakhtangov, although all are not so pretty. From the outset of his Hollywood career, Orson let it be known that no local talent need apply.

No Hollywood scripters were required, he also made clear, to prepare his yarns for the camera. His initial vehicle was already selected, a Joseph Conrad story called *Heart of Darkness*. The shooting script was to be prepared by the Welles-Mercury method, which operates like a

[*Continued on page* 58]

. . . . . COLUMBIA,
THE STUDIO OF GREAT COMEDIES,
"It Happened One Night" . . "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" . . "The Awful Truth" . . You Can't Take It With You" . . "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" . . is proud to present a picture that will take its place high in a notable list!



Reproduction of a painting by the noted artist, BRADSHAW CRANDELL

WESLEY RUGGLES'
Too Many Husbands
starring
JEAN ARTHUR
FRED MacMURRAY · MELVYN DOUGLAS
Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Screen play by CLAUDE BINYON
Based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham • A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

I love to kiss you!



TANGEE
the Cream Base Lipstick gives you smooth, alluring lips

Don't let greasy, painted lips come between you and the man you love. Tangee lips are warm, soft and tempting, thanks to Tangee's special cream base!

This world-famous lipstick doesn't blur or smear. It goes on smoothly, stays on, and helps prevent chapping. Tangee looks orange in the stick but magically changes, when applied, to your own most becoming shade of rose or red.

Ask for Tangee Natural today. Try Tangee's matching rouge, (Compact or Creme), and Tangee's remarkably delicate face powder. See how naturally lovely they look together. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

*Name*_____
[Please Print]
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____ F40

THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

This is being written at two o'clock on a Friday afternoon. At 10:20 this evening, the editor, tastefully done up in a new if rather chilly suit, will look back at the lights of New York as a plane takes off from LaGuardia Field. Tomorrow afternoon at 3:05 the plane will glide into Hollywood's air terminal at Burbank. We are old hands at flying back and forth across the country, but we never fail to marvel at the miracle of crossing this vast land in one over-night hop. Perhaps it is that extra five minutes that stuns us, as much as anything. The plane doesn't get in at three o'clock. Or three-thirty. Or somewhere around four. No. It arrives at 3:05 exactly.

Carelessly leaving our winter furs behind us in the plane, we shall step out into a blaze of southern sunshine, and, squinting in the unaccustomed brilliance, look around for Mr. Gordon Fawcett, head of the Western office, who will be on hand, we trust, with an extra pair of sunglasses. After that, for two weeks, we shall be checking up on all of the last minute news for you, talking over story ideas with your favorite writers, discussing plans and pictures with stars, going to previews, driving down to Malibu to see if the Pacific Ocean is still there, watching films being made, and laying plans for HOLLYWOOD Magazine for the summer months.

One of the first people we shall see is Jessie Henderson, who wrote blithely that she had a wonderful time laughing with Priscilla Lane at a long luncheon while they were discussing some of the startling things Miss Lane did when she was a little girl. That story is scheduled for next month, and we shall whip it right off Miss Henderson's typewriter and shoot it off to



Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey gave New York a quick whirl when they arrived to attend the world premiere of the Twentieth Century-Fox production, *The Blue Bird*

the printer so that you can share her laughter without delay.

Kay Proctor has three new ideas for the series which has drawn so many enthusiastic letters from all over the country. We think that she will have a tough time topping "How to be an Easter Egg" in this issue, one of the funniest stories ever printed in a movie magazine. Miss Proctor also promises a lively story next month called "Cary Grant Sounds Off." It seems that the popular Mr. Grant has been grumbling something awful about things he thinks should be changed, so we are going to give him the floor and let him tell you about it.

Thomas Nord Riley, who wrote the delightful story on page 30 about Hollywood's favorite villain, Brian Donlevy, is preparing a searching analysis of Marlene Dietrich in her new role of roustabout heroine, and we, ourselves, hope to get some definite information about *The Dictator*. All we know now, is that Charlie Chaplin hopes to spend at least three months more on the filming and that he will play not two, but three roles . . . himself, a refugee who is mistaken for a dictator and the dictator, too. Reginald Gardiner . . . you know, the man who imitates wall-paper . . . plays a pompous field-marshal, and we hope he has a chance to imitate a field, or something. And we are very much in hope that we shall have a chance to see Jack Oakie playing a rival dictator. That fires the imagination!

See Hollywood the Fawcett Movieland Tour Way

Would you like to see "inside" Hollywood? Would you like to be entertained in the home of a famous movie player? How would you like to meet your favorite stars and visit a motion picture studio? All this can be done on a Fawcett Movieland Tour. Plans for the tours are under way, and now is the time to start thinking about your trip to Hollywood—the Movieland Tour way! Be sure to read full details in the May issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

Why don't You *try*

Linit for the Bath *today?*



Swish a cupful or more of Linit in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. You will find yourself enjoying this delightful Linit Bath. The cost of Linit is trifling.

AT GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Institute — 3203 — Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

and here's

SOMETHING NEW!
LINIT
ALL-PURPOSE POWDER
for every member of the family. Delightfully different.
TRY IT TODAY!



Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

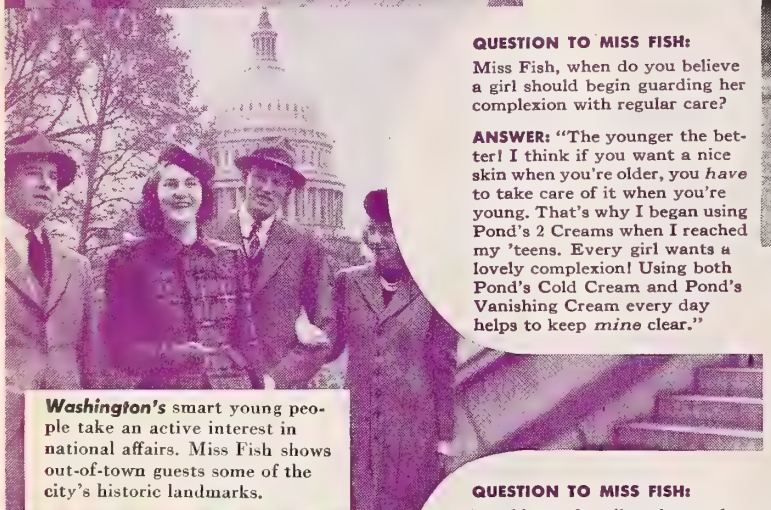


Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

Making Her Debut

Writing Sales Slips

BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S



Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."



Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.



A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep *my* skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"



QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland *is* mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"



Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

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Hollywood Magazine's Own

"Information Please" Quiz



Above, John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, guest expert Christopher Morley and Oscar Levant during filming of one of the *Information Please* shorts



Framed in the question mark is the genial Clifton Fadiman, master of ceremonies on the brilliant radio program now seen also on the screen

The experts of the famous radio program, *Information Please*, decided it would be fun to ask some questions for a change. Here are the puzzlers they thought up

By WILBUR MORSE, Jr.

■ His nose as red as a ripe tomato, a cigar stuck jauntily in the side of his mouth, a man walked in front of the table at which were seated the all-knowing experts of *Information Please* and began to juggle cigar boxes.

"Gentlemen, what actor does this pantomime remind you of?" queried Interlocutor Clifton Fadiman.

The long, lean arm of Franklin P. Adams, the eloquent F. P. A. of the *New York Post,* waved in the air.

"William Claude Fields," drawled Adams and stuck his own cigar back in his wide, whimsical mouth.

"Very good, Mr. Adams. And now for our next question . . ." The smooth, persuasive voice of Clifton Fadiman started to outline another query when, from the side of the stage, a little bearded man, looking like a refugee from an Orson Welles story conference, let out a cry that sounded like the grinding gears of an old car. Apparently the cast translated his screech as "Cut," for they relaxed and the cameras and sound recorders were reloaded.

The scene was the sound stage in New York City where the experts of Radio's outstanding quiz program were filming the sixth of the *Information Please* shorts, released by RKO. For ten minutes, the time it takes to unwind a reel, or 1,000 feet of film, through cameras and sound recorders, Fadiman had been shooting questions at the Phi Beta Kappas of radio's most popular classroom. Unprepared and unrehearsed, just as they are on the air, the engagingly erudite John Kieran, *New York Times* sports editor; flippant Oscar Levant, pianist-composer-author, looking, in his make-up, like one of the frog-faced butlers in *Alice in Wonderland,* and Adams had been extemporizing answers with their inimitable versatility and wit.

Genial Christopher Morley, novelist, critic and essayist, whose best-seller, *Kitty Foyle,* had just been purchased by RKO for Ginger Rogers, was the guest of the experts for this particular film, and maintained a banter batting average far higher than most guest guessers.

Six reels of questions and answers on every variety of subject from the stance of former champion prize fighters to the identification—by grimly munched sandwiches—of the various kind of cheese, were filmed during one afternoon. Fred Ullman, Jr., RKO-Pathe vice president and producer of shorts, explained that the sixty minutes of screen time would be cut down to two separate reels to join the parade of *Information Please* shorts that have captivated the country's movie audiences as completely as the air show has won radio renown. The *Information Please* shorts, Ullman said, now ranked second only to Disney's at the box office.

You can't be around a group of such brilliant wits very long without catching some sort of an idea, and so, during one of the recesses between "takes" we conceived the idea of reserving the *Information Please* formula, and having the experts propound instead of answer some questions.

Here is the quiz the experts compiled for HOLLYWOOD Magazine readers. We suggest that it be used as a party stunt, with the host acting as Clifton Fadiman and three guests tolled off to impersonate John Kieran, F. P. A., and Oscar Levant.

The essence of the *Information Please* quiz on the air, and as a film, is its speed and spontaneity, so we recommend a time limit of two minutes to each question. Correct answers will be found on page 45.

All ready? All right, here goes.

1. First, the experts want you to suppose that you are building a house. Then they want you to collect materials for your house from the names of movie stars . . . we'll give you a start with George Raft(er). This is easy. You can get at least four.

.....

.....

.....

.....

[*Continued on page* 42]


We predict that for many years to come, you will remember THE BLUE BIRD as the most beautiful picture ever made and the most human story ever told.
Maurice MAETERLINCK'S
THE BLUE BIRD
in TECHNICOLOR
with
Shirley Temple • Spring Byington • Nigel Bruce • Gale Sondergaard • Eddie Collins • Sybil Jason • Jessie Ralph • Helen Ericson • Johnny Russell • Laura Hope Crews • Russell Hicks • Cecilia Loftus • Al Shean • Gene Reynolds
Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Additional Dialogue by Walter Bullock
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production
Now at popular prices. Watch for it at your favorite theatre.

Romero—Dancing Romeo

He started as a villain with many a sneer and leer, but now he is an authentic heartbeat, and dancing had a lot to do with the big change

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

■ For his first years in Hollywood, Cesar Romero has been as capable a villain as any director would want—dark, diabolical, and direct, with a range of roguery from mere vermilion to deep purple.

Behold him now being pushed into a badman's oblivion.

On account of studio politics, perhaps?

Or a change in fashions of villainy, maybe?

Or because he's too realistic and scares the hats off of spinster ladies who see his pictures?

Nothing at all like this.

The fact is that his masters, Twentieth Century-Fox, have finally decided to let Cesar Romero dance. Also that he's a better investment playing romantic leads where the hero owns what Latin lovers seldom do—a nifty sense of humor.

Which accounts for the fact that in his last picture, *The Cisco Kid and the Lady,* he ceased being a well-bred Blitzkrieg and busied himself, instead, executing a rhumba with Virginia Field.

But which does not account for the fact that Cesar Romero's terpsichorean talents have been left pretty much unexploited throughout dozens of pictures, although he is one of Hollywood's favorite dance partners, and was a professional dancer of several years' good standing when Producer Brock Pemberton discovered him and lured him onto the stage.

"That's Hollywood for you," is how Senor Romero has doped it out. "Eventually they rec- [*Continued on page* 60]

In *The Cisco Kid and the Lady* Cesar Romero demonstrates his dancing ability in a long rhumba with Virginia Field

How To Be An Easter Egg

Women's dresses are influenced by the movies. Mischa Auer thinks it is a crime and a shame that his clothes can't be influenced, too

By KAY PROCTOR

■ "Are we men or are we sheep?" Mischa Auer roared in violent anger. "That's what I want to know!"

"Sheep, dear," said Norma, his wife, in the placating tone frequently heard in our best asylums. "I thought we had settled that."

"*Da!*" he spat out. *Da,* I gathered, is Russian for yes, okay, or you're damned tootin'. "Sheep! Bah!"

"Bah, bah black sheep, have you any wool? Yessir, yessir, three bags full," said Master Tony Auer, aged five.

"Tony, dear, I think you had better run upstairs and play with your nice new toys," Norma interrupted the recitation. "Your father is in no mood for poetry today." Tony took one look at father glaring at the brightly burning logs in the fireplace and beat a retreat.

"Sheep!" Father hissed again after a moody silence. "*Da,* sheep!"

"I wouldn't want to intrude on anything personal, of course," I said pleasantly, "but what's this all about?"

"Men's fashions," Norma said, as if that made everything entirely clear. "In a way, I suppose, you might say the whole thing started yesterday when I brought my new Easter outfit home. It's a lamb of a creation in teal blue and dusty pink with a lot of Scarlett O'Hara touches. You know, the *Gone With the Wind* influence which is so good this spring."

I know there are times when I'm slow on the up-take but for the life of me I couldn't see what that had to do with men's fashions and Mischa's bitter denunciation of his fellow men as sheep. However, I rarely hesitate to



Left, here is Auer in the costume he advocated for lounging. *Tarzan* influence

Lacecett photos by Charles Rhodes



***Flash Gordon* overtone for the opera**



***Elizabeth and Essex* influence for golf**

ask about things I don't understand, so I asked for a diagram. Norma hummed and hawed for a few moments.

"Why beat around the bush?" Mischa demanded. "The plain truth is, I'm jealous! I, too, want to strut in Easter finery. I, too, want to be influenced by the movies! But alas, like other men, I have sold my soul into sartorial slavery. Bond Street speaks, and, like dogs under a whip, we cower and submit to its dictates. But mark you this: a revolution is coming. Some day we shall be free!"

Perhaps, I suggested, he would be the enlightened Moses who would lead men to new tailored glory?

"Perhaps," he said darkly. "Who knows? A man must do his duty as he sees it."

In case he is called to head the crusade, Mischa has his slogan on file in the Copyright Bureau. Three little words, he said, tell the whole story. *Nature Knows Best!*

"Modern manhood has been flying in the face of it," he contended. "Which birds have the more brilliant plumage? The males. Which animals wear the brightest coats? The males. Which fish have the finest scales? The males. Why, then, should the *genus homo* accept less? The answer is tyranny. From the day he is pinned into his first diaper until finally somebody wraps him up in a shroud, man wears exactly what somebody tells him to wear, no more, no less. Who tells him? First his mother, then his father, and then his tailor. Who tells the tailor? More tailors!"

Take the matter of color, for instance. Day after day a man uncomplainingly permits his very soul to be smothered in dull browns, drab grays, dark blues and depressing black, Mischa said, when every instinct in him cries out for good strong stuff like purple or red. Why? Because he's a sheep, that's why. Because the tailor rolls out a few bolts of brown, gray, blue or black and says "What'll it be?" Because he knows darned well they'd lock him up in a booby hatch if he showed up home in a nifty double-breasted number in lipstick red.

"Comes the revolution and all that will be changed," Mischa promised. "Man for the first time will be allowed to express the beautiful things within him. Man will be an individual, not a carbon copy of every other dope on the street."

He has given color considerable thought, Mischa said, even going so far as to work out a color chart as a guide to moods and emotions. Mauve, for example, is an excellent stimulant [*Continued on page* 63]



***Stagecoach* and *Charlie Chan* in a walking suit**



***Tower of London* helmet for a tough audience**



You can lift the visor if the audience claps



For the Easter parade, *Marie Antoinette* coat

No denying a turban gives a man allure

Any man looks dashing in a *Robin Hood* cap

A *Drums Along the Mohawk* hat has speed

No wonder Flash Gordon is unconquerable









Deanna's New Spring Clothes





Left, a dashing plaid is the best bet in a coat if you are sixteen and feel quite grown-up. No collar is smart



Plaid, again, for indispensible short jacket to be worn over dresses as well as woolen skirts



A square neck is new and smart when crisp embroidered organdie is lavishly ruffled

Deanna Durbin shopped for new spring clothes just as soon as she finished final scenes for *It's a Date* and here they are



The shorts are powder blue. The sweater is red wool, and the necklace is made of bits of polished wood. Wool socks go under the canvas slippers

The newest note in the spring prints is long full sleeves nipped by tight, tailored cuffs

California nights are cold, so Deanna chooses quilted robes. This one is of pink satin with pastel flowers

Deanna ordered this dress of navy wool, which she wears in the new picture



Slacks made of grey-blue wool, worn with red and white blouse



A reefer coat of soft beige wool will go all the way through spring and into fall with a variety of new accessories



Plaid again, and long sleeves again, too . . . a definite hint on the newest spring clothes



Black silk taffeta is a charming background for a wandering spray of glittering flowers



Victor Mature as the savage Rock Tribe leader in battle with a prehistoric monster



Carol Landis, as ministering angel of the stone age, aids the handsome wounded stranger



Grateful, he leads her tribe in battle with a terrifying monster that threatens them



The leaders plan a campaign. Left, John Northpole, inventor, strong-man and famous extra



An elephant, dressed in a fur overcoat, doubles as a woolly mammoth. Who wouldn't run?



Lon Chaney, Jr., with the Irish wolf-hounds that play roles of savage prehistoric dogs

Back Into Time— 1,000,000 Years

Turn back the clock and let the centuries whiz by.. back, back to the stone age where true love even then won out

By
JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Three Nevada schoolboys out on a hike scrambled round a buttress of red cliff and peered into a narrow canyon. To their blank astonishment they saw a lizard, bigger than a horse, with scales and horns and a face like a rhinoceros. Slowly but steadily the monster was crawling along the canyon floor in their direction.

The boys didn't wait. They broke hiker speed records back to Logandale and informed the home folks that some kind of unknown varmint was on the loose up in Fire Valley.

Their hysterical narrative started the local counterpart of a "Loch Ness sea serpent" flurry such as gave Scotland the shivers a couple of years ago. The tale gained credence the more readily because in that section of Nevada the giant bones of prehistoric thingummies have often been unearthed. The home folks, grabbing rifles, followed the 14-year-old Windsor twins (Leon and Kleon) and their pal Eddie Frahner to the Valley rim, prepared for anything but what they found . . .

That's how real the antediluvian critters are in *1,000,000 B.C.* Because what the embattled Logandalers found was a company from the Hal Roach Studios filming the picture based upon the dawn days of the human era.

Sheepishly the Logandale folks admitted they knew a Hollywood company was on location thereabout, but the boys had been so scared . . . Even more sheepishly the boys admitted they'd hiked over pur-



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Peter, 23-foot Malayan python, was a friendly soul when not playing a villain in the film



Lon Chaney, Jr., as head of the Shell Tribe, warns his followers of dangers that lurk in hiding



Victor Mature sprained his ankle while vigorously "killing" one of the make-believe monsters



Norman Budd, John Northpole, Victor Mature and John Hubbard see a shocking battle



Carol Landis on location getting some final and expert touches on her lovely stone age hair-do

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What the youngsters had dropped in on turned out to be a scene with a prehistoric Triceratops. One of the bygone dinosaurs, Triceratops was on the prowl by himself just prior to meeting Tumak (Victor Mature), a doughty young warrior of the Rock Tribe. There's a battle for you! Face a locomotive coming at full speed, give it three horns and an armored tail that could topple the Statue of Liberty at one swipe, try to halt this antagonist by shying rocks at it—and you'll see what Victor Mature was up against.

Oh, no, of course it wasn't an authentic Triceratops. The last one died hundreds of thousands of years ago. But it looks like a real one, all right. The studio people, careful of their secrets, guard all details as to how they managed it, but, besides fooling the schoolboys the critter, so Victor says, darn near fooled him, too. He had read the script, but still he wondered for a while how the fight would turn out.

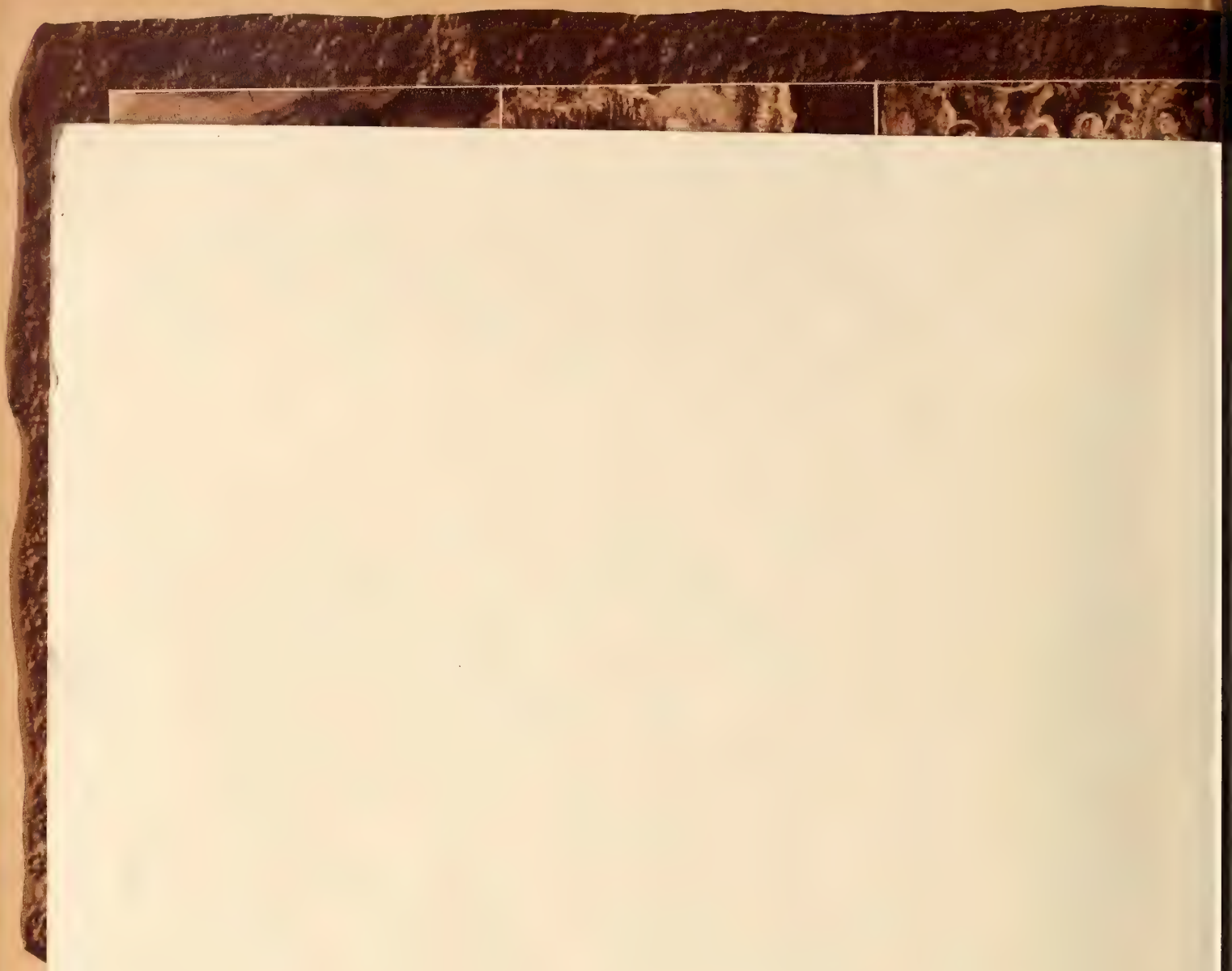
Never has there existed a finer locale for a prehistoric scrap. Few people know about Fire Valley, though to zoologists it is a treasure house of extinct-animal skeletons millions of years old, and contains also the village site of a people hardly less ancient.

For twenty-two miles the Valley is walled by lofty sandstone cliffs of an unbelievable, unbroken red. The winds and storms of thousands of centuries have whittled fantastic knobs and pinnacles, some the height of a ten-story building, which stand out with bizarre effect above gullies and caves. At one point a petrified forest is embedded horizontally in the cliff face; trunks, branches, upflung roots. By day, the tumbled desolation of the Valley rises hot-red against a turquoise sky. At sunset, the whole mass of rocks glows as if with flame.

Around such a spot has been built a picture in harmony with that wild and terrifying beauty. It is a picture so different from the usual movie that D. W. Griffith himself emerged from his several years' retirement to become its producer.

The principals are Victor Mature, Lon Chaney, Jr., Carole Landis, and John Hubbard. Mature, a six-foot, powerful lad, has the romantic role of Tumak, member of the Rock Tribe of which Chaney is leader. Hubbard plays a hunter of the Shell Tribe, of which Carole Landis is the yellow-haired "Golden One."

■ In the initial scene of the screenplay, a party of modern vacationists discover a vast cave, rosy-red fretted with silver stalactites. Their footfalls echo through it with an eerie sound, as if awaking whispers of a mysterious past. In an archway among pillars twisted and hewn by the elements, they find a rock carving, hewn [*Continued on page* 46]

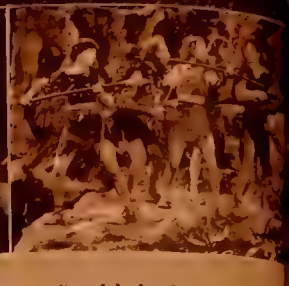




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Oh, no, of course it wasn't an authentic Triceratops. The last one died hundreds of thousands of years ago. But it looks like a real one, all right. The studio people, careful of their secrets, guard all details as to how they managed it, but, besides fooling the schoolboys the critter, so Victor says, darn near fooled him, too. He had read the script, but still he wondered for a while how the fight would turn out.

Never has there existed a finer locale for a prehistoric scrap. Few people know about Fire Valley, though to zoologists it is a treasure house of extinct-animal skeletons millions of years old, and contains also the village site of a people hardly less ancient.

For twenty-two miles the Valley is walled by lofty sandstone cliffs of an unbelievable, unbroken red. The winds and storms of thousands of centuries have whittled fantastic knobs and pinnacles, some the height of a ten-story building, which stand out with bizarre effect above gullies and caves. At one point a petrified forest is embedded horizontally in the cliff face; trunks, branches, upflung roots. By day, the tumbled desolation of the Valley rises hot-red against a turquoise sky. At sunset, the whole mass of rocks glows as if with flame.

Around such a spot has been built a picture in harmony with that wild and terrifying beauty. It is a picture so different from the usual movie that D. W. Griffith himself emerged from his several years' retirement to become its producer.

The principals are Victor Mature, Lon Chaney, Jr., Carole Landis, and John Hubbard. Mature, a six-foot, powerful lad, has the romantic role of Tumak, member of the Rock Tribe of which Chaney is leader. Hubbard plays a hunter of the Shell Tribe, of which Carole Landis is the yellow-haired "Golden One."

■ In the initial scene of the screenplay, a party of modern vacationists discover a vast cave, rosy-red fretted with silver stalactites. Their footfalls echo through it with an eerie sound, as if awaking whispers of a mysterious past. In an archway among pillars twisted and hewn by the elements, they find a rock carving, hewn [*Continued on page 46*]

Joan Crawford's "Houseguest"

The little girl who is known, formally, as Miss Crawford's houseguest is an important influence in the life of this glamorous star

By SONIA LEE

■ Joan Crawford never has had a world of her own, and to a sensitive, electric personality, the inner sanctuary created by great love, by dependence, by warmth and security, is an imperative need.

For many years Joan Crawford has lacked this special, this essential kingdom. Today, she is well on the way to attaining it, and with it the happiness she has been seeking, and the serenity she has never had.

Today, a platinum-haired, six-year-old is so influencing the character, the emotions, even the attitudes of Joan Crawford that she is substantially remaking Joan's life.

The child is her niece and namesake, Joan Crawford LeSueur.

From the moment of birth the child has brought peculiar treasures within Joan Crawford's horizons. Joan—the glamorous, the beautiful—has had Fame. But Fame is a cold fire at which to warm your heart.

She has had many friendships—but even friendships are of fragile quality in Hollywood. She has been married—but disenchantment, and heartache and divorce followed. Now, at last, she has a human relationship, which is sound and secure and vital. Let me tell you the story:

The announcement that Joan was to play the title role in *Susan and God* had been made several days before we talked about Joan, Jr.

We had planned a quiet, undisturbed interview, but the New York Grand Central station would have seemed a peaceful retreat in comparison to her dressing room on this rain-drenched afternoon.

"Would Miss Crawford look at costume sketches? Was she ready for her hat tests? Hair tests? Make-up tests? The crew was waiting . . . Now, don't hurry Miss Crawford—but will you make it as fast as you can? Just a minute—we must have a fitting on this dress before you go on the set? And what color would you like your dressing room painted? Will mauve be O. K.? And how about purple for the draperies . . ."

There were hairdressers, and make-up men and wardrobe girls, and decorators and painters and a famous hat-designer and the even more [*Continued on page* 52]



Little Joan insists upon clothes cut just exactly like those of her aunt

Joan Crawford LeSueur watching her aunt at work on a studio set

"Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?

Well, you're going to get one!" says Lady Esther



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense.* Use it three times a day for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (54)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



The Art of Mr. Donlevy

Brian Donlevy scowls, leers, sneers, grimaces and so winds himself around the hearts of film goers who consider him king of all of the screen villains

By THOMAS NORD RILEY

■ This Mr. Donlevy is the biggest heel that Hollywood has uncovered in all the long lean years since the Beery brothers gave up curdling blood. The scarcity in villains had been pretty acute for sometime and nothing suitably putrid had turned up to help it. Basil Rathbone was promisingly loathsome to start out with, but Mr. Rathbone moulted and now is a gaunt lovable snoop named Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Humphrey Bogart, off and on, has been tolerably offensive as a gangster, but off and on is no way to get ahead being hated. Mr. Eduardo Cianelli has been consistently revolting and owns a face that makes insomniacs of strong men and will sour milk at thirty paces, but his performances have been too short and infrequent for him to be popularly despised. But Mr. Donlevy—now *there* is a screen cur for you! Who but Mr. Donlevy would chuck a bomb at Jesse James' dilapidated old mother? Remember in *In Old Chicago* how we cheered when Mr. Donlevy fell off a building and the cows trampled him to a pulp? And when in *Union Pacific* Mr. Donlevy, meaner than anything this side of the place where defective Christians go, was horsewhipped and finally plugged? You have to be something of a national phobia to get responses like that from audiences, but now it seems that Mr. Donlevy was just catching his wind, for Mr. Donlevy has established himself as a big-league terror alongside Rasputin, Hitler and Satan as Sergeant Markoff in *Beau Geste*. For that epic dastardliness, Mr. Donlevy gets in line for an Academy award and a neat vice-presidency in hell.

He is plenty repulsive, and no doubt could haunt a booby-hatch without working up a sweat, but the morbid curiosity that gets us staring at snakes in a zoo is aroused by Mr. Donlevy, too. How does he get so mean? Does he drink tiger blood? Does he wallop his wife? Does he slip crumbs in his mother-in-law's bed to bruise her? Does he jerk the entrails from little girls' dolls?

■ It is my sorrow to report that Mr. Donlevy writes poetry and that his second name is Waldo. It is enough to kill one's belief in human nature. Furthermore he is bashful, handsome, brave and it is only with remorse that he will swing on a mosquito. What kind of a villain do you call that?

There is only one explanation (your correspondent's) of Mr. Donlevy's villainy and that, says Mr. Donlevy, is a frustrated urge to comedy. Frustrate any comedian and you'll likely end up with a villain or the body from a suicide. For twelve years Mr. Donlevy played light wholesome roles on the New York stage. Then he was shanghaied to Hollywood and cast as a scoundrelly saloon-keeper in *Barbary Coast*. Such doings will make anybody pretty cussed. If that isn't the reason then the only other one is that Mr. Donlevy is an uncommonly expert actor.

Mr. Donlevy is an Irishman, born on the sod of Northern Ireland at Portadown in County Armagh. His father made Irish whisky for the arid gullets of Ireland [*Continued on page* 54]



I VOWED I WOULDN'T DANCE AT HER WEDDING

Audrey is my very best friend. So when she asked me to be a bridesmaid, I fished out my savings and sank them gladly into a lovely pink frock and hat and slippers. I was as excited as she was. And then came the day. Bright—but not bright for me . . .



For it turned out to be one of my "difficult days" and long before the reception was over, I was terribly uncomfortable—you know how chafing is! The minute I could, I flew upstairs to dodge the dancing. And there Audrey's sister found me. "Why, darling!" she exclaimed, "whatever on earth?" And soon I was telling her my troubles.



"Just you wait!" she ordered, "till I get some Miracle Modess. It has a wonderful new feature—'Moisture Zoning'." And back she came in a minute to show me how "Moisture Zoning" acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving edges dry and soft and comfortable longer than ever before.



"Now, see this." She opened a pad—pointed to Modess' fluff-type filler—as downy-soft as a powder puff. Then she took out Modess' moisture-resistant backing, and, sprinkling water on it, she proved that it didn't strike through. "So go ahead and dance—with a light heart," she counseled.



Well, I did. And soon I was not only having a grand time, but I caught the bride's bouquet. As I wrote later, to Audrey's sister, "Thanks to you, I danced every dance as carefree and comfortable as you please! And was I surprised to learn that your wonderful Modess with 'Moisture Zoning' costs not a penny more!"

NOW—NEW MIRACLE MODESS BRINGS YOU "MOISTURE ZONING"



Madeleine Carroll plays the challenging part of the girl loved by both father and son



Brian Aherne with little Scotty Beckett in one of the earlier scenes from *My Son, My Son*

My Son, My Son

Our favorite extra lays down a smoke screen and learns the painful lesson that, if you give an actor enough rope, he will hang you

By E. J. SMITHSON, SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR, EDITOR,

If you have been fortunate enough to read Howard Spring's best-selling novel, *My Son, My Son,* you'll understand what I mean when I say that Hollywood's lifted eyebrows lifted an inch higher when Edward Small announced that he was going to make a film of it.

No film version, however well written, could prevent it from being too tragic, too sombre, they said. Movie audiences would never accept it as screen fare. I was of the same opinion after reading the book. It just wouldn't take on celluloid.

But I've changed my mind now that I've worked in the picture, seen all the rushes, read the script and watched the highly capable cast headed by Brian Aherne, Henry Hull, Madeleine Carroll, Louis Hayward, Laraine Day, Bruce Lester, Josephine Hutchinson, and Schuyler Standish at work under the expert guidance of Director Charles Vidor. *My Son, My Son* possesses all the qualities that go to make splendid movie entertainment, and I like it so well that I'm willing to climb out on a limb and say that it's going to be tabbed by the critics as one of the outstanding films of 1940!

The Duke of West Point and *The Man in the Iron Mask* were a couple of Edward Small's big moneymakers last year. He's a little man, matching his name, but he has a head full of big ideas that invariably seem to click when applied to the making of motion pictures. A lot of people believe in him. Bankers, especially. Needing a bankroll to supplement his own (which, by the way, is plenty big), he went to New York, spent a couple of days with the money-changers, and returned with more than $7,000,000 to spend in making his quota of 1940 films. Ever try to borrow a buck from a hard-hearted banker? We have on several sad occasions, and that's why we have a profound respect for the Small man who certainly IS there when it comes to wheedling folding money from those guarded New York vaults.

The first man we saw when we went to work was Casting Director Victor Sutker. Victor was busy with a youngster by the name of Schuyler Standish, a smart, quiet-looking lad who had come in to be tested for the part. As near as I can recall, the interview between the two went something like this:

Victor: "How old are you?"

Schuyler: "Twelve."

Victor: "And in what grade are you at school?"

Schuyler: "The senior year at high school."

The casting director looked over at me somewhat taken aback at the idea of being made the victim of what he thought [*Continued on page* 37]

THE MAIN STREET FORUM AGREES—

"Babies take to Clapp's!"



1. The Young Thing with her first baby starts it off by remarking, "I'm starting Barbara on strained foods next week. I suppose it won't matter to her which brand I buy, will it?"

The chorus of protest rises loud and emphatic. "Oh, doesn't it?"..."...why, there's all the difference—" "...if my baby could talk, he'd tell you—" "My Wallie *can* talk—he's on Chopped Foods now—and he—"

One speaker finally gets the floor...



2. The energetic ex-business girl says, as she tucks a week's groceries away at the feet of her offspring, "Babies are very choosy about flavor. And Clapp's are so fresh-tasting. They seem like vegetables right fresh out of a garden. You just ought to open up all the brands of strained or chopped spinach some time and taste them yourself. Clapp's would win in a walk!"



3. The former schoolteacher who has read up on infant diet gets in a word: "Clapp's vegetables are specially raised for baby foods. Clapp's aren't ordinary canners, you know. They made baby foods long before the others, and they don't make anything else. They've spent years working with plant-breeders to develop vegetables full of vitamins and minerals and flavor."



4. The comfortable mother of four says, "Listen! It's texture, too. Some foods are too thick for a baby's tongue, and some are so thin he doesn't learn to eat. Clapp's are exactly right. And you'll be glad you started with Clapp's when your baby's older! Clapp's Chopped Foods have the same good flavors, and she'll go on to them so easily—and thrive on 'em for years!"

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.



12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

n Location at

Virginia City

Out into the desert they went to film the rousing tale of the Civil War as it was fought in Nevada

By
JOHN HILDER





Errol Flynn demonstrated his courage by acting as judge of Arizona State Teachers' College Beauty Contest, and picking the queen, Alice Moore

■ Virginia City, suh, is true to Ol' Virginny. And the gold in them Nevada hills will never buy bullets, suh, to wound and slay the Boys in Gray.

That's the thesis of *Virginia City*, which is undergoing immortalization at the hands of the Warner Brothers historians. Cunnel Michael Curtiz, although strictly from Hungary, vibrates in sympathy with the lost cause of the South.

Miss Miriam Hopkins, a veritable daughter of the Stars and Bars, appears in this gaudy playback of the Civil War as a composite figger made up of the best features of Rothschild, The Little Colonel, Mata Hari and Gypsy Rose Lee. As a member of the Dixie Gestapo she makes out like she is a frivolous, low-cut dance hall dame in order to bootleg $5,000,000 in gold bullion to President Jeff Davis and preserve the Confederacy before it goes with the wind.

The locale of these picaresque transactions is the Bonanza Belt of Nevada Territory in 1864. Virginia City was christened by a drunken prospector named Jimmy Fennimore. On the afternoon of 1859 as he emerged from the Sazerac Saloon he was seized with a fit of vapors and fell to the duckboard sidewalk, breaking a bottle of Old Musket whiskey which he was toting in his pistol pocket. As the last drop drained into the red ooze of the town's principal thoroughfare, Jimmy said, with the ceremonial gravity of the Bourbon-soaked, "I name thee Virginia City." The name stuck and so did the odor of Bourbon.

The tempo of the town was captured by a hack journalist of the period who wrote:

"Virginia City is the livest town of its age and population in America. Its sidewalks swarm with people. The streets are crowded with quartz wagons and freight teams. It takes an hour to cross the principal street.

"It has military companies and fire companies, brass bands, banks, hotels, theatres, hurdy-gurdy houses, wide-open gambling palaces, street fights, murders, inquests, a gin-mill every fifteen steps, a board of aldermen, a mayor, a city surveyor, a city engineer, a fire chief, a chief of police, a city marshal and a large police force, a dozen breweries, half a dozen jails and station houses in full operation, and some talk of building a church."

The tramp-printer-editor who thus described the temporary scene of his endeavors was Mark Twain of *The Territorial Enterprise*.

Pardner, I pledge you that the Warner Brothers have done nothing to dull the garishness of Virginia City's color. The Civil War, like every other issue in American history worth fighting about, was decided in the saloons. Remember how the Union Pacific was built in Brian Donlevy's dump? Remember how the Santa Fe got to Dodge City? Right through those swinging doors. Remember where the Twenties roared? Through Jimmy Cagney's cafe. It's that simple.

The Sazerac Saloon in Virginia City was a battleground no less important than Gettysburg, Manassas or Bull Run. Miriam Hopkins, a true-blue daughter of the Confederacy and a chum of Jefferson Davis, is discovered working in the Sazerac as a "B" girl. This is no index of the quality of the picture. A "B" girl is a lady barfly who gets a percentage of the gold her gentlemen friends lay out for

drinks. Discovering by clever under-cover methods that the town is so filthy with gold that the urchins play duck-on-a-rock with 24-karat ingots, Julie does a fast flashback to Richmond, Virginia, where her old gavotte-mate, Vance (Randolph Scott) is the head screw of Libby Prison. Leave it to the Warners to get a prison sequence into a Wild West romance about the Civil War.

Mildewing in this same Confederate can are three Federal dicks—Union soldiers who have been caught with their ears to Jefferson Davis' keyhole. They are Errol Flynn, Alan Hale and Guinn Williams.

Still eavesdropping like the damyankees they portray, the trio of stirbugs overhear Miriam broach to Randolph her proposal that a few wagonloads of gold be transported over the hills from Virginia City to Virginia to bolster up the flagging morale of the Dixie legions. So, Flynn and his double-headed comedy relief tunnel out of the Libby dormitory with an old soup-spoon and report the plot to General Hooker, who details them to intercept the ingots.

In Virginia City, Vance sets about corralling all the nuggets hidden in the socks of all the Southern sympathizers while Miriam returns to her job at the Sazerac Saloon.

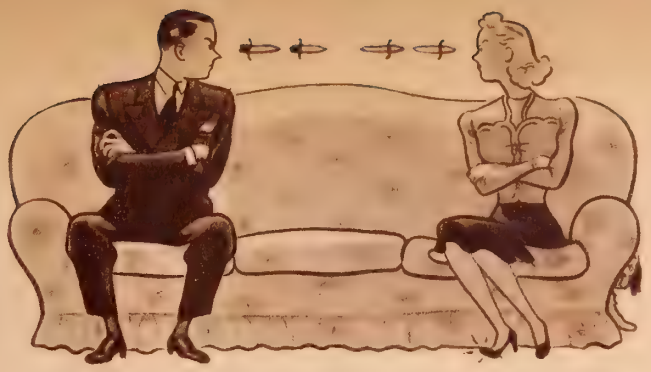
■ The studio set which serves as the Sazerac is one of the flossiest in the endless cycle of Hollywood bars and grills. In addition to Miss Hopkins, the chief decoration of the joint, as the Warners reconstructed it, was a lush and opulent painting behind the bar showing a lush and opulent nude maiden reclining on a bower of clouds and daffodils.

In the original Sazerac in Virginia City there was such a painting and legend insists that the reclining figure was so lifelike that after sixteen or twenty drinks the customers could see her breathe.

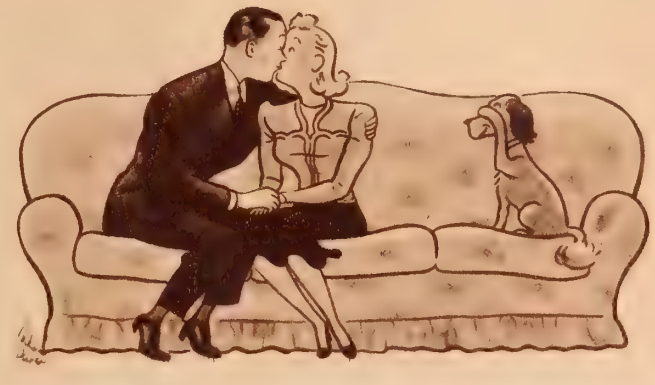
The Warners hired a celebrated painter to reproduce the original reclining Psyche. The painter must have been celebrated because the price he asked and got was $2,000. When the job was done, the technical crew went to work on the painting to get the lifelike effect detailed in the old prospectors' yarns. This they achieved by substituting a rubber bladder for the lady's diaphragm, inflating it, and valving compressed air in and out at the normal frequency of human breathing. The net effect was, in a word, Zowie!

The Hays Office, so sensitive that it can register a tremor of horror as far away as the balcony of the second-run theatre in Slippery Rock, Pa., immediately indicated that a disturbance of earthquake proportions was brewing in the Burbank studio. The trouble-shooters of Joe Breen's censorship corps went streaking over Cahuenga Pass like shock troops in a blitzkrieg.

The Hays Office censorship is strictly "voluntary" on the part of the producers—an attempt to stop trouble before it starts. In the case of the breathing Venus, the studio was told it had jolly well better volunteer to throw out the picture of the lady with the rubber stomach or accept the consequences. Result: the portrait



"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . .



"The lady next door got me to wash the Fels-Naptha way—and glory, what a surprise! I've tried the bar as well as the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. *Both* of them combine grand *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* so effectively that even the grimiest dirt hustles out! You bet my husband's showering me with compliments these days—I've got the whitest, most fragrant washes that ever danced on a line!"

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

WHEREVER YOU USE BAR SOAP—USE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP.** SEE HOW IT HUSTLES OUT DIRT—HOW BEAUTIFULLY WHITE AND SWEET IT GETS YOUR CLOTHES! SEE WHY MILLIONS SAY IT'S THE GRANDEST BAR-SOAP THEY'VE EVER USED!

WHEREVER YOU USE BOX-SOAP—USE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS.** THEY SPEED WASHING MACHINES LIKE MAGIC BECAUSE THEY'RE **HUSKIER**—NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. THEY GIVE BUSIER, LIVELIER SUDS BECAUSE THEY NOW HOLD A NEW SUDS-BUILDER





Remember—Golden Bar or Golden Chips—
FELS-NAPTHA
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

EX-LAX MOVIES

Big Boy Takes a Tip!



BOB: Say, fellow... are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate ... but it's plenty effective!

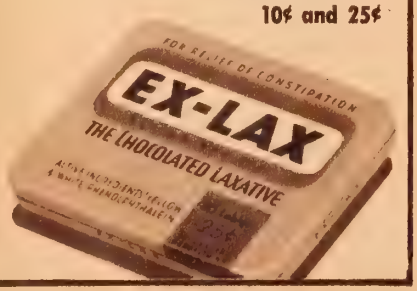


BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the *only* laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



is now on exhibition in the Warner Brothers Chamber of Horrors along with the shroud Jim Cagney wore in *Public Enemy* and a plaster cast of Maxie Rosenbloom's cauliflower ear.

Even without the atmospheric stimulus provided by the nude with the educated abdomen, Flynn and Hopkins work up a pretty idyll of love-in-bloom-among-the-barflies. But Randolph Scott throws a Confederate gray shadow over the romance by reminding Miriam that her mission in life is to get the bullion through the blockade and over the hills to Virginny. To make the trip doubly safe, Randolph offers Bandit Humphrey Bogart ten grand in gold to sidetrack the Union Army patrols while the nuggets, loaded on a wagon-train, ease over the horizon.

■ Along here is where the script got hard to handle, calling for scenes in Nevada, Arizona, Kansas and way stations. The only feasible territory that contained all this diversified terrain within a compact radius was the Painted Desert of Arizona, 500 miles from Hollywood and within a stone's throw of oblivion.

To re-create the trek of the gold train, Director Curtiz had to man and equip an expedition ten times as big and several hundred times as costly as the historical cavalcade. Mere physical costs of the location party, without salaries, were $15,000 a day. Two hundred players, riders and workers were in the grim band of pilgrims that set out to rediscover the Wild West.

At full strength, the convoy contained six huge transcontinental buses, twenty-two trucks, ten limousines, two station wagons, a generator truck and two camera cars.

Fifty-one horses with movie experience were transported from Hollywood and seventy-two amateur horses rented from the Navajos.

The Hollywood invasion put an almost unbearable strain on the town of Flagstaff, the center of the location zone. The actors used up all the available quarters at the three hotels and overflowed into auto camps and private homes. Miriam Hopkins, always the individualist, moved into a Navajo trading post. Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Mayo Methot, took lodgings at an Indian reservation 90 miles away from the shooting site. This entailed four or five hours of top-speed motoring daily.

■ Messrs. Flynn and Scott stepped into the local social whirl by showing up unexpectedly at a carnival and dance of the Arizona State Teachers' College and took their lives in their hands by offering to act as judges of a beauty contest. Undaunted by this test of fortitude, they showed up the next week as guests of honor at a high school play. By actual count Flynn took more bows than the leading lady.

The rigors of back-country life were offset somewhat by the friendliness of the Navajos, who were fascinated by Mike Curtiz's quaint dialect and mystified and amused by his primitive sign language, as, for that matter, were his own players.

For instance, Bogart's guerrillas became, in the fragmented English of Director Curtiz, "bums."

One of the guerrillas, a new player named William Reeves, was making his debut in pictures after a career with the Pasadena Community Players. Reeves was singled out of Bogart's mob to do a pivotal scene with Errol Flynn and Douglas Dumbrille.

When the moment came for him to emote, he was standing on the sidelines talking with a group of extras.

"Mr. Bum!" Curtiz called to him. "Be so kind as to act in our picture, please."

Reeves, who had just arrived, and had not been told that to Curtiz he was a "Bum," paid no attention to the request or to its repetition.

So Curtiz specialized the invitation so that it was unmistakable whom he meant:

"Hey, you, Mr. Pasadena Playhouse gentleman bum."

The second day of shooting the tribesmen ventured forth from their mud hogans and formed a silent semi-circle behind the camera. At lunch time Flynn passed sandwiches and cherry pie among them, with unexpected results. The pie, a bright finger-nail red, they smeared on their faces, preferring its cosmetic properties to the gastronomic. They ate the sandwiches without bothering to remove the waxed-paper wrappings.

Aside from the normal hazards of the Painted Desert—rattlesnakes and tarantulas—there were other complications. Tempers frayed and feuds raged. For one eventful week-end it appeared that the cast was about to choose sides—the Blues and the Grays—and re-fight the Civil War with bare hands, rocks or practical bullets.

The only actor whose disposition was uniformly sunny throughout was Hair-Trigger Humphrey Bogart, who is no Pollyanna even under ideal conditions. But Humphrey was as happy as a butcher's dog from the first scene to the final fade.

Reason: he didn't get shot in the last reel. In *Virginia City*, which must be called unique for this if for no other reason, Bogart gets knifed to death.

If the war still continues during 1940, John Payne will be unable to fulfill the terms of a clause in his father's will. Payne's dad believed that travel was the most important education that his son could have, and he left a trust fund to finance a round-the-world trip once every ten years for his son. John made the first trip on his 17th birthday, May 28th, 1930, and now, according to his father's will, he is to leave on the second trip this coming May 28th. Of course, if war continues it will be impossible for John to go, and so now the problem arises as to what will happen to the $5,000 which will be released from the trust fund at that time. Although Payne will receive it, he won't know what to do with it. The will states that it may be used only for that specific purpose.

My Son, My Son

[*Continued from page 32*]

was a joke. But he was soon convinced that this twelve-year-old lad was quite serious.

"I'll be graduated from high school this June," the youngster went on, "and at the beginning of the fall semester I will enroll at the University of California at Los Angeles."

Lady, you could have knocked me over with that five-foot shelf of books! A freshman at twelve!

Well, it turned out that this Standish boy is more than a prodigy. He is a talented youngster in many fields of endeavor. He is successful as an actor, both on the screen and radio, he has won a scholarship as a violinist, writes plays and stages them for inmates of the Veterans' Hospital at Sawtelle, California, and draws and paints and builds models of all sorts.

I might as well finish this matter of juveniles while I'm at it, and write a few words about eight-year-old Brenda Henderson, who became Hollywood's latest Cinderella girl as a result of her big chance to play an important role in *My Son, My Son*.

The little Brenda has been living in California for only a few months, having come to Hollywood with her parents from New York. At the suggestion of the dramatic teacher at Carthay Center School, where she is enrolled in the second grade, Brenda was given a chance in pictures and was tested for roles in *The Women* and *Gone With the Wind*.

But she never had appeared in a picture when she was summoned to the Edward Small Studios, along with 70 other little girls to be tested for the role of *Maeve* as a child. Brenda showed such surprising acting ability in her initial test that she was given others just to see if she really had the stuff, and the tougher the tests became the better Brenda delivered. Director Vidor claims that she'll rate as one of the finds of the year.

■ Now, after paying my respects to the juveniles let's get down to cigars.

You may wonder as to the why and wherefore of my wanting to get down to this cigar business, but you won't after I relate what happened.

My first acting chore that morning was a simple one that demanded no more of me than to perform as a waiter during a banquet scene, and I must admit that I did a nifty bit of acting. Good enough, anyway, so that all Director Vidor needed was two rehearsals and two "takes" before he okayed it.

It was what occurred afterward that raised the you-know-what, and I'm not exaggerating a bit when I say that my "career" as a Thespian danged near went up in smoke fifteen minutes later because of it.

It was this way.

After the banquet was shot and in the can, the actors were supposed to sit around the festive board and engage in light and airy persiflage. During that time, I was

Lady Esther says

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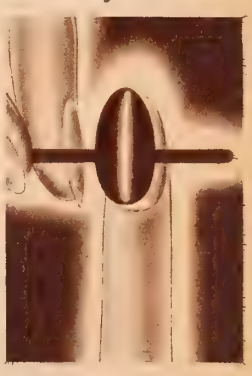
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HOW WOULD you like to try on all the smartest, newest nail polish colors —to see them on your own nails, to find the one color most flattering for you? Then what a thrill to know you can wear that loveliest, luckiest color *7 long days at a time*... thanks to Lady Esther!

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NEW ODORLESS* CREAM

***safely* REMOVES HAIR**

Nair is painless . . . not irritating to normal healthy skin...*no sulphide depilatory odor... economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. **NAIR**

to enter and pass around the cigars provided by the property department. Well, I came in, passed around the box, and in no time the air was blue with smoke. Pretty soon I noticed that Henry Hull and Brian Aherne were taking on a blue tinge, too—so blue that it began to show through their make-up. Well, well, well, I said to myself, something's off-color here sure 'nuf. About then Louis Hayward staggered to his feet and asked to be excused. Director Vidor gave me a dirty look and yelled "Cut!!!" Director Vidor investigated. Then Director Vidor turned to me, but before he finished firing his first verbal salvo, Hull and Aherne excused themselves and hit for the nearest alley. They looked mighty sick—and believe you me they were! Director Vidor let go with a second salvo of choice, hand-picked expletives about extras who played practical jokes. I took a step or two toward the closest exit, but I never made it because a couple of strong-arm guys grabbed me, and I had to stand there and take what Director Vidor (and can that man pour it on when he's mad) had to offer, which was plenty.

Well, after the smoke had cleared away, and tempers had cooled off, and the actors returned to the set, and I had been released by the goon squad, Director Vidor apologized handsomely. The cigars, he said, were several months old and were of a very inexpensive variety, intended to be used only as decorations in a cigar store window! It was the prop department's error, not mine!

When his actors had sufficiently recovered, Vidor sent out for a box of three-for-a-half cigars, and the scene was filmed without further incident. Thank heaven. When the shooting was finished on this particular piece of business the director told me I could have the remainder of the smokes, which was a nice gesture on his part, and I took 'em—which was a nicer gesture on my part!

■ By the way, and before I forget it, I might mention that the tailoring business is sure booming since *My Son, My Son* started.

The screenplay covers nearly a quarter of a century in time. As a consequence, Brian Aherne and Louis Hayward, who play the male leads of father and son, respectively, have to keep up with constantly changing styles. Aherne has more than 30 different wardrobe changes, Howard more than 15 and several other principals have about as many, so that the tailors were kept busy cutting and fitting hundreds of garments.

Hayward told me a funny one between scenes. He's not at all superstitious, but he said he believes that there is some definite link between his career as a film star and the automobiles he drives.

The reason is that something has happened to three different automobiles on the day he started to work in his three most recent pictures.

"On the day I started work in *The Duke of West Point*," he said, "car No. 1 caught fire and was badly damaged. Car No. 2 was stolen on the day I began work in *The Man in the Iron Mask*. Leaving home in Car No. 3 for my first day's work in *My Son, My Son*, I was horrified to find that my brakes refused to work. With the car plunging down a steep hill and gathering momentum with every foot of progress, I headed the car toward a big vacant plot of ground, then jumped. As I rolled over and over in the street I heard a terrific noise, and when I got up, there, far away, was Car No. 3, wheels up in the air, fenders accordion-shaped, the roof completely off and the sides caved in. I'm beginning to dread the day when I report for work on my next picture. I think I'll come to the studio in a horse and buggy!"

So does Edward Small! Hayward's next starring picture will be *The Son of Monte Cristo* and you can bet Small will see to it that there'll be no car accidents. "I'll carry him to the studio in my arms if I have to," is the way Small promises protection.

■ There was much ado about something late in the afternoon of my first day on the set.

As you know, in making movies, punches are "pulled" in fight scenes, although they look realistic enough. In this particular scene Director Vidor ordered Aherne to "pull" his punches when he squared off against Pat Flaherty, who plays the role of a bully in the slums of Manchester, England. Aherne, according to the script, was to attack and then smack down his adversary with the old one-two. Vidor ordered rehearsals and the fight went off according to schedule, but when the cameras began to turn and Aherne to swing, Pat forgot to duck at the precise moment Aherne's fist whizzed by, and down he went. Vidor yelled out "Cut!" and he was a mighty surprised director when he saw that Flaherty didn't move. It was fully five minutes before the non-ducking Pat came to!

Now the astonishing thing about this was that Flaherty had been picked for the role because he is a very rugged individual indeed, physically speaking. An ex-baseball player, he saw service with the Washington Senators, the Boston Red Sox, and the New York Giants. Later, as a pro-football player, he gamboled on the greensward for the Chicago Bears, the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Horsemen. Three teeth were knocked loose from their dental moorings and his jaw had an egg-size lump on it as a result of his forgetting to remember, but he took it in stride. "That guy sure packs a wallop," Pat praised, after being revived with spirits of ammonia capsules.

■ I didn't have anything to do the next morning but I came out to the set anyway and watched twenty-five kids, dressed up as slum urchins of Manchester, play football in the mud. The kids appeared to be having the time of their young lives, and, if they tossed more mud than football, nobody seemed to mind, least of all the director, who seemed mighty pleased with their antics. I can't say that I found much fault with the boys, either. That is, until one of them took picks on me standing on the sidelines and let go a handful of mud that landed just

one-quarter inch south of my right eye.

Luckily for me the nurse in attendance on the set stepped in. Cold mud, she said, was not good for children to play in. So property men had to hurry and heat huge tanks of water. The hot water was then poured over and soaked into the mud, so that the kids could cavort with all the comforts of a modern health establishment specializing in hot mud baths. I don't know whether or not the warm mud increased the kids' accuracy in mud slinging, because I left—and in a hurry.

■ Around toward lunch time we extras were called to another sound stage and put to work on a set representing the Victoria Station. I've never seen this famous station, but the English actors in *My Son, My Son* have, of course, and they said that the set was so realistically built by Art Director John DuCasse Schulze that it looked as though it had actually been transported from England. The same could be said of the Brighton Belle, one of England's most famous trains. To see it pull out of the station you'd swear you were really going somewhere. The script called for the Brighton Belle to leave Victoria Station. All the principals and hundreds of extras were crowded onto the set and the scramble to board the choo-choo was something terrific.

Madeleine Carroll, by the way, told me she had the "swellest" bunch of fan mail in all Hollywood.

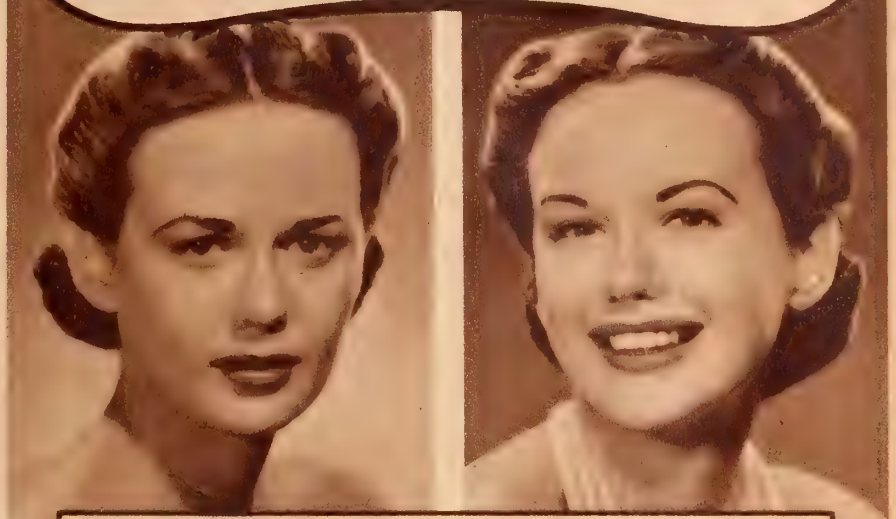
That sounded like a very broad statement until she told me that this fan mail has nothing to do with her picture work. It came—and still does—from a group of little French children who are quartered in Madeleine's chateau, secluded from the danger of Parisian air raids and gas attacks. The chateau was converted into a refuge for children immediately after the war broke out, and will continue as such as long as the danger exists.

The grateful children take time out from their studies and play to write to Madeleine, who got great joy out of reading and translating the messages to the cast of *My Son, My Son.*

Maybe you've noted, by now, how very little happened to me on the picture. How well, save for a few minor instances, I managed to escape disaster. Well, there's nothing extra—ordinary in that. I decided to start the New Year right—even in my acting. But you never can tell, I'll probably fall off the alley wagon when I'm working again, which will be soon after I finish this job in *My Son, My Son,* I hope, I hope.

In the home of Osa Massen, young Walter Wanger contract player, is a highly prized silver mug. Once the leader in her Danish domestic science classes, Miss Massen won the trophy for baking the best marsipan for a Copenhagen competition. Since coming to Hollywood the talented young actress has given her recipe for the confection to a score of screen stars. Recently she baked 25 pounds of marsipan for a Finnish Relief bazaar and most of the purchases were sent to soldiers at the Arctic front.

POOR COMPLEXION?



Famous Greaseless Medicated Cream Now Used by Millions to Help Clear Up Complexions

If your skin is coarse or rough— if externally caused blemishes spoil the natural beauty of your complexion—if you long for a clearer, softer skin—try this famous *medicated* Beauty Cream.

Nurses first discovered how wonderful Noxzema was for chapped hands—and how it helped clear up so many Poor Complexions, aiding in restoring skin to normal, healthy beauty. Today over 15,000,000 jars are used yearly *all over the world!*

How it works — Noxzema helps soften and smooth rough skin. Its soothing medication relieves most skin irritations—helps more quickly heal externally caused blemishes and chapped, weather-roughened complexions. Use it as a Night Cream—massaging it into the pores. *Feel* how it soothes and refreshes. It's snow-white, *greaseless*—a real pleasure to use! In the morning rinse your face thoroughly with cold water and apply a thin film of Noxzema as a protective Powder Base. It's a grand day-long foundation for make-up.

What women write

"The improvement in my skin since using your miracle cream is almost unbelievable. *Blemishes* and large pores are disappearing* and my skin is smoother than ever before."—*Mrs. Hazel Miles, Attica, N. Y.*

*externally caused

"I used to be troubled with *blackheads,*† but since using Noxzema as a Night Cream they've disappeared completely. And it also helped reduce my enlarged pores."—*Mrs. Carl Nigro, Omaha, Neb.*

†Noxzema retards formation of blackheads

"I've been using Noxzema as a Night Cream and Powder Base for only a short time, but what a wonderful change it has made. Blemishes are disappearing and *my skin is lots smoother."—Mrs. Ella Muender, Hales Corners, Wis.*

"All winter long I've been ashamed of my *'sandpaper hands.'* My regular hand lotion and several others I tried helped not at all. The first time I tried Noxzema the roughness started to go and in two days my hands were as soft as when I did no housework at all."—*Mrs. Warren P. Eldridge, West Somerville, Mass.*

Limited time offer

For a limited time you can get this generous trial size jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. See if Noxzema can't help solve *your* skin problems. Get a jar *today.* At all drug and department stores.



Chapped Hands Are Cut Hands

Red, rough Chapped Hands *need* medication. Smooth Noxzema into the tiny cuts and cracks. *Feel* the immediate soothing relief—*see* how Noxzema helps restore hands to normal, soft white loveliness. It's not sticky! Not greasy!



How to have
EYES MEN ADORE



There I was—spending *another* Saturday night reading a magazine! I saw the words "Eyes Like Stars—try WINX."



I bought some WINX Mascara and found it gorgeously *easy* to put on. My lashes looked *naturally* longer and darker!...



"Why didn't I notice those big, beautiful eyes before!" said Bob the next time we met. "How about a date for dancing?"



GET the new WINX Mascara, also Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, and *Lipstick* in harmonizing colors! Good Housekeeping Approved! In the new Pink packages—at 10¢ stores *today!*

Change to Winx
THE FINER QUALITY MASCARA



IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
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then write today for my
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As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 38, LOWELL, MASS.

Bouquets On Your Budget



Loretta Young, next to be seen in *The Doctor Takes a Wife*, knows that perfumes, as well as mirrors, should reflect personalities, and changes hers carefully to fit costumes and seasons

By ANN VERNON

■ All that is sweet and lovely and springlike — that's Loretta Young as shown in this picture. Her filmy dress and soft, glistening hair spell spring evenings and romance. And they spell fragrance as well—for a movie star would never feel dressed unless an aura of perfume hung around her.

All very well, I can hear you say. Loretta and the other movie stars can afford to bathe in perfume. But I can't—I'm on a budget.

So what? Perfume isn't a luxury any more. True, there are scents that start at $25 and wend their way upwards, but who said those were the only ones that smell nice? I've found plenty of fine perfumes that cost only a dollar, and there are all kinds of toilet waters and colognes you can get for even less than that!

Being on a budget doesn't prevent your bathing often, does it? It doesn't prevent your washing your hair frequently so that it always has a fresh smell. Those are just as much a part of being dainty and sweet as using perfume. And without such basic cleanliness, all your fine perfumes wouldn't be worth two cents. The glamour girls in Hollywood know that, and you won't find one of them skipping her two baths a day, or neglecting to have her hair shampooed weekly. They discovered the fun of bubble baths—and even took them along into some of their pictures. Joan Crawford's bath in *The Women* was the last to appear on the screen. Most of those I've chatted with like to change perfumes with the season. Right now they're wearing those light floral bouquets and natural scents like clover and lilac and apple blossom.

It's a good idea to slap scented cologne or toilet water on profusely after your morning bath. Most of these are so inexpensive that you can be really lavish in using them. Their fragrance lingers, and is released later by the warmth of your body. Very often, for sports or work-a-day activities, your cologne or toilet water will give sufficient daytime scent — especially if you spray some on your hair and pat some on your arms. For an added note on dress-up or social occasions, you'll want to add perfume in the same odor.

Apply perfume itself to your hair, at the nape of your neck and your

A FINE FIGURE

can be yours. Our new booklet, "Figures *Can* Lie," tells you how to achieve a slim silhouette through the proper girdle and exercise. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for it to Ann Vernon. Consult her about your beauty problems at the same time. The address is: Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

temples, to your ears and your eyebrows. Touch your wrists with fragrance—there are still men who like to kiss pretty fingers! Run the stopper of your perfume bottle over your lips after you've blotted off the excess lipstick. It will set the color—and please *your* nose and your beau's!

■ If you need convincing after all this, write me for the name of a Parisian fragrance that is available in everything from perfume to talc—and that includes scented cologne, dusting powder and bath crystals. The scent is delicate, romantic and springlike. It's in good taste for every occasion, and at all times. And it's easy on the budget, too. There are two sizes of the cologne priced at less than a dollar. The huge box of dusting powder, enough for at least a hundred rub-downs, is only 85 cents. The perfume itself costs a dollar, and there's a purse flacon for less. The low prices don't mean that this is an inferior scent—*not one bit.* It's every bit as refreshing as many much more expensive ones, but so many people like it that the manufacturer can afford to charge less per person! Do be sure to ask for the name.

■ One of our gentlest and best toilet soaps has just been greatly improved. It always was quick lathering, mild and kind to tender skins, and fragrant to smell. It looks just the same as it always did—but the difference is instantly noticeable the moment you start to lather up. It lathers just like fury, now, and releases the loveliest, most haunting scent. Two out of every three women who tried it at the manufacturer's request raved about it. The nice thing is that the odor stays with you long afterwards. Use the soap in your bath, and for all facial washings. It does a super cleansing job—even though it's gentler with your skin than ever before. You'd think that, with so much added goodness, the price would be increased, but it's not! You can still get a cake for a few pennies. I hope you'll write me for its name.

■ Wouldn't you like to feel as languorously luxurious as a movie star—in a bubble bath? You can, and for the slight cost of a few cents a tub. I found one the other day that is priced at only a dollar for 8½ ounces! That's a lot of bubble bath, because you use just a few drops at a time. Here's how. Dash about a teaspoonful into the tub, then turn on both hot and cold faucets full force. If you don't have much pressure in your water line, hold a finger partly over the spigot to get more. Now watch the iridescent bubbles mount up, making a blanket of glistening foam, six to eight inches deep, on top of the water! Climb in, lady, the water's fine! But, please, just lie back and relax for about five minutes before starting to soap up. You get so much more good out of your bath that way, because the warm water relaxes taut muscles and tense nerves. And the fragrance arising from the tub is like a breath of spring. Because, you see, this bubbling essence is perfumed with one of the most



She's nobody's April Fool! With her transparent "bumbershoot" this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she's going!

But the umbrella people aren't the only ones with new ideas in protection. The Kotex Laboratory has developed an improved type of moisture-resistant material...made specially for Kotex sanitary napkins. And a protective panel of this material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

So remember this new Kotex feature — all you who believe in "Safety First"! Remember, too, all the other advantages Kotex has to offer . . .



Many a time — you'll be thankful for the flat (patented) ends of Kotex . . . so different from napkins with thick, bunchy ends!

Thankful, too, that Kotex is made in soft *folds* (with more absorbent material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad). This makes Kotex *less bulky* . . . more comfortable . . . than pads having loose, wadded fillers!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! *Super — Regular — Junior.* Kotex is the only popular-priced napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers ... flat, tapered ends... and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"



*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS...PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY...COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS





popular of our many fine scents. It's spicy, but light and romantic—I know you'll enjoy it. After you've stepped from your bath, you'll discover another advantage—the mineral salts of the bubbling liquid act as a water softener (that makes your skin feel satin smooth) and prevent any ugly ring around the bathtub. Want the name?

It should be no secret to you by this time that bathing alone won't keep you completely sweet. All the perfumes in the world won't hide perspiration odor. You have to use a reliable perspiration corrective for that. Why not try a cream that comes in a handy tube (grand to carry in the purse) as well as jars for your dressing table? It deodorizes so completely that you can feel entirely safe. It's soft and silky and disappears completely and quickly into your skin so that you can go right on dressing. You can use it immediately after shaving, if you wish, because it will not dry or irritate the skin. The tube costs a quarter. Want the name?

Don't forget that clean, sweet hair can do a lot to add to your daintiness. Brush yours five minutes night and morning to give it gloss. Set it with scented cologne before you go dancing. And write me for the name of a grand liquid cocoanut oil shampoo that lathers copiously, quickly. It does a most efficient job of cleansing the hair, and removing all dirt, dandruff flecks and perspiration. And it leaves the hair soft and sheenful. If your hair is dry, you should try the hair tonic from the same manufacturer. It contains oil, so that it cannot dry out the hair. Massage your scalp with it nightly, to help normalize your own oil supply—and give your hair new gloss at the same time. Both the shampoo and the hair tonic are inexpensive. Want to know more?

Write me before April fifteenth, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"Information Please" Quiz

[*Continued from page* 19]

(b) Now which movie stars would you plant in the garden if you need some trees? You should be able to think of two.

.....

.....

2. If you are like a great many other movie fans, the characters of Judge Hardy and Andy and the engaging figures in other series have become so real you almost feel you know them. But can you name

(a) The home town in which Andy Hardy's adventures have unfolded?

.....

(b) The hospital where Dr. Kildare performs his medical miracles?

.....

(c) The name of the dog in the *Thin Man* series?.....

(d) The family name of Dagwood and Blondie? .....

3. The tallest edifice in New York and the tallest in Paris were used as backgrounds for scenes in two highly successful pictures last year. Name the pictures and the stars of each.

.....

.....

4. How well do you know your geography in the movies? Names of several cities have been used in picture titles. Can you remember four?

.....

.....

.....

.....

5. Name the stars who played the title roles in

(a) *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*.....

(b) *The Bride Wore Red*.....

(c) *Craig's Wife* (talkie version).....

.....

(d) *The Gay Divorcee*.....

6. The brother of a United States Senator is a movie actor who has been starred in several English films. He has played in American films, too. You saw him opposite Marlene Dietrich in *The Scarlet Empress*, for one. Know his name?.....

7. Name a player whose last name is the same as:

(a) A river in New York.....

(b) A lake in Canada.....

(c) A port in Norway.....

(d) A town in Alaska.....

8. You're really good if you can give the first names of

(a) The three Ritz Brothers.....

.....

.....

(b) The four Marx Brothers.....

.....

.....

.....

(c) The four Lane Sisters.....

.....

.....

.....

9. You see a newsreel every time you go to the movies, but the experts are betting that you can't name the five newsreel companies.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If there is a musician in the house, give him top score if he can play the introductory theme for each.

10. The burning of Atlanta is a highlight of *Gone With the Wind*. Two other historic catastrophes supplied spectacular backgrounds in a pair of films of the last few years. What were they?

.....

.....

11. Something over 691,238 lines of newsprint were devoted not long ago to publicizing the fact that Deanna Durbin received her first screen kiss in *First Love*. A young newcomer from Pasadena was engaged to perform the osculatory ritual and embraced not only Deanna but a whole new career. Recall his name?

.....

12. Speaking of kissing, do you know the one country where film censors eliminate all scenes of such amorous adhesions?

.....

13. William Powell and Warren Williams have both played the character of an erudite man-about-town with a penchant for solving mysteries. S. S. Van Dine created him. What's his name?.....

14. When war broke out last September, there was considerable speculation as to the number of Hollywood topflight stars who might be called up for service. Thus far only two headline figures have been in the armies of their respective countries. Who are they?.....

15. List three cinematic celebrities who use and are publicized and given screen credits by but a single name.

.....

.....

.....

16. In the early days of motion pictures, producers, to guard against rivals stealing their negatives and releasing the film under their own imprint, used to display their trademarks on some prop or piece of scenery in every set photographed. There's no such piracy now, but they are still mighty proud of their trademarks in Hollywood. Can you name four out of five of the insignia of the following companies:

(a) Universal .....

(b) RKO-Radio .....

(c) Walter Wanger Productions.....

(d) Paramount .....

(e) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.....





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And still more awards! Humphrey Bogart honors the animal world by presenting Germaine a cup for her acting ability in Warner Brothers' film *The Fighting 69th*

17. And to further test how carefully you notice the screen credits that preface films, see if you can recall the names of an art director, who is the husband of a Mexican star of the silent days, and a sound engineer, brother of one of his studio's top stars. Both names are on virtually every M-G-M feature release.....

18. Two of the most widely-discussed films of the new season, *Grapes of Wrath* and *Of Mice and Men*, were penned by the same author. What is his name?.....

19. The Great Emancipator has been the inspiration of two movies this year, *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. Do you remember in what other recent film hit the majestic statue of the martyred President was used as a background for a touching emotion scene?.....

.....

20. Four of Hollywood's most glamorous stars are married to doctors. We'll give you full credit if you can name three out of four of them. One of the actresses is Norwegian, the second was born in France, the third was a school teacher from Louisville and the fourth, who recently drew hearty praise for her first appearance on the screen in America, comes from Stockholm. Can you name the stars if we list their doctor husbands:

Dr. Laurence Spangard.....

Dr. Joel Pressman.....

Dr. Francis Griffin.....

Dr. Peter Lindstrom.....

21. Here are four song hits of the past year. name the picture in which they were introduced, and the star who sang them. You have to get three out of four on this one.

(a) Two Sleepy People.....

(b) You're a Sweet Little Headache....

.....

(c) Over the Rainbow.....

(d) Wishing.....

22. Name five young actors who have achieved screen prominence, all of whose fathers were stars before them.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

23. And, on the subject of fathers, two Hollywood headliners are each the proud papas of a set of twins. Can you name them—the stars, not the twins?

.....

.....

24. From the description of the characters they portrayed, name three out of four of the following players and the titles of the pictures concerned:

(a) The juvenile song writer who fainted when his first tune was purchased .....

(b) The taxi driver who promoted a lottery among Paris cabbies to trace his sweetheart.....

(c) The flower girl who wanted to lose her cockney accent.....

(d) The romantic-minded matron on the dude ranch near Reno whose theme was "L'amour, toujours, l'amour!" .....

25. What motion picture titles would you think of if you came upon cartoons of:

(a) A man vainly trying to make his cigarette lighter work?.....

(b) A chef dropping a hot potato? .....

(c) The parlor pets of an old maid? .....

(d) A store detective chiding a shoplifter? .....

ANSWERS

Information Please Quiz

1. (a) Lewis Stone
   Clark Gable
   Peggy Woods
   Donald Woods, too, for that matter
   Bob Steele
   John Payne (window-pane, of course!)
   Betty Furness
   (b) Stan Laurel
   Eric Linden
   Jack Oak(ie)
   And what's wrong with (Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom?)
2. (a) Carvel
   (b) General Hospital
   (c) Asta
   (d) Bumstead
3. The Eiffel tower in Paris in *Ninotchka*, starring Greta Garbo and the Empire State Building in *Love Affair*, starring Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne.
4. *Honolulu* — *San Francisco*
   Reno — *Little Old New York*
   Dodge City — *In Old Chicago*
   Virginia City — *St. Louis Blues*
5. (a) Claudette Colbert
   (b) Joan Crawford
   (c) Rosalind Russell
   (d) Ginger Rogers
6. John Lodge, brother of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts.
7. (a) Rochelle Hudson
   (b) Anita Louise
   (c) Edgar Bergen
   (d) Douglas Fairbanks
8. (a) Al, Jimmy and Harry Ritz
   (b) Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo Marx
   (c) Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola and Leota Lane
9. Paramount News, Fox Movietone News, News of the Day, Universal Newsreel, and Pathe.
10. The fire in *In Old Chicago* and the earthquake and fire in *San Francisco*.
11. Robert Stack
12. Japan
13. Philo Vance
14. Charles Boyer, who was mobilized into the French army and later demobilized, and David Niven, now believed to be in France with the Scottish regiment in which he held a commission before coming to Hollywood.
15. Zorina, dancer of *On Your Toes*.
    Annabella.
    Adrian, M-G-M designer
    Sabu
    Garbo
    Margo
16. (a) A revolving globe.
    (b) A radio tower broadcasting in Morse code.
    (c) An eagle.
    (d) A mountain fringed with stars.
    (e) A lion.
17. Cedric Gibbons, husband of Dolores Del Rio, is art director at M-G-M, where Douglas Shearer, brother of Norma Shearer, heads the sound department.
18. John Steinbeck.
19. The romantic reunion of James Stewart and Jean Arthur inside the Lincoln Memorial in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*.
20. Sigrid Gurie is Mrs. Laurence Spangard, Claudette Colbert is Mrs. Joel Pressman, Irene Dunne is Mrs. Francis Griffin and Ingrid Bergman, who made her American debut in *Intermezzo*, is Mrs. Peter Lindstrom.
21. (a) *Thanks for the Memory*, Bob Hope and Shirley Ross.
    (b) *Paris Honeymoon*, Bing Crosby.
    (c) *Wizard of Oz*, Judy Garland.
    (d) *Love Affair*, Irene Dunne.
22. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lon Chaney, Jr., Noah Beery, Jr., Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, and Russell Gleason, son of James Gleason.
23. Richard Dix and Bing Crosby.
24. (a) Mickey Rooney in *Babes in Arms*.
    (b) Don Ameche in *Midnight*.
    (c) Wendy Hiller in *Pygmalion*.
    (d) Mary Boland in *The Women*.
25. (a) *The Light That Failed*.
    (b) *Too Hot to Handle*.
    (c) *The Cat and the Canary*.
    (d) *You Can't Take It With You*.

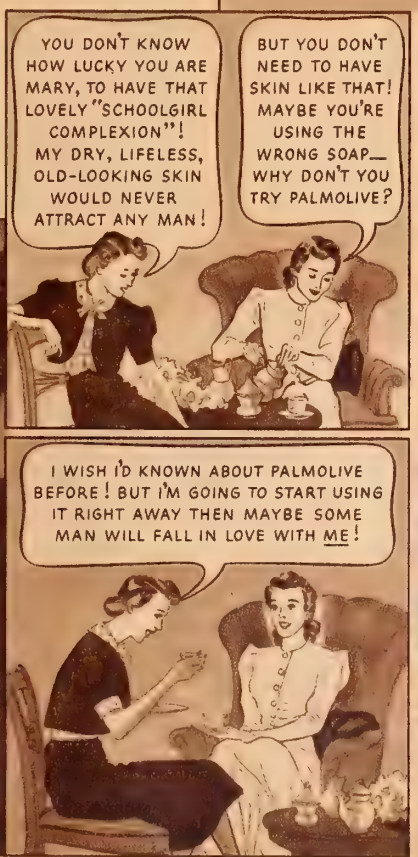
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Back Into Time—1,000,000 Years

[*Continued from page 27*]

by a childish hand, of men, a river and some queer animal. A scientist in the party interprets the picture. In times before recorded history there had been a mastodon hunt, and a meeting between strange tribes . . .

As the scientist speaks, the modern holidaymakers project themselves into the figures of that distant day. The modern world fades and they act out amid primeval surroundings the events of which the rock picture forms a record. There's a commentator, but practically no dialogue —a few words spoken in an obsolete Indian tongue by some of the characters, a muted chant before a feast. Chiefly, however, the tense, dramatic action tells the story.

It is a simple but touching story of man's progress from savagery toward idealism. Tumak of the dark-haired Rock Tribe is among those who progress. He never dreamed of anyone sparing an enemy's life until, half dead of wounds, he floats downstream into the land of the light-haired Shell Tribe. The Shells have advanced to spears. Tumak sees that they could spit him neatly on one while he was reaching for shore, yet, instead of slaying him, they allow the Golden One to nurse him back to strength. Does he fall in love with her? Three guesses!

Love teaches him compassion. When he learns that a remnant of his own tribe has survived a volcanic eruption (a splendid scene!) but has been hemmed in by accompanying earthquakes and landslides, he goes to their rescue and leads them to safety in the land of the Shell people.

■ Around this straightforward plot are grouped incidents of breath-taking excitement. Near the beginning, Lon Chaney, Jr., tangles with a musk-ox. Gored and trampled, he is nearly unrecognizable at the end of the battle—thanks to make-up secrets learned from his father. Instead of the superb specimen who ruled his clan by physical prowess he has become a mutilated shadow. Half blind, crippled in an arm and leg, he looks—his fellow actors admiringly told him—as if he'd been through a cement mixer.

Another scene of dramatic tension, and far more dramatic than the script called for, is Tumak's escape from the prehistoric elephants. Queenie and Sally, veteran actors both, were dressed in a kind of wool overcoats to turn them into woolly mammoths. Queenie, intelligently aware of her role, was chasing Mature over a portion of Fire Valley when Mature, glancing over his shoulder, stumbled and fell. No time to roll out of the way; Queenie was right behind him. The thunder of her enormous feet shook the ground on which he lay as her ponderous bulk rushed over him.

Victor raised his head to find the rest of the cast in a state of collapse. He didn't feel any too perky himself. But Queenie's owner laughed. "She never steps on anyone," he said comfortably.

■ Another narrow escape was due to the scenery. Out on location they spent more than $250,000 of the $1,000,000 budget to build supplements to the Fire Valley scenery and in some places to prop up the scenery so that it wouldn't crumble beneath the nimble warrior-hunters. Nimble is right. With bits of wolfskin about them, they scaled heights, swung from pinnacles, led a life almost as strenuous as the primitive men whom they impersonated.

Well, they reinforced a rock shelf for Tumak, so that he could jump down to it from a considerable height and over a considerable crevice. He jumped, but in doing so he dislodged a couple of boulders which followed him across the crevice and landed on the shelf, still traveling. He had to roll off the shelf and hold on below it while they skimmed above his head and shot into space.

Other adventures were chalked up to various members of the cast. Hubbard and Carole were studying the script on a cliff top when Hubbard said: "Don't move!" She didn't—although a big tarantula was crawling across her bare foot. Not at all interested in picture people, but merely taking a short cut, the spider walked off her instep and down the hill.

Also, there was the evening when Hal Roach, Lon Chaney, Jr., and some others went for a drive. As they rounded a sharp curve the car came to a stop with the front wheels hanging over the cliff. For a moment, they just sat there. Then Chaney, who is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 210 pounds, opened the door, got out very slowly so as not to upset the delicate equilibrium, and hung on to the car, balancing it, while the others crept to safety.

■ These moments, however, were dwarfed by the conundrum: What becomes of Hubbard? Whenever work finished early, John would be missing. Somebody finally discovered him in the corral with the Brahman steers (decked in proper makeup, these steers play the prehistoric musk-oxen) waving red satin capes at them.

It seems Bud Boetticher, assistant casting director, is known as "Don Manfred" below the Mexican border where he is a professional bullfighter. Hubbard wanted to acquire the art, so Bud gave him instructions and loaned him the capes. When opportunity offered, John would slip away to the corral where these wide-horned steers watched, goggle-eyed, his attempts to make them fight. When discovered, John was maneuvering the capes valiantly but the steers were bunched in a corner, scared to death.

"It's my beard," John complained. They made him raise one for the picture, the Shell Tribe not having progressed from spears to razors.

So, to express their feelings, he and Mature learned to howl like Nevada coyotes. After the company returned to Hollywood, they'd get into a corner of the

prehistoric-garden-spot set and howl and howl.

Art Director Danny Hall, aided by D. H. Mauerhan, an expert in landscaping movie sets, combed the world three months for foliage that might have existed a million years ago. Where there was no scientific precedent, they imported unusual plants or made 'em up out of their own heads.

One item is the top of a 50-foot sycamore tree fitted with eucalyptus leaves and touched up with Mexican fern on a sword bamboo base. "Nature played stranger pranks than Hollywood ever dreamed of," Mauerhan said—and hung small squashes upside down on magnolia "vines" upon a manzanita stump. The set cost $24,000—and it's a beauty.

For some of the animals that lurk about the garden as well as for those hunted by the sun-tanned aborigines, Antone Martin was hired as technical expert. He's the paleontologist who carves prehistoric beasts in wood with such accuracy that his replicas of those from La Brea Pits are in the Smithsonian Institute.

Thanks partly to Martin's advice, the Rock Tribe was to dine for the cameras on roast wild pig. Obeying Director Roach's instructions in primitive etiquette, Chief Lon Chaney, Jr., snatched the best hunk of meat, followed in turn by his warriors, and, last, by the women. All except Jacqueline Dalya, the dark-haired Rock siren, who was supposed to tear off a pig leg.



Jane Withers, co-starring with Gene Autry in Twentieth Century-Fox's film *Shooting High*, lends her talents to the guitar-strummin' and yodeling scenes

"I'm a vegetarian," she protested, "I *can't* eat meat!"

So the meal waited until a meatless leg of pork could be substituted. They made it of macaroon paste!

Watching our dawn ancestors squatted in skis around the prehistoric cafeteria, it struck you that in spite of dinosaurs and dingbats, they were having it pretty soft. No dishes to wash. No styles to change. No income tax. Heigh ho.

Here's a prehistoric kid eating an ice cream cone between scenes, the goo running down his wolf-hide wrap-around. Over there, Nigel De Brulier is having his hair made more primordial. "Quite!" he says with a fine British accent. Carole herself, in dark glasses and doeskin slip-on, is reading a book. She goes to night school and studies English literature, Spanish, and French. Some aborigine!

Near by stands Rosemary Theby, a Shell matron, and Ed Coxen, Shell prophet, both of whom played in pictures with Mrs. Hal Roach when, as Marguerite Nichols, she was Henry Walthall's leading lady. In a corner, three cave men and a cave girl are vigorously tossing a hand ball, as if they didn't get enough exercise climbing cliffs and trees!

And right before you looms a ferocious warrior of the Rock tribe. Gee. He'd as soon bash you with a rock as look at you. Straggly black hair, straggly black beard, bloodthirsty expression. It can't all be make-up. It's the true type. So primitive man still exists, exactly as some scientists contend, and you meet the species today . . .

Director Roach summons his players. The Neanderthal hangover crosses in front of you and ducks his head.

"'Scuse me," says the dawn man.

Ah, dawn—in Hollywood!





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Frances Langford and Jon Hall are fond of informal entertaining. Here are some of their favorite dishes for their famous buffet suppers

By BETTY CROCKER

■ If nominations are in order for the couple that gets the most fun out of life, let's put forward Jon Hall and Frances Langford, because they really know how. Frances and Jon live simply, spend their leisure hours on their sail boat, and enjoy those unpretentious gatherings of friends which often are more real fun than the more ambitious Hollywood parties.



Sitting around their comfortable play room—which reminds you so much of Jon's own Tahiti with its mat rugs, bamboo furniture and native wall hangings—the tiny radio and screen star discussed "entertaining without tears."

"A baked ham is my favorite solution for a party," said Frances, "because it's easy to prepare and of course goes a long way. That calls for baked yams, home-cooked biscuits, jelly-rolls, and my favorite pineapple souffle salad."

"Sounds delicious," we agreed, and so Frances brought out the cook book containing the recipes. The ham, of course, speaks for itself. Down in Frances' native Florida they baked a fresh ham, but Frances prefers the now popular type which is specially treated to insure a delicate cut of meat.

One of the singer's favorite side dishes for ham is Corn and Tomatoes Au Gratin. It's a colorful and delicious casserole affair that's very convenient to serve at a buffet supper.

CORN AND TOMATOES AU GRATIN

1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn (2½ cups)
1 No. 2 can tomatoes (2½ cups)
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 cup coarse cracker crumbs
1½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. sugar
3 tbsp. melted butter
⅓ cup grated American cheese
2 tbsp. butter

Combine corn, tomatoes, green pepper, ½ cup of the cracker crumbs, salt, pepper, sugar and melted butter. Pour into a large shallow buttered baking dish—10 by 6 inches and 2 inches deep. Sprinkle cheese and remaining ½ cup cracker crumbs over top and dot with butter. Bake 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 400° F. This makes 8 to 10 servings.

There are those who prefer a green

salad with their baked ham, but Frances has yet to have anybody refuse a second helping of her beautiful crispy cabbage slaw in a sunshiny lemon gelatin ring crammed full of carrots and crushed pineapple.

COMPLEXION SALAD

1 package lemon jelly powder
1½ cups grated raw carrots
1¼ cups crushed pineapple (drained)

Prepare lemon jelly powder according to directions on package—using pineapple juice for part of the liquid. When the gelatin begins to set, add the carrots and pineapple. Pour into a large ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and fill center with cabbage slaw and garnish with crisp leaves from hearts of lettuce.

Frances says she adds a few sliced brazil nuts and bits of green pepper to her cabbage slaw to zip it up.

■ There's nothing like an old-fashioned jelly roll, served with ice cream, to top off a ham supper, says Frances. Her own recipe is this one:

JELLY ROLL

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
5 tbsp. cold water
1 tsp. flavoring
1 cup cake flour *or* all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup jelly or jam

Beat eggs with rotary beater until very light. Beat in sugar gradually. Beat in water and flavoring. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and beat into the egg mixture—all at once. Beat until smooth and well blended. Pour immediately into shallow pan, 10 by 15 inches, which has been greased and lined with greased paper. (Batter should be only ½ inch deep in pan.) Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a quick moderate oven, 375° F. When baked, turn upside down immediately on a cloth sprinkled with confectioners' sugar, remove paper, and cut edges off cake so that it will not split when rolled. Spread with jelly or jam and roll carefully and quickly—wrapping in towel until cool.

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See how *smoothly* it goes on—how it agrees with even sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

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The customary "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" column heading was changed recently by a Hollywood neighborhood weekly to "Hatched, Matched, and Snatched." Now a rival journal offers as another variation: "Yells, Bells, and Knells."

CORNS Go Quicker

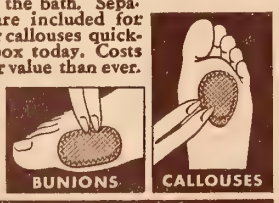
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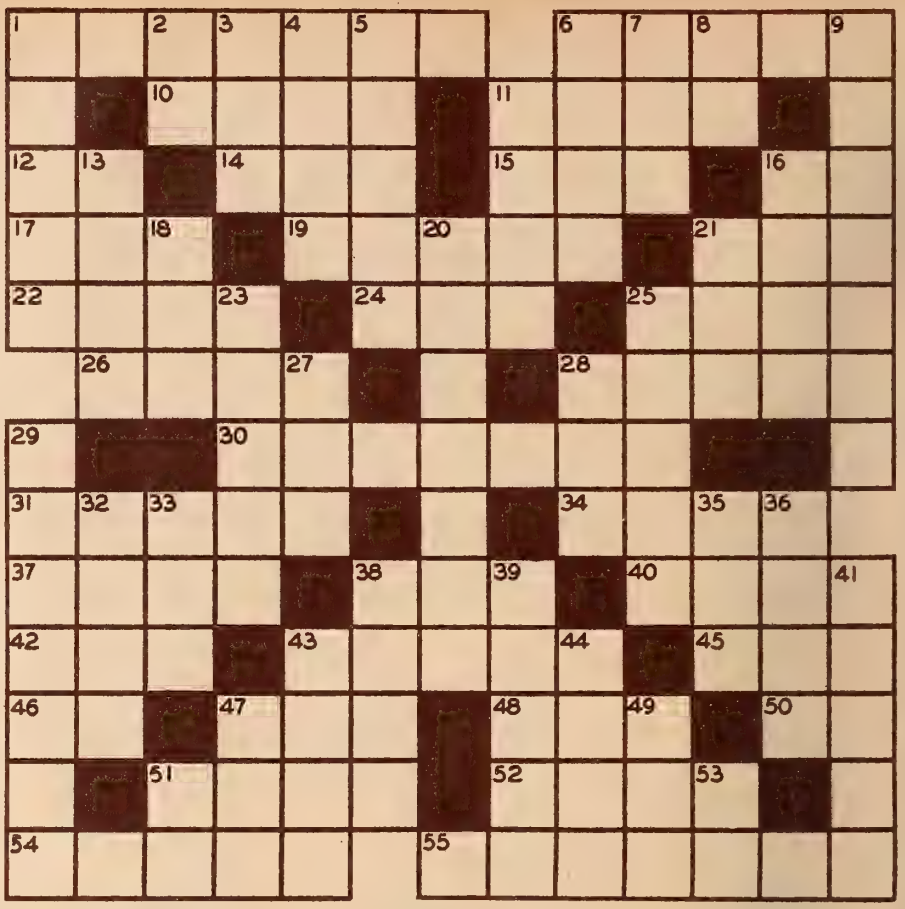
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *The Housekeeper's Daughter.*
6. Popular term for a motion picture.
10. ——— *for a Day.*
11. *The Man They Could Not* ———.
12. Initials of Mr. Scott.
14. What heroes generally do in film fights.
15. *We* ——— *Not Alone.*
16. George Ernest's initials.
17. *It Could Happen to* ———.
19. Heroine of *He Married His Wife.*
21. *Miracles* ——— *Sale.*
22. You saw her in *The Dancing Co-Ed.*
24. Middle name of Cora Collins.
25. Star of *High School.*
26. What Laurel and Hardy are on screen (Slang.).
28. Adrian's bride.
30. Whose role is that of Bessie Broke in *The Light That Failed?*
31. A star of *Legion of Lost Fliers.*
34. Pinocchio's most prominent feature.
37. Movie theatres often open at this time of day.
38. ——— *Women Have Secrets.*
40. *In* ——— *Only.*
42. *The* ——— *and the Canary.*
43. Star of *Way Down South.*
45. He rode Tony in Westerns.
46. Initials of Miss Rich.
47. Fred ——— Murray.
48. *Some Like It* ———.
50. Lloyd Ingraham's initials.
51. Boy actor who was Hank in *Blackmail.*
52. Old Joe in *Swanee River.*
54. Lilliput's town crier in *Gulliver's Travels.*
55. ——— *of Lost Men* (pl.).

DOWN

1. Mrs. Butler in *A Woman Is the Judge.*
2. Mr. Hamilton's initials.
3. ——— *Frontier.*
4. Morrisine in *On Your Toes.*
5. Whose role is that opposite Ann Sothern in *Fast and Furious?*
6. Feminine lead in *The Great Victor Herbert.*
7. ——— *Hour To Live.*
8. Virginia Grey's initials.
9. Middle name of Edward Horton.
11. J. C. Dithers in *Blondie Brings Up Baby.*
13. What actors use to remove make-up.
16. ——— *With the Wind.*
18. Lily Belle Callahan in *Destry Rides Again.*
20. Sandra in *That's Right—You're Wrong.*
21. Popular term for a movie enthusiast.
23. Comedienne wed to George Burns.
25. His last name is Robards.
27. *The* ——— *Never Sets.*
28. Frances Langford's husband.
29. There is much of this in *Broadway Melody of 1940.*
32. Sound made by M-G-M's Leo.
33. Motion picture studio and its adjoining territory.
35. He was Siggie in *Golden Boy.*
36. Remember ——— Jannings?
38. Lights used in movie studios.
39. Whose comments create mirth in Fox Movietone News?
41. Ways out of a theatre.
43. Sandy is one.
44. His last name is Madison.
47. Kind of scene in which many movie extras appear.
49. This beverage is popular with British stars.
51. Binnie's initials.
53. Initials of one who has title role in *Raffles.*

(Solution on page 65)

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 8]

but neither did I stop shaking for five or six days!"

Yakima Canute (remember that stunt of his in *Stagecoach* where he falls under those horses hooves?) will do the "book" of movie stunts and cry for more, but try to get him near a fire. He's so afraid of getting burned that he shivers when he strikes a match to light a cigarette!

■ John Garfield really has time on his hands — a 500-year-old wrist watch. Garfield acquired the ancient time piece during a trip to Mexico last summer. It is an Aztec time-teller about the size of a 50-cent piece. It tells time by shadow markings. Garfield had it mounted as a wrist watch and it's all very fine except that he has to face north whenever he wants to use it.

■ Lloyd Nolan had a hair-raising experience recently. He was flagged down on Sunset Boulevard by a man whose car was stalled. The man, a local attorney named Gustave L. Goldstein, had been rushing his wife to a hospital for a blessed event. Lloyd bundled the two in his car and broke all speed limits down Sunset. Which was fortunate for all concerned, because the baby — a girl — was born less than half an hour after Lloyd deposited Mrs. Goldstein at the hospital.

■ Louis Hayward is going to be a neighborhood shopper from now on. Wanting some rare Irish rose plants for his garden, he cabled an order to a Dublin florist and had them shipped out of Ireland via the Clipper. A day or so after they had arrived, Louis glanced through a catalogue and found the same roses advertised for fifty cents each. Another glance disclosed the fact that they could be purchased from a florist who was doing business only four blocks from the Hayward home!

■ Usually, in counting the cost of motion pictures, the public loses sight of all expenditures except the salaries of the players, directors, and artisans involved in the process of making pictures. Few realize that for every foot of finished negative, a very substantial amount of raw material has been consumed.

Take one item — rags, for instance. Warner Brothers, during 1930, bought 400 bales of rags, 20,000 pounds in all. More than 300 pounds of this lowly item were used per picture by painters, cleaners, decorators and others in their work.

The film laboratories of this same major studio used 60,000 gallons of distilled water and studio employees drank 102,000 gallons of bottled spring water.

More than 15,000 electric lamps, varying in size from 7½ watts to 5,000 watts were purchased last year. The 5,000 watt lamp is the big one which gives enough light to illuminate at least three average homes. Six hundred and twenty-eight of these were used last year along with 942 lamps of 2,000 watts each, and 945 lamps of 1,000 watts each. In all, the studio bought lamps totaling 7,331,900 watts, enough to light up a city of 15,000 people.

Take lumber. During the past year the studio bought more than 4,000,000 square feet of lumber.

To make its program of pictures the studio needed 21,969 gallons of paint, and 22,633 gallons of thinner and solvent. More than 60 tons of paint were spread over the floors and walls, exteriors and interiors of the sets built for 1939 films — more than a ton of paint per picture.

Warners bought more than 31,000 rolls of wallpaper in 1939. Stretched out and laid end to end, these rolls would make a strip 630 miles long.

The studio's transportation department used up 276,601 gallons of gas and 8,000 gallons of lubricating oil to keep its motors running for the necessary 2,500,212 miles which the fleet of trucks and passenger cars covered in 1939. In the laboratories, 156,470 pounds of chemicals were used.

All these items are raw materials not commonly considered by the layman in figuring pictures costs, but they add up to huge sums.



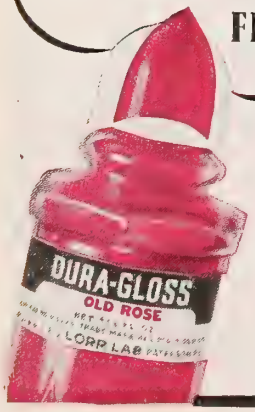


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Joan Crawford's "Houseguest"

[*Continued from page* 28]

famous Adrian. And Guilaroff, the hair-stylist—all there, each snatching a minute, or two minutes of Joan's attention. Then everything was finally done, and tests made, and the following day we sat across a luncheon-table and really talked about the child.

And Joan said: "I told you, shortly after I was separated from Franchot that someday I planned to adopt a child, because I felt that a woman, to find happiness at all, had to be urgently needed. Not in the material sense—but for herself, as a person.

"My plans then were to adopt a very young baby-boy and later to find a little sister for him. But things of this sort take time. I had had to readjust my career and my personal life. And so at the present, my plans are in abeyance.

"But in the meanwhile, my life has suddenly found point and purpose through my brother's child.

"Joanie-Pants (I call her that because she has an aversion to such garments), was an incubator baby. She was so fragile at birth that we had little hope that she would live.

"But she did—and thrived, and after three months in the hospital, she was taken home.

"I was the doting aunt from the beginning. I used to drive the forty odd miles between my house and that of my sister-in-law in the Valley, every day, just to see the sleeping baby for a minute—or to watch the eventful ceremony known as 'bathing the baby'.

"It wasn't long before Joanie became a regular week-end guest at my house. A room was set aside as a nursery. We decorated it in blue and white. Kasha, my sister-in-law, is unselfish. She realized how much the baby meant to me, and how much we loved each other. So, as the years went by, Joanie occupied the nursery more and more frequently.

■ "When Joanie-Pants was just past a year she created her name for me.

"It happened this way: A magazine had a picture of me on the cover. In some way the baby got hold of it. She looked at it intently, then touched it, then kissed it. And suddenly she said softly—'Baby'! I happened to come in just then. She held out her arms to me and shouted—'Baby'! You see, she associated her name and mine. I've been 'Baby' ever since.

"It's curious how much basic wisdom a child can teach us. Adults believe that we are the ones who mould and form the very young. Yet, I venture to suggest that we ourselves change more through association with youngsters than the youngsters do!

"Joanie has taught me many wonderful things. She has taught me how to play with complete relaxation. She is free and easy and uninhibited. She concentrates completely on enjoyment.

"I have never known what it was to forget yesterday and forget tomorrow. To disregard the problems which like probing fingers kept poking into my brain, even when the day was done—when I was entitled to dismiss them for a little while.

"Now, I can settle down with Joanie to a game of tag, or a swim, or to a class in geography for the dolls, without once thinking about lines or scenes, or what some columnist has written in criticism.

■ "I can see myself so frequently in Joanie. She is impatient. She will demand—'But why can't I have it? I want it NOW'!

"I, too, have always wanted things NOW. I've broken my heart a score of times over inescapable delays.

"Joanie has taught me the value of time. Nothing of importance can happen overnight. There is a definite and precise cycle through which events and lives must pass. That has been my hardest lesson to learn.

"Now I know that everything passes—given time. Six months ago I thought nothing would ever change. That I would continue perplexed and unhappy. But the wheel spun on. And here I am—happier than I have been in years.

"I suppose one reason is that now, at last, all the conflict in my private life, all my confusion about what will happen to Joan Crawford, as a human being, is dissolved.

"I know, for instance, that my decision never to marry again will not change. That is a difficult conclusion for a woman to reach when human relationships are as important as they are to me.

"I have changed imperceptibly, but definitely in the past six months. I don't take things so hard. A friend who became no longer a friend, made me feel as if I had failed in some vital quality.

"Perhaps I expected too much of people in the past. Perhaps I suffered from a perfectionist complex. All I know, is that I made myself wretched over disloyalty and unfairness and broken faith. Now, I take them in my stride.

■ "I see Joanie take things so philosophically. A bruised knee, a broken doll is a matter of moment—for the MOMENT. And then she forgets it. I am trying to acquire that imperturbable serenity of hers. I consider matters as they occur, evaluate their importance, do the best I can with them, and then dismiss them from my mind.

"Do you remember how rattled I used to get in emergencies? I don't any more. It was through Joanie that I learned self-control.

"I was driving her to dancing-school one day; she was hanging over the seat. I cautioned her that she might get hurt if I had to stop suddenly. Just then she leaned over to kiss me, her hat blew off, and she screamed 'stop!' I didn't know what happened, but I stepped on newly-adjusted brakes automatically. Joanie was thrown hard against the windshield and catapulted into the back of the car.

"Children are scarred by such experiences. I knew that I had to minimize the

seriousness of the accident, if she were to forget it quickly.

"I took her in my arms, knew that she was frightened and hurt—and I began to talk to her!

"'Joanie, you were so funny when you made your somersault. I've never seen anything so funny in all my life. And your face had the most surprised look. I wish I had a picture of you like that. You looked exactly like Donald Duck.'

"I kept her face pressed against my shoulder so that she wouldn't see my tears and my face. But I kept my voice gay—I chuckled as I talked to her.

"When her face remained crinkled up, ready for tears, I whispered our magic formula—'Whoa, Bill'. That means between us that we're grown up and we don't cry.

"She began to laugh—and when we came home we went into hysterics of laughter—Joanie, because she thought the accident was amusing, and I, from relief.

"That night I said to myself—'If you can keep your head in every emergency as you have in this one, you'll save yourself a lot of grief.' I've remembered that accident to good advantage in instances where it was imperative that I think fast and think clearly.

■ "Joanie has serious plans for herself. She has amazing dramatic ability. She picks up a dance routine merely by watching it once. She says: 'I want to be *A ACTRESS*, like Baby'.

"Naturally that pleases and flatters me. I am delighted by her demands to have peasant-dresses precisely like mine, by her efforts to copy my speech and my walk and my general attitudes.

"Needless to say, I am more careful about what I say and do, than I have ever been in my life. After all, my first duty to her is to set a good example.

"I do not intend to use my influence in helping her to success either on the stage or on the screen. I WILL help her—do everything in my power—to PREPARE herself for it. But I won't lift a finger to get her there. My sister-in-law and I agree on this, as in other things.

"She'll have to do things under her own steam, on the strength of her own talents, and courage and spunk. Achieving things the hard way is the only way to get lasting satisfaction out of success.

"She has a fine mind—at three, we took her out of school because she was far too advanced for her age. She has only recently returned to school. And incidentally, she attends a public school.

"Her mother and I are trying to teach her to be self-reliant and self-sufficient. She makes her own bed in the morning and dresses herself. Occasionally, she comes in for help with a difficult button or a shoe-lace, but with a little encouragement she finds that she can do it herself.

"We don't want her to be dependent in the routine of living. But we do want her to know constantly that help and approval and love are constantly at her command.

"Children give us those wonderful things—the least we can do is to return their trust and faith with the best we have."

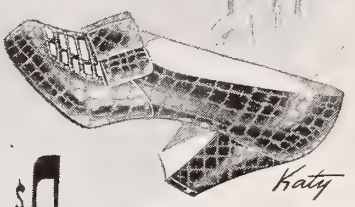
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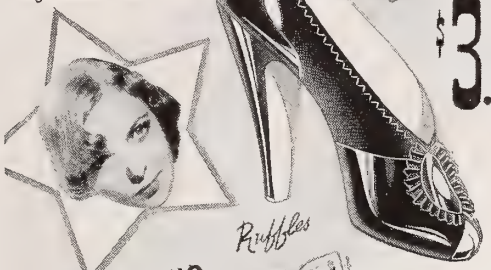


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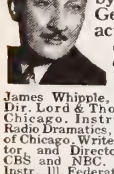
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The Art of Mr. Donlevy

[*Continued from page* 30]

until Brian Waldo was 10 months old, then they moved to the United States where the elder Donlevy went into the woolen business. The period of Brian Waldo's life from 10 months until 12 months is suspiciously veiled and it is likely he picked up his villainous ways then. Generally speaking all humans at 10 months are scoundrels, and I would not be surprised if Brian Waldo scaled his crib, slunk over to the neighbor's baby's crib, scaled that and slammed the inmate a fast one across his loud mouth. This is just conjecture of course, but when a person hides his diaper days, you can bet your last two-bits he will grow up a cad.

Brian went to school at Sheboygan Falls (a Wisconsin outpost), Cleveland and Beaver Dam. In Cleveland he took to writing poetry with the inevitable result that he had to take up the art of manly defense to accommodate attacks from the less soulful of the grammar school crowd. When the family moved to Beaver Dam somebody gave Brian a bugle. This bugle can be said to be the turning point in our villain's life for it did two things: (1) it gave him a chest like a cracker-barrel; (2) it got him in the army.

Somehow the Wisconsin National Guard unit lost its bugler and young Mr. Donlevy got the job. Not long after that his company was sent to help General Pershing at the time the General was trying to run down and chastise the Mexicans in what is known as the Mexican Punitive Expedition. Brian was roughly twelve years old then, pretty young for soldiering, but he swelled his chest, stood on his tiptoes and told a whopper. The whopper added several years to his age and netted him a trip to Mexico as the company bugler. In all fairness it should be added —and this is going to hurt the Donlevy Despisers—that he did *not* sell out to the Mexicans and it is *not* true he slipped the General a side-winder with his corn flakes.

Nine months with the General and Brian returned to Wisconsin and the fold. The fold promptly buttoned him up in St. John's Military Academy at Dale Field, Wisconsin. He was there until the age of fourteen when he came home and told the fold he was joining up with the Lafayette Escadrille to show the Germans a thing or two. What is more, he did. He got to France, learned combat flying, and did three years of patrol duty and pursuit flying at the Front. For that he got shot twice, once in the head and once in the leg.

The one he got in the head you wouldn't believe if you saw it in a movie. Mr. Donlevy was flying along when a slug hit him and knocked him colder than Rover's nose. When he came out of it he was still in the air and blood was rippling across his face. When he landed the plane it was right in front of a hospital, and so America's Nightmare was preserved.

As if General Pershing and the World War weren't enough he received an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he proposed to become a navy flyer. He resigned after one year because he found that he had to do four years of sea duty before he could switch to the flying service. "The next year," says Mr. Donlevy remorsefully, "they changed those regulations so you could get into the flying service immediately. But that's the way things happen to me. The old Donlevy luck."

He had done some theatricals at Annapolis so he decided he'd take a whirl at the New York stage. In New York he found that although he loved the stage tenderly the stage showed no feeling for him, so one day he looked up an artist named Leyendecker. During the war Mr. Leyendecker had painted posters and one time whilst Mr. Donlevy was wandering around in a French dugout he rammed his head into one of these posters. The incident started a correspondence going between the two men. It helped. Mr. Leyendecker used him as a model for Arrow Collar ads and once for an Egyptian princess for a Saturday Evening Post cover. He also advised him to join the Green Room Club where he'd have a chance to chin with theatre people. Mr. Leyendecker knew the ropes all right, because Mr. Donlevy met the late lamented Louis Wolheim there and Wolheim liked him so much he gave him the part of Sarge Quirt in *What Price Glory.*

There was no stopping Mr. Donlevy after that for he played romantic and comedy roles with regularity and adroitness for the next twelve years in such plays as *Rainbow, Queen Bee, Hit the Deck, Society Girl, Three Cornered Moon, Perfumed Lady* and *The Milky Way.* It should be pointed out again that all this time Mr. Donlevy was a comedian, lovable and virtuous, if you can call drinking virtuous, for he had made quite a name for himself as a captivating dipsomaniac. Then in 1935 Harold Lloyd imported him to play the part of a prize fighter in the Hollywood version of *The Milky Way.* Mr. Donlevy is built like Hercules, and is almost hysterically athletic, so up to there it all sounds sensible. From there on, though, it is a little hard to follow. The picture was delayed and during the lull Mr. Donlevy called on his old pal Robert McIntyre, casting director for Sam Goldwyn. It was friendly Mr. McIntyre who



murdered Mr. Donlevy, the comedian, and recast him as Mr. Donlevy, the blackguard in *Barbary Coast.*

"Ever since," mourns Mr. Donlevy, "I have been sneering and leering."

That is not to say that he had been all bad, for at Twentieth Century-Fox, he played comedy and romantic leads in such pictures as *Human Cargo, We're Going To Be Rich,* and *Battle of Broadway.* What Mr. Donlevy is lamenting is that when people think of him it is with a feeling akin to dyspepsia and as a villain with a heart as black as the interior of a cow's stomach, which is very black indeed. Mr. Donlevy has been the "heavy" in A pictures and the hero in B pictures and the A pictures have won.

"I don't mind playing heavies so much any more," says Mr. Donlevy thoughtfully, "if I can understand the motive behind the heavy's actions. The only part I never liked—the nastiest dog I ever played—was in *In Old Chicago.* There just wasn't any reason for his being so rotten."

■ A little scholarly reflection on Mr. Donlevy's part reveals quite a lot in the line of evidence. In *Jesse James* he was merely the employee of the railroad company, doing his job. Even when he tossed the bomb that blew Jesse's ma clean to heaven he was performing his lawful duty. It was the same way in *Union Pacific* when he was Sid Campeau, paid to delay the completion of the railroad. And in *Beau Geste* it turns out that he wasn't the villain at all, but the hero. He was just such a lot tougher than we expect heroes to be we didn't recognize him. But didn't he save the fort? Wasn't he brave?

And if you want to know how Mr. Donlevy achieved that ferocious Satanic leer in *Beau Geste* here are Mr. Donlevy's own words: "I've got blue eyes and if there is one thing in this world I can't stand it is bright sunlight. Well, most of the scenes were shot on the open desert and the only way I could see at all out there was to squint. That squint made me tougher than anything else I did."

For all the acclaim for his performances as a villain, Mr. Donlevy's happy days as a comedian return to sting him. The family sock is getting plumper and all that, but Mr. Donlevy would like to feel once more the glow of being *liked* by people.

■ For his villainy Mr. Donlevy has paid dearly. Ordinarily he winds up a corpse. In *Barbary Coast* he was shot; in *In Old Chicago* cows trampled him; he was hanged in *This Is My Affair;* horsewhipped and shot in *Union Pacific* in *Mary Burns, Fugitive* and *Jesse James* he was plugged again; in *Beau Geste* he was bayoneted to death. A movie villain expects to be done away with in the name of contented audiences, but Mr. Donlevy has shed his own red blood and at other times confronted his Maker face to face.

Villains do not rate the loving delicate care afforded heroes. A villain gets no double. In *Beau Geste* he had to be stabbed with a bayonet. "I wore a shield of wood and tin across my chest so the bayonet would stick realistically. Every time we rehearsed the sticking I wondered how it would feel actually getting stabbed. Well, I found out. The guy with the bayonet missed the shield, went over it and rammed the blade down through my shoulder." The bayonet slid past Mr. Donlevy's heart with two inches to spare, but it laid him up in the hospital for two weeks for repairs.

While making *In Old Chicago* Mr. Donlevy tried leaping from a building into a net designed to catch him, but Mr. Donlevy's aim was off several feet and he missed the net spectacularly. Missing was something of a mistake for it damaged his knee so badly it almost crippled him for life. It is an unreliable joint to this day and dislocates itself on small pretext.

Even as a hero he has suffered. In *Crack-Up* somebody gave him a squirt of fire-extinguisher fluid right in the eye and nearly blinded him. He put in ten days in a hospital with an infection he got from a bottle cut received in *Born Reckless.* Another time somebody fouled an air hose while Mr. Donlevy was strolling fifteen feet under water in a diving suit with the dreadful result that Mr. Donlevy did not get any air and you know what happens when you don't get any air. Mr. Donlevy was pretty purple when they dragged him out. That was in *High Tension.*

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■ Mr. Donlevy's personal hobbies and habits are mild. He does not hunt because he can't stand seeing things die. He plays handball and works out violently at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club. To keep lissom Mr. Donlevy runs five miles a day before starting a picture. Mr. Donlevy has shoulders so far across they might have been snitched from a papa Hereford and for this reason he is something of an optical illusion. He looks short, but he isn't, he's 5' 11"; weighs 190.

Mr. Donlevy has but one hobby but it is a dinger. He hunts lost gold mines. Nobody has straightened me out on just how anybody can lose a thing as big as a gold mine, but inasmuch as Mr. Donlevy has found some, apparently some have been lost. He found one in the Panamint Mountains on the lip of Death Valley and calls it Skeedo. Skeedo is 200 feet deep and sports tunnels at a couple places and each week disgorges about $80 worth of gold. He has another mine in Antelope Valley.

■ Other than that, Casper Milquetoast couldn't ask for a serener life than Mr. Donlevy's. He resides in Westwood, raises dachshunds and flowers and occasionally composes verse. This is not to imply that Mr. Donlevy is soft, for he bulges with the most intimidating muscles this side of a gorilla. What I am trying to get over is that he is a long far cry from Sergeant Markoff or Sid Campeau. He does *not* drink tiger blood. He does *not* wallop his wife. In fact the little story of how Mr. Donlevy got his wife shows how bashful and unwicked he is.

It goes back to 1935 when a young lady named Majorie Lane was singing with Phil Homans' orchestra at the Trocadero. Mr. Donlevy saw her there, and, for a long time, wished he could meet her, for she was an extremely nice dish. Mr. Donlevy is shy and for many evenings just came and looked and wished. Finally on New Year's Eve Mr. Donlevy appeared in a dinner coat, took his usual table and as the wild wet evening gurgled away he roused the courage to ask Miss Lane to join him in doing the town. She agreed and Mr. Donlevy, who has a manly antipathy to dress clothes, said he would go home and get out of the strangle-hold the boiled shirt had on him and into more amiable clothes, while she finished out her singing job. When Mr. Donlevy returned Miss Lane was gone. She had been swept away by a brunet named Robert Taylor. But exactly one year later at high noon, Dec. 31, Mr. Donlevy married Miss Lane. It is probably the first time in history that the villain swiped the lady from the hero.

■ So Mr. Donlevy is sitting pretty. He is the best and blackest villain in Hollywood. He is swamped with work and has just signed a succulent contract with Paramount and has been cast in the title role of *Down Went McGinty.* At RKO he has just finished *Allegheny Frontier,* and *Destry Rides Again* at Universal. Mr. Donlevy may never get to that special section of heaven reserved for Mr. Gable and Mr. Power, but he's well on the way towards being an all-time terror.

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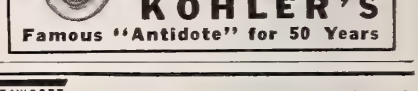
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Lya's Lively Career

[*Continued from page* 13]

As she undulated down the corridor, an elderly manufacturer and his wife approached and asked respectfully for her autograph, insisting that she was a film star whose name they had momentarily mislaid. Lya protested, not too forcefully, that she was nothing of the kind. But she signed anyway.

That stroke of the pen turned out to be the Magna Carta and Declaration of Independence for Lya Lys.

On arrival in Paris she charged into her mother's study and announced that she was a changed woman. A revelation had come to her on the Barcelona express, she went on breathlessly. Her true function in life, she declared, was not to chase ambulances up and down the boulevards of Paris as an attorney, but to portray on the stage all the fascinating women ever conceived by the world's great playwrights.

Mme. Lys, an old-style Muscovite mother with a touch of the Czarina about her, issued a ukase to the effect that Lya should take a nice sedative slug of warm milk, go to bed, and wake up in her right mind.

In the light of later developments it appears that that moment opened an unbridgeable gap between Lya and her family. Feeling like the numberless juvenile American Buffalo Bills who are reprimanded for being late to dinner after a hard day killing Indians at the playground, she sulked in her boudoir and determined to embark the next day on her life of high-class international intrigue.

■ From that moment forward the motion picture studios of the French Republic had an insistent potential actress on their hands. Lya laid siege to them with such determination that one producer—the most important—offered her a job if she would promise to shut up and let the actors get some work done.

After primping and priming herself for a month and spending most of her savings on a merry-widow wardrobe, she received a summons to the studio. So did 300 other girls—extras in a mob scene at a trifling number of depreciated francs per day.

But Lya worked her new-found wiles on the director and bullied and chivvied him into giving her a close-up with the male star.

Once her face was exposed on deathless gelatine, Lya snapped her fingers at the producer and remarked with the exaggerated bravado of seventeen, "That for you, you antediluvian monster. And this for your inestimably no-good picture. I could buy and sell a dozen studios like this and never miss the money—or the studios."

With this exit-line she went into retirement for six months—on the blacklist of all studios as obstreperous and uncooperative. But eventually she got a call from Jean DuVivier, the famous director. "I caught a glimpse of you in a close-up," he said. "Come over and let me get a good look at you."

Lya showed up in her Madame X costume, fairly reeking with mystery, exoticism and vague foreign accents. DuVivier listened with amusement as she spun him one of the phoniest biographies ever invented outside of a police court.

DuVivier gave her a neat part, that of a worldly-wise woman, in a film starring Francis Lederer. With DuVivier, Lya's roles increased in importance until she was playing leads—in Spanish and German pictures as well as French productions. Her income enabled her to lease an apartment with a built-in wall safe capable of holding international secrets, in case she ever stumbled over any.

■ In one of her Paris phases she fancied herself as a *diseuse-danseuse*, in the Mata Hari tradition, and spent huge chunks of her income having special costumes designed and special musical backgrounds arranged. At about the time her mother was prepared to have her summoned before a lunacy commission, she was approached from another quarter by a plausible gentleman who gave her a lot of fine talk about going to Hollywood, California, and growing up with a new country.

This was Lya's dish. In five years she played fifty leads, most of them for M-G-M. Probably the busiest actress in any major Hollywood studio, she was completely unknown in America and unrecognized in the film colony except by a handful of co-workers. Seldom has ego undergone such torture, but Lya reveled in it because most of her roles were adventuresses.

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, came fulfillment of her adolescent dreams. A foreign government summoned her! Emissaries whispered that she could be of inestimable service to a whole nation. When all the mumbling and whispering subsided, the proposal was this: the Nazi government of Germany wanted her to act in propaganda pictures.

Her reply, after due communion with her conscience, was, "Nuts!" rendered in pure Prussian.

The Hitler government still holds a grudge against her, as it manifested by confiscating her money and wardrobe when she inadvertently passed over German soil in her hurry to get back to Hollywood. And the wound to its pride wasn't salved any when Lya played the feminine lead in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*.

Two forthcoming spy pictures will employ her talents not only as menace but also as technical adviser: *Underground*, with John Garfield, and a gay little nose-gay of slaughter and sabotage called *Uncle Sam Awakens*.

Perhaps she's a woman of destiny. Perhaps the fates have set her down at this moment in history to enact a heroic role against a backdrop of war and terror. At any rate, after ten years of dress rehearsal offstage and on, she looks like an adventuress.

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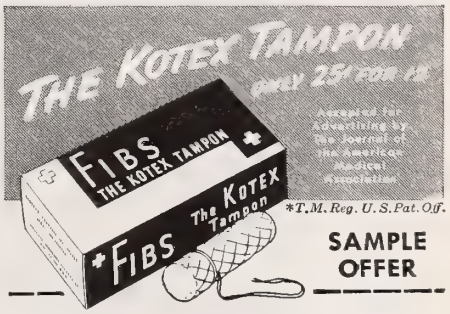
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Boy Wonder

[*Continued from page* 15]

New England town meeting with Orson in the role of First Selectman.

Here is an example of the way the system works.

In the sequence which is currently agitating the Mercury players, a situation arises in which a gal has to be moved from one spot to another. Welles sent two of his portable adapters into a cell to write the scene. In due time they came out of their creative twilight sleep and read the result aloud.

"Bridget walks four blocks," they began.

At this point Bellwether Welles tore a clump out of his fawnish beard.

"Four blocks!" he thundered. "Do you think we're made of money? If she walks two blocks she's off our lot and over in the DeMille studio next door, where it costs $10,000 a week to say hello to the gateman."

The Welles method of arriving at a scenario, while never tested at the box office, may very well be as successful as the Wellesian treatment of Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw and that one-dimensional phenomenon of horror, the radio mystery serial. He has been a very successful young man, indeed, on the stage and on the air.

The mere fact that the Welles method on the screen is original does not guarantee that it is no good, although the set-side odds in Hollywood are 5 to 9 that the Mercury Theatre will be racing the Greyhound bus back to New York come dog days.

The drugstore commentators of Vine Street allege that Kid Welles is getting too high a return in money, prestige and authority for a few lucky publicity breaks.

The reverse side of the picture is equally arresting. Here we are dealing with an authentic ball of fire who came over the horizon with a blinding flash and has been leaping electrically from crag to crag for three eventful years.

■ Orson Welles was not assembled from stock parts. Son of an inventor and a concert pianist who lived, implausibly, in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Orson was trudging around Europe alone at the age of eleven. At twelve he was directing a grade-school production of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

While touring Ireland in a donkey cart in his late teens, he paused at Dublin and, after witnessing a performance by the famous players of the Gate Theatre, went backstage and introduced himself as a star of the New York Theatre Guild, willing to lend advice or, if urged, his talents.

The Irish, a hospitable race, fixed him up with a job. He remained a year, topping off his experience at the Gate with a great performance at the equally celebrated Abbey Theatre, the first American thus to be honored.

New York, when he assailed its theatrical battlements, proved to be a tougher oyster than Dublin. Managers made it brutally plain that as far as they were concerned he was just one more pedestrian clogging up Broadway.

Morocco, a place after which bookbindings and night clubs are named, was the next detour on Orson's cosmic course. Here he paused long enough to edit Shakespeare's plays into remarkably actable texts called collectively The Mercury Shakespeare. They had a large sale and are still selling.

Chicago, which got into the Welles itinerary by error, witnessed the lad's meeting with Novelist-Playwright Thornton Wilder, who had heard of Orson's Dublin adventures and equipped him with a letter to Alexander Woollcott. Woollcott forward-passed him to Katharine Cornell, in whose company Orson found refuge under the alias of "Marchbanks" in George Bernard Shaw's play, *Candida*.

Chicago provided the boy skyrocket with a bride as well as a handhold on fame. On Christmas eve, 1934, he married Virginia Nicolson, a society girl who had been playing in a stock company at Woodstock, Illinois. Her career ran parallel with his for five years. In all his subsequent productions she served either as a cast member or as assistant stage manager.

In New York John Houseman, a grain dealer who had smuggled himself into the world of the theatre, cast young striver Welles in the leading role of *Panic*, an experimental play scheduled for a three-night run in New York. Exciting in spots though it was, *Panic* was no panic in the theatre marts. But it served to braid the artistic careers of Welles and Houseman into a single durable thong.

Meanwhile radio had recognized in Welles' voice an instrument of remarkable range and resonance, and he was cast on the *March of Time* programs in such memorable roles as A Rabble Rouser, A Voice from the Plains, Benito Mussolini, and Second Policeman.

■ While scambling about for a means of expressing themselves in the drama, Welles and Houseman encountered a similarly questing group called the Federal Theatre Project. The two joined forces with notable results.

The first production of the firm of Welles, Houseman & U.S. was *Macbeth* with the locale switched from Scotland to Haiti and an all negro cast. In quick succession, *Horse Eats Hat* and *Doctor Faustus* followed that glowing success.

James Roosevelt is Hollywood's flying champion. In 1939 he flew a total of 87,000 miles in America and Europe. In the first month of 1940 his plane trips carried him 10,370 miles. "But, wait until I get my first United Artists picture completed," says filmland's youngest producer, "then I plan to fly on an average of 500 miles a day every day for about three weeks on business." Roosevelt's first filmplay, *The Bat*, will enter production in April.



Shortly after, the Mercury Theatre, no longer in need of the government's helping hand, presented the plainclothes version of *Julius Caesar* which Welles had rewritten with his own shears and pastepot. Here he performed his first four-ply job in the theatre and hit the jackpot in all events, scoring heavily as *Brutus*.

Since then he has devoted his days, which sometimes run to 72 hours, to radio production, play production, creative writing, and an eerie undertaking called "Getting in the Movies."

His true impulse is toward direction, but Hollywood recognizes as well as the next guy that Welles has become a one-man hippodrome, and has set out to exploit him as such. Thus, to achieve a single end, he has been forced to set out simultaneously in four directions, with somewhat confusing results.

Virginia Nicolson did not accompany Orson to Hollywood. Her Westward journey ended at Reno, where she filed for a divorce on the grounds of incompatability.

■ When Welles arrived in Hollywood with his tribe of immigrants, the old settlers greeted him with frantic aloofness, hoping he would plunge immediately into a jungle of celluloid and strangle himself efficiently in a thicket of Eastman panchromatic film.

His employers presented him with the largest *carte blanche* ever turned out by a studio, plus a disconcertingly grave sum of money.

Forthwith the boy wonder of Broadway turned his energies loose on his initial production, *Heart of Darkness*. The literary lobes of his brain directed the preparation of the screenplay, while the art department began to design settings, among which was "the world's largest miniature."

His players, under studio contract for five weeks, did not even see the business end of a lens before their contracts expired. Welles was occupied with other matters. RKO, it appeared had provided Mr. Welles with everything he needed except a calendar and somebody to enforce it.

Although his days were spent in wonderous industry, the result of his prodigious creation was nothing you could set down in front of a camera. His players were laid off. Bored, they decided to become stunt pilots, with the result that dugouts threaten to become as popular in Hollywood as they are in Helsinki.

The possibility became very real that unless something drastic were done all eighteen of them would degenerate into aerial beachcombers bumming around the cumulus clouds over Burbank. In their landlocked moments they were marked men around the boulevards, bars and bowling alleys, distinguished from normal folk by the beards they had grown, like Welles, for *Heart of Darkness*.

■ When it became apparent that *Heart of Darkness*, the main event could not get under way for months, Orson made a snap decision to produce a picture as a stop-gap, a spy-and-sabotage melodrama called *The Smiler With the Knife*. It contained a nifty role for him and enough other good parts to satisfy the restless Mercury folk.

When Welles took the *Smiler* project into the front office (with a knife) he spoke long and earnestly of its merits. And as a clincher, he volunteered to provide his four-ply services without charge. The studio heads proved their sportsmanship by accepting three-quarters of the offer, insisting only that Orson retain a percentage interest in the production profits.

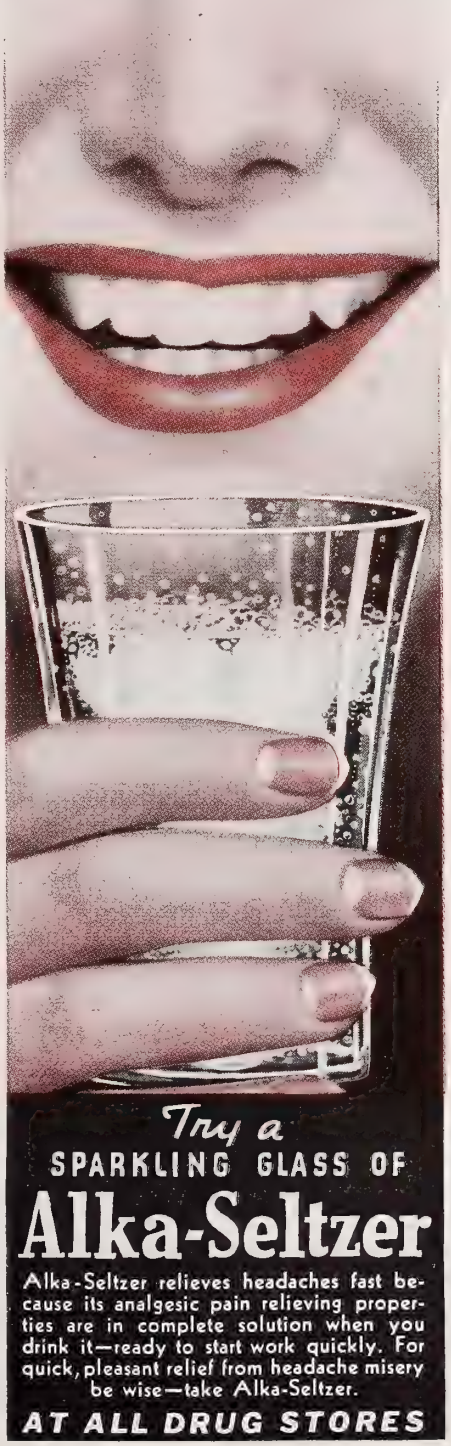
Those who have been predicting Orson's imminent collapse are warned that he is catching on the idea of picture-making. In dictating the *Smiler* script he said, the other day, "Pan over to a derailed locomotive."

"That costs $8,000," his budget adviser warned.

"Pan over to a derailed handcar," Orson amended.

Members of the Hollywood anvil chorus should consider the fact that Welles is a dead game guy; that he is himself an expert kidder and can take all the ribbing Hollywood can aim; that he has an infallible taste for the nice things in life; that he has beaten the daylights out of four media of artistic expression and has plenty of energy, inventiveness and inherited money left. And, finally, that he has his own gang with him.

The betting in this corner is that he will not only continue to balance on that limb but will live to use it as a shillelagh.





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Name_____Age_____
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Romero—Dancing Romeo

[*Continued from page* 21]

ognize your long suit. Just give them time."

If the cinema satraps have been slow in discovering that he can dance like an inspired dervish, not so the distaff side of the film colony. A dancing date with Cesar Romero has been the dream of every Hollywood belle who has glimpsed the Romero on a ballroom floor. His rhumba is superb, according to those who know—like Ann Sheridan, for instance.

"Jiminy! What a dancer!" exclaims the Texas tornado, with awe.

That ex-villain Cesar Romero should be a rhumba specialist par excellence is not too surprising. The Romeros spring from the Pearl of the Antilles as the poets refer to Cuba. This same Cuba launched the rhumba. Eeet ees, how you say, in thee blawd.

These same Romeros were members of the Cuban aristocracy. Romero pere was a sugar baron. The Cuban Dun and Bradstreet rated him as one of the four wealthiest men in the country. Life was beautiful and idyllic.

Came that dark day in American business history, when the sugar market toboganned and fortunes were wiped out. Among the victims was the house of Romero.

Little Cesar was over in the United States, having himself a gay time at Riverdale Country School on the Hudson when the market got frisky. Although the Romeros quit paying income taxes, to speak of, there were enough nickels and dimes to see their scion through school.

He was eighteen when he bade good-bye to sweet learning and took his first squint at the business world that had done wrong by his father. His first close-up was of the National City Bank, "a very lordly institution, indeed," he recalls.

His father arranged for him to join N.C.B.'s staff, but if you think for a second he was given a junior executive's post or even a desk job you are trying to sell sling shots to the French general staff.

"Anyway I remember my first job, it still looks the same. I was a messenger boy, chasing around the whole city. I didn't even have a bike. I wore calluses on my feet working for that counting house."

How he loved to see that evening sun go down!

Came the night and came excitement and glamour and a dash of romance. Before the sugar market soured, the erstwhile princeling of finance had plunged into New York's social life. Partly because of his good looks plus his wonderful manners, and partly because even way back then he was a marvelous dancer, the cafe crowd forgave him his relative poverty and showered him with invitations to soirees, balls and coming-out parties. In fact, it got to the point where no fete was official unless Cesar was on hand.

This double life, running his feet off during the days and dancing with dreamy

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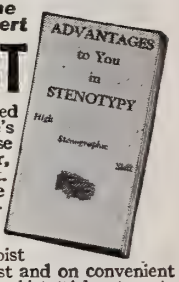
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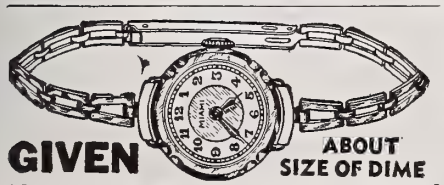
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debutantes all night long began to get him down. He began to imagine that the bank's vice-presidents were clocking him and finding him slower than a tortoise.

"One of these phases of my life, I decided in a hurry, had to go. I began to brood about it," he tells you with a mock frown today.

What put the thing on ice was this kind of reasoning: as a runner for the money changers he was just average. As a dancer, if one could trust the debbies, he was definitely super. He resigned without any formalities from the National City Bank.

He decided to become a professional. After a look around, he found himself a partner. She was the socially-prominent Lisbeth Higgins of the India Ink Higginses. In a trice they had waltzed themselves right into a Broadway production called *Lady, Do*. The lady did—but only for two weeks. Then they were out of a job.

But this was only the first jolt—a mere trifle.

Those in-between years, while he waited for his destiny to catch up with him, are funnier in retrospect (especially to non-combatants) than they were at the time to our hero.

Humoring his soulless landlord, finding enough steaks to satisfy a dancer's appetite, and keeping his wardrobe intact was a problem that needed an Einstein for the figuring.

■ The lowest point of the Romero fortunes came when he and a posse of his cronies inhabited a doubtful hotel on West 44th Street. They lived like the lads in *Room Service*, chiefly on the wing. At lunch they pooled their capital and generally found the total just right for no more than a wonderful green salad. One of the boys was John O'Hara who later blossomed into a novelist of parts.

Such a mad assortment of buffeted (but unbowed) laddies you never dreamed of. Cesar's roommate refused to be stymied by a momentary lull in luck. He was always thinking up ways to crash parties and so take their minds off their troubles. Once, at this worthy's suggestion, the twain decided to storm a very ultra party at one of the town's most chic hotels.

"Just follow me!" Romero's pal invited. Cesar did.

The road to romance, music and, of course, choice *hors d'oeuvres* led up a fire escape. They had just crawled through the window when up sauntered Mein Host, none other than Cholly Knickerbocker who was sort of giving the ball and had at least a general idea of who was expected at the front door.

"We'll go quietly," Romero said with a shrug.

Cholly Knickerbocker roared like sixty. They were so woebegone, these two in their proper toppers and tails out there on the fire escape. Cholly insisted that they stay. He even found them some attractive partners. And Romero's, wonder of wonders, was a slick dancer.

It seemed at last that the slings and



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arrows of a relentless Fate were petering out.

"Maybe my Evil Genii just got tired," Cesar philosophizes today.

Anyway, by the time the dandelions bloomed he was teamed up with a dazzling, dancing dryad named Nitza Vernille over at the Montmartre Club. For money, of course.

■ One night a seemingly bored, dour-looking gentleman sitting at a table disconsolately drinking a tall glass of milk, watched Cesar make his entrance and muttered to his wife: "The very man I need—I hope. Wonder who he is."

As it happened, the intrigued gentleman with the weary look was none other than Producer Brock Pemberton. A few days later, Cesar was seated in Mr. P.'s office, doing his best to retain his debonair spirits in the face of the gloomy impresario who glowered at him across his desk.

"Ever acted before?"

"No, I haven't. But I'd like to. You see . . ."

"It doesn't matter," interposed Mr. Pemberton. "You've got what I want—a suave Latin appearance and a faculty for speaking good English. I think you'll make a competent rake."

Which is how Cesar Romero came to make his debut on the stage in the star part of *Strictly Dishonorable*, wherein he exercised his Latin charm to fascinate the trusting Southern gal who was the love interest in the proceedings. He did all this on the road, in the role which Tullio Carminati had created on Broadway. The Southern gal was played by none other than a Richmond serenade called Margaret Sullavan.

After being the strictly dishonorable Count Ruvo for a profitable period, he became the chauffeur in *Dinner at Eight*, and he became so rich from his acting that he actually saved up six hundred berries in virtually no time at all—a mere six months. He even sent home some of his weekly pay check, to demonstrate the Romero solidarity.

■ Without warning, just as suddenly as it had come, his good fortune departed. There was every indication now that the years of the locust were in the offing. He had taken to reading the pessimistic philosophers when a telegram came from M-G-M. Was Mr. Romero interested in annexing a part in *The Thin Man*? Was he? When did the next train leave for the coast? And, more important, where was the fare? The impasse was bridged by a trusting chum over in Jersey who lent him $150 for the great trek west.

How Cesar skipped from parts of dark villainy at M-G-M to darker deviltries at Universal, on to murky menacing at Paramount, and finally to the dancing phase with Twentieth Century-Fox is old hat.

What brought him under Darryl Zanuck's banners was his work in *Wee Willie Winkie*. After that performance, it was decided that he was a possible successor to Valentino, a Latin tidal wave of amour. But Cesar failed to respond to treatment. He just couldn't focus a smouldering stare at a heroine swooning with great expectations and purr, "I lawf you—weeth all my heart." He had too keen a sense of humor.

Dismayed, somewhat, the studio first converted him into an elegant heel, a villain without a conscience who toted shooting irons and sported not only a downright mania for homicide but an Oxford accent, too.

With the wonderful reception given their valuable property in his role of a dancer, the way was paved for a final metamorphosis. Henceforth, Mr. Romero will carry on as a whimsical leading man who devotes his talents to snaring the girl, not scaring the daylights out of her. But with wit and comedy. Not to mention tangos and rhumbas and even sambas.



Everything happens to Melvyn Douglas in Columbia's film, *Too Many Husbands*. Here he recovers from a shaking blow aided by Harry Davenport and Jean Arthur

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.
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How To Be an Easter Egg

[*Continued from page 23*]

when you feel a binge coming on. Red is suggested for the jealous mood; green when you feel a touch of the dastard in your heart; yellow when you're chipper; blue when the world looks sour; purple when a mother-in-law is due; dubonnet when you're set for a quiet evening at home; ashes of roses when the outlook is pensive; and spotless white when the world's your oyster.

"Black has its place in my scheme," he went on. "I advise it for breakfast wear, since the breakfast hour is a horrible one at best. Shell pink, I think, does a lot for you when you are christening your children. And for the ballet, nothing can approach the oomph lift of silver lame! Personally, I favor it made up in a Prince Albert model; you can use so much more of it!"

Comes the revolution and the ungainly and uncomfortable lines of men's fashions will be changed too, Mischa vowed. There will be no more of this carrying two pounds of padding on each shoulder in emulation of football giants. Stiff collars designed to choke and chafe will be outlawed entirely. The 18-pocket-in-a-suit routine, which turns a man into a gibbering beast every time he tries to find a theatre ticket or a parking check, will be a thing of the past. Ditto for tight fitting pants which must be pressed every time they get comfortable, matching vests which never can be found, and coats which look like the devil when they are not buttoned and feel like the devil when they are. Amen, brother!

As a matter of fact, Mischa already has done some advance work on the campaign. All his trousers have but two pockets instead of the conventional five. His tailor has ten fits every time he whips up a new Auer suit, and mutters naughty things behind the Auer back; but, by the great hornspoon, he leaves off the watch and two back pockets!

"It was a great fight!" Mischa chortled, "I wore him down with sheer logic. As I pointed out, why should I have a watch pocket when I wear a wrist watch? Why should I have back pockets when I never carry a wallet and use my breast pocket handkerchief as a blower as well as a show-er?"

■ With the dawning of the Auer Age in men's fashions you'll see some nifty innovations along the fabric line, Mischa promised. And high time! Too long, he said, have men been slaves to the deadly monotony of wool which scratches, is too hot, and stinks when it burns or gets wet; and to linen which gets messy when you take forty winks on a handy couch. Soon, he hopes, you'll find them strutting in silk, satin, velvet and brocaded glory as befits their tender sensibilities. Soon, too, they'll shatter the monopoly women have been exercising in the use of fur and will boast topcoats, sport jackets, and evening capes in silver fox, beaver, mink, sable and

PALE CHEEKS DON'T THRILL HEARTS!

...White faced women look old...

Here . . . revealed for the first time is one of Hollywood's most important make-up secrets: To make an actress look old or unromantic, they whiten her cheeks. To make her look younger, fresher, more desirable, they give color—the glow of real, live color to her cheeks.



The eye of the motion picture camera is no more critical than the eyes of men you wish to admire you. No man craves to touch a corpse-like cheek.

Any woman, no matter how young in body or mind, adds unwanted years to her looks by going about with white, lifeless cheeks. Colorless cheeks are repellent . . . they look sickly . . . corpse-like . . . cold . . . no one wants to touch them. And flat, one-tone rouges do little better. They look "fakey" . . . painted and repellent, too. They give you artificial, lifeless color . . . no radiance . . . no way to charm. But oh how different is lively duo-tone rouge!

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PRINCESS PAT *duo-tone Rouge*

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Beech-Nut Gum



ermine according to the good or bad news of the balance on hand at the bank.

"Imagine the pure joy and lofty inspiration a gent could get each day by trailing to the shower in a bathrobe of Alice blue velvet lined with virgin ermine!" he glowed. "Imagine the infinite delight one could achieve by sending his agent a military cape made up in skunk!"

Da, I had to admit, he had something there.

■ What men's fashions today lack most seriously, however, are the gay touches known as the movie influence, Mischa said. That is what he really covets and that is the ultimate goal of the revolutionary 24-Auer-Plan for the modern male and his clothes.

"Women got their wimples from *Robin Hood* and their snoods from *The Old Maid,*" he pointed out. "They got their full-skirted evening dresses from the Ginger Rogers dancing epics and their Letty Lynton frocks from the Joan Crawford picture of the same name. They got their boas from *The Blue Angel* and their bustles from *Alexander Graham Bell.* They got their toga capes from *Cafe Metropole* and their visor hats from *Beau Geste.* Garbo was responsible for the pill-box hat in *The Painted Veil* and the basque bodice came from *Little Women.*"

Why, then, shouldn't men filch a sartorial tip or two from the movies? he asked. Turn-about always has been considered cricket. Even forgetting the fashion slant on the thing, the practical side of it commands respect, he insisted.

"Take pants, for example," he suggested cheerily, "there is magnificent opportunity for movie influence in that most essential of male garments. Since *Gone With the Wind* currently is high fashion in pictures, the first trouser trend might be taken from the Gable pantaloons. A distinct advantage would accrue from an adaptation of the narrow band which slipped under the instep and held the trouser legs snugly over the ankles. In the first place, it would eliminate the use of garters, thus cutting down on wardrobe expense. In the second place, one could wear mismatched sox in perfect confidence that the social *faux pas* would go entirely undetected. Bing Crosby, for one, would find this a tremendous boon. And finally, it discourages the vulgar habit of removing the shoes in public since the pants, perforce, must come off first. Most men, you will admit, would be reluctant to go that far."

Elizabeth and Essex gave him another idea along the pants line—the substitution of tights for trousers.

"Think of the savings it would mean in cleaning and pressing bills!" he enthused. "All the well-groomed gentlemen would have to do would be to rinse them out lightly every night and hang them to dry alongside of his wife's silk hose in the bathroom. That's a cosy, home-y touch in itself.

"Think of the advantages tights would have on the golf course! Supposing your ball lands in a tree? If you were wearing a snappy form-fit number you could shinny up the branches, retrieve the

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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spheroid, and slide back to terra firm quicker than scat and with considerable grace and ease. Supposing you found yourself in the rough? If you were wearing the latest in knits you could blend yourself with the landscape and thus get away nicely with the furtive little kick which would give your ball a much better lie. And think how your opponent could be thrown off his game if you happened to have nobby knees or bow-legs! But magnificently!"

Finally, Mischa said, it really would mean something when someone spoke of you as a "fine figure of a man."

"Too long have the weak brothers among us been permitted to cloak their inadequate shanks beneath a few miserable yards of worsted," he complained. "Tights would put an end to that! Tights would establish a man beyond any doubt as Grade A, fair-to-middlin' or just plain counterfeit."

Although he admits a few hidebound males might consider it a bit on the flashy side, Mischa said he had figured out the perfect costume for hot weather wear, particularly in non-airconditioned offices. In a way it is his masterpiece because it combines four separate and distinct movie influences. First comes the pith helmet (*The Sun Never Sets*); next the loose-sleeved, open-throat silk blouse (*Anthony Adverse*); after that a cotton loin cloth (*Tarzan*); and finally, open-toed grass sandals (*Gunga Din*).

■ Male headgear especially needs the revitalizing touch of the movie influence, Mischa continued. The way things are now, a man's hat has about as much individuality as a guinea pig in a research laboratory. In proof, watch a man pick up his hat in a restaurant or any other public place. He has to look in the band for his initials before he's sure it belongs to him! If he breaks away from the conventional block of felt with a dented crown, he's courting trouble. Berets brand him a sissy, caps make him look silly, and silk hats always fall off when he's getting out of a cab, completely ruining whatever poise or dignity he may have.

"I'd like to see something done with turbans," he said. "Glamour boys could copy the snazzy numbers Ty Power wore in *The Rains Came* while less exalted gents could get along with the simpler models from *Suez*. Aside from providing a handy cache for nimble shoplifters, turbans would prove a godsend to those rugged individualists who resent the custom of removing hats in elevators or tipping them to ladies on the street."

By far the greatest advantage turbans offer, exclusive, of course, of the dazzling fashion opportunities in color, materials and jewels, is the abolition of the checking menace and a resultant saving of some $1000 per turban. Mathematics, Mischa claims, prove it. To illustrate: the average man checks the average hat three times a day to the tune of $.75. (Checking, $.10; tip, $.15) Multiply 75 by 365 days per year and you have $273.75. Multiply that by 3 years (the average life of a hat) and you get $821.25. Add the normal expectancy in the way of cleaning, blocking and new ribbons and there you are—a neat $1000. Since turbans never are removed except at bedtime and in the bath, all checking expenses automatically are eliminated.

The postillion influence from *Swiss Family Robinson* undoubtedly would prove popular with fashion-conscious gentlemen under 6 ft., Mischa continued, since postillion bonnets create the illusion of height. Gay plumes from *Flash Gordon* would add excitement to the chapeaux for gala occasions and also would prove useful for dusting off the car after a rain.

He also saw great possibilities for an adaptation of the iron topper from *The Tower of London*, he added. Such a hat never would require cleaning or blocking. Its color could be changed to harmonize with different outfits by the simple expedient of painting it with finger nail polish. And finally, its value upon returning home late on lodge night is too clear to need further explanation.

■ "Ah, yes," he sighed, "some day men will cast off their haberdashery shackles and be free! Some day their fashions, too, will be influenced by the movies! I can hear the radio announcer describing the Easter parade of tomorrow. There's Clark Gable in a *Marie Antoinette* creation in champagne flat crepe with sophisticated highlights of gold thread. Here comes Errol Flynn in crushed raspberry duvetyn piped in Capistrano blue; with it he is wearing an *Intermezzo* tam with a *Baby Sandy* safety pin in rhinestones and rubies. There's Bob Taylor in a chic *Algiers* cardigan in the new golden green with a daffodil blouse in pin-tucked batiste. And here's everybody's favorite, Mischa Auer, with his wife, Norma. She's wearing a *Gone With the Wind* in teal blue and he is the essence of high fashion in a *House of Seven Gables* casual in infra-red."

I said that I, for one, could hardly wait! All this and heaven too when comes the revolution?

"*Da!*" he said happily.

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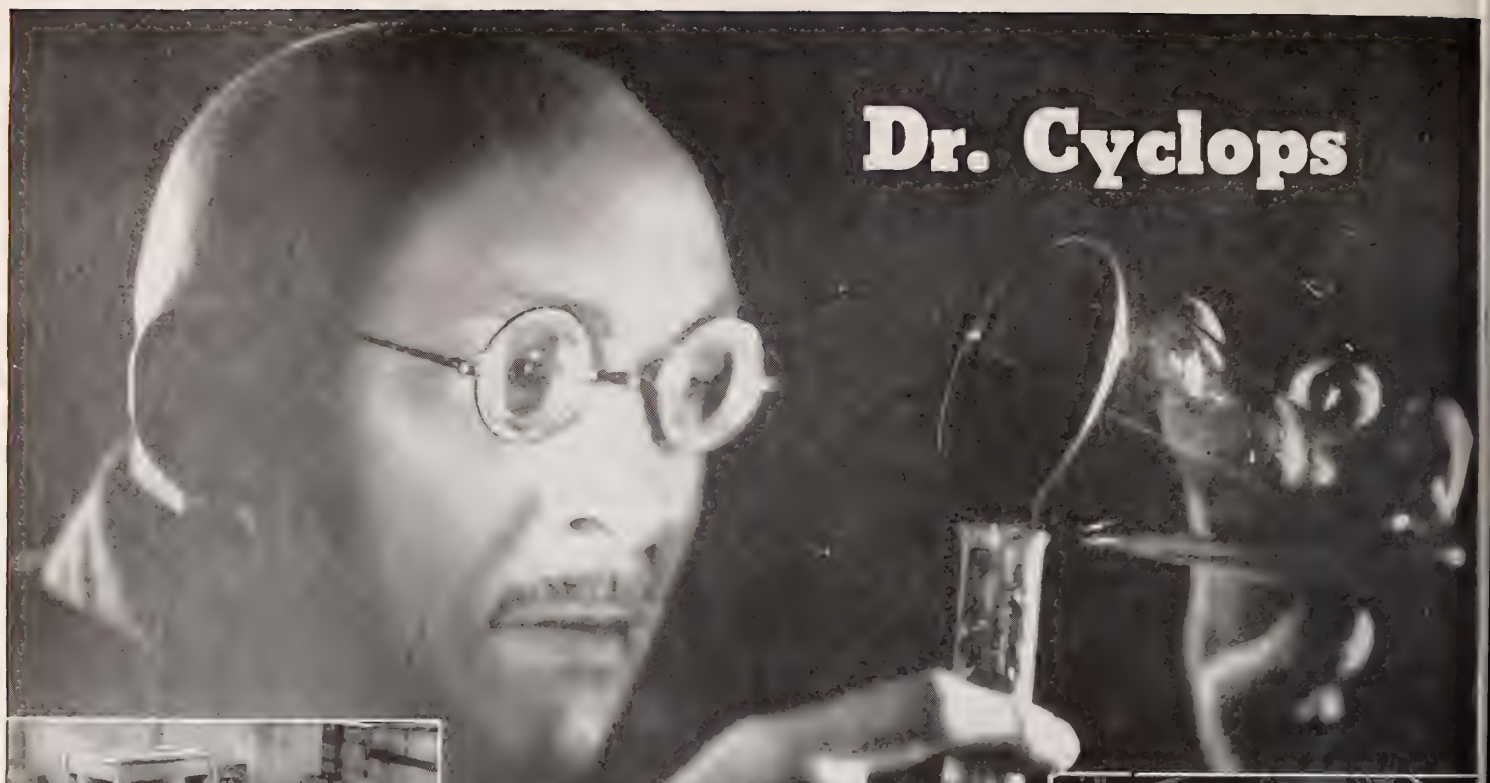
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Dr. Cyclops



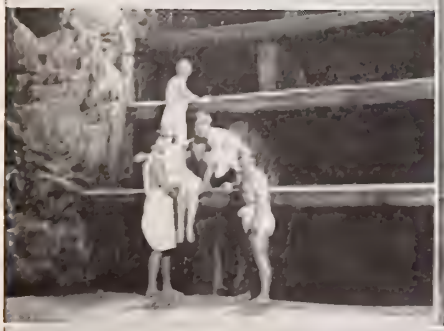
Above, Albert Decker as the mad scientist, Dr. Cyclops, who discovers how to reduce human beings to a fraction of normal size, and tries out the experiment on five frightened and unwilling victims



Five humans wake to find themselves only toy size



Frank Yaconelli arms himself with a carving knife



And the frightened little band tries to find escape



Janice Logan gets up on a chair in the laboratory by painful stages



A needle makes a heavy weapon for Janice Logan



Thomas Cooley contrives a sword from some scissors

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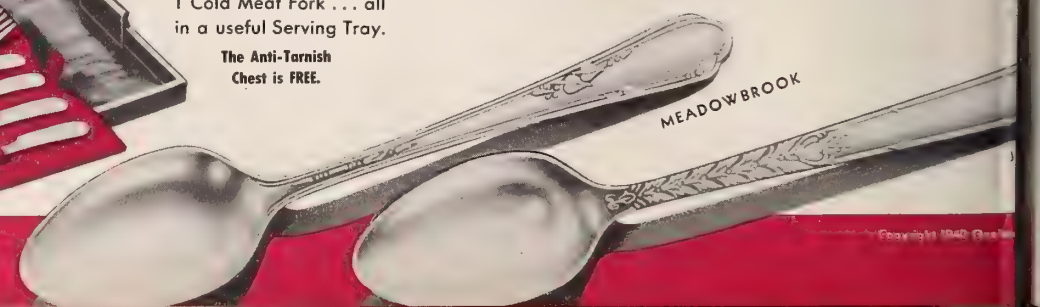
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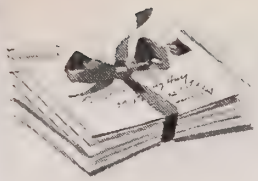
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You never know how much you've loved until you've loved—and lost!



Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY should love seem so easy to keep when you *have* it... but so hard to *win back?* The memories of happy days—of dances, dates—are so heart-breaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow it might have been *your* fault that they are gone.

So often it *is* a girl's fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor... who would humiliate her by suggesting that she needs Mum?

Girls who *keep* romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don't expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*... but with Mum, future underarm odor is *prevented*. Though your bath may fade—Mum's protection goes right on!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just pat a little Mum under each arm—at *any* time—even after you're dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! The American Laundry Institute Seal proves that Mum won't harm fabrics. So safe that you can use it even *after* underarm shaving.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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Hollywood

Vol. 29 No. 5

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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Gary Cooper tames the wild west for Samuel Goldwyn in his new film, *The Westerner*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Elliott Odell, Advertising Director. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; foreign subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn Single issues five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood office, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.



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Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. *A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ One of the most dramatic sights in this country is Hollywood at night from the air. As the plane begins to slide down its long sloping air-trail from the top of the San Jacinto mountains, you begin to pick up the small, scattered towns in the valley. The lights twinkle rather feebly under the vast, cloudless sky, green at the horizon, dusky behind its own stars towards the zenith.

Then you pick up a bigger town and a bigger. The lights spread and spread. The creeping cars no longer are single units. They crowd each other and form rivers of light. The patterned squares fill in, and climb up the black, furry sides of the hills. The plane slides down, gliding lower and lower until it crosses one last range of black hills. Then the lights of the whole vast city are beneath you. On every side, as far as you can see . . . four hundred square miles of it . . . sparkles Los Angeles, like an incredible carpet of spilled and glittering Christmas tree decorations.

Crimson and pink, silver, green and shining blue, hot cerise, shining white and golden, the town twinkles under the velvety tropic sky. Mile after mile, as far as you can see, the sprawling city winks a welcome. I wished, at that moment, that everyone of you who read this magazine might be seeing it with me, might be thinking, with me, "It just isn't possible that New York is only sixteen hours away, that I left it yesterday covered with snow."

■ Huge, metropolitan New York behaves in some ways, like a darling little village. Last year, when they planted the forty foot elm trees in front of Radio City, hundreds of people went uptown to watch the ceremonies. It was the same spirit exactly that brings a whole village to the depot to watch the one train of the day come in.

Hollywood, in some ways, is more sophisticated . . . or maybe just more absent-minded. It is so accustomed to extraordinary happenings, to bizarre people and strange events that it just doesn't notice a little thing like the removal of its Central Library from a prominent corner of Hollywood Boulevard. On the corner of Ivar, where the library has been for years, was a gaping hole, a high board fence.

"Where," said I, mildly curious on my first trip up the Boulevard, "is the library? Whatever have they done with it since I was here last?"

Everyone I asked gave a bewildered double-take, and said, "That's right. It isn't there any more. What do you suppose they've done with it?"

It became a sort of game, and it took three days to find out that all they had done to the library was to saw it in two parts (quite a job in itself. It is a big library), put it on rollers, truck it three blocks away and there set it up in a new landscaping, where it looks quite permanent and happy.

That is Hollywood for you . . . the town where the unusual is so commonplace that no one pays any attention, but where the commonplace kindliness and emotions are so usual that the whole town will turn out for a benefit or a barbecue; where the wonderful climate, the wonderful sun is so carelessly accepted as "usual" that the whole town resents even a light sprinkle of rain and stays indoors until it is over.

■ Laurence Olivier was having a terrible time with his very first day of work on *Pride and Prejudice* when we walked on the set. They were shooting the ballroom scene, and he had one really rather simple bit of dialogue to do. But they shot it over and over and over. All he had to do was to lean in a doorway, looking glumly at the waltzing couples, glower at a man who asked him why he was not dancing, and say, forlornly, "Why should I? Your sister is the only one I

All of his life, Captain Wilfred Hamilton Fawcett was a vital part of the biggest shows the world was staging.

As a very young man, he fought in the Philippines. He was a captain in the World War. He hunted big game in Africa, vicious Kodiak bear in Alaska, toured the whole world watching the brilliant show that is the twentieth century. From every walk of life came his friends . . . tough ex-soldiers, brilliant writers, fighters, racing drivers, cartoonists, singers and movie stars by the hundreds sought his company, enjoyed his hospitality. As a young man he was a reporter on the Minneapolis *Tribune*, and he never lost the newspaperman's ability to estimate and act quickly, never lost the newspaperman's delight in the bizarre happenings that make headlines, in the energetic people who make news.

Three years ago in Hollywood, he chose the name of this department himself. "That is the best title in the world," he said. "And we are in on the biggest show."

He was not referring to his huge string of magazines, or to Hollywood, itself. He was talking about the times in which we are living, the decades to which he added so much color.

Now that he is gone, his own "show," which is one of the three largest magazine publishing businesses in the world, goes on, while thousands of his employees and business associates, millions of his readers, join in tribute to the spirit that made him a great man—the spirit that goes on with the show he loved . . . the big stage of the world which gives its most brilliant spotlights to such men as he.

Below, Charles Boyer defends his gay costume for *All This, and Heaven Too* to Llewellyn Miller, Editor of this magazine, during her visit to Warners Studio in Hollywood. Right, Sonya Levien, hostess, at her big reception for Mme. Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, center, with HOLLYWOOD'S editor

Fawcett Photos by Charles Rhodes





DIABOLICAL "Dr. CYCLOPS"

IN TECHNICOLOR

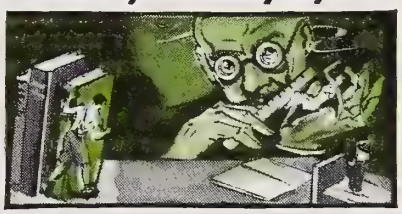
The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

See him . . . he's real! See them . . . they're real! . . . Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!

UNBELIEVABLE . . . yet done before your very eyes!



Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula . . . shrinking victims to pygmy size!



A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size . . . yet breathing defiance!



A normal-sized cat becomes a huge ravening monster to the helpless victims!

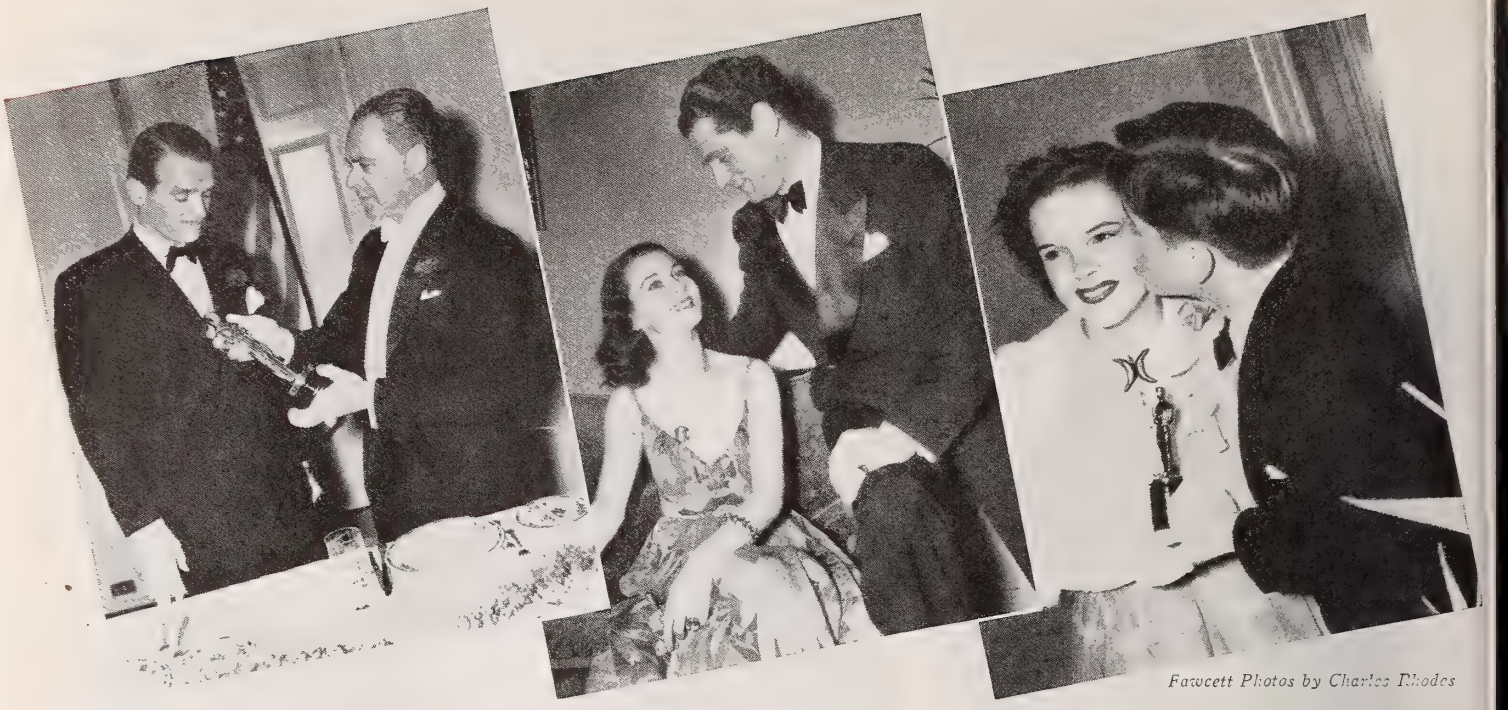


Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops attacks the little people with a shovel!



Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick



Fawcett Photos by Charles Rhodes

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., accepting the special memorial award honoring his late father, founder and first president of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences from Walter Wanger, current president, at the Academy's banquet

Vivien Leigh, who won the actress' award in her first Hollywood part, Scarlett in *Gone With the Wind*, with her fiance, Laurence Olivier, both looking very happy at the great honor, the greatest that Hollywood can give to an actress

Mickey Rooney presents a special award and an admiring kiss to Judy Garland who was honored by popular vote among fellow players as "the outstanding juvenile of the year" for her acting and also her singing in her M-G-M productions

want to dance with, and she is very much occupied."

Olivier did his leaning in the doorway with a fine, discouraged air. He looked at the dancers with a convincing distaste. He glowered very well, indeed. But the minute he began to speak, his mouth began to curl at the corners. His eyes began to dance, and, by the time he had finished his sulky speech, his face was all one bright smile.

The director was patient and even a little amused. Perhaps he had been talking with the director of *Waterloo Bridge*, which was shooting on the next sound stage. There much the same thing was happening.

Vivien Leigh was having a terrible time getting the proper distress into a scene at a telephone. She was supposed to be hearing bad news from her sweetheart, to hang up frightened at his words. Her acting was wonderful. Her voice was fine. But her eyes had a happy twinkle in them toward the end of each scene that made the director grin, and ask for another take.

These are two very happy people. They had had good news about their approaching marriage and the whole studio was sympathetic, delighted with them, delighted for them. It was a charming sidelight on a great industry.

It is doubtful that you will be able to credit that two very happy people made the scenes which you will be seeing on the screen before very long. After all, both are unusually fine performers, and the final takes were as glum, as discouraged, as resentful and as frightened as the mood of those particular scenes demanded. Remember, when you see them, because you will be seeing real acting.

Vivien Leigh has had another reason to be happy since that day. She has been given the highest honor that Hollywood has to bestow—the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences statuette for the best acting achievement of the year for her work as Scarlett in *Gone With the Wind*. Robert Donat won among the men for his work in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Gone With the Wind stacked up the unprecedented number of nine separate awards at the academy banquet, and no one was much surprised, because it already is acknowledged to be the greatest box-office attraction ever filmed. In its first three months, it has returned its vast cost, and estimates now for its probable gross range from 20 to 27 million.

Hattie McDaniel, first colored actress to be so honored by the Academy, won the award for the best supporting role for her part of Mammy in the *Wind*. Victor Fleming won for the direction of the same picture. The late Sidney Howard's screenplay for it won, and the film also drew top awards for color, editing, art direction and color design. David O. Selznick, the producer, received the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award for the production as a whole.

We feel sort of sad that they did not give one more award—a special statuette to the exhibitor who had extra cushions made for all his theatre chairs before he started showing the picture, but maybe they just didn't have time.

"The surprising part is that it is really comfortable," said Alice Faye, running one expressive hand, sans nail polish, down the side of her incredibly small waist.

She was dressed in one of the *Lillian Russell* costumes, a blue and white affair with a billowing skirt, a snug little basque which quite obviously had a little corset under it to nip in the waist.

"It makes you stand up straight," said Miss Faye who always stands up straight, anyway. "I'm going to keep it after the picture is over."

"I'm going to need one for myself, if this keeps up," said Leo Carrillo. "But not to keep me standing up straight!"

Poor Carrillo had been eating spaghetti ever since we stepped on the sound stage . . . plateful after plateful, and all rather cold.

Carrillo plays the part of Tony Pastor, discoverer and great friend of the fabulous Lillian. The scene we were watching was the one where Tony, interrupted in the middle of a quiet luncheon in the garden, looks over the back fence and discovers the young Lillian Russell pretending that she is a great star.

Alice Faye's song went off beautifully each time. Carrillo never failed to eat his chilly spaghetti with great gusto, but for some reason the scene did not quite suit Director Irving Cummings. It was a matter of timing the last gulp of spaghetti, the song, the applause, and the movement of the huge camera boom that was riding in from a long shot through a forest of lamps and reflectors. Graciously, goodnaturedly, with perfect suavite, Director

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Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

The editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine with Errol Flynn at the big party to celebrate the christening of *The Sea Hawk* at Warner Brothers' Studio. The full sized sailing ship was constructed on an indoor set and is complete with machinery to make it pitch and roll realistically on its shallow pool of very convincing "ocean." A few minutes later, Flynn shattered a bottle of champagne on the *Sea Hawk's* prow, but, startled by flying glass and wine, he said, "I christen thee Sea . . . Ouch!" So the gallant *Ouch* will be a fascinating feature of one of the biggest pictures of the year

Cummings asked for "One more take" and Carrillo with equal graciousness, but more physical effort swallowed one more mouthful of chilly spaghetti for the camera.

Cummings makes an ideal director for this film because he was Lillian Russell's juvenile leading man at one time and remembers the details of the later part of her career vividly. So fascinating were the stories he told that we asked him if he would not like to write them for HOLLYWOOD Magazine. You will find the story in next month's issue.

■ There was more red than you would believe possible in one good-sized theatre for the opening of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Perhaps it was because all Hollywood felt very gay at the prospect of seeing Alexander Woollcott play himself in the comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufmann. Certainly all of Hollywood turned out for the show, and the lobby between acts was like a meeting of The Screen Actors' Guild. The stars were notably prompt in arriving. No one wanted a repetition of the reprimand administered by Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne recently when those stars stopped dead in the middle of the first act to call out satirically across the footlights to late comers. "Oh, hello! So glad you got here!" and "Welcome! Do you want us to repeat this scene?"

The theatre was entirely filled by the time that Alexander Woollcott made his first entrance. He confessed afterward that had not the script called for a stately entrance in a wheelchair, he never would have been able to summon courage to face that glittering crowd. The glittering crowd gave him a dozen enthusiastic curtain calls, however, for the smoothness of his performance in the frightening job of playing the quite unflattering portrait that the authors had drawn of him.



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Westward Ho—



Above, Paramount Studios, which Movieland Tourists will see from the inside.

Below, Joan Blondell who will give a cocktail party with Dick Powell for this year's Tourists



To Hollywood!

■ The watchword for a perfect vacation this year is—Westward Ho!

Westward to Hollywood for two magnificent weeks of travel, fun, the thrills of an exciting tour of the town, and a visit to the home of two famous stars!

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The Movieland Tourists will be taken to special buses for a sight-seeing trip through the movie colony. Guides will point out the homes of the stars and other Hollywood highlights. Through special arrangements made by Hollywood Magazine with officials of Paramount Pictures, the Tourists will be entertained at lunch at the studio commissary, known as the "International Cafe," and will be taken on a guided tour through the Paramount plant and sound stages. Tourists may be fortunate enough to see a forthcoming Paramount hit in production.

Arrangements have been made for Tourists to visit Treasure Island and the Golden Gate Exposition, Lake Arrowhead and other points of interest. During the Hollywood portion of the trip, Tourists will stay at the splendid Biltmore Hotel.

High point of the trip will come when the Movieland Tourists spend an afternoon as the personal guests of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell on the estate of these two popular Paramount stars. The Tourists will be entertained at a lawn cocktail party, and will have ample opportunity to become acquainted with Joan and Dick.

Every major expense of the trip is included in the $180 price—railroad fare, meals, hotel, the tour of Hollywood, visit to Paramount studio, the cocktail party at the home of the Powells, and incidental pleasure jaunts.

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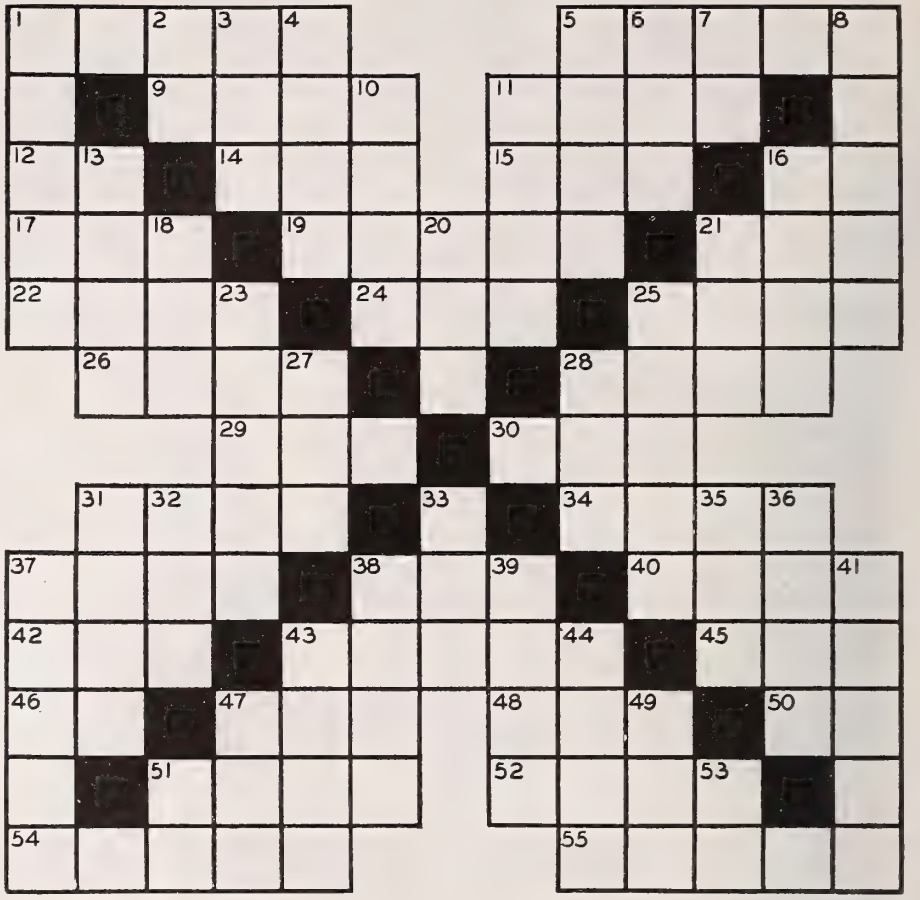
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind.*
5. Rhett Butler in same film.
9. He had lead in *They All Come Out.*
11. Star of *We Are Not Alone.*
12. *Pack* ——— *Your Troubles.*
14. Charlie McCarthy wears a bow ———.
15. Last reel.
16. Bonita's initials.
17. Jim Creighton in *Bad Little Angel.*
19. Comedienne in *The Farmer's Daughter* (poss.).
21. Buddy Ebsen's birthplace (abbr.).
22. *The* ——— *Look Down* (sing.).
24. Dorothy Lamour's nickname.
25. ——— *Wives.*
26. ———, *Look and Love.*
28. Star of *Everything's on Ice.*
29. Comic episode in a screenplay.
30. Larry Simms is one.
31. What Laurel and Hardy did in *Flying Deuces.*
34. Miss Bowers in *A Child Is Born.*
37. Animal such as Big Boy in *Untamed.*
38. His last name is Maynard.
40. Whose role is that of Mrs. Nick Charles in Thin Man series.
42. Dr. Kildare in person.
43. She portrays Light in *The Blue Bird.*
45. Descriptive of films shown at previews.
46. Laraine Day's birthplace (abbr.).
47. ——— *Time Wife.*
48. Theme of *The Fighting 69th.*
50. His last name is Jenks.
51. *First* ———.
52. Nickname of Mr. Pollard, comedian.
54. One of divisions of a screenplay.
55. *Man* ——— *Town.*

DOWN

1. First name of Ida Lupino's husband.
2. *Adventure* ——— *Diamonds.*
3. *Granny* ——— *Your Gun.*
4. Madeleine Carroll's is blond.
5. What cowboys wear in holsters.
6. ——— *So Goodbye.*
7. Boyd Irwin's initials.
8. He makes Charlie McCarthy talk.
10. Principal role in a motion picture.
11. ——— *Dr. Christian.*
13. Whose husband is Charles Boyer?
16. *Heroes in* ———.
18. "Socks" Martin in *6,000 Enemies.*
20. *It Could Happen to* ———.
21. *Sued* ——— *Libel.*
23. First name of Ann Sothern's husband.
25. *The* ——— *Hour.*
27. Foot of Asta.
28. Baby Dumpling's pet is one.
31. Measure of film (pl.).
32. *The* ——— *of the Pampas.*
33. Roy ——— Ruth directed *He Married His Wife.*
35. Lennie in *Of Mice and Men.*
36. Greer Garson has green ones.
37. *St. Louis* ———.
38. First name of Mr. Luke, Chinese actor.
39. A short subject on theatre programs.
41. Author of *Gulliver's Travels.*
43. *All Women* ——— *Secrets.*
44. Mrs. Harper in *Brother Rat and a Baby.*
47. Stephen Foster in *Swanee River.*
49. Otto Schlemmer in *No Place to Go.*
51. Edward ——— Saint.
53. Box office (abbr.).

(Solution on page 60)

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Cary Grant in energetic mood, sounds off in a scene from his newest film, *My Favorite Wife*

Cary Grant Sounds Off

When a movie star starts to ask questions of a reporter, something is wrong. Here is the very interesting result

By KATE JOHNS

■ I will know better than to take issue with Cary Grant again about the life of a movie star being a choice bed of roses. Doggoned if I didn't end up defending *his* side of the argument and it's no fun to find yourself eating your own words. Particularly when you pre-dipped them in a 10 per cent solution of acrimony!

We got into the amiable argument quite by accident. As usual, I led with my chin. Apparently I never will learn when I'm well off, or else I'm a born optimist. Cary, the fiend, loved it! I can still see that amused gleam in his eye and hear his chuckles of delight at my confusion.

The two of us had been talking on the set of *My Favorite Wife* at RKO where he is making the smart new comedy with Irene Dunne. They make a grand team and this new picture should prove even more popular than *The Awful Truth* in which they scored such a great success.

In a rambly sort of way, entirely without rancor or bitterness, Cary had been discussing a phase of the motion picture business which baffled him completely. He couldn't understand why the public takes such a *personal* interest in an actor and insists upon knowing everything about him in intimate detail. He couldn't see why the public would not grant that acting is just another *business* and permit it to be conducted as such along dignified lines.

"There is nothing different or remarkable about an actor," he maintained. "We're not a 'group' or 'Hollywoodians' or anything else. We're all of us *of* The People with the same general background of parents, schooling, and growing pains. It just happens we're working in Hollywood. Any one of us could be in any other business (and lots of us are as a sideline) just as other people, now doing something else, could be in this business (and some day probably will). Being a movie star is no greater accomplishment than being a good lawyer or a good doctor or a good bricklayer."

If people were logical about it, the making of movies would be treated as any other normal business, he contended in a pleasant way. When you buy a safety pin, for instance, it doesn't occur to you to inquire into the private life of the man who manufactured it. Nobody cares if he sleeps in pink polka-dots, craves kippered herring for breakfast and dates a different dame every night in the week. All you want to know is how good a safety pin it is, and is it worth what it costs.

"Then why should the public feel differently about our business?" he puzzled. "We make a product and offer it for sale, the product of entertainment. What bearing can it possibly have on the merit or enjoyment of that product if the actor is married or unmarried, in love with his wife or a cutie down the street, divorced once or ten times? Why should the public feel it has the right to know or even *want* to know in the case of the actor and not of the safety pin manufacturer?

Sometimes, he said, he couldn't help questioning the sincerity of the public's "interest" in a star as it commonly is reflected in the mad fight for autographs, and the apparently insatiable thirst for intimate knowledge of the star's every thought and move.

"I wonder if the public actually is interested in that star as a flesh and blood person or if it isn't just what it believes the star represents —fame, glamour, excitement and so on—that intrigues it because those qualities may be lacking in its own life," Cary pondered. "It seems to me if the interest in the star as a *person* was genuine, and not in what he represented, there would be no such thing as a faded or forgotten star. The actor hasn't changed as a person; only his status and what he symbolizes is different.

Incidentally, there is another thing that puzzles me. Why do editors and writers ask actors to express opinions on subjects they are not always qualified by study or experience to discuss, subjects like love, politics, religion and so on? Like the shoemaker, an actor should stick to his last, and leave it to Anthony Eden to talk about world affairs, Oscar Levant to discourse on music, and Beatrice Fairfax to give advice about how to win a man's love or be the most popular girl at the party.

"But to go back; let me chalk up three or four flops

[*Continued on page* 58]

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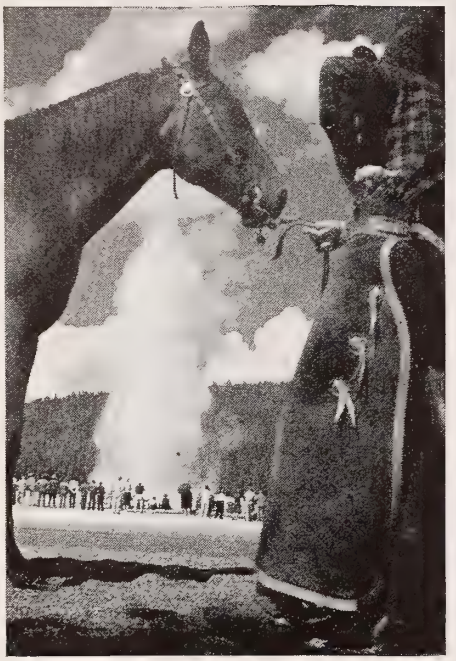
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Northwest Passage will do it for you, and also will give you one of the most exciting two hours you have had in a movie theatre. Spencer Tracy plays the Indian Scout, Major Rogers, who took his Rangers through what was considered impassable swamp, to burn out the village of Saint Francis and so teach the marauding Indians that white settlers must not be tortured, that British officers and men must not be treated with the shocking savagery that was making a nightmare of the western frontier.

Once the picture gets past a rather slow start, it becomes a wholly absorbing study of a man who did the impossible over and over again. Much of this is due to a vital script, a fine cast of actors, but particularly to the dominant, virile, heroic character that Spencer Tracy builds as the leader of the Rangers. Robert Young is excellent as the young man who wanted to paint Indians, but who found himself pushing boats over mountains when the French blockaded the river, found himself dodging ambushes, and staggering without sleep, without rest on one of the most fantastic raids that ever was conceived. Walter Brennan heads the supporting cast which is packed with vivid talent.

Don't miss this one. It is a season of unusually fine pictures, and praise is apt to wear a little thin because of the many films which deserve high compliments. So don't think that this department suddenly has lost its discrimination, and likes everything. Just don't miss it.

PINOCCHIO—*Disney-RKO*

Snow White was a wonderful technical achievement, considering that it was the first feature-length cartoon, and even those who complained of the jerky woodenness of the prince and the puppet-like gestures of Snow White, complained in a tender and admiring spirit. Walt Disney was among the first to criticize his own wonderful work, and promptly took a million or two extra pains to see that *Pinocchio* was an immense technical improvement over *Snow White*. The result is another film touched with sheer enchantment in the conception and the telling of the story and also above reproach in its animation.

Pinocchio, you remember, was a wooden puppet who was brought to life, and whose struggles to become a real boy led him into many adventures. Colorful enough, certainly, are the temptations and the characters that beset his path. First there was "Honest John" Foulfellow, cousin, undoubtedly, of the wolf who was almost the undoing of *The Three Little Pigs*. He has the same cunning, the same persistence, the same disarmingly bland appeal for the unsophisticated, and he lures the innocent Pinocchio into a trap by promises of fame and fortune in the glittering spotlight of the theatre. How was Pinocchio to know that Honest John was not a patron of the arts and meant only to sell him into the power of Stromboli, owner of a puppet show?

It seems to us that the Fairy did only right to rescue Pinocchio, and that he was not to be blamed for a mistake in judgment that more than one real human being we can think of has made. In fact, we think that Pinocchio got pretty rough treatment all around, but, since all ends well, we certainly would hate to cut short any of his tribulations, much as we suffer in sympathy. Who could bear to forego one foot of the wonderful scene where Pinocchio tells one lie, and his nose grows a foot, another lie and it sprouts twigs, another and it bursts into such tempting bloom that three little birds find it an irresistible location for a residence? Who could bear to cut out one minute of his search at the bottom of the sea for his father? Who could bear to lose a second of that chase of chases when Monstro, the whale, goes berserk and lashes half the ocean into foam in determination to annihilate the escaping raft?

And then there is so much of the brighter things to comfort and lull the concerned audience between Pinocchio's horrifying trials. There is the enchanting Figaro, a kitten who is all but human; the voluptuous goldfish, Cleo; the cricket who takes his job of being a conscience seriously, and the wonderful Fairy, herself, who appears, as all proper fairies should in a most convincing dazzle of pulsating light.

Though there are not so many song hits in *Pinocchio* as in *Snow White*, it is far more the real fairy tale, and Disney will be hard-pressed to top himself in his next film. We are willing to wager that he will though.

BLACK FRIDAY—*Universal*

Boris Karloff is in this one, so you already have guessed that the plot is concerned with no ordinary happenings. Karloff plays a nice, respectable doctor in a small town. His best friend (Stanley Ridges) plays a mild scholarly professor of literature. The professor suffers a fatal brain injury in an accident caused by a gangster whose back is broken. So Karloff transplants the gangster's brain, from


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IRENE
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his broken body, and keeps the professor alive.

When the professor starts snapping at his wife, Karloff suspects that the gangster's brain is taking over. He takes the unsuspecting professor to New York and to the gangster's old haunts where he makes his way unerringly to the gangster's enemies and efficiently throttles them. Oooooh, my!

Stanley Ridges does a fine job of transforming himself from the doddering, gentle professor to the murderous outlaw . . . a thing accomplished by a couple of shudders and the passing of trembling hands over contorted face. Why and how his hair changes from grey to black in these swift moments is not explained, but only a very petty and captious critic would bother about a little detail like that.

MY SON, MY SON—*United Artists*

■ The study in father-love which is one of this season's best selling novels has been brought to the screen with some changes, but with its essentials preserved and with a convincing cast.

Particularly telling is the performance of young Scotty Beckett who plays the unreliable Oliver as a small boy. He imitates Louis Hayward with startling fidelity. Just as effective is Hayward's performance as the brazen and ruthless Oliver in later life. He gives that unpleasant character the charm, the insincerity and the quality of menace which is demanded without making it seem incredible that his family and friends love him and believe in him.

Brian Aherne plays the father who can deny his beloved son nothing. Henry Hull is the equally devoted parent whose son, for no apparently better reason turns out fine. Laraine Day and Bruce Lester play his children and Sophie Stewart does an engaging part as their Irish mother. Josephine Hutchinson is seen as the severe, serious, chapel-going mother. Madeleine Carroll is the artist over whom father and worthless son quarrel.

Handsomely p r o d u c e d, thoughtfully acted, the show is somewhat different from the usual love tale, and should be of particular interest to those who found the book absorbing.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS—*Columbia*

■ Her first husband, Bill, was a worry to Vicky because he was always going away on trips to remote corners of the world and leaving her alone. Eventually, he was inconsiderate enough to get shipwrecked and drowned. Her second husband, Henry, stayed in the same town, but his mind was on business, and he always was in conference. But Vicky did not know what worry was, really, until Bill telephoned joyously that he wasn't drowned, after all, and was on his way home to a glorious reunion.

The matter was complicated by the fact that husbands one and two had been business partners, that their wife loved both devotedly, that she was entirely enchanted at getting more attention than she ever had before, that she could not choose between them.

Played for quite wild and very funny farce which only once in a while becomes unduly weighty, the show is productive of bursts of loud laughter. Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas and Fred MacMurray clown happily all the way through with assistance from Dorothy Peterson, Harry Davenport and Melville Cooper.

THE HUMAN MONSTER—*Monogram*

■ After five people are picked up from the mud of the Thames, Inspector Holt (Hugh Williams) of Scotland Yard starts on the trail of Dr. Orloff (Bela Lugosi) who has sold insurance policies to all of them.

Dr. Orloff goes to the most impractical extreme to conduct his murders, employing as aids a blind mute and a gentleman who is a combination of the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Gargantua and good old Dracula in appearance. In spite of this creature's startling appearance, he manages to slip in and out of lodging houses without anyone noticing that he has been up to his strangling again.

The girl (Greta Gynt) is left alone quite often so that people can attempt to drown or strangle her, so there is quite a bit of action, but the tale is a little too far-fetched to guarantee nightmares.

LITTLE ORVIE—*RKO*

■ A slow little film that will do nobody any harm is this tale about a little boy who wanted a dog and blackmailed his family into giving him his heart's desire. John Sheffield, a very talented youngster, plays little Orvie who gets into the usual Booth Tarkington troubles (remember Penrod?). Ernest Truex and Dorothy Tree play his parents who, according to well-known formula, do not understand him any too well.

The most brilliant cocktail party of the year was given by writers Sonya Levien and Carl Hovey for Mme. Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, who was in Los Angeles to attend the three day meeting of the California Federation of Democratic Women's Study Clubs. The reception was given in one of the biggest homes in Beverly Hills, that of Mrs. Jane Cotton who had lent it for the occasion, and traffic officers in the long driveway were kept furiously busy with the stream of cars that rolled up and away for two hours.

No one, after hearing Mme. Perkins answer the questions that were fired at her, can ever doubt that women can be successes in politics. Soft-voiced, well-bred, unhurried, she met at least 500 people and had time for a word with each.

Arthur Ungar of Variety, who has been nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in the journalistic division, was one of the few newspaper men present. It was his stories in Daily Variety that brought to the attention of California labor some of the present activities of William Bioff and also enough of his past to take him out of town. They were fearless stories, hitting into high places, and the whole town will be delighted if the award goes to Ungar.

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AT GROCERS EVERYWHERE

At Atlanta's World Premiere

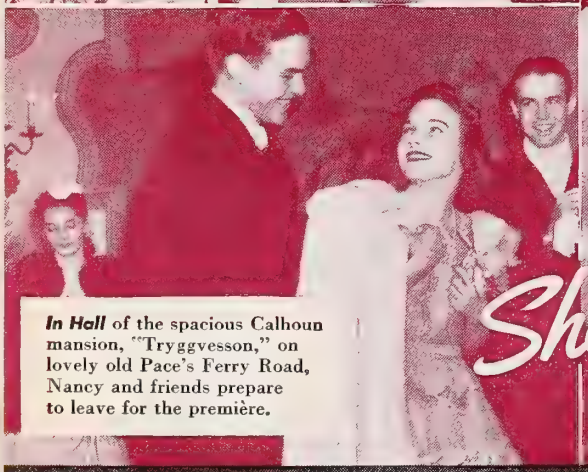


An Ardent Horsewoman, Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.

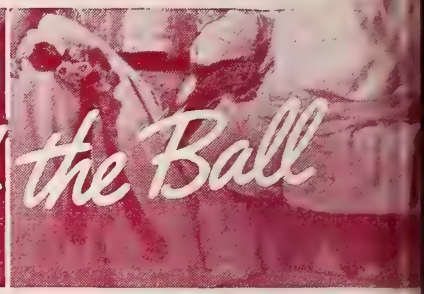




Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.



In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the première.



She was a Belle of the Ball

—She wrote it up



—BOTH ARE SOUTHERN BEAUTIES —AND BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN LOVELY WITH POND'S

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: *So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!*

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for *me!* Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?*

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: *Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?*

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?*

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."



Before the Première—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."



In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.



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POND'S, Dept. 6-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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In Defense of Duels

Ilona Massey is disappointed that Hollywood has not produced even one duel for her

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ "Since I am here I do not find that anybody has fought even one duel. Imagine!" Ilona Massey waved her tomato sandwich in an arc of astonishment. "You do not behave so romantic in Hollywood as we in Hungary. No."

Duel!! We kind of gaped at M-G-M's singer-star. What *was* this? Sure, swords are okay for *Balalaika*. When it comes to everyday life, however—

"To take a girl out to dinner in Budapest, for example," Ilona explained, "is for a young man what is called a hazardous occupation, not that he likes it very much. He fights a duel with any other man who smiles at her, particularly if she smiles back. Yes, only for a smile! It gives interest to an evening."

Awk!— *Had there ever been a duel fought over Ilona?*

She nodded her fair head vigorously.

How aw-ful. Wasn't she worried, wasn't she scared, wasn't—

"I liked it," she said with composure, "it was romantic." Daintily she balanced a tray on her lap, rolled those eyes heavenward, and added: "We have serenades also. In Hollywood are no serenades."

At the moment, duels and serenades seemed far away. The setting just wasn't right for them. Ilona had paused after the theatre at her favorite spot, a drive-in snack place a block from Hollywood Boulevard, where cars parked and little girls in red slacks rushed trays of this and that to the car occupants. Ilona, driving her own sedan, was in slacks, herself. They were golden brown suede with a jacket of the same, a blouse as delicately pink as her complexion, and a suede "baby" cap that covered most of her glinting blond hair and tied beneath her chin.

She had just been to see *Balalaika* for the tenth time! To study her own work—and because the swords and uniforms made her homesick.

"Certainly I know Hollywood is the world center of romance," Ilona acknowledged, "but in Hungary . . . ! Romance, there, is for each day, not alone for pictures."

She crooked a finger at a girl in red pants and said, "Miss!" in true American fashion. Daughter of Hungarian peasants and proud of it, she was a war refugee in Holland as a child, and talked mostly Dutch until her eighth year. To Dutch, German and French she has now added English. We also crooked a finger and, like Ilona, ordered a chaser of [*Continued on page* 43]



Ilona Massey, Hungarian star, with Joseph on the sands at Santa Monica Beach



A snarling, vicious, killer-breed . . . in the eyes of the law! A hurt and embittered boy . . . to the girl who loves him! With bite and dynamite, this drama blasts the truth out of his heart!

Tyrone POWER
. . . not since "Jesse James" has he had such a role!

Dorothy LAMOUR
. . . revealing more of her allure than ever before!

in

Johnny Apollo

EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Rowland Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

•

Dorothy Lamour sings: "This is the Beginning of the End" by Mack Gordon and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes" by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

"When I Was Little - -"

Childhood mistakes teach the hardest lessons. Priscilla Lane's adventures were not so bad, but they were funny

By EMILY NORRIS



"Then there was the time," Priscilla Lane said casually, "when I broke into the house next door . . ."

She and sister Leota, the singer (a visitor to the studio that noon) doubled up over their salads at the recollection. There was something pretty ludicrous at the moment about any association of Pat with house-breaking.

In a dirndl wool gown—black skirt and beige, round-necked bodice—her fair hair held back by an amber comb, her direct blue eyes full of laughter, she looked fresh and sweet and gentle. Not at all the criminal type.

However, in the busy Warner commissary between takes of *Three Cheers for the Irish,* the talk had turned down a Memory Lane of reminiscence, dotted by milestones of the things Pat ought not to have done but was glad she did—because they taught her so much. And during the mental travelogue from childhood through early career days, straight on to current Hollywood—up popped the catastrophe of the house next door.

"Mistakes? I've made lots of them," Pat admitted, "but this was outstanding. The people who lived next door when I was a child had been away for several weeks. I got into their house through a window and rearranged all their things. The dishes were packed in barrels, the linen was folded up in boxes. That didn't stop me. I dug the china from layers of excelsior, took out the linen and silver, and set the dining table. I was merely playing house in a big way. I was too young to understand what an awful thing I was doing, but doing it thoroughly just the same.

"Of course the dining room looked dusty. Their dust cloth wasn't so good as my mother's, so I went home and got hers to clean the table and chairs. In fact, I made several trips back and forth, for a broom and so on, quite openly, but nobody happened to see me.

"Except . . . the little girl who lived on the other side of us."

Pat jabbed at her salad.

"She told her mother. For some reason, instead of calling my mother, her mother telephoned the Mayor! I heard a commotion and looked out of the neighbors' window to find the Mayor on our doorstep, telling the family all about it. What made matters worse, those neighbors intended to move to a place at some distance. That was why they had so carefully crated the things that I so carefully uncrated."

She drew a rueful breath. You could see how the town had been set by the ears, the Mayor and everything! A minor tragedy which, to childhood, didn't seem so minor.

"So that's how I learned not to break into people's houses," Pat said.

"Seriously, it did teach me the beginnings of respect for other people's possessions. Before this, I'd never seen much difference."

It didn't teach her tolerance, though, nor forgiveness of enemies. She learned this—of all sources—from a hoodlum with a police record. But more of that later.

No, at the house-breaking age Pat wasn't a believer in seeing an adversary's point of view. The small playmate who had blabbed and brought the Mayor to the Lane door was plainly an adversary of the blackest dye. Prompted now by Leota, Pat recalled how they lured the tattler into their clutches.

"She'd been making mud pies in her yard—she was that type—when we told her to come on over; we wanted to show her something. She came, like a dope—Well, I don't know what you'll *think* of me," Pat said, divided between chortles and conscience, "but we threw her own mud pies at her. And what terrible things we threatened if she told who threw them! Do you know, she never did."

This grisly incident was only part of the struggle of growing up, Pat explained. It didn't have any good lesson attached. But it might have had, if Mother'd heard about it.

Well, then, broken of house-breaking—and avenged with a mud pie—Pat after that stayed home where she belonged, eh?

"Oh, no," Pat replied cheerily, "after that I [*Continued on page* 56]

Take a Trip to "Our Town"

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL



Martha Scott and William Holden play the boy and girl whose lives bind their families close together

A new technique is being used to tell the story of one small town. Here is something about a picture that is expected to be exceptional

■ The narrator of the country fable of *Our Town* is a seeing voice, a voice with a Yankee twang and a pungent lilt. From time to time, as in the very first scene of the picture the voices embodied in a Mr. Morgan, a mystic figure discovered on a misty hill at sunrise.

Mr. Morgan is a wise and worn New Englander, a figure out of a folk tale, who knows the ways of the hill people of deep New Hampshire, and speaks of them with warmth and feeling in the rich local idiom.

It is his function to tie together the annals of the town and to lead a camera about its nooks



Summer in *Our Town*. The charming set, designed by William Cameron Menzies, is the essence of all peaceful small-town life

and byways to tell a weird and touching story of its kind and pitiable people.

As portrayed by the incalculably effortless actor, Frank Craven, Mr. Morgan is somewhat less than a living, breathing man, but more benign than a ghost. He takes himself and his camera and the audience about the sprawling precincts of the village, skipping ten years forward or back as his wilful and rambling yarn requires.

From the hilltop where the dawn finds him, Mr. Morgan strolls across a field, climbs a fence with the effortless grace of the farm-bred Yankee, drops his hat on a scarecrow's head, mounts a rise and looks below him on the town of his fable.

"There it is," he muses, *"our town. The name of it is Grover's Corners, New Hampshire. The date is May 7, 1901, along about dawn. Aya, just about. Well, we'll just step along here and I'll show you our town and how it lies, and I'll tell you what happened here."*

And Mr. Morgan, the ethereal and benevolent gadabout, escorts us down the prim Main Street, introducing us to the earliest-rising inhabitants and pointing out landmarks.



Right, Frank Craven acts the story-teller who sees into the future

Below, Thomas Mitchell as the jovial Doc Gibbs, who knows the town's secrets

Fay Bainter as Mrs. Gibbs and Beulah Bondi as Mrs. Webb whose children are to marry





Above, Editor Webb (Guy Kibbee) who sympathizes with his prospective son-in-law's panic, and Stuart Erwin as the town's walking newspaper

Winter in *Our Town*. Sol Lesser, the producer, showed the editor, who left New York in a blizzard, how to keep warm on a set

Grover's Corners, as revealed by the seeing voice of Mr. Morgan, is the materialization of Thornton Wilder's vivid description of a New England hamlet as executed by William Cameron Menzies, art director of *Gone With the Wind*. In the Broadway version of *Our Town*, there were literally no stage settings beyond a few atmospheric props designed to suggest doorways, church pews and tombstones.

The movie audience having become accustomed to more detail in its scenic backgrounds, will behold, with the other-worldly Mr. Morgan on his tour of the town, as striking and provocative and realistic a series of settings as ever graced the cinema screen.

"Here," the solid white clapboard houses seem to assert, *"is the backbone of the nation. If you are kindly disposed, come in and sit awhile. If you are in trouble, we will help as much as we're able. But if you're idle and evil, pass on, stranger. We'll survive without you."*

The "Seeing Voice" method of narration is one of the cleverest dodges ever devised by a screen author, who in this case is the same Thornton Wilder who wrote the stage play. It permits the utmost fluidity in the unfolding of the tale and lends a disarming tone of informality. Wilder never has to worry about [*Continued on page 54*]

Tips for Leap Year Twosomes

Leap Year is almost half over. Peggy Moran and Bob Burns became a little worried for fear that their friends are missing opportunities. So they took time out from *Alias the Deacon* to prepare this guide for twosomes

Left, Peggy, of course, is the one who calls up for the date

Bob, as becomes the pursued, is slightly nonchalant

"Take my arm down the steps," offers thoughtful Peggy



"Never let your date climb into a car unassisted" is a rule, she remembers



Away they go. Bob advises a certain trustful coyness about this time





There's nothing a girl likes more than care. Peggy gives it



And just to prove that it's Leap Year, Peggy gives orders for dinner



Bob tries for a dreamy look and Peggy leads masterfully



Bob's first really bright moment arrives when Peggy gets the check



Ah, the long way home! Peggy demonstrates one-arm driving

Home, and Bob is coy again, refusing a good-night kiss at first request

Well, just one because you are such a nice escort . . . .





How To Fascinate a Guest

Ann Sheridan decided that it is the homebody who is the best hostess. Here is what happened when she tried to give Cesar Romero some good home cooking

By KAY PROCTOR



"Welcome," cries Ann. Cesar has no hint of his fate

■ I've always said that the Sheridan girl had brains, for all she has the best looking pair of gams in town.

I'll admit it took me a little while to see what she was getting at that particular night, and a little patient help on her part to understand it after I saw it; but then, I've always been taught the *worthwhile* things in life are those we have to work to achieve. An uncle of mine (Uncle Lilliput, I think it was) who was hanged by the Boy Scouts for cheating at mumblety-peg really felt the same way about it, for all he came to an unhappy end.

In a way you might say my enlightenment about Miss Sheridan's extraordinary sapience was begun that Wednesday night not long ago when Charlie and I went out to her new house in the valley for a rhumba lesson and a Tequila Daisy. Charlie is the other half of *Rhodes and Proctor, Novelties, Ltd.* and we thought the lesson, to say nothing of the Daisy, might come in handy some time.

Ann was caroling "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home" when she greeted us at the door.

"A pretty little ditty," I remarked cheerfully. "Commendable sentiment and very nicely sung. But why?"

"Guess!" she challenged.

"You're going to sing it in *Torrid Zone,*" Charlie ventured.

"No," she admitted, "but it's an idea. I'm surprised they haven't thought of it." *Torrid Zone,* of course, is Ann's new Warner Brothers picture in which she co-stars with Jim Cagney and Pat O'Brien. "I'm practising to be a little homebody," she admitted finally, smoothing the folds of her blue velvet hostess gown over her curvaceous charms.

"In *that?*" I demanded.

"Why not?" she said defensively. "Just because you're a homebody, you don't have to go around in *rags.* Do you?"

"Not if you own a little number like that," I admitted. "But why a homebody? Somebody been needling the Oomph Market?"

Ann said, "No," but that after considerable thinking about it she had figured things out like this: oomph can make you a movie star; it can get you orchids and dates; it can put your face on gasoline billboards, candy wrappers, mirrored bathtubs, girdles and reducing salts; it can do a lot for your bank account and your fan mail; it can square traffic tags for overparking and get you ring-side tables when the S. R. O. sign has been out for two hours; it probably could squeeze you by the portals of the sacrosanct Lamb's Club in New York where females are as wel-

Something is wrong with this, though Ann is busy as a bee



Cesar seems a bit uneasy over Ann's dainty needlework



Good food is the surest way to a man's heart, they all say



Photos by Charles Rhodes



The perfect hostess thinks of her guest's health first



Men love to be made to feel just a member of the family



Men like to think of women as instinctive home makers

come as poison ivy in June. But that's about all it can do for a girl.

Hardly worth mentioning, I agreed.

"You see," Ann went on earnestly, "I've been reading a lot of books and magazines lately, and in all of the books it's the homebody who is the heroine. In all of the films I've seen lately, it's the girl who can cook who wins out. And all of the magazines say that men like women to be domestic and thoughtful for their comfort in the home. So I thought maybe Cesar would rather help me make a cake than go dancing.

There was a wicked twinkle in her eye, but there was no chance to find out why because the doorbell rang just then and Cesar Romero was ushered into our happy little group by Elizabeth, Ann's colored maid. He looked very dashing in the sideburns he had to grow for his latest *Cisco Kid* picture.

Well-mannered young swain that he is, Cesar had brought a beautiful box of stately roses for his hostess, "Lovely!" Ann said. "I will try a new arrangement for them! Women who have a real feeling for a lovely home paint pictures with flowers, you know. Unfortunately I haven't time to attend regular classes in Japanese Flower composition but I will do the best I can in my humble little way. Poetry in blossoms! A lovely thought, isn't it?"

Startled (and I can't say that I blame him), Cesar watched Ann take two roses from the box, break off their magnificent heads and throw away their magnificent stems. The heads she studied with care for a few intense moments and then floated them in a shallow 16-inch platter.

"Something is not quite right," she decided after a moment. Silently Cesar agreed. Charlie took one look and poured his Daisy *back* in the shaker. "I think it needs a little 'Relaxation', perhaps?" she added.

Out came one of the two roses and into the waste basket. From a passé bouquet of tired-looking snapdragons she took another bloom. This she placed cosily against the anchored rose. "Much better," she judged. "A little green from the garden, please Cesar. I think maybe a eucalyptus leaf from that tree across the street."

"I'll have to get a ladder to reach it," Cesar protested mildly. Ann gave him a hurt look. In twelve minutes he was back with the leaf. Ann "arranged" it in the bowl and lips pursed, studied it again.

"Mmmmmmm," she mused. "The leaf seems to depress it, no? I'll have to build up the 'Laughter' mood. A marigold, I should think." Out came the last rose and in went the marigold.

Cesar was fascinated and then some. From where I sat it looked like complete hypnosis. Ann had a rather odd look on her face, too, a cross between a philosophical acceptance of the unassailable rectitude of the printed page and an honest regret of the fate of the roses.

Looking back on the two hours that followed the [*Continued on page* 50]

Bachelors get lonely for the simple home-y things of life



The fascinated guest walks out on an evening he won't forget



Hollywood Carroll

Everyone is singing the praises of a romantic young man who is due for stardom. So here is another carol about John Carroll



By E. J. SMITHSON

■ Come the revolution, folks, and you can bet your last keg of gun-powder that John Carroll, the tall-and-fairly handsome young gent of the movies who is making such a hit in M-G-M's *Congo Maisie*, will be right in the middle of the fracas and having the time of his life. Make no mistake about that!

We'd met John on the *Maisie* set during its production, and, liking the looks of the guy, we accepted his invitation to "c'mon up and see me." Due to a number of reasons you wouldn't be interested in, we failed in keeping our appointment until just the other day and we learned, then, that the "up" part of his invitation contained less poetry, by a dozen iambic pentameters, than it did truth.

John lives on top of Lookout Mountain, just off Laurel Canyon in a house, from where on a clear day, one can see the serene Pacific and on a night of fairly good visibility, the less tranquil blaze of Hollywood.

We can't build character, much less a house, but if we ever do try our calloused hands at the latter we'll build a domicile like John's. We think he's got the right idea. At least the house has the merit of being different, which should count for something. The great living room, for instance, is on the upper floor. Facing a full-length bay window are twin pianos. The bedrooms are on the ground floor and for an excellent practical reason.

"What good," he says, "is a window with a view to a man who is asleep?"

You can answer that one. We couldn't.

Downstairs there is a kitchen equipped [*Continued on page* 61]

John Carroll's first big part under his new contract is with Ann Sothern in *Congo Maisie*

Lady Esther says Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?



Careful! Your new skin depends on *you* to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, *if you will do your part!*

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it *can* be flattering—*can* make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—*if*—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream *at my expense.* Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the *glamour* of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



What Happens to Shirley's Money?

Shirley Temple makes a fortune every year. What is being done to safeguard that money, and Shirley, herself, against the hazards that menace the child stars?

By SONIA LEE

■ On my desk are more than a hundred letters asking questions about Shirley Temple.

They range from inquiries about her present and possible future wealth, to the more searching and human questions about her destiny as a woman.

What will happen to the miracle child of this generation, say five, ten years from now?

The letters ask: "How will Shirley escape the fate of other wealthy girls?"

"Is she destined for unhappiness and disillusionment in the motives of people by reason of her wealth and her position?"

"Will fortune-hunters seek her out and break her heart when she arrives at womanhood?"

"How is her future being protected?"

"Will she continue in pictures?"

"What provision is being made for her education?"

"Will she have difficulty in making emotional adjustments as she grows older?"

These are not questions of idle curiosity. But they are the result of real interest, tender anxiety and love for the world's most remarkable child.

As such they deserve careful answers.

I asked Mrs. Gertrude Temple for the answers. She gave them.

Gertrude Temple is a poised, twinkly-eyed, exquisitely groomed person. She is a woman of wonderful insight. She has qualities as a mother and as a woman which has earned Hollywood's awed respect. And Hollywood is hard to awe.

In the adjoining room Shirley was taking her French lesson. And frequently, as Mrs. Temple and I talked, she stopped to listen, calculating the progress by the tempo of her child's voice seeping through the closed door.

■ As wealth is considered today, Shirley Temple will never be enormously rich. By the end of the next five years, when she is fifteen, she will have approximately a million dollars in her own right.

This estimate is based on her present Twentieth Century-Fox contract which covers this five-year period. Also on other commercial contracts.

Adventures, fortune-hunters, spongers—that fraternity which considers a wealthy and beautiful young girl fair prey—will find slim pickings in Shirley's vicinity because her parents have planned [*Continued on page 64*]



Above, very early in her career, plans were made for the safe investment of Shirley's pay checks

Right, Shirley with the careful parents who plan for her 50 years ahead and Darryl Zanuck, the man who produces her pictures

"IMAGINE ME GIVING ADVICE TO A MOVIE STAR!"



1. Whee! I was thrilled when the stylish dressmaker I work for told me to deliver a gorgeous evening gown to my favorite movie actress! But when I got to her house and the French maid took the dress into the inner room, I heard my Glamour Girl blow up.



2. "No, no, send it back! I won't need it," she moaned. "This whole afternoon I've been standing on the lot . . . *now* I'm too chafed to go out!" . . . Say, was I on a spot! Madame, the modiste, would be furious if I brought back that dress.



3. So I flew into the room. "Wait," I cried. "It must be you haven't heard about Miracle Modess. It now has 'Moisture Zoning'—a wonderful new feature that acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving edges dry and comfortable longer than ever before!"



4. "I...have some Modess," stammered the maid. And soon we were cutting a pad. "Look," I said. "Here's why Modess is softer, too! It's made of *fluff!* Not a bit like layer-type napkins. And thanks to Modess' moisture-resistant backing," I rushed on, "Modess is safer, too!"



5. Well, my Glamour Girl was delighted! And that night, as I stood outside the rope and watched the "celebs" sail in to a "first night"—there she was! Looking gorgeous! And handing her grand bouquet of orchids to *me!* Glory, but I'm glad I told her about Miracle Modess!

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Troubadour From Texas

He is a sensation in the small towns but the big cities never have a chance to see his films

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY



Why stop at a white tie? A white suit, daintily outlined in black, for formal occasions, seems to please Mrs. Autry

■ New York rejected him ten years ago when he first arrived in the Big Town from the cactus country, caparisoned in the most outlandish Western get-up you ever saw, totin' a guitar and a-hankerin' for a radio sponsor.

Today, after he has built one of the largest fan followings in the films, become Republic Pictures' Number One investment, and zoomed into the financial stratosphere with an income way into six figures, New York is the one spot on this globe that still blows cold.

His name is Gene Autry, the Hell-for-Leather Cowboy in C-sharp whose crooning and guitar rhythms are known around the world. But who would not get a second glance from Greater New York's millions except for his clothes, which grow more fanciful each year.

Movie critics of the great Manhattan dailies have never reviewed an Autry film. His horse operas are not shown in any of the downtown picture palaces. And if this isn't enough of an indignity, moppets who see him traipsin' around in his picturesque cowboy



Champion, Gene Autry's beloved mount, lunches with him at The Savoy, London

Below, aglitter with silver and mother-of-pearl is fashionable Mr. Autry in his everyday working clothes



Joe Sully, Smiley Burnette (featured in all Autry pictures) and Mary Carlisle in a scene from his new film, *Washington Cowboy*. Note the purty cuffs. Below, it's a solemn moment for Autry, if not for June Storey, when the tooled boots get that glossy shine from the studio bootblack



outfit, looking something like a Lucius Beebe of the brush country, regard him in confusion and pronounce, fumblingly, the dreadful greeting:

"Hi, Lone Ranger!"

Lone Ranger, indeed!

Gene Autry is a household world in Trenton, Tokyo and Timbuctoo. Even in war-torn Madrid the urchins know him well and hail him as "Senor Zheen." Even in restrained England, Gene Autry is something of a White God in a Saddle. Not only is he lionized by the city Cheapside, but even flossy Mayfair treks to the suburban music halls when Gene and his guitar are to be seen. As for the little princesses-royal, they let out a dignified yippee at the first rumor that a new Autry film is to be previewed at Buckingham Palace. That's how the detached British go for our Gene.

The Irish are even worse. You would have thought that Gene was an off-shoot from the old sod, or that maybe the late and revered St. Patrick had returned to life, judging from the way 750,000 cheering Gaels mobbed him in Dublin early last August.

Not even Hitler has ever put the Indian sign on a single scene from an Autry picture. The Germans see him just as he is, a Romeo of the Range. But with rhythm!

The astonishing career of the yodeling buckaroo began precisely 31 years ago on a rambling rancho which claims Tioga, Texas, as its postoffice.

Here, like the little Hiawatha, the young Autry early sought communion with nature. Outside his window was the purple sage. Over the same purple sage roamed the herd. And a herd means work—work that is best handled from a saddle.

Long before he ever reached the Nick Carter literature stage he had become a top-flight wrangler for his father. Townspeople still remember him as "Hell-on-a-Mustang Autry." And those veterans who helped Autry play valet to steers have never forgiven him for chucking the cowboy life. They shake their heads in bereavement over the lost soul, when anyone mentions Gene and pictures.

How he happened to part company with his father, his father's household and Tioga, of which he is to this day inordinately proud, is probably the story, old as sin, about the faroff hills looking greener than the local scenery. The plain truth is that the purple sage began to pall on him. He was 18 when he looked eastward, liked the view and got restless.

"I just got a-hankering to see the world," is how he puts it.

He didn't get terribly far that first trek. He landed in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, where he found a job as a telegraph operator. All day long he murdered the Morse code sending out messages.

And at night he roamed the streets of the little town with time on his hands. It was only natural that before long the old restlessness began to plague him. Sapulpa was nifty but not exactly exciting. So as not to wind up talking to himself, he began singing to himself for diversion.

Music, as the adage insists, has strange charms. Before long Gene Autry was

How I turned my ostrich into a peacock!



Granny gave a party one day and I noticed my little Betty hiding like an ostrich—as if she were ashamed to be seen. Later, the poor kid told me that some of the youngsters had been joking about tattle-tale gray—they said her dress had it bad.



I was so upset, I wept. And Granny was furious. "Why wash with lazy soaps that leave dirt stuck in the clothes?" she stormed. "To get clothes really clean, just use Fels-Naptha—bar or chips!"



Well, I practically flew to the grocer's after Granny told me to switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. And tattle-tale gray dropped right out of my life! My washes are a dream since I put Fels-Naptha's richer, *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha* on the job! Every towel and sheet so breezy-sweet and bright! Every dress so snowy-white, it's no wonder *my* little girl is the *proudest* little girl in town!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap—*BAR or CHIPS*





"Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. See how it makes the greasiest, grimiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing. See if you don't find it the grandest bar soap you've ever tried!"



"And if you use a washer . . . try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. The only chips holding richer *golden* soap and *naptha!* They move dirt faster because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And my, what rich, creamy suds you get—they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder."



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

BILL NEVER GOT HIS HAT OFF!



1. "Don't take your hat off, William!" commands Mrs. Todd. "The kitchen drain is clogged—the sink's a mess—we're eating *out!*"



2. "That drain plugged again?" frowns Bill. "*This* time, I know what to do! A fellow at the office said 'Get Drāno!'—and I *will!*"



3. Down the drain goes Drāno. It gets down deep—*digs out* the clogging grease and muck—clears the drain *thoroughly!*



4. "No drain is going to put us out again!" grins Bill. "Just use a teaspoonful of Drāno every night—to *keep* the drain clean!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.





Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

sending away for a sax, right out of Sears, Roebuck.

"I fooled around with the thing for quite a piece and then I gave it up," he explains nowadays. "I put the sweetest sounds you'd ever want into that sax but they came out something terrible. So I went back to the gee-tar."

Gene might still be in Sapulpa except for a timely nudge from Fate. One quiet evening, he was propped up in one of the Frisco Railroad's most comfortable chairs, going to town with "A Cowboy's Heaven," when a tanned stranger breezed in, and asked if he could send a telegram.

"Sure thing," said Autry, when he had finished the chorus. And he handed him a blank. While the man wrinkled his brow and struggled with the message, Gene plunked out a few more mournful chords and carried on.

"Sorry to cut in like this, son, but will you be sure and see that this goes off right away—collect?"

Autry unwound himself to a perpendicular.

"Just one other thing," the stranger went on, his face a broad expanse of grin: "You've got a mighty nice voice, a real sweet voice. And you play even better than you sing. Why don't you do something about it?"

Then he was off.

Autry laid down his guitar, picked up the message. It was addressed to a famous New York newspaper syndicate and ran about 100 words. At the bottom was the signature, Will Rogers.

You could have swatted Gene down with a water lily.

The turning point in many careers is a sign from on high. Gene Autry recognized his with perfect ease. He packed his carpet bag and bid adieu to Sapulpa. With Rogers' blessing illuminating his very soul, he headed for the rainbow, New York.

Guitar, cowboy get-up and all, he traipsed over to the offices of the people who make the Victor records and demanded an audition. He got one. The platter barons heard the strange sounds that rolled off the discs and were amused, charmed, even. But not exactly wowed. They sent him home for "more experience," another way of saying, "It would be a big help to us if you got a following."

The great rebuff came in mid-summer. As fall broke over the cattle country, Gene, somewhat chastened but fighting mad, was already launched on his career. He had hooked up with Station WKY for a program originating at Tulsa and piped over to Oklahoma City as well. He was billed as "Oklahoma's Yodeling Cowboy."

What happened from then on defies imagination. He became an overnight hit. In a land where a cowboy is as novel as a Dodger fan in Brooklyn, he became a sensation. So much so that his station was showered with fan mail and requests for photographs. No one was more astounded than Autry.

So spectacular was the response that NBC dispatched a man to take a squint at the Autry person. He, too, was impressed and proved it by whipping out a contract which wafted Gene to Chicago, where he was assigned the singing role in the National Barn Dance program. When the first 13 weeks were up, his contract was renewed. This time, thanks to a bombardment of ecstatic praise from the listeners, he was shot up to the number one spot, master of ceremonies.

A household word in the middle west, he got the idea of making personal appearances with a troupe of his colleagues. Here, too, was instant acclaim. The troupe did repeats and rerepeats. The din grew louder.

Chicago is nearer New York than is Sapulpa, Oklahoma, in more ways than one. Even as Autry, dazed but willing, was basking in the sun of his sudden fame, his bank account swelling by the clock, a group of executives of Republic Pictures was pondering the problem of new talent.

"Why not comb the airwaves?" spoke up a cunning one.

"For instance?"

"For instance, Gene Autry."

No reply.

"We could put Autry in Westerns," the cunning one went on. "And he could sing. I think the kids would eat it up."

Inspired prophecy!

Autry's screen career was launched in a film called *In Old Sante Fe.* The star was Ken Maynard, but the man who walked off with the picture was the cowboy who sang like a Texas mockingbird and called himself Gene Autry.

The box-office returns made the officials at Republic hysterical with joy. In a hurry they placed the astounded Gene under five-year contract, and rushed preparations for a serial to be called *Phantom Empire.*

Would history repeat itself, they wondered?

It outdid itself! The fabulous episodic saga of a strange kingdom located beneath a dude ranch owned by buckaroo Autry and presided over by a beautiful but cruel—at least cruelish—princess confirmed the miracle. Kids were transported to Seventh Heaven. And mothers began writing in to Republic protesting that when Junior should have been concerned over the fact that his long-division homework wasn't coming out just right he was actually worried over how long Gene Autry was going to stand that up-stage treatment from that sappy princess before he let her have one on the kisser.

Almost ten years have passed since Will Rogers offered his momentous advice. Hundreds of miles of song-and-

action film have been reeled off the projectors in the interim, and the Autry name has become a magic word, not only in entertainment but in commerce.

Kids the world over slip into Gene Autry sweatshirts when they come home from school. They fasten to their hips the Gene Autry guns. (One million were sold in less than a month!) If they have a larger allowance, they sport Autry cowboy suits. And perhaps little sister cuddles a Gene Autry doll. Then, more than likely, after the supper dishes are put away, older brother, or maybe Pop, himself, puts on an Autry record.

Autry's songs run into the hundreds and the disc sales are staggering. Possibly ten million Autry records have gone into circulation.

And what of Autry, himself?

Fame and fortune have left Gene pretty much the same good-natured, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, quiet-talking lad who once swooped down on the record people, except perhaps, that his wardrobe is bigger and wilder than even before.

Even when he meets the press, or maybe Mrs. Roosevelt, he's the singing cowboy. Sometimes, to be sure, the outfit is "formal." This would be a nifty white-flannel job piped with blue, trousers that fit snug as a glove and a jacket cut high and tight.

He is married to a former Oklahoman, Ina Mae Spivey. He hates display, avoids nightclubs. His pet hobby is collecting fancy 10-gallon hats. Currently the number stands at 31. You can figure out the investment by multiplying this figure by $50. His boots and shoes are hand-made and marvels of the tooler's art. His saddles would make any leather-lover swoon with delight. They cost fabulous sums, are heavy with silver, and covered with intricate designs.

No small part of this renown is due to Champion, his incomparable horse. No knight had a nobler steed. All true Autry fans have a place in their hearts for Champion. Strands of hair from Champion's tail have brought as high as $2.50 from admirers. So definitely "big-noise" is Champion that he has even done his part on a radio program. He whinnied. Gene Autry, on his part, stints Champion nothing. He has built him a $50,000 trailer, air-conditioned and equipped with fans, showers and a 24-hour-a-day groom. The trailer is large enough for Champion to entertain house guests. It has accommodations for two playmates.

■ What is he going to do about haughty New York? Nothing, for the time being, but give his level best to his art, continue to turn out records and bank the royalties that pour in on him. He isn't worrying, but he is mighty interested to see what happens when his new picture *Shooting High* comes to town, and his name, co-starred with Jane Withers, goes up in lights on Broadway.

"I shore am going to give *Shooting High* all I got," Mr. Autry told this sympathizer. "Maybe New York folks just like those Ginger Rogers pictures and this Hedy Lamarr. I can't compete with them."

Right you are, pardner, right you are.



Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you really be *sure!* Send for them FREE!

ARE YOU innocently choosing the *wrong* nail polish shade? One that blends with your costume, perhaps—but not with your *skin?* Why go on guessing?

Send for my 12 free "Magic Fingertips"! Keep these priceless fashion aids in your dressing table. Consult them always. Each wears a different Lady Esther Nail Polish shade, *exactly* as it will look on your hands.

My "Magic Fingertips" tell such fascinating secrets! *Try each and every shade.* You'll discover instantly which shades make your hands look whiter . . . which shades make your nails look smaller! Yes, there'll be one of my new, fashion-right shades to flatter not only each of your costume colors, but *your skin!*

Go to your favorite store, and order that shade in Lady Esther Cream Nail Polish. For only Lady Esther has the *exact* shade your "Magic Fingertips" told you to buy! Notice how smoothly my polish flows on . . . how it resists peeling and chipping for seven long days . . . gives your hands new loveliness!

Lady Esther
7-DAY
CREAM NAIL
POLISH

12 "MAGIC FINGERTIPS" FREE!

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)
LADY ESTHER, 7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (55)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

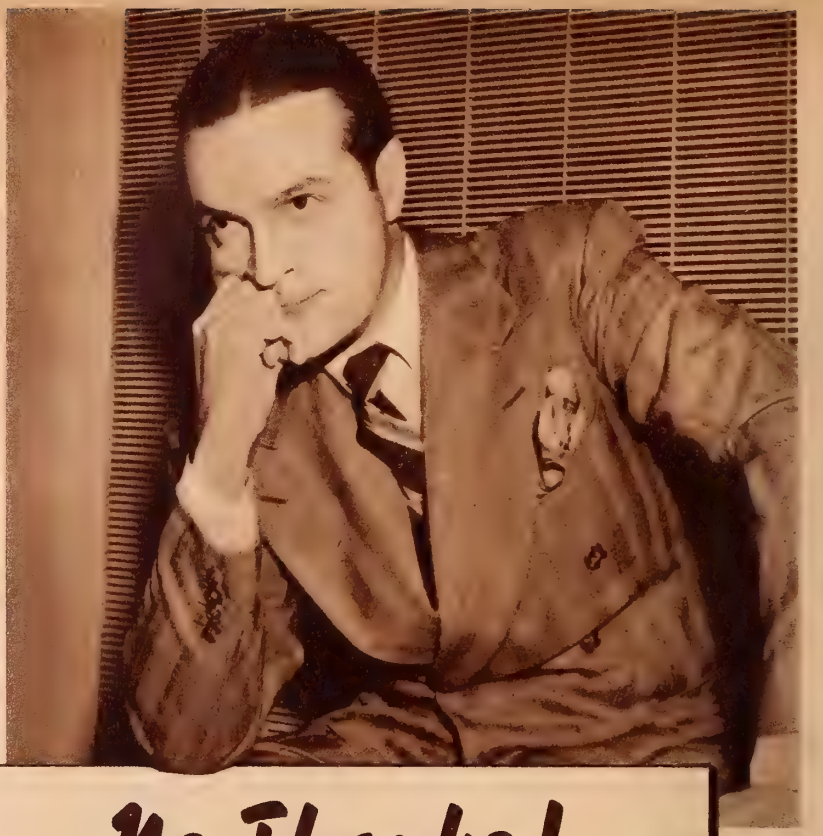
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

NEW ODORLESS* CREAM
safely REMOVES HAIR

Nair is painless . . . not irritating to normal healthy skin...*no sulphide depilatory odor... economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. **NAIR**



No Thanks! For the Memory

"Thanks for the memory
Of the bird that wasn't there;
The dame who tore her hair;
Of corny shows, a busted nose,
A Chicago cupboard bare?
NO THANK YOU so much!"

By JOYCE LANG

■ Strong men break down and weep when Bob Hope sobs out that heretofore unpublished version of the ditty he made famous. There's such a sad story back of it that Bob even goes pretty much to pieces himself.

"It sort of brings out the Pagliacci in me," he explained. "You see, it's the story of some of my more memorable flops, professional and personal. As Fidler would say, memories that bless and burn."

Frankly startled, I took another swig of the prune juice (bottled) which Bob was providing for my refreshment on the set of Paramount's *Road To Singapore* in which he is co-starred with Crooner Crosby and Luscious Lamour. By habit I'm geared to hearing actors talk about their successes and how they laid 'em in the aisles in Wawhoozis. It's revolutionary to hear a blunt admission of a flopperoo, even set to music.

"I'm different," Bob modestly confessed. "I count my little failures one by one. I find it extremely effective for a threatened case of the swelled head. For instance, did I ever tell you about the time they laid *me* in the aisles of a Cleveland stove factory?"

It seems Bob had a brother who owned a stove factory in Cleveland, Ohio, to which he was adding a new wing. One day the brother came up with an idea of magnificent proportions. He would stage a show for the employees within the factory itself when the wing was completed, and, as the star of the show, would present Bob who was winning acclaim with his vaudeville act of casual and sophisticated chatter.

Flattered by this demonstration of fraternal confidence, Bob agreed to appear.

Came the night of the big shin-dig and Bob stepped airily out on the makeshift stage which had been erected amidst the massive machines used in creating the stoves. Facing him were several hundred workmen and their wives, a pleasant expression of anticipation written on their faces.

"Then began one of the wildest nightmares I ever lived through," Bob related. "I pulled my first gag, a sure-fire laugh-getter. Nothing happened to break the attentive silence. Taken aback, I let go with another gag, one of my best. Blank faces stared back at me. Jarred to my eye teeth, I poured everything I had into the next five minutes. I worked like I've never worked before or since. I tried highbrow jokes and lowbrow puns. Not one single laugh could I milk from that dead-pan audience. Exhausted and beaten, I finally stumbled from the stage to a polite smattering of applause. It was obvious they believed they had been sold down the river and by the boss himself. It was a touchy situation."

"Gee whiz," I sympathized, "You couldn't have been *that* bad. What had gone sour?"

"Just a trifle, considering I was doing a monologue," Bob sighed. "It seems the room had been sound-proofed to deaden the roar of the machinery, an item somebody forgot to tell me about. My long-suffering audience therefore was under the impression I was doing a 'dumb' act, which is theatrical parlance for pantomime. And, I might add, a very unfunny 'dumb' act!"

Then there was the Case of the Phantom Razzberry or The Little Bird That Wasn't There. That happened just last summer when Bob was making a personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre in New York.

He was standing in the wings at the afternoon show waiting his turn and listening to the singer with the band when the disturbing sound of a nice round razzberry, vulgarly called a Bronx cheer, met his ears.

"My, my," Bob muttered to himself, "what a friendly audience we have today!"

A few moments later he was on stage and well into the telling of his third gag when the unpleasant noise again made itself heard. This time it was a good loud one. Flicking the audience with an annoyed glance, he interrupted his routine to inquire if the bus from the Bronx was in, and then went on. Again he was half way through a gag when the full-toned razzberry bellied out to the accompaniment of screaming laughter from the audience. This time he stopped and stepped to the footlights.

"Will the ushers please locate the character who is doing that and bring him backstage?" he asked icily. "Now as I was saying . . ."

Again he went on with his act and again in the middle of a joke the rude noise broke it up. The audience was roaring by this time but Bob was mad as hops.

"Who's doing that?" he demanded angrily.

A man in the third row pointed toward

25 Yards in this Skirt...



Yet—due to skillful designing — there's not a hint of bunchiness or bulk!

The same applies to Kotex sanitary napkins! Made in soft *folds*... with more absorbent material where you need it ... less in the non-effective portions of the pad... Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Less apt to chafe, too—for it's entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



Don't fear an audience! A moisture-resistant panel is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad — to give extra protection!

And what confidence it brings to know there are no tell-tale bulges to give your secret away! Flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make revealing outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!



Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super*—*Regular*—*Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers ... flat, tapered ends ... and moisture-resistant "safety panels." *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office





the ceiling. Bob interpreted the signal to mean the offender was sitting in the mezzanine and promptly dispatched the stage manager to find the house manager and send him to find the heckler and throw him out.

The helpful Hannah in the third row, however, had meant no such thing. He was pointing to the horns of the sound amplifiers, whence, the enraged and nerve-shattered comedian later discovered, the insulting noises were broadcast each time a brush in the defective sound system passed over a certain point in the motor. And to make it worse, it also was discovered the horns were designed only for use during the showing of the picture and there had been no need for them to be on at all during the stage show!

"Luck like that seems to haunt me," Bob mourned.

■ As he went on to tell me of other sad mishaps (sad for him, that is) which had befallen him, one truth did become apparent: his famous flops were not entirely of his own making; somebody or something else usually had a hand in them. Like the untimely entrance Governor Lehman of New York made, and the woman who threw a fit.

The Lehman debacle occurred when Bob was a guest star at the Judge Hartmann benefit for the Israel Orphanage in Madison Square Garden. In his limited routine he had only one gag to pull and for five minutes he worked his audience of 22,000 to the proper pitch for the punch line. Just as he was about to deliver it to what he hoped would be thunderous applause, the governor of the sovereign state of New York made a stately entrance down the center aisle. Twenty-two thousand heads turned as one from Hope to Lehman. Even the spotlight deserted him to focus on His Excellency who promptly milked all the handclapping Bob had been working so hard to win. When the tumult finally died down and the light swung back to him, Bob was strolling off the stage.

"Oh well," he told the audience, "that's what I get for being a Republican."

■ The fit lady broke up his act in St. Louis. The audience had been sitting on its hands, which is the blunt way an actor describes an unresponsive crowd, and Bob had been working overtime to warm it up. (Managers, it seems, are peculiarly sensitive about audiences which fail to laugh at a comedian, and apt to be pretty plainspoken about it when pay-off time comes around.) Things were beginning to look a little more favorable and Bob was beginning to thaw out when it happened. A commotion broke out in the front row. People yelled and stood on their seats to see what was happening. Ushers rushed up and down the aisle. The house lights went up and soon two huskies appeared in white uniforms to carry out a kicking, screaming woman. Meanwhile Bob stood alone on the big stage, the original Forgotten Man.

"I don't mean to be unkind about it," he said plaintively to me, "but I've always thought she might have been a little more considerate about the time. A seal act followed me and it wouldn't have bothered them a bit."

■ No thanks for the memory either, he said, of the eight minutes of agony he put in on a London stage last winter trying to coax smiles from the stone-faced Britons with the same material that had American audiences splitting their sides. Or for the weary winter months in Chicago in 1927 when theatre managers wouldn't give him a tumble for love or money that resulted in a $400 bill for doughnuts and coffee! Or for the night Bandleader Jimmie Grier introduced him to a Biltmore Bowl audience. He was just getting a toehold in Hollywood then, Bob said, and the introduction was a swell break for him because a lot of movie bigwigs were in the house.

"Shirley Ross was getting a forestry award or something that night and had taken me with her," Bob related. "The Bowl was jammed and I was tickled pink when Jimmie asked if he might also present me."

The drums rolled and the trumpets blew a fanfare. Into the spotlight stepped our young hero.

"And now ladies and gentlemen," Jimmie announced, "I would like to present that famous Broadway comedian, that brilliant star of vaudeville and musical comedy, the young man whose name is on everyone's lips, the Paramount find of the year———BOB HOKE!"

■ He'd also just as soon forget a certain afternoon in Cleveland when he was a brash young whiffet (whiffet: a superwhippersnapper) of 16 who fancied himself as a pretty tough gent and some shakes when it came to boxing, having taken a successful part in a number of amateur boxing tournaments. In cocky confidence he invited his dad, William Henry, to step out in the back yard and put on the gloves.

William Henry must have been some shakes with his fists himself. The bout ended with one blow, a beautiful haymaker with which he bopped his presumptious young son flush on the beak!

It is with some pain he recalls an earlier afternoon in Cleveland when Aunt Lethbridge persuaded him to sing and recite at a garden party for the Woman's Club. (From last reports Aunt Lethbridge would just as soon forget it too.) Decked out in the prim habiliments of a well brought up boy of 11, he chose to render the touching poem called "Somewhere In France." To his horror, the good ladies of Cleveland laughed in his face.

"But truth crushed to earth will rise again," Bob philosophized. "That decided me to be a comedian. Without, however, gestures."

At 12 he made his debut in crime, another uncomfortable memory. He was working after school in a flower shop and in cahoots with the other delivery boy, pinched $2.00 of the firm's delivery money to buy some coveted roller skates.

"My legs still ache when I think of the swift punishment meted out to us," he grinned. "Aside from being sent to scorn-

ful coventry by our families, we were made to work for the proprietor of the shop for the next three months without wages. Furthermore, we were given no street-car money for transportation but had to make every last delivery on foot!

"Needless to say, that put an abrupt end to any notion either of us entertained that crime was a paying proposition."

■ If a good fairy ever comes along and offers to erase *one* memory from the Hope mind, Bob won't be tortured by indecision. There's one he's been trying to get rid of for the past 15 years.

It was in the hey-day of vaudeville in 1925 when Bob and his partner, George Byrne, finally talked the innocent manager of the Franklin theatre in the Bronx into giving them a try-out. The act, I believe, bore the original title of *The Personality Boys in Smart Songs, Dances and Patter.*

The thud it registered could be heard at the Battery seven miles away. But not, apparently, in the ears of Mr. Hope and Mr. Byrne, for they dashed out of the dressing room in wild excitement when they heard the manager calling them at the conclusion of the show. The ace vaudeville house of the country, the Palace, probably was clamoring for their talent.

"Hope and Byrne!" the manager roared.

"Yes, SIR!" Bob shouted. "Right here!"

The manager gave them a fishy eye. "You might at least put on a little make-up and LOOK good the next time you try out . . . in somebody else's theatre!"

In Defense of Duels

[*Continued from page 23*]

apple pie. Our cars were parked so close that we practically had our elbows in each other's plates.

The lights were a-flash on Hollywood Boulevard and the traffic flowed in a shiny stream down Sunset. From near-by motors floated chatter and laughter, laced with the odor of gardenias and fried shrimp, and Clark Gable was deep in potato chips two cars beyond. It all seemed doggone romantic to our unsophisticated American gaze. But there certainly weren't any duels. "Don't stop," we begged Ilona . . . "that duel they fought over you. How was it? Why was it? Give!"

"Dinner in Budapest!" Ilona said, and the way she said it, it could have been the title of a movie. Ilona has hazel eyes which often look blue. They are singularly luminous and mischievous, and feature a sidelong glance that's thoroughly Budapestian. You can gather how diverting a dinner in Budapest might be.

"Well, this evening," Ilona continued, "a man took me to one of our beautiful, large restaurants where the linen is so white and fine and the waiters so attentive and the gypsy orchestra so—gypsy. Another man I knew came over from his table and asked me to dance.

"In such a case, an Hungarian girl turns to her escort and says, 'May I?' If he says, 'No,' she is supposed to refuse. My escort said, 'No' "—Ilona's eyes sparkled— "but I said, 'Yes'."

She sampled the apple pie. "After the dance, my escort bowed to this man, very stiffly,"—Ilona drew herself up and bowed very stiffly over the dessert— "who bowed in return, and they exchanged cards. The man with whom I had come to dinner said, 'My seconds will call upon you in the morning.' So everybody knew soon there will be a fight with swords."

Wasn't she in a dither? Wasn't she aghast? Wasn't—

"I was excited. Yes. But everybody knew it would not be a fatal thing. It takes courage, naturally, but with swords it is not too serious. Soon after dawn, as I heard later in the day, they went out to a distant woods. Because to duel is against the law, so they fight inside military barracks, where the police cannot intrude, or they go to distant places in secret. And those two fought in the woods.

"The man who took me to dinner received a cut on his arm, the man who danced with me received a cut on his cheek of which he was very proud. So everyone was satisfied. But if it is a dispute over here, you scowl, that is all."

"Come, come, Ilona," we said. "Scowls are better in the long run than swords. Safer, at any rate."

Ilona conceded this. She doesn't have



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an actual yen for bloodshed. "But in swords is more *romance*," she countered firmly. "Many times the Hungarian does not consider himself a man till he has a sword mark, on the face if possible, to show what a big, brave man he is." She laughed tolerantly. "They like it, or they would not do so. They duel about everything. For a look. For nothing.

"Your escort asks what selection you wish the orchestra to play. He reaches the orchestra leader at the same time another man is telling the leader to play some other selection. Neither will yield. So! A duel, of course.

"Not with pistols, not for a reason like this. Pistols are serious, and for a cause more important than a look or a tune. But when it comes to swords—nearly everyone has been to fencing school and can defend himself. It is over in two hours."

Two *hours*.

"I do not say there is no risk, but in Hungary for centuries it has been the custom to settle a dispute in this way. Why, I know a man, he is famous in Hungary, who at the age of 45 had fought 76 duels. Simply, people kept disagreeing with his opinions and naturally he kept sending challenges.

"Another man, the girl's parents would not let him pay court to her, so they eloped. He was a clerk in a bank, nobody ever heard of him, but he became the most celebrated person in the land. Because first he had to fight a duel with the girl's father, then with each of her three brothers—some of them pistol duels, I think—and he won every time. People made much of him; he was a hero."

"You said it," we murmured.

"Hungarian men *like* to duel," Ilona insisted.

"Then it's too one-sided," we objected. "If men have such fun duelling over girls, girls ought to be allowed to duel over men."

"Oh, they do," Ilona responded; "women often go to fencing school, and there have been cases where two women fought with swords over a man. But," she added primly, "this is not considered very feminine."

■ For a while she paid attention to her apple pie. But presently she fetched a deep, nostalgic breath.

"To go out for the evening in Budapest," she said, "is not to know a dull moment, even if there is no duel, because the men are so considerate, so attentive. You keep an Hungarian waiting an hour, he bows low and says it does not matter, he was happy to wait for you, your arrival is his reward. Of course—" Ilona's eyes flashed merriment— "he may not show up at all next time, but he will not complain about your delay this time. Hungarian men are not easily stirred to anger with women.

"You walk down the street with him, and he is watching constantly from the corner of his eye to see whether you notice any other man. Hungarian men are extremely jealous. They are generous, but they are jealous. 'You looked at him! I saw you!' 'Oh, no; honestly, I didn't', and you are hurt and indignant. So then he cries: 'The stars are not shining because you are not smiling. What can I do? I will give you the moon, I will tear the stars from the sky for you!' "

"It is satisfactory," Ilona pointed out, returning to her pie, "to spend the evening with a man who is going to have the moon wrapped up for you, or whatever else you want. One night a man was taking me home and I merely mentioned: 'I think I smell lilies of the valley.' No more. That was all. He is the man who had the 76 duels, by the way.

"It is nearly midnight, and I say goodnight to him, and I go into the house and go to bed. At two in the morning, the whole household of my aunt is aroused. At the door stands a florist's messenger with—I don't know—two, four dozen bunches of lilies of the valley. An armful!"

"Romance can certainly be a pest, eh?" we commented. "Bet your aunt was good and mad."

Ilona's eyes shone. "No, no. My aunt is delighted, I am delighted, the maid who wakes to open the door, the florist's boy, the florist himself who was roused up and had to hunt around at that hour for lilies of the valley—we are all delighted because it is such a nice thought, a kind attention. You understand?

"Hungarian men try to think in every way of things that will please ladies. Nothing is too much trouble.

"In Hollywood, I am surprised. A woman is supposed to seat a man in the most pleasant chair, to see that he is comfortable, to offer him a cigarette . . . I think men in Hollywood are spoiled. Perhaps there are too many women here?"

Evidently there are not too many in Hungary. So imbued is that country with romance, Ilona stated, that both roses and cooking aid and abet it. Red roses mean love, as they do anywhere. But a girl adores receiving a great mass of yellow roses; they indicate that the swain is jealous. White roses, on the other hand, symbolize distant, reverent worship, admiration from afar.

■ As for cooking—Well, romance has other hazards than the sword.

"In some country districts, after a man has called upon a girl a few times but has not spoken of marriage, we have a saying that the girl's mother can help her. The girl's mother (it must be nobody else) cuts a small lock of hair from the girl's head and chops it very small and cooks it in a piece of meat, a cake, anything. Then it's up to the girl to get the young man to eat some of the dish. When he does, everything's all right. Soon he will formally ask the parents' consent to court the girl, for courtship is never casual in Hungary."

A dash of music from the radio of a near-by car brought Ilona to the subject of serenades. In Hungary, they have everything.

"For a serenade, the young man hires a gypsy band of musicians, it is not expensive, and drives out to the girl's house at midnight. Probably with a horse and carriage, for motors are not so numerous as here. Then he stays in the carriage and drinks her health in wine while the gypsy band plays and the leader sings a love song.

"If the girl wants this man to court her, she waves a lighted candle across her bedroom window. If not, the window remains dark."

"But suppose the girl doesn't happen to be home that midnight when the serenader appears?"

Ilona looked prettily shocked. "Any decent girl would be home by midnight!"

She herself had been serenaded, Ilona confessed. "Oh, what an uproar! Not the music, for it was beautiful, what I heard. But my father! 'Go away!' he cried, storming to the door, 'you are both too young to think of marriage!' (I was about 14.) The boy left with his gypsies. You can imagine how I felt—my first serenade to end like this."

Did she wave a candle in the window?

"I hadn't time to light a match," she chuckled, "much less a candle. My father was at the door so quick, you wouldn't believe."

■ It was shortly after this romantic but melancholy incident that Ilona went to the city to live with her aunt and, not yet 15, to work as seamstress in a tailor shop, saving money meantime for voice lessons. The next few years were discouraging. People told her she would never be a singer, and the family, despite the early serenade, were now convinced that she'd never find a husband—by Hungarian standards she was too thin. "And I was 10 pounds heavier," Ilona recalled, "than today." Suddenly she got a job with the Budapest opera chorus at $12 a month and, in due course, became a diva of the Viennese opera; father and mother in peasant costume occupying a box at her debut.

"To sing, that is the principal thing in Hungary," Ilona explained warmly; "everyone can sing. At harvest time on my father's farm we would all sit in the garden when evening came, and sing.

"Yes, with Hungarians to sing is first, then to make love, and to fight. At some country weddings there is such a terrible fight to decide who shall first kiss the bride that they say it isn't a wedding unless there's a killing. Romance again! . . . You have to be a little mad, perhaps, to appreciate it; the romance." She laughed delightedly. "At least you need to be a little bit Hungarian."

She returned to the apple pie but looked up to observe that one thing Hollywood has in common with Hungary is its sense of humor; its flair for practical jokes. "Yet even in Hollywood I have never seen such a practical joke as was played by a Hungarian of whom I knew. He gave a party and, as rounds of wine were served, he decided that his guests were dull. So he locked them in the house and set it afire.

"They began to plead with him, to flatter him. 'Well, *you* can come out,' he'd say to one of them, 'but not those others'—until one by one, he had let them all out. Then they turned to and extinguished the fire. Why not? He was a splendid man, only a trifle tipsy, and besides it was a great joke."

But there is something else which Hollywood decidedly does not have in common with Hungary. Petticoats.

"I have seen an Hungarian country girl with fifty petticoats on. Not fifteen. Fif-ty. It was a terribly hot day, too. The more petticoats a girl has, the richer she is supposed to be. Besides, the graceful way she sways as she walks with many petticoats is considered a help to romance.

■ "And you know another difference between Hungary and Hollywood? In Hungary, a man offers to tear down the stars from the sky for a girl. But after she's married to him she calls him 'uram'—'my lord.'"

Ilona's smile didn't let on whether she considered this an improvement over American ideas or not. "My lord." We-ell, maybe he rates it in return for armfuls of roses and moons yanked from the heavens and serenades and duels . . . "The stars are not shining because you are not smiling . . ." Hot diggity!

Wham!

Even Ilona looked up quickly from the remnant of her pie, returning to it with what seemed like a disappointed shrug, and as for us—our head full of Hungarian thoughts—we hung eagerly out the car window. But, no. It was only a tray dropped by a red-slacks girl. It wasn't (alas for romance in Hollywood!), it definitely *wasn't* the clash of swords.

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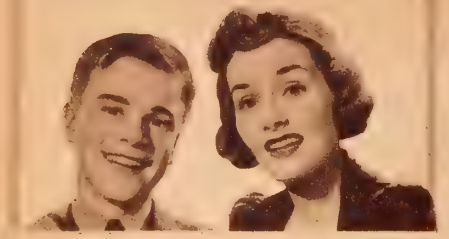




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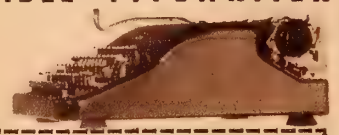


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Tyrone Power and Loretta Young are two of the hundreds of stars and studio workers for whom Nick Janios prepares delicious, unusual dishes

By BETTY CROCKER



It's probably the only famous restaurant in the world where they have police to keep out the public, but that isn't all that makes the Cafe de Paris unique. Twentieth Century-Fox operates the Cafe at a loss to feed its stars in the grand manner, and the gentleman in charge of this important function is Nick Janios.

Nick knows more celebrities by their first names than anyone else, but what is more important at the moment, he knows exactly what they eat and what cooking recipes they cherish.

He watches Shirley Temple's diet with as much care as her mother does. Shirley loves to filch a huge, fattening pastry, but Nick sees to it that she eats sensibly. He enlisted Alice Faye in "selling" her on spinach and carrots. He baked a cake for Hedy Lamarr's birthday that drew as much attention as the glamour girl herself, which is certainly something!

Nick sends his chief chef, Alfred Uhlrich, on an annual tour to bring back word of new delicacies, and until the war, Uhlrich visited the capitals of Europe every year. After his return, the Cafe is a busy spot for days as they try out new dishes in the big kitchens.

Now for some of the favorite recipes of the stars, gathered from the confidential portfolio of the Cafe de Paris. Let's start with a delicious meat dish favored by Alice Faye:

ALICE FAYE'S "TALLARNEE"

2 heaping cupfuls uncooked noodles
1 pound of round steak, ground
1 can of tomato sauce (or soup)
1 can of corn
1 can of ripe olives
1 cupful grated cheese
1 medium onion, chopped
2 heaping tablespoons butter
1 cupful water

Mince and fry onion in butter until brown. Add meat. Stir and cook until browned. Add tomato sauce and a cupful of water. Add noodles: stir and cook until the noodles are tender. More water may have to be added to keep mixture moist. Salt to taste. Add corn and olives. Pour into large buttered casserole. Sprinkle with cheese. Cook 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

RICHARD GREENE'S "RUBY PIE"

Wash 2½ cups cranberries
1¾ cupfuls sugar
1½ cups cold water

Cook in covered saucepan until the

berries stop popping. Put ⅓ of the berries into a deep, well-greased pie plate. Add a layer of sliced bananas. Continue with alternate layers of cranberries and bananas. Cover fruit with pie crust, fitting the pastry closely around the edge of the dish. Slash the crust and bake in a hot oven about 25 minutes, until the crust is well browned.

DON AMECHE'S CREAMED SHRIMP WITH RICE

2 pints shrimp
1 tablespoon tomato catsup
2 tablespoons butter
½ grated onion
½ cup boiled rice
1 gill cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Put the butter in the pan . . . when melted stir in the onion, then the rice, pepper and salt. Add the cream, shrimps and catsup. Stir until very hot. Let it simmer for five minutes and serve on toast. Serve from a chafing dish at the table.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S HADDON HALL GINGERBREAD

½ cup shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
1 cup dark molasses
2¼ cups all purpose flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup boiling water

Cream shortening and add the sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time. Add the well beaten egg and the molasses. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, soda, salt, ginger and cinnamon together and add alternately with the boiling water and mix well. Pour into a deep eight-inch square pan lined with greased paper and bake for 45 minutes in a moderate slow oven.

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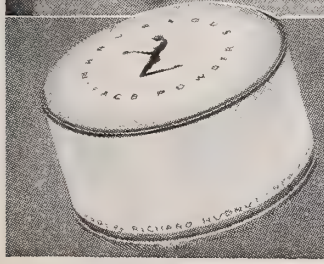
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By ELMER SUNFIELD



Above, Ona Munson as Belle Watling, in *Gone With the Wind.* Right, as herself, a talented and retiring actress who hates fuss and frills and pretense and noise

■ If President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is still in the market for a secretary who has a "passion for anonymity," we'll gladly recommend Ona Munson, the Belle Watling of David O. Selznick's *Gone With the Wind.*

Here's a girl, a decidedly pretty and smart one, who has a Broadway stage background that's about five New York smash hits ahead of most of her competitors. She's had years of stock experience. She's been a musical comedy star. She's played dramatic roles. She's worked in radio dramatic serials and has sung on such programs as the *Hammerstein Music Hall* and *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.* And she's been, and is, definitely, in motion pictures. But you wouldn't know it from what you've read about her, mainly because nothing much has been written about her. And that's been all right by her, because it has given her a private life into which very few have been able to intrude.

Since she's been in Hollywood (for the second time and we'll go into that later) she's been to but one big party—and one for Ona was enough.

"I met the same people with whom I worked from eight to twelve hours a day," she explains. "Not that I'm snooty or the least bit choosey. Oh, my, no! It just happens that when I work I want no social life at all. My idea of a pleasant social evening, after working hard on the stage or in pictures, is to be absolutely alone. My favorite indoor sport, when I'm alone, is to indulge in my one and only hobby, that of bringing my scrapbooks up-to-date. These books, in case you think I'm a press-clipping saver-upper, are not for or about myself. I have

one for all my friends, another for articles and pictures on interior decoration, and a third for the theatre ballet."

When she's free from theatre and screen chores, she likes to draw on her circle of friends for a bit of chit chat about this and that—which is one reason (we hope) why she invited us to her home not long ago. During the course of our visit, one word led to a couple of thousand and we're passing them on to you, feeling that you will like to know something about the girl who had to be coaxed (it's the gospel truth, so help us!) to make a test for one of the most coveted feminine roles in screen history.

"Being a girl," she said, "my parents hadn't thought of any career for me, so I selected one all by myself. Having danced from the day I took my first baby steps there was just no alternative. The first job at which I ever earned any money was in vaudeville. I was fourteen then, and, to make myself appear older, I used my salary to buy a diamong ring. I still have it."

Ever since she was a tiny child, Ona danced at amateur performances without number. "Hundreds of them," she claims. Before she was well into her teens, Ona began to work her girlish shenanigans upon her mother, and at last prevailed upon her to take her out of Miss Catlin's School for Girls in Portland, Oregon, and after that to take her to New York.

"By now," Ona says, "I not only persuaded myself, but Mother also, that I should take up dancing, seriously. A few months later I was studying the ballet under the Russian teacher, Larasoff. A few months later something else happened. Gus Edwards saw me dance and plucked me out of my Larasoff classes to become soloist in one of his big vaudeville revues. This was when I was fourteen. Two months with Edwards and then the executives of the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville circuit placed me at the head of a troupe called *A Manly Revue*. A more apt title would have been *Six Men and a Girl* because that's what the troupe consisted of. After we had played in every city in the United States, Mother and I decided we'd had enough of traveling and so we went to Europe! We lived there for a little more than a year and most of my time was spent catching up on my education."

■ Our singing-dancing globe-trotter returned to New York just in time to cop off the feminine lead in the musical comedy *No, No, Nanette*. The two years she spent with this show were the happiest two years she's ever spent in her life she says. Maybe the reception she received from the cash customers had something to do with that. It was nothing unusual, so Ona says, to do anywhere from five to a dozen encores of "Tea for Two" and "I Want To Be Happy," the two smash songs of the show.

No, No, Nanette proved to be the forerunner of a long list of musical comedies in which Ona was starred. *Tip Toes, Manhattan Mary* (with Ed Wynn), *Hold Everything* (with Victor Moore and Bert Lahr), *Pardon My English* (with Jack

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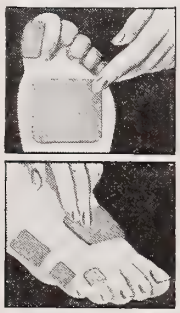


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Buchanan), and *Hold Your Horses* (with Joe Cook.)

Ona hit Hollywood for the first time as a Warner Brothers player and did several pictures, among them being *Going Wild, The Hot Heiress, Broad-minded* and *Five Star Final.* It was this picture that gave Ona the idea that she might go places as a straight dramatic actress.

"I thought it was worth a good old college try," she says, "Fortunately for me, Laura Hope Crews took me under her wing and I did *As Husbands Go,* and *The Silver Cord* with her. I learned a lot about acting, but I wasn't satisfied with myself. I needed more experience."

Ona must have absorbed plenty of the stage experience she had been working for and whether or not SHE thought she had improved, New York producers DID and backed their theatrical belief in the girl in the sticks by spotting her in *Petticoat Fever* opposite Dennis King and later in *Ghosts* with Nazimova.

Her role in *Ghosts* was a heavy one (even though ghosts don't weigh much) right enough, but it didn't keep her busy. So she went "haunting" for work —and found it in radio. If you're a dial twister you surely must have heard her in *Rich Man's Darling,* the Linit program, and *Cavalcade of America.* But even this added work failed to keep her busy, and before long she had a singing spot on the *Hammerstein Music Hall* and *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* programs!

Two summers ago Ona packed up her belongings, shook whatever dust there is on Broadway from her feet, and went out to Denver as leading woman at the famous Elitch's Garden Stock Company theatre where a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scout finally caught up with her.

■ "I refused to go back to Hollywood at first," Ona says, "because I felt that I wasn't ready for another fling at motion pictures, but you know how these scouts are—they can talk you into anything. So I came back, checked in at the studio—and for six months did nothing. When option time came around, no notification one way or another came from the studio which made my release automatic. I did one picture at Universal called *His Exciting Night* and then returned to New York for three months. When I returned I found Hollywood in a frantic search for some girl to play the Belle Watling role in *Gone With the Wind.* I had never read the book so I didn't realize what a great role it was. If I had, I'm sure I would have made a determined bid for a test, but about all I did was to sit around and listen to the great battle that was going on."

Most likely Ona would be sitting around yet but for her agent who hot-footed it out to see David O. Selznick, who was too busy with production troubles and worries to take much interest. He'd already had more than 200 girls tested for the role and had turned thumbs down on all of them. Yes, he said grudgingly to the persistent agent, he'd consent to see her, but frankly, he didn't have much hope that anything would come of it. And neither did the agent the next day when he brought Ona into the office. One look at Ona and Selznick said she was four inches too short. "But," he added wearily before he shouted NEXT for another testee, "it won't hurt to see how you look in the red wig and the dress. I want to be fair."

That was all that Ona wanted. On the way to the dressing room she stopped in a vacant office and phoned in a hurry up order to her maid to rush out to the studio with a pair of beach clogs. "The clogs had four inch cork soles," Ona reveals, "and I couldn't see why they wouldn't do in the test to build up my height to Mr. Selznick's demands."

Ona, all dressed up in her Belle Watling costume, dropped into Mr. Selznick's office on the way to her test, and you should have heard the rumpus that shook the watts right out of the electric lights. He gave her one surprised look, and called in the casting director who also gave her one surprised look.

"She's a natural for the part!" yelled the casting director.

"You're it!" Selznick shouted at her. "You won't need a test!"

As simple as that. More simple, even, than signing the contract which was simplicity itself, everything considered.

■ Laura Hope Crews, one of Ona's dearest friends, was a mite peeved when she heard of this Belle Watling business. "I may be old-fashioned," Miss Crews told all and sundry the day the selection was publicly announced, "but I can't understand why such a nice girl would want to play the part of such a bad woman. Ona certainly is a good artist if she persuaded them that she could do it."

How To Fascinate a Guest

[*Continued from page* 31]

flower episode I wonder if this "fascinating a guest" business is worth the candle. I wonder if the life of a homebody is all it's cracked up to be. Every time I ventured such a thought to Ann, however, she would give me an arch look and remind me of what the books said, and, worse, prove it to me in black and white.

There was that unfortunate matter of refreshments. Cesar, I know, is no toper and would have sold out for a lemonade. But he got milk because Ann said that one of the best ways to fascinate guests, according to her reading, was to show concern for their health. So Cesar got a nice healthy slug of milk. How was Ann to know that he was allergic to cows and would break out in a fine case of the hives?

Then there was the session of establishing her competency along the devious paths of domesticity. The book said it put a guest at ease to let him join right in

with the routine of the home. If you are accustomed to doing certain little tasks at a certain hour each day, let your guest help you, said the book. Ann usually doesn't dust the living room during the evening, but it seemed like a good way to prove a point.

She dusted every piece of bric-a-brac in the place, piling it en masse in Cesar's lap until she could remember where each piece should be returned, to prove she was a thorough little soul when she started something. The telephone call that kept her on the line for twenty minutes (and Cesar buried under china cats, bronze book ends, porcelain figurines, eight old magazines, a Webster's International dictionary weighing twelve pounds, three iron frogs, four crystal cigarette boxes, a set of dinner chimes and a brass platter) could not be helped, of course, however ill timed it seemed to be. She dust-mopped and carpet-swept and vacuum-cleaned. She laid the hearth and polished the silver, scoured the tile and washed the windows. She re-hung pictures and shelled three pounds of peas.

Was Cesar fascinated? Egad, yes! Or maybe stupefied is the word. His eyes were positively glazed with awe and admiration at this show of secret talent. Even Elizabeth huddled in a dark corner of the kitchen, kept saying, "This beats me? It sure does!" over and over. And Charlie, eying the shaker, was muttering something about "Daisies won't tell and neither will I!"

Once upon a time my sisters and I had a nursemaid who taught us sewing on Saturday mornings. Her favorite remark, as I remember, was *"lange Faedchen, faule Madchen"* which meant "long thread, lazy girl." I mention it now only because it has a bearing on what happened next at the Sheridan home that Wednesday night. Ann had decided to carry this "fascinating a guest" business to a logical extreme.

"The book says that men like to see women with a dainty bit of needlework in their hands," she whispered. "It's one of the gentler arts."

It can be a gentler art, but not the way she practises it. Cesar will testify to that.

Cosily cuddled at his feet, as beautiful a picture of domestic bliss as ever I've seen, Ann clipped off three or four feet of darning cotton, threaded it through the needle, and set to work on a diminutive hole in a tennis sock. In and out, her busy fingers wove the patch. Cesar, strangely enough (if what the book says is correct) found himself yawning.

"What's the matter, pal?" I asked. "Not bored, are you?"

At that psychological moment it happened. In pulling a stitch taut, the *lange Faedchen* carried the needle smack into a section of the Romero anatomy.

"Bored!" he screamed. "I'm stabbed!"

"That's terrible!" cried Ann. "And I bet you're hungry, too, for some home cooking!" (She gave me a bright knowing smile, "The way to a man's heart!" she whispered, and led the way to the kitchen.

I want to go on record with this observation right now: Kate Smith may be a cake-baker of the old school; so may Oscar of the Waldorf; even I can turn out a fair-to-middlin' sample of the culinary art. But Miss Ann Sheridan is no cake maker like I ever saw before or hope to see again. I say that not in malice but in reverence for the greatest one-woman cyclone I have ever seen in action. No monotonous obeisance to tradition for her! No, sir! It's a thrill a minute and as daredevil a performance as ever I saw on the Indianapolis speedway or a Pete Smith short. The abandon with which she cracks an egg and looses the titanic force of an electric beater in a bowl of batter! The nonchalance with which she tosses ingredients together! The verve she puts into the thing defies description! It's colossal! gigantic! stupendous! Brobdingnagian!

There is only one thing wrong with it. It doesn't fascinate a guest. Book or no book, it doesn't! How do I know? Because after we managed to revive him, Cesar made the hastiest exit from the Sheridan house on record. There was a terrifying gleam in his eye and strange gutteral sounds coming from his throat.

Elizabeth summed it all up very neatly when the closing door mercifully drew a curtain on the evening.

"Miss Ann, honey," she counseled. "You stick to oomph and let me take care of this here homebody business. That way we both'll get along fine."

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Beauty After Seven



Dorothy Lamour does not let the sun and the wind of her outdoor pictures, *Typhoon* and *The Road to Singapore* prevent her looking lovely at night. Here are her tricks

By ANN VERNON

This is a strictly work-a-day world.

For that reason, romance and gaiety begin for most of us in the evening—after we have covered up the typewriter or washed the last dish. That is when we meet love and fun half-way. That is when we transform ourselves from practical, hard-working girls into glamorous and alluring creatures!

So, make the most of your looks in those magic hours between 7 p.m. and midnight—or whenever curfew rings for you. Naturally you will have taken daily care of your skin, cleansing and softening it regularly. Naturally you will have shampooed and brushed your hair like a good little girl, and kept your figure slim. So you have a good firm foundation for those extra touches preparatory to stepping out for the evening.

Dottie Lamour looks

GOT A DATE?

Then be sure you look your loveliest! Write to our beauty editor for her advice on how to be your most alluring for gala occasions. Ask her about any of your beauty problems. The address is Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

as if she were watching the clock disapprovingly because her escort of the evening is late. But that sober look will vanish when he arrives, because she is certainly all beautified to make the most of the occasion. Make-up, hairstyle, manicure—everything is perfect for a gala evening. You notice that she isn't sitting on her hands to hide them! No, indeed! She's flaunting that lovely new nail polish she just put on. She knows it's wise to change your polish to harmonize with your costume, so she has selected a deep polish that picks up the shimmering of her gold lamé dress.

Chipped nail polish or polish that is too pale or dull under electric lights is one of the things that can help ruin an evening, as you may have discovered. I am all agog about some new opalescent nail polishes that are the latest brain-storm of a famous nail lacquer manufacturer. I fell for them immediately, and I think you will, too. They all shimmer and sparkle like opals when they catch the light, and are especially glamorous at night, although lovely during the daytime for an extra-feminine touch. There are three shades of pink and red, so you can have your choice. Number 1 is a delicate iridescent, clinging-vine pink, to wear with pastels; Number 2 is a radiant, lustred rose to wear with clearer colors; Number 3 is a shimmering red to go with navy or black, all white, or the popular red-white-and-blue combinations. These polishes are not designed to appeal to the tweedy type or the stay-at-home girl, but if you have a trace of glamour in you, these sparkling polishes will set it off! The polish is the long-wearing kind, bears a reputable trademark—and the price is only 35 cents a bottle. Want the name?

Don't Dottie's eyes look lovely? That's because she knows that a touch of mascara and shadow give them the extra accent they need under trying electric lights. All beauty-wise women use eye make-up sparingly for daytime—and more generously at night, so that their eyes won't fade out under artificial lighting. Take this tip seriously and start experimenting with eye make-up, if you haven't already discovered its peculiar magic. And drop me a line if you want the name of my most faithful friends, a grand mascara and a line of shadows. The lash darkener comes in cake and cream form, and I usually keep the cake in my dressing table, the tube of cream in my bag, for emergency eye make-ups. Both go on very easily, dry quickly, and refuse to run or make smudges on your cheeks. For daytime, I generally just tip the ends of my upper lashes, or apply a single coat covering them completely. For evening, I apply one coat, let it dry, then follow with a second. This makes the lashes seem much heavier and longer . . . The shadows come in six heavenly shades—blue, blue-grey, grey, green, brown and violet—and are so creamy that you can apply them as easily as you apply lipstick. The mascara and shadows come in small sizes at 10 cents each, and the mascara comes in large sizes at 75 cents. I'll be delighted to send you the name.

But don't make up your eyes unless they're bright and clear. Bloodshot eyes or red, swollen lids don't take kindly to decoration . . . If your eyes are temporarily in this condition, after a hard day at the office, you can whip them into shape in a few minutes with some grand little eye pads. I used them one evening when my eyes looked and felt like "burnt holes in a blanket," and how good they felt as soon as I pressed those soothing, little white discs over them and how nice they looked when I finished! The pads are saturated with a cooling medication that relieves that weary look and sensation quickly. To get the best results, relax while the pads are on your eyes, leaving them on from 5 to 15 minutes. From time to time, rotate the pads with light pressure over the eyelids, so that the medication will flow into the eyes. These handy, sanitary pads come in jars, inexpensively priced. There's a small size in many 10 cent stores. If you wish, I'll send you the trade name.

Have you ever caught a glimpse of your face in a mirror at the corner drug store (as you were having a soda before saying good-night)—and found it a sickly greyish color? That, my dears, is a disgusting trick that electric light can play. But you can fool the most unflattering light, if you use a rose-toned powder base. It will keep your skin glowing like a pink sweet pea all evening. The one I have in mind is a wonder-worker. It is a creamy, easily-spread foundation in stick form. You just dab it lightly on forehead, chin, nose and cheeks, then blend it over your skin evenly. Of course, it makes your face powder go on more smoothly, and stay on without caking or getting gummy . . . There are several shades that have been on the market for some time, but this newest one is my favorite—because its pinky-peach, rosy-beige color is just the ticket for evening wear. It makes you look young, radiant and glowing, without any artificiality. It comes in 25-cent size.

Dottie Lamour's up-in-front and down-in-back coiffure is lovely, isn't it? And she doesn't have to worry for fear it will get lank and drippy before the evening's over, because she's fastened those curls securely with bob pins. She won't have to drive her date mad, either, by constantly reaching up to pat a curl into place. Try this hairstyle yourself—and don't forget to anchor it with some excellent bob pins I recommend. They're coated twice with dull enamel, so they can't show up in your hair, and they are made of such springy metal that they don't spread out of shape when they've been used a lot. You'll find that they won't slip out because of this firm grip, and that's important. A dime for a card of 18 is cheap, considering the quality.

Write to me before May 15th, if you want the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope and address your request to ANN VERNON, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Take a Trip to "Our Town"

[*Continued from page 27*]

how to get his characters on or off the screen. When they have spoken their pieces, his Mr. Morgan merely picks up the camera and moves on.

As long as Mr. Wilder has taken such great liberties in telling his story of *Our Town,* there is no reason why we cannot adopt the same method of telling the informal tale that underlies the making of the movie.

And so, kidnapping Mr. Morgan and his camera for the time being, let's embark on a tour of the studio set where the picture is coming to life.

"See that dapper little fella leaning on Dr. Gibbs' fence?" our own Morgan inquires. *"That's Sol Lesser. Aya, the producer of* Our Town. *Great little sportsman, that Lesser. Spent years around these parts before anybody took him serious. Used to make them monkey pictures and midget pictures and all kinds of freak monstrosities, like. Had Bobby Breen for a spell, too.*

"Well, he seen this play Our Town *on the stage over in New York and thought it was a right sma't piece of writing. Like nothing else ever seen in a movie theaytuh, but simple and deep and appealing none the less. So Sol put in a bid for it, a good round sum of money. Forty thousand dollars, some traveling man told us. And he was the only bidder in the whole of Hollywood that had nerve enough to take a chance on it. He's a sport, that Sol. He's talking to one of his actors now, fella name of Tommy Mitchell that used to work for Mr. Warner and Mr. Selznick and all them. Tommy is Doc Gibbs in the play. Let's go up close and hear what they're saying."*

■ So our guide wheels up his sound camera and records for us the conversation between Producer Lesser and Actor Mitchell.

Mitchell: "Aren't we both looking a little better than when last we met? Is it possible that two people in Hollywood are having a good season? If so, the phenomenon is known as Screeno, or hitting the jackpot."

Lesser: "You look fine, Tommy. But you're a top-rung actor and you're making a lot of money. But what satisfaction does a producer get out of life? For me, the only thing that makes this season bearable is that I've cut my worrying down 90 per cent."

Mitchell: "Where's that fellow you hired last season to worry for you?"

Lesser: "I caught him worrying about his own troubles on my time, so I fired him. Now I've got a new method. All day long I write down on little slips of paper the things I should worry about. At night I give them to my seceretary and she sorts out the duplicates and throws them away. Then on Tuesday morning, from 10 until 12, I lock myself up with the week's accumulation of slips and worry without interruption. That's my whole quota of worrying for the week."

Mitchell: "Well, the system seems to be working all right."

Lesser: "It is. And that's beginning to worry me too. The system is so efficient that now I'm two weeks ahead with my worrying."

Mr. Morgan: *"Well, that's enough of shop talk. See that young couple just breaking up at the stage door? That's the love-interest in our picture. The boy carrying the baseball and the mitt is young Bill Holden, the* Golden Boy *discovery. He's coming along fast as a juvenile leading man. The girl is getting her first chance in Hollywood. She's Martha Scott, the only member of the Broadway cast except Frank Craven (that's me, you know) that was brought out here to work in the picture. Let's follow her along the studio street and see what happens to her."*

Martha, clad in a gingham dress, her hair demurely dressed in the style of the period, trips off the sound stage in the direction of the commissary stand which ranges along the Sam Goldwyn side of the United Artists studio.

As she lays down her nickel and sips meditatively at a bottle of soda pop, a long, rangy hombre wearing a tweed suit and sunglasses pauses and looks at her speculatively.

Martha: "Anything I can do for you?"

The Passer-by: "Aren't you Martha Scott, the one that plays Emily in *Our Town?* I heard you were on the lot and I'm mighty glad to see you. I enjoyed your performance in New York."

Martha (on the verge of recognizing her *vis-a-vis*): "Don't tell me. I'll think of your name in a minute. You're—"

The Passer-by: "Gary Cooper, ma'am. Hope to be seeing more of you."

As Gary walks to his car Martha, nearly fainting with joy and excitement, rushes back to her own stage and starts to babble about her amazing encounter with the great Gary Cooper in the flesh.

Mr. Morgan: *"Kids are pretty much the same everywhere, I guess; kinda dumbstruck in the presence of big names. That's the way we felt in our town when William Jennings Bryan made a speech on the green. Well, let's mosey along over to the choir-loft and see what some of the lesser folk are up to."*

Here we perceive Simon Stimson, the town sot, conducting a rehearsal of the choir. Morgan, the see-all, know-all



chronicler of our town, can tell by the way things have been going lately with Simon that he is due to commit suicide pretty soon. But he's charitable toward the poor bedeviled fellow, as are most of the townsfolk. Stimson is portrayed by Philip Wood, a seasoned stage actor who played a similar drunk part in *The Primrose Path*. His death just after he had completed his role in *Our Town* was a shocking loss to the film industry.

Mr. Morgan: *"Phil Wood's kinda one of our own folks, we feel, around* Our Town. *Went to high school in Berkeley, California, with our author, Thornton Wilder, when Thornton stopped off to get his breath there on the way back from China. Right likeable fellow, Phil.*

"Editor Webb will deal gently with the town toper in his obituary notice. The editor's a tolerant fellow, known around the Masquers' Club in Hollywood as Guy Kibbee. Guy's knocked all around this country as a stock actor and riverboat tragedian; never played on Broadway 'til he was past fifty. He's the kind of folks Our Town *is made up of.*

"One of the editor's best tipsters is Howie Newsome. Howie— that's Stu Erwin— is our town milkman. He's practically the only man astir around town in the early hours, around three o'clock, except Constable Warren."

Now Morgan's candid camera follows tipster Howie, the milkman, into a dressing room marked "Fay Bainter."

"Howie's doing a little tipstering now," Mr. Morgan whispers.

■ Miss Bainter, garbed in her demure period costume as the wife of Doc Gibbs, is stretched out on a chaise longue munching a hot wienie. Director Sam Wood is sitting beside her looking as smug as the cat that knew the secret of opening salmon cans.

"I can't dope the feature race, Fay, honey," Erwin confesses. "Maybe there's no sense trying. This director here already won $700 today and our bookie is probably broke."

"Go ahead," Fay urges. "It's nearly time for the stake race. Pick any kind of an old goat. Let's get away from the morality of *Our Town* in 1901 and do a little plunging. I'll play along with you for ten bucks."

"You'll lose it," Erwin warns. "I'm gonna play Seabiscuit, myself, just out of sentiment."

"Count me in," declares Miss Bainter. "After all, I won $23 yesterday on your tips. That's enough to buy me a week's supply of frogs' legs."

So Miss Bainter bets all the cash in her purse on Seabiscuit to win. Almost instantly the news trickles in that Seabiscuit has run third at Santa Anita. Miss Bainter has to borrow some cash from her stand-in and from Beulah Bondi, her next-door neighbor in *Our Town*, to pay for the huge shipment of frogs' legs which arrives almost simultaneously with the bad news from the track.

Mr. Morgan escorts us to the town drug store, where the youngster social set sucks its soda, and to the cemetery on the hill where the twisted and tormented spirits of the dead rise to encounter poor dying Emily.

He lets us ride the camera boom with Bert Glennon, the fiendishly proficient cameraman of *Stagecoach* and *Hurricane*, every one of whose set-ups in *Our Town* was planned to the millimeter before ever a lens was trained on it.

■ *"We got a kind of a novelty in this un,"* Mr. Morgan remarks of his picture as he slicks off toward a rendezvous with oblivion on the hillside whence he strode into our view. *"Fust it set out to be a tragedy, but Mr. Wilder turned it into a kind of a grim comedy. Emily don't die in the movie; just gets terrible sick.*

"They's so much art and so much kinda poetic talk in Our Town *that I don't know rightly whether it's a movie or su'thin' a new name will have to be thunk up for. People will either hate it or they'll throw up their hats in the street about it. What do I think? I don't have any opinion. I just work here."*

And Mr. Morgan slinks away into a convenient New England shadow, leaving his battered hat perched rakishly on the scarecrow's brow.

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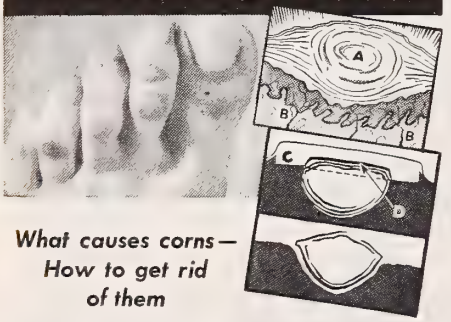
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"When I Was Little—"

[*Continued from page* 25]

went to the roof of the Methodist Church."

It semed Pat belonged to a "gang" which, unbeknownst to the peaceful townspeople of Indianola, Iowa, often successfully defended that community against savage hordes of redskins, or, upon occasion, turned pirate and skulked about burying treasure.

"Naturally, we needed a headquarters," Pat said, "and, exploring around, we discovered a nice, level space on the church roof behind the steeple. You reached it by devious means involving a basement window and plenty of Alpine climbing. Once there, nobody could see you from the street. We kept our precious paraphernalia in that spot, the five of us. Notebooks, pencils, colored crayons, sketches, maps to show where the treasure was buried, and (dusty on the roof, too) Mother's dustcloth. Probably my mother's duster is there yet on the roof of the Methodist Church.

"For we were dispossessed too suddenly to rescue our things. We could have met on the roof indefinitely except that we grew too smart. Music students used to practice, certain days, on the pipe organ downstairs, and we'd creep into the church, crawl under the pews, and moan. If this didn't cause enough disturbance, we'd drop the hymn books or rattle the coin boxes fastened to the backs of the seats."

The church doors were locked with extra care, but still the moaners and rattlers came in. At last the organist, watching in her mirror, caught on to the "secret" entrance—and next time the way was blocked.

"For a while then we had headquarters in a tree in an alley. We'd write notes about buried treasure—there must be strings of beads hidden yet in our old back yard as well as at various other spots around town. We wrapped the notes in waxed paper and wired them to the tree branches. Left them there for people to find, not that anyone ever did. These, you see, were 'clues'.

"I hid clues all over the house, too. The other night I came across one in the pages of a book we'd had in our Indianola home. '10 feet to the right from the hat tree in the hall—four feet to the left' and so on. It was signed 'The Ghost of the Lane Mansion'. The house has been turned into apartments, but behind the walls and door frames there are doubtless some of those clues hidden away. And I wonder what became of the frightful face Lola drew on the slanting wall of an upstairs closet with the smoke from a candle? Open the door in dim light, and your hair stood on end."

Priscilla grew silent, wandering down Memory Lane with a smile on her lips. She said after a moment that she couldn't imagine growing up in anything but a big family. They had such good times. Oh, of course they had their little quarrels, too, such as the afternoon she bopped Rosemary on the head with the tennis racquet and—as she added with rather impressive understatement—Rosemary had to go in and lie down.

"What looms up most in those early years is Saturday morning," she resumed; "we had no school, of course, and it was the day we cleaned house. What fun!"

You looked to see if she truly meant "fun." She did. After all, she's the girl who liked to dust the roof of the Methodist Church.

"On the kitchen stove Mother would have a great kettle of good potato soup or navy bean soup or stew. Each of us could help ourselves, and we could take the biggest bowls in the pantry if we pleased. After straightening our own rooms, we had our special task. Leota polished the furniture, Lola mopped the kitchen floor, I think Rosemary cleaned the halls, and I ran the errands.

"All this while, Mother would be cooking cakes and things. We got to lick the cake bowls and when there was quite a bit of cake dough left over, Mother would twist it into 'roly-polys' and bake it just for us. Saturday morning was a busy, joyous time.

"Another thing I see when I think of Indianola is our fireplace. How comfortable, to roast wienies in it or pop corn, with the whole family around. These are the things that count. You realize that, later."

In those days Pat had no stage or screen ambitions. She wanted to be a cowgirl and raise cattle. "I still do," she said, "I've always loved the outdoors. Perhaps that was my first mistake—becoming an actress instead of a cowgirl! Anyway, on Saturday afternoons we used to go to the local theatre, where Lola had once played the piano, to see a Wild West show. We wouldn't look at anything else. Ten cents for the ticket, 5 cents for candy. Sometimes when we needed more money for candy, some of us would buy tickets and let the rest of us in by a side door we discovered."

■ About this era, Pat's mother thought it would be nice for Pat to spend vacation at a Campfire Girls' camp. But Campfire Girls didn't look much like cowgirls and they didn't rope steers. Pat balked. The family practically had to drag her to the camp. And when vacation ended they practically had to drag her away from it. She had a bandage on her face, another on her leg, her arm in a sling, and she loved it.

"That camp taught me not to make up my mind beforehand," Pat remembered, "I had a bad habit of deciding to hate something before I knew anything about what it was. I'd take a notion and stick to it. Stubborn, in other words. That summer I learned not to be stubborn—at least," she added with a slight grimace, "I'm still learning."

Another thing—she turned out to be a braggy child. Leota gave her a Russian pony coat. Lola—home from tour—gave her a discarded dress, and mentioned that when new it had cost $100.

"The Russian pony coat came from Canada," Pat revealed, "but I told them at school that it was straight from Russia. Moreover, I let it be known that I was the only school pupil in Iowa—let alone in Indianola—who had a $100 dress. For good measure, I tossed off items about the marvelous (and non-existent) watches studded heavily with diamonds which my sisters owned. To cap the climax, I sat alone at a school football game because I had my Russian pony coat on and felt a tiny bit snooty.

"Soon, to my surprise, I noticed that I wasn't popular. The youngsters would call for their other friends to go out, but I'd be left alone with a Sunday afternoon on my hands. It didn't take me a great while to learn!"

■ It was along in there somewhere that she happened to see a picture of a little French girl, all dolled up. *Voila!* Pat likewise would be a little French girl. She changed her dress two or three times a day, never wore the same dress to school in the afternoon that she wore in the morning. (Her favorite clothes now are slacks and sweaters of the outdoor sort.) Nor would she don stockings and hose supporters. Instead, she twisted rubber bands around little-French-girl socks till she stopped the circulation in her legs, and learned, by suffering from the resulting "pins and needles," that style ain't everything.

Meanwhile, she kept right on thinking her own point of view was invariably correct and—like any other normal child—that whoever disagreed with it was completely insane. She used to gibe at the girl who, because she was afraid, always sat in teacher's lap during a thunderstorm.

But she found out how it felt to be gibed at. She was reciting, in school, some serious verses about soldiers getting killed. She had wanted to recite a funny poem, but had been overruled. As she worked up to the dramatic climax, two or three of the boys covertly giggled. It made Pat mad. Tears began to tumble down her cheeks and she cried in aloud, outraged voice: "AND SO THEY WERE SHOT!" or whatever the final line happened to be.

Whereupon she left the platform and hurried home, still crying. She felt that she had disgraced the family, both by weeping in public and by reciting badly. Not till one of her sisters also came home did she learn that for her fine emotional rendition she'd won a prize!

"Taught me, I guess," Pat said, "that you can carry off even what you don't want to do, if you're determined. Or get mad enough."

■ Possibly the school recitations were waymarks toward Pat's future career on the screen, but it was as a singer with Fred Waring's band that she gained her first real success. Pat had become a genuine trouper before she reached Hollywood, but not without certain trials and some errors. Once she didn't take an extra bow with the band because her teeth ached. The band leader talked to her later.

"He said people paid to see an entertainer at her best, and that if she couldn't give them her best she shouldn't appear at all. He was right, of course. At the studio, too, I think if you can't do your best you ought to stay home. It's a kindness to the others as well as to yourself. I worked in one picture with a bad cold. My voice was hoarse. When I saw the film, I felt disappointed, and afraid the public would feel the same.

"Oh, I'm not one who believes the show must go on. Nothing is worth your health, or a half-good performance. Before my first picture, and in it, I danced many times a day. People told me to wear a dance girdle but I thought, 'I'm young, I don't need it.' And I injured my spine—not incurably but enough to make me careful for a while. You see? I learned not to depend on my youth (these young people who carouse all night and feel no ill effects!—it gets them later), and I learned to take advice from people who know."

■ Lunch ended. Cameras were ready to turn for the afternoon chore. But Pat had one thing more to say. She'd saved the best for the end.

"First impressions," she began, "they're important, but I've discovered that you can't trust them permanently. Sometimes I have found that people who seemed fine at first, turned out not so good. And vice versa.

"Well . . . the worst mistake I ever made in my life was throwing those tomatoes."

She paused to think it over. Soberly.

"Perhaps it was the most enlightening mistake, too. Today I believe in the policy of live and let live, but I didn't then. I was still a grade school pupil, and you know how children are.

"A boy in our town came home from the reformatory. We bicycled over to his house that day—thoughtless, cruel kids—and threw tomatoes at the door. He rushed out, furious, and chased us on his bicycle. Everybody fled in a different direction. Soon I found that he was chasing only me. I went as fast as I could, but he was right behind. Suddenly my wheel slipped. I fell off, flat on the ground.

"The boy jumped from his bicycle in a rage, and stamped on the rear wheel of mine till he bent the spokes. He was older and much bigger than I was. At sight of my damaged wheel, and also from fright, I began to cry.

"He looked down at me for a minute. Then—he fixed the spokes. *He straightened them for me again!* I sat there and watched, stunned by this forgiving act.

"That," said Priscilla, "was when I learned tolerance. And—" with a quick smile for the slang interpretation—"*how.*"

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss the alarming adventures of our favorite extra when he went out to the desert to work with Wallace Beery in *20 Mule Team.* He came back with a fine set of anecdotes as well as a standing feud with the nineteenth mule of the team. Don't miss this hilarious story on one of the year's big films.





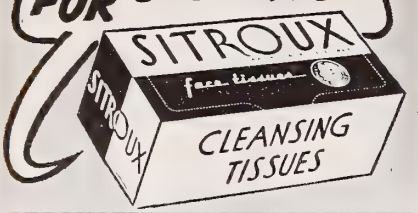
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Cary Grant Sounds Off

[*Continued from page* 16]

in a row and I could stand on my head in Times Square without anyone batting an eye! You know that's true, and so does the public in its heart. Therefore any 'interest' in me is *not* in Archibald Leach of Bristol, England, but in the part Cary Grant plays in what the public chooses to believe is the fabulous, fantastic adventure called Hollywood."

Cary looked up and grinned. Whew! he said. Did all that come out of him? He certainly was wound up! Could be he was practising for a soap box session. Then suddenly he was serious again as he said:

"Mind you, I'm not saying this in criticism of the public. I sincerely think it *means well* and I appreciate it. It's just that I wonder if men and women who claim to be interested in us as persons ever have analyzed honestly what they do feel. In the meantime most actors' personal lives can't be called their own."

That's where I led with my chin. I said I couldn't see what was so tough about that. Quite the contrary, I should think it would be flattering to be made a public idol and have everyone make a great fuss about you.

A wicked gleam filled his eyes and he rubbed his hands with ill-concealed glee.

"Lady," he said, "how would you like to play a little game?"

"Post office?" I said hopefully.

"No," he said promptly. (A trifle too promptly to do my conceit any good.) "I call it Movie Star."

"Okay," I said. "What are the rules?"

Cary then explained that I was to pretend I was a movie star. He would pose certain questions and situations and I must answer *truthfully* what my response or reaction would be. But I had to be honest; no quibbling or evading. I promised.

"Well, let's see," he began. "You are going to the theatre to see a play in which you are very interested. You arrive at the theatre five minutes before curtain time so you won't have to disturb other patrons in taking your seat. A little girl runs up as you step from your car and asks for an autograph. Maybe she has recognized you and maybe not. You sign her book. When you look up, three more books are stuck out at you. Their owners don't know who you are but they saw her do it so want to cover all bets. You sign them. Then twenty more are jabbed in your face. That twenty don't know who you are but they saw the other three do it. By now it is time for the play to begin but you are hemmed in on all sides with people crowding and pushing. Your hat gets knocked off. Someone tears a button from your coat for a souvenir. Still you go on signing books. Half an hour or more passes. You still are stuck outside while the play you paid good money to see goes on inside the theatre. You try to break away and the crowd



Myrna Loy, very chic in an open-topped turban, was honor guest at a regular meeting of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, recently. Center, Rilla Page Palmborg, president of the small and distinguished group of powerful correspondents for newspapers and magazines. Right, Llewellyn Miller, editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, busy checking up on the latest news of the studios during a two weeks' visit to the coast

grows hostile. Dirty cracks begin to fly. Finally you make a dash for it and get inside. Naturally you have to climb over a row of people already seated and as reward for your honest regret and embarrassment you hear someone mutter: 'Leave it to SoandSo to make an entrance!' State your reaction."

I visualized the set-up and answered: "I'd be sore as a boiled owl and show it!"

"No dice!" Cary answered. "You're a Movie Star. People would say you were being nasty and ungrateful for your fans' affection for you. Now supposing you are dashing from one place to another to keep an important appointment for which you already are late. An autograph hunter blocks your way. You explain your predicament. He turns on you and sneers: 'Okay, big shot, but don't forget, we're the people who go to the movies!' What do you say?"

"I'd say 'Stay out of the theatre for all I care!'" I replied.

"Tch! Tch! That's wrong," Cary shook his head. "You're a Movie Star. Can't afford to offend the public. Now let's try this one. You are driving home from work, dead tired and stone sober. At an intersection you accidentally lock bumpers with another car. The other driver hops out, recognizes you and slaps a $50,000 damage suit on you. By the time it hits the front page you were drunk in your car, hit a school bus and knocked three nice old ladies out from under their market baskets. What's the answer?"

"I don't know," I said helplessly. "I'd probably bust him one in the nose!"

"Naughty, naughty," Cary said. "You're a Movie Star. People would say you were trying to get away with something because you thought you were above rules and regulations."

I began to get the idea of his little game of Movie Star. An ingenious guy, that Cary.

"Let's try another," he went on. "You are dining in a public cafe. No sooner do you sit down than staring eyes are fastened on you from every direction. Every move you make is gawped at in such a rude and open way, you feel like a caged freak in a circus sideshow. Meantime all your food gets cold while utter strangers crash your table and say 'May I have your autograph?' and then add in a superior way 'I don't want it for myself, of course; it's for my little boy.'"

"I'd stay home!" I exploded.

"My, my NO," Cary corrected me. "You're a Movie Star. People would say you were trying to pull a Garbo. Or how about this one! You live an hour's drive from the studio. You have to be there at 7 a.m. to dress and put on your make-up, and you work until late evening, so time of your own is as precious as it is scarce. Naturally you have a lot of every-day interests and problems. Lines to learn for a radio show. Business matters pertaining to your household to discuss. A new script to read. A characterization to ponder. Bills to check. You discover you can gain two hours of time for those interests each day by having a chauffeur drive your car for you so you hire a chauffeur. What's wrong with that picture?"

Nothing was wrong, I said, it was common horse sense and in addition to helping me, gave employment to another person.

He looked at me with pity. "My dear young lady," he said, "what a quaint idea!"

With that bulldog determination which has got me into trouble before I agreed to play another couple of rounds. I was down but not out.

In the next hypothetical situation I was on a brief vacation after a particularly heavy 10 weeks of work. (He settled my mild observation about acting not being such hard work in short order, by the way, by making me take his place under the lights for exactly three minutes. Holy smoke! Do you know those lights actually are several times hotter and brighter per watt than is used on hardened criminals in a *police third degree?*)

"Let's say you go to some beautiful island resort you always have wanted to visit," he proposed. "You feel you have earned a few weeks of much-needed rest and relaxation. You think of yourself as a private citizen, Joe Doakes, and not as a celebrity. You consider you are off duty. You soon change your mind, however, for photographers and reporters catch you as you dock. Okay, but you're back on duty. Next you make your way through a crowd



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of fans. That puts you on exhibition and so still on duty. Then the real merry-go-round starts. Strangers stop you on the street to ask for autographs and shake your hand. Theatre managers press you into personal appearances. Service clubs invite you to speak at their luncheons. Acceptance of social invitations from complete strangers or bare acquaintances who claim intimacy is made mandatory. Wherever you go, the spotlight of attention is focused on you and you must play your role of celebrity. Whether you visit the barber shop—I mean the beauty parlor—for needed repairs or try to hide on the loneliest stretch of beach you can find, someone pops up from nowhere and levels a camera at you. Every time you . . ."

"Hold it!" I interrupted. "Jeepers, I thought this was supposed to be a vacation and a rest! With that sort of a routine I'd be WORKING an 18 hour shift every day. Even the downtrodden prisoners in Siberia get a better break than that. I'd tell everyone to take a jump in the Pacific!"

"Wrong again!" Cary checked me. "You're a Movie Star. You *owe* it to your public. Besides, I thought you said you would be flattered by all the attention."

He had me there.

"One last one," he coaxed. "You are being interviewed by a perfect stranger who will tell 100,000 other perfect strangers all about you. Out of a clear sky she says: 'How does your current sweetheart compare with your former husband?' "

"I'd tell her it was none of her blankety-blank business!" I said indignantly. "Even my most intimate friends wouldn't presume to ask a question like that."

"I'm surprised at you," he reproached me. "You're a Movie Star. Behave like that and you'd be branded 'Difficult' or 'Un-cooperative' or 'Antagonistic'."

I guess I wouldn't make a very good Movie Star. I don't know the right answers. Maybe there aren't any. As far as I can see it is one of those you're sunk-if-you-do-and-you're sunk-if-you-don't things. Doesn't even look like it would be much fun, the way the rules are laid out.

"That's looking on the dark side," he answered. "It's really a great life . . . marvelous business. If only people would let it be just another business."

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WOMEN

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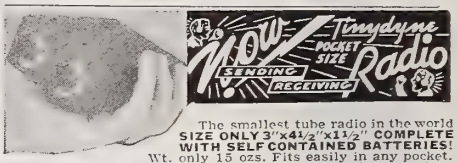
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Hollywood Carroll

[*Continued from page* 32]

with the latest electric stove, a Frigidaire big enough for a hotel, and the finest of cooking utensils. John prides himself on his ability to cook, steaks being his specialty.

His home, by the way, is a replica of his ancestral estate in Louisiana which was burned down during the Civil War. He has a picture of the original, and from it came the plans for the home he now occupies. In his bedroom is a portrait of Jean Lafitte, the Louisiana pirate, and John agrees that there's a strong resemblance.

Scattered throughout the various rooms are 365 guns of assorted histories and calibres. Being a collector of war curios, he also has a huge collection of sabres, helmets, bayonets and the like. The *piece de resistance,* however, is a snub-nosed machine gun, a relic of the 1914 conflict. This machine reposes between the two grand pianos, a threat, undoubtedly, to any player, or players, who might strike a false key. Yes, sir, come the revolution and John Carroll from his look-out on Look-out Mountain, will be prepared to meet any eventuality.

■ Now that we've established Carroll in his home and among his war curios, let's dispense with station announcements and give the young man a thorough going-over.

First off, he's as much a collection of contradictions as the house he lives in. He is a giant in stature (six feet, four, and 200 pounds). He has been on his own since the age of ten. Almost before he was old enough to wear long pants his itching feet led him away from New Orleans to Houston, Texas. Here he managed to wrangle an odd job now and then. When he wasn't busy at these infrequent tasks he sold newspapers, and when he wasn't doing that he lived by his wits which must have been pretty sharp because he stayed in Houston five years!

It was when he landed in Liberty, Texas, that he met his first big adventure, his first true friend, and earned his first "big" money.

"The afternoon I walked into Liberty," John said, "it was a tiny, country village. At seven, the following morning it was a boom town. Just that quick! Oil—gushers of it! In a day or so they were paying pipe-fitters twenty-five bucks a day! That was a lot of jack and I wanted some of it, but the oil boys kept shoving and pushing me around, telling me to go home and wipe my nose. Finally I got mad and hauled off and lambasted a derrick man which would have been fine and dandy only he lambasted back with so much vigor that I was getting the worst of it. Fortunately for me, another kid horned in and added enough haymakers to turn the tide of battle. You imagine my surprise when this kid said his name was Carroll, and John Carroll, at that!"

The two battered youngsters, bloody but unbowed, bound up their cuts, consoled each other for their black-and-blue bruises, took stock of the situation, and decided to join forces. They shook hands on the deal—a deal that has lasted up to the present and will continue for many years to come.

This second John Carroll was just as tall, just as lanky, just as eager for adventure as the hero of this story. Today, the second John Carroll is Movie John Carroll's stand-in. He is known as Jack Rose. The change of name was necessary because directors out at M-G-M found the two Carrolls too confusing.

"We worked in Liberty," says our Movie J. C., "until we had saved up enough dough to buy ourselves a couple of decent suits of clothes and auto transportation to the next town which was all of 20 miles away. We worked in this town long enough to buy a jaloppy, and headed the rattletrap back to Liberty. Eggs were selling at one buck each, milk was two bucks a pint and hay thirty-five bucks a bale. We thought that we could clean up hauling supplies into Liberty. We didn't do so bad at that. As a matter of fact we did so well that we decided to expand our delivery service. So we meandered toward the border. And that's where Old Man Disaster caught up with us."

One night a group of Mexican officers came a-knocking, a-knocking at their chamber door.

"What," asked one, "are you delivering?"

"For whom," asked another, "are you working?"

"It seems," says the first John Carroll with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "that we were in the gun-running business! We didn't deny it! We tried to, at first, but those grim-faced officer refused to believe it. They asked us a few more very pertinent questions and then, having pity on us because of our youth they let us go, but not before they cautioned us severly against renewing this highly specialized branch of our delivery service. We parted company shortly after this episode. My pal left for San Diego and later enrolled at U.C.L.A. I headed for the East Coast—and for more adventure."

Which he certainly got. Shipping out on a freighter as an engine wiper he spent the following two years visiting ports of India, China, Guatemala, Russia, Germany, France and England.

"I worked on four boats," he says, "before I returned to America. I shipped for home on the *Guiseppe Verdi* as assistant cook which shows you how I was progressing."

■ All this time, of course, the string-beany looking kid was filling out. Those sea trips were hardening those boyish muscles, making a man of him. Oddly enough, the trips showed that he had a voice. A singing voice, mind you!

"During a stop-over in Italy," John reveals, "I wanted to taste a genuine Italian meal in a genuine Italian cafe. Finally I found one, went in, ordered the best in the house and enjoyed every



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mouthful. Then came the hour of reckoning. When I got ready to pay, I found my pockets empty. I also found the proprietor standing beside me and looking mighty displeased about the whole business. Finally I had what appeared to me to be a very happy thought. 'I'll sing for my supper,' I said as though granting him a big favor. 'Just name a selection and I'll sing it. With gestures, too, if you want.'"

After that one song the proprietor offered him a job as soloist at the cafe! It took the Italians to discover that he had a fine baritone voice in the making. Three years later he went back there to study music!

■ "Homesickness got me down, finally," John says, "and I shipped for the States. Once back in Houston, I settled down to a job as porter in the Foley Brothers' Dry Goods Store. I was about eighteen then, big for my age, and toughened to hard work. I had learned a good many time-saving tricks in handling freight and my 'portering' won the attention of the president of the store. A few days after the visit of the Big Boss, I was called into his office and rewarded with a promotion—a job as floorwalker—but not until I had lied about my age, which I gave as twenty-seven, a barefaced, deliberate lie if there ever was one! But I got away with it, and soon I was strutting up and down the aisles feeling mighty important in my nice new dark blue suit and white carnation!"

But you know how lies are. They have a strange habit of catching up with you. In John's case this catching up was particularly humiliating.

"I hadn't seen my mother for eight years," he says, "and I was homesick for a sight of her so, when I had saved up enough money, I sent for her. The day after she arrived I brought her down to the store and introduced her to the president. And guess what she said after the introduction was over? 'My, my, my,' she beamed at my boss, 'isn't John big for not quite eighteen?' The lack of enthusiam by which this expose was accepted by my boss was all too apparent and I knew, without being told, that my floorwalking days were over then and there. When I arrived for work the next morning, sure enough, there was a polite dismissal note, and after reading it I walked to the nearest exit."

■ John went back to New Orleans shortly after getting canned and it was lucky for him that he did so because it was in his old home town that he met Victor Chenais, a voice coach, who interested a philanthropist into putting up enough funds to send John to Europe for voice training.

"My habit of getting into scrapes," he says, "almost cost me the trip. I wasn't in New York six hours before I lost all but $90 of my funds! I might have lost that, but I got smart right away! I rushed down to a steamship office and bought myself a steerage ticket. By the time I arrived in an Italian port I was practically down to my last dime and so I hitch-hiked from Genoa to Milan, arriving in the latter city

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flatter than the sole of a copper's boot! But I arrived—and that was all that concerned me. About the first person I met in Milan was Sidney Raynor, now of the Metropolitan Opera. Sidney took a liking to me, and every day, after taking his singing lesson, he would come back to my room and teach me. This went on for a year and then . . ."

■ And then up bobbed another John Carroll escapade.

Someone tried to bomb the Italian king and John was picked up by the police and tossed into the hoosegow!

"They thought I was Russian," he reveals, "and the more I yelled that I wasn't, the louder they yelled that I was. They refused to let me out of jail long enough to get my passport. Finally I remembered how a song had once won me a free meal and a good job and I began to sing—not for my supper this time, but for my liberty. Before I got through every Italian official in the jail was in front of my cell door. An hour later I was a free man!"

After singing his jailhouse blues John, believing that discretion was, as always, the better part of valor, decided to get as far away as possible from the scene of his incarceration. For the next few months he traveled throughout Europe making a fairly good living singing in cafes. The highlight of this cafe-concert work arrived when he had the privilege of singing before the Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales.

"Homesickness for America finally got me again," he says, "and when I arrived in the states I tried my hand at deep-sea diving off the Florida coast, but I got fed up on it after a couple of months and headed for Hollywood. I had quite a tidy sum of dough when I arrived, but it didn't last long, all but $25 going for a tricky auto I thought I couldn't do without. I liked the boat so well I slept in it that night!"

■ Our carolling Carroll hung around Hollywood for a month or so, obtaining little else for his stay than the well-known brush-off. Getting tired of that, he decided on more of the Florida deep-sea diving to bolster his depleted bankroll. His acquaintance with Hollywood's best dives must have helped him considerably in this second under-sea venture because he managed to earn enough to build up a savings account. When his diving business slacked off John went in for steeple-jacking as well as dirt-track auto racing.

"I forgot all about Hollywood," he claims. "Those three jobs fulfilled my need for excitement and danger and I was having the time of my life."

He may, as he says, have forgotten Hollywood, but movietown hadn't forgotten him. After two years of hunting treasure on the ocean bottom, painting chimney stacks, and going round and round on the dirt tracks, John received a wire from Johnny Burch, an old friend of his. Johnny was an RKO producer and was making *Hi, Gaucho* and his wire promised J. C. a movie job.

"They gave me a singing test," he says, "the day I arrived and I passed with flying colors. Then someone asked me if I was an athlete and I said, 'Well, I don't know. But do you see that window?' And with that I jumped through the darned thing—and landed on my feet one story below! Crazy? Sure! But I got the part!"

The first day on the set was to be spent on a fencing sequence and the director explained that a fencing expert had been provided to teach him.

"And no sooner was I told that," John says, "than in walked the 'instructor'—none other than the John Carroll of my oil boom days back in Texas! We've been together ever since!"

■ But John's initiation into movies somehow didn't jell. He didn't know any of the "big names" in pictures which left him on the outside looking in so far as his film career was concerned. And few, if any, of the "big names" knew him, a fact that was brought to his attention in a most distressing manner.

"My pal and I were sitting in the RKO commissary one day," so John relates the story, "and I overheard several men at the executive table discussing me. The gist of the conversation seemed to be that, as an actor, I'd make a mighty good hod carrier. When I found out later that the man who had said that was B. B. Kahane, president of the studio, I packed up my turkey and left Hollywood."

Six months later he returned. At dinner his first night in town he was introduced to Mr. Kahane.

"But it was not the same man I had seen at the executive table and it was then that I realized that I had been the victim of a rib. I told Mr. Kahane about it. He asked me to come over to his office the next morning and between us we'd fix up a new contract. I couldn't keep the appointment that day, which was a big mistake on my part for when I arrived the morning of the second day I found out that Mr. Kahane had resigned!"

Hollywood by then had gotten under John's skin and he decided to stick around and free-lance. Fortunately for John, Old Man Opp began knocking right away and our free-lancer found himself working in remakes of the old Douglas Fairbanks thrillers. Then came *Only Angels Have Wings* a picture that brought him to the attention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This studio signed him to a long-term contract and gave him his first important lead opposite Ann Sothern in *Congo Maisie*.

"I've settled down now," John insists. "Adventure has no place in an actor's life. No more of this deep-sea diving, racing, steeple-jacking, roaming, or thrills for a living. California is my home. I get all the excitement I want by trying to prove to myself that maybe I'm an actor!"

No more roaming? No more adventure? Oh, yeah? Well what about that machine-gun between your two pianos? And those 365 guns and sabres and so on you got piled in the corners of every room of your house, John? Come the revolution—and then what?







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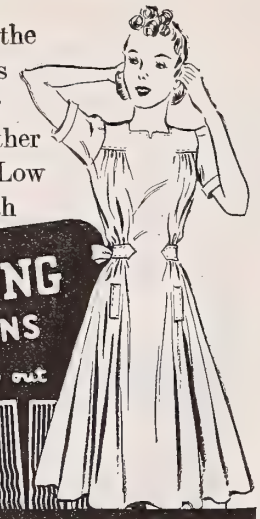
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What Happens to Shirley's Money?

[*Continued from page 34*]

her financial future carefully and well.

Let's first consider what has been done to safeguard her fortune.

Shirley, Number One juvenile actress, is reputed to earn in the neighborhood of $750,000 a year. This is income from her picture-making and the various endorsements of foods, toys, dresses and allied commercial products.

Not one cent of the money she earns is touched by her parents, although by law they are entitled to a goodly percentage of it. Mrs. Temple is paid a studio salary for her very important contributions during the making of Shirley's pictures. Her father, earns a substantial income as banker and business counsellor. Not even the income from Shirley's investments is spent. That, too, is re-invested.

With a yearly income as great as this, it is natural to question why Shirley will have only a million dollars at the end of her current studio contract. But as Mrs. Temple explains, the days of great fortunes are past. Taxes take an enormous slice of any six-figure earnings.

Shirley's money is invested in a variety of ways. She has a number of trust funds, many gilt-edged securities.

The trust funds are staggered, so that they will mature over a long period of years. Shirley will be fifty before she receives the benefits from the longest term fund.

There is a secret board which sits in consultation over Shirley's many affairs. This board consists of a famous lawyer, a banker, and Shirley's father. The three men must share the same opinion regarding the soundness and advisability of an investment before it is made.

There are provisions to perpetuate this board. In case of unforeseen eventualities or death, the two remaining members will choose the third. A lawyer and a banker will always be on this guiding committee.

Shirley's oldest brother, by many years her senior, will replace his father eventually. He will know enough of Shirley's affairs to be able to advise her, guard her, and guide her, if she requires his help.

With material affairs for Shirley's future well in hand, there is still another safeguard which her parents have provided.

The human factor is tremendously important in the life of any spectacular child.

"After all," Mrs. Temple points out, "Shirley will not have the emotional problems that so many wealthy children have. She has not been raised by nurses and governesses. She has not led a secluded life. She has had, and I say this advisedly, a completely normal childhood.

"In traveling, I've seen many wealthy mothers and their children. The youngsters dine with their governesses, are forbidden contact with strange children usually, are carried along as so much precious but troublesome baggage.

"I've heard many mothers boast that they never fail to spend half an hour a day with their youngsters.

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"That isn't possibly enough time in which to give a child mental and emotional health. It isn't enough time to build a foundation of love for the years to come. It doesn't give a child the reserves of stability needed later on in life.

"Shirley has never lacked love. We've given her an abundance of it. When she was even a tiny baby, and her bedtime was seven o'clock or earlier, I would frequently keep her up a little later, if Mr. Temple was delayed in coming home. For I felt that Shirley was entitled not only to my companionship and my care and my love, but also to the companionship and the love of her father.

"In the old days, Shirley was given her supper early, and then the two boys and Mr. Temple and I had our dinner. Afterwards, Mr. Temple and the boys would do the dishes while I got Shirley ready for bed. But the lights were never out in her room until her father came up to help tuck her in.

"I am not trying to prove that we're perfect parents. There are millions of children who get exactly the same care and love that Shirley does. I only want to emphasize the fact that Shirley has never been deprived of that personal attention which seems the inherent right of the average child, and yet is frequently denied to the child of wealth.

"There *is* such a thing as a mother and a child being together too much. I have tried to avoid that by occasionally leaving Shirley to her own devices for a whole afternoon. She draws, she reads, she helps the cook bake cookies. This absence from each other is good for both of us.

"Shirley has had all the love and care parents can give, but we have never robbed her of her right to be independent, free, and self-reliant.

■ "Mr. Temple and I recognize that there are peculiar problems which parents of a child star, face. Those problems are primarily concerned with companionship and friendships of children her own age. I think the friendships a person makes in childhood and which continue through life, are vital to happiness. It gives us a sense of solidity for which there is no substitute.

"I, personally, feel that my own life has been enriched by the friends I've had since I went to school. I want Shirley to have that, too.

"Keeping this well in mind, we have looked forward to our weeks in the Islands. We've been going to Honolulu for several years, and Shirley has met the children of the permanent residents there.

"With these youngsters Shirley has formed firm friendships, and I'm quite certain they will continue through her entire life.

"I feel it necessary that Shirley have a great deal of contact with children who can quickly forget that they have seen her on the screen. Fortunately, they don't think of her as a motion picture star, but as Shirley Temple, who plays in the movies. They're very casual about what she does in Hollywood.

"During our weeks on the Island we keep week-end open house. Dozens of children, of all races and creeds—ranging in age from two to eighteen years—spend all day Saturday and Sunday with her. Many a time there are as many as sixty youngsters gathered at one time. The ice-cream and cake and fruit-juice situation is always handled by Shirley.

"For entertainment there are ball games, hide and seek, tag, and a variety of other games in which all the children join. Shirley has a wonderful time.

"Once in a while Shirley gives a luncheon and then she has a smaller group of friends. There are about eight youngsters with whom Shirley visits back and forth constantly.

■ "I have no special concern that Shirley will be taken in by the unkind people as she grows older. I believe the intuition which has made her a fine actress will serve her in sensing disloyalty and insincerity.

"Even now she automatically becomes casual with people who don't ring true. You know, there's an old saying that you can't fool a dog or a child.

"I believe Shirley will retain that unerring intuition into womanhood, and will avoid many heartaches thereby.

"I have no fears, no urgent anxieties for Shirley's future—no more, that is, than every mother feels for her child.

"We've done everything possible to make her adequate for life. I think she'll have no difficulty in making necessary adjustments to the world as it is, as she grows older.

"We can only see a certain distance into the future, of course. By giving Shirley a normal background and a solid family life, we have given her the equipment to help her solve adult problems.

"Playing in pictures has always been a game for her. It has been fun. But if, when she is fifteen or sixteen, it is no longer a thrilling adventure, she might want to turn to art or to music as her profession.

"Shirley is considerably advanced for her years. She'll be in Junior High School next year. 'Imagine,' her brothers remark, 'THAT in High School!' They think it's too funny for words.

"No matter how things work out as far as her career is concerned, Shirley will be given a comprehensive education. College, certainly. And other subjects—music, art, languages, dancing if she wants it.

"Money is never enough for happiness. It's what is in your head and your heart that counts.

"In every possible way, we are trying to equip Shirley for a happy and full life!"

I, who have known Shirley from the time she was a cuddly baby, believe her future is safe, because financially, she is protected, and emotionally and intellectually, she will be prepared to meet all problems as they arise.

Does that answer your questions?

NEXT MONTH

Watch for news of another big contest. Hollywood Magazine is famous for stunning prizes and contests that are fun, and the new one is going to be the best yet. Don't miss the first announcement!

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Above, Ellen Drew as a savage maid, and Buckaroo Benny as a hoss-opry star. Below, Rochester seems to doubt that song is there







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PAGE 36

A NORTH WOODS VACATION

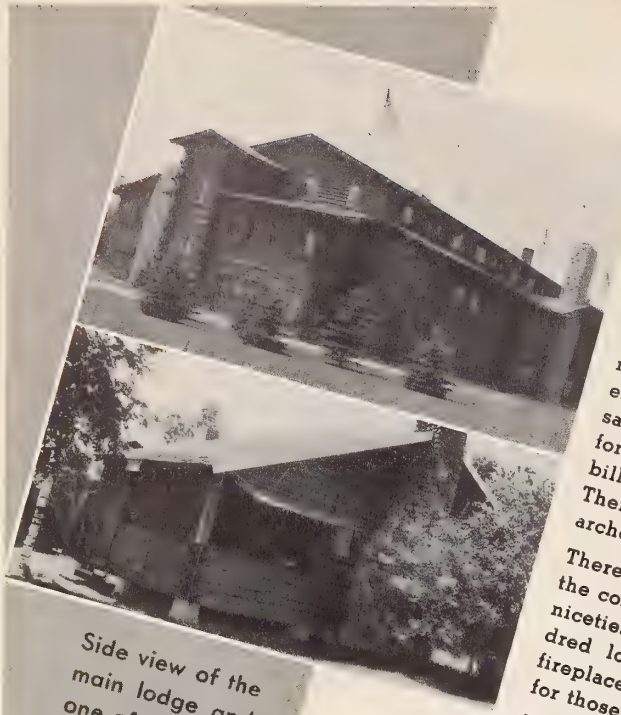
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Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins





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JUNE, 1940

Hollywood

Vol. 29 No. 6

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

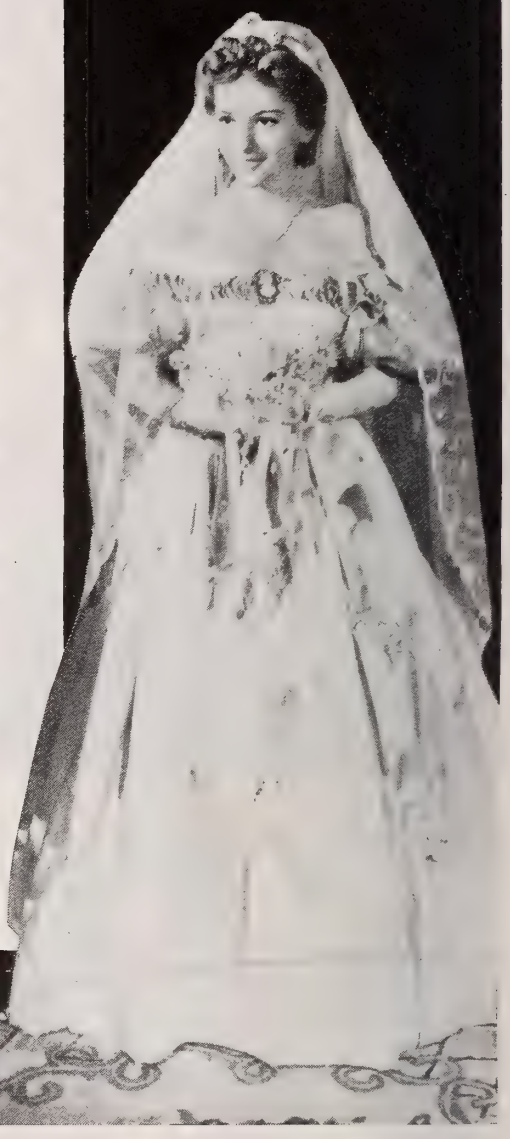
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Joan Fontaine, whose striking performance as the unsophisticated bride in *Rebecca* has placed her among the top-ranking stars

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!

Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone ...A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her . . . grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth... Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.



VIVIEN LEIGH · ROBERT TAYLOR

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

WATERLOO BRIDGE

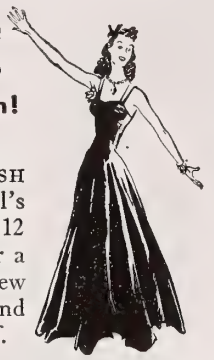
with LUCILE WATSON • VIRGINIA FIELD
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • C. AUBREY SMITH

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel
Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood
Directed by MERVYN LEROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Put your Best FINGERS Forward!

These 12 stunning colors help you to glamour and charm!



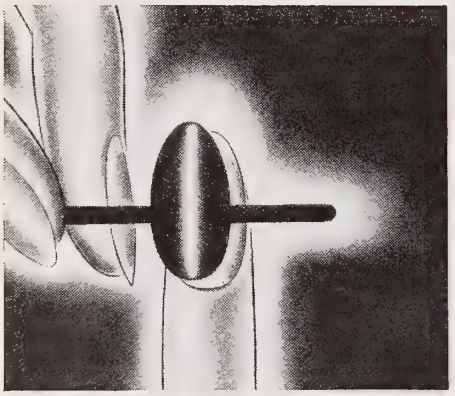
A NEW NAIL POLISH color gives a girl's heart a lift! And these 12 new colors give her a dozen chances to add new charm to her hands and new glamour to herself.

For they are as "fashion-right" as Park Avenue can make them and durable, *durable*, DURABLE beyond your fondest hopes. *Two coats* last actually *longer* than 7 days. Yes, this Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish is a great advance over any other polish you have ever known!

I offer you, says Lady Esther, a wonderful, new way to find exactly the shade that is luckiest for you. Read the coupon—send for my 12 "Magic Fingertips"—pale shades, soft, dusty tones . . . dark and vibrant colors. Put your best fingers forward with the smartest new shades on your fingertips.

Lady Esther

7·DAY NAIL POLISH



Shown above is one of my 12 "Magic Fingertips."

★ 12 shades FREE! ★

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)
LADY ESTHER, 7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you choose *at home* your most flattering shade. Each is shaped like your own nail, and each wears a different, new Lady Esther shade, *exactly as it will look on your hands*. Send *today*. Find your luckiest shade *free!* (56)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ We are justly proud of the contest on page 36, and, if you've never played Silly-Dilly before, you will be fascinated, even if you don't win a prize, though they are well worth your best efforts. When the prizes reached this office, and were spread in a glittering pile all over the desk, they caused no little sorrow and anguish. All of the women on the staff of HOLLYWOOD Magazine became glum and bitter, and some few went home five minutes early, slamming the door as they left. You see, all of the world may enter this contest . . . except employees of Fawcett Publications. And at this minute you could cut the envy that radiates from the staff with a knife.

The illustrations on page 36 do not do real justice to the prizes. Nothing less than full color reproduction would. But they are Ginger Rogers' own selection, so don't fail to read how you may win a gift directly from her.

■ The last time we saw Spencer Tracy was on the set at M-G-M when he was filming a difficult scene for *Edison, the Man*. Tracy is one of the few players in Hollywood who seldom wears make-up, and for this part of the film the nearest he went to cosmetics was soap and water. Of course, when he plays Edison late in the inventor's life, he needed some lining pencil and some of the stuff they use to make hair look grey. But, when he was playing Edison as a man in his thirties, Tracy abandoned any attempt whatever at heightening their striking resemblance. That will account, in small part, for the unusual realism of his performance. But, more important, were the months of reading and research that the actor put into his part. "Once you start reading about Edison, you can't stop," Tracy said. "And then you start talking about him, and once you start talking, you can't stop. It is unbelievable what that man did. Did you realize . . ." Half an hour later he was still going strong on stories about the great inventor.

That is the real reason you will find the fascinating story on page 22 about Edison and about the film which is telling the story of his life. Spencer Tracy would not let us leave the studio until we had promised to assign a writer to the picture. "Don't put anything about me in the story," Tracy insisted. "There won't be room, and besides, the character overshadows everything else in the film. People ought to know more about the extraordinary mind that made possible the lights they turn on in their houses, the music they hear on their phonographs, the movies they see in their theatres."

Tracy's job was doubly difficult in that many members of Edison's family, many people who remember him well still are living. That the film is anything less than an outstanding success with them cannot be doubted. A special preview was run for Secretary of the Navy Charles Edison just before he joined the fleet for the Pacific maneuvers, and he gave Tracy's performance enthusiastic endorsement.

■ Mickey Rooney is a fine escort. Judy Garland goes to the best parties. So they knew their subject when they began comparing notes on how evenings can be spoiled. Fortunately, Kay Proctor was there, and she took the notes that produced a hilarious set of rules on behavior when both Mickey and Judy started to complain. Fortunately, Charlie Rhodes was there, too, and he snapped a set of wildly funny pictures when they began to act out the things that made them mad. This is one of the funniest stories in Miss Proctor's series, and is scheduled in time for those summer parties.

■ Our favorite extra, Mr. E. J. Smithson, had a worse time than usual in getting his story for the July issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. As soon as he came limping in from the borax mines, where he learned a lasting distrust and hatred for mules, he was summoned for another exacting job. He was feeling pretty sorry for himself, after standing up to the typewriter which he had placed on the mantelpiece to write the story, *Adventures With a Twenty Mule Team*, which you will find on page 26. So when Twentieth Century-Fox offered him a chance to play in *Earthbound*, he accepted with alacrity, being under the impression that he was going to play a ghost. "Nobody can kick a ghost," he wrote happily. "Because he simply isn't there."

But fate has it in for our favorite extra. He didn't play a ghost. Warner Baxter plays that part, and our tragic Mr. Smithson is still standing up to his typewriter, looking over his shoulder fearfully, too. Don't miss his report next month.



Frank Morgan feeds famous Pete, the penguin, who plays a humorous sequence in his picture, *Hooray, I'm Alive*

BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER



From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer *had* to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so *many* reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!

Included in the notable supporting cast are

JEFFREY LYNN • BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell

Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.

ARE HONORED TO OFFER

'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO'

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY

Rachel Field

Enchanted by the Magic of your
IRRESISTIBLE LIPS



USE
IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
IT'S *Whip-Text* FOR GREATER SMOOTHNESS

For lovable lips with plenty of "Man Appeal" apply the magic of **IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**, the lipstick that's **WHIP-TEXT** for greater smoothness. Whipped again and again by a new secret process, Irresistible Lipstick is softer, smoother, more lasting, non-drying. In vibrant, exciting, clear colors that add witchery to your make-up: **FLASH RED, FIRE PINK, FUCHSIA PLUM, ORCHID** and other smart shades, with matching Rouge and Face Powder.



10¢
AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME TONIGHT!

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Miss Carole Lombard is having some difficulties with tradesmen around the boulevards because of her unorthodox method of parking her car.

If there is no space available at the curb and no parking lot handy, Miss Lombard runs her dashing red roadster ever so delicately up onto the sidewalk and leaves it there until she has concluded her errands in the neighborhood.

Cops and tradesmen, perceiving the "C.G." on the doors and the Clark Gable registration certificate on the steering post, are loath to take drastic measures. But they feel pretty drastic, nevertheless.

Miss Lombard is as considerate as she can be when she leaves her car on the pavement, always allowing space for pedestrians to pass in single file.

■ By inadvertence, Robert Benchley is now creating, in *Personal History*, quite the most elegant drunken newspaperman the screen has ever known.

Mr. Benchley was one of the six writers assigned by Walter Wanger to turn out the screen play of the latest Alfred Hitchcock thriller. His chief contribution was the character of an American newspaperman who has been in London twenty-five years and never written anything but an expense account.

Hitchcock and Wanger agreed that the part was a little gem. But they also decided nobody could play it except Mr. Benchley. With some reluctance the humorist-critic-boulevardier accepted the job, with the proviso that he could dress as he pleased.

All very well—but when the wardrobe department found it was the eminent world-traveler and *bon-vivant* Robert Benchley, they were costuming, they turned him out somewhat like Anthony Eden.

Result: In his very first scene Mr. Benchley was so awed by his resplendent garments, and the excruciating wit of the lines he had written for himself that he made seven straight fluffs.

■ Returning to her studio after a personal appearance in New York and a short layoff in Miami, Dorothy Lamour found two curious documents awaiting her.

One was a protest from fellow players over the fact that she had had her tonsils removed in New York. The group of signatories were Hollywood wise guys who profess to take seriously the good-natured feud between Hollywood and New York about which is the ideal site for making movies.

The manifesto said: "At least one California surgeon must have been qualified to perform your operation. While those New York sawbones had you down they might have literally cut your throat."

The other communique was from a veteran hobo named "Seldom Seen," temporarily a non-paying guest of the city



—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

Table companions at the Screen Actors' Guild dinner were George Raft and Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper and his wife. It must be an amusing story George is telling



The Story of a Love Affair

that lasted a lifetime!

It's a real, human story. It's got real love in it—the kind that begins in childhood and then bursts out in a flame of romance that's more thrilling than anything in the world. And it's got real drama—so true and powerful it won the Pulitzer Prize as a play. Don't miss OUR TOWN.



SOL LESSER *presents*

OUR TOWN

from the Pulitzer Prize Play by Thornton Wilder

WILLIAM HOLDEN · MARTHA SCOTT

FAY BAINTER · BEULAH BONDI

THOMAS MITCHELL · GUY KIBBEE

STUART ERWIN · FRANK CRAVEN

Directed by SAM WOOD ("Goodbye Mr. Chips")

Released Thru United Artists

Coming soon to your favorite theatre



"THERE'S NO CATCH TO THIS" SAID THE FISHERMAN

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel—you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line—with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION



—*Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes*

Ralph Bellamy autographs a drum head while who do you think looks on? No, it isn't James Cagney. It is Spike Jones on the Gulf Oil Broadcast. Startling likeness?

of Denver. Mr. S.S. asked for one of Dottie's discarded sarongs to use for a bindle bag.

Not being up on her hobo terminology, Miss Lamour took the letter to Victor Schertzinger, a director who was once a deadhead globe-trotter himself.

"Mr. Seen," Schertzinger explained, "would like to have one of your mentionables in which to wrap all his earthly possessions. After he rolls his canned heat, his press clippings and other valuables in it, he will sling it on the end of a stick over his shoulder."

Miss Lamour is still pondering a nice way to refuse without alienating a fan.

■ Mary Martin is the latest inhabitant of the commodious Paramount doghouse. After having been extensively and expensively built up as an operetta ingenue in *The Great Victor Herbert*, she was expected to remain in that professional role.

But on a recent sneak visit to New York, without the studio's knowledge, she recorded six of the hottest Cole Porter songs containing very knowing and sophisticated lyrics. The law is being laid down that Mary Martin strip-teases are out, even verbal strip-teases.

■ Cecil B. DeMille was visiting a neighbor in Laughlin Park when the neighbor's five-year-old daughter refused to say her prayers.

Thinking it would impress her, the parents invited The Great Man into the room to supervise. In the face of the child's continued stubbornness, DeMille offered to help her. She sat straight up in bed, all eyes and attention, as the director began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep . . ."

He went right on through to the end and concluded with a most impressive "Amen."

The little girl looked up at him solemnly and, remembering his radio sign-off, said:

"This is Cecil B. DeMille saying goodnight to you from Hollywood."

A little later the same prayer-saying difficulty developed with the family's seven-year-old boy. Mrs. DeMille was delegated to assist him.

"Our Father Who art in heaven," she began.

"Explain it to me," said the kid.

"Our Father refers to the Father of all mankind," Mrs. DeMille expounded patiently. "Heaven is the kingdom which all of us hope to reach after death."

Suddenly the boy reached out, clutched her necklace and demanded, "Are those real pearls?"

Brushing off the interruption, she continued her explanation of the prayer, right to the end.

"And 'Amen,'" she concluded, "means 'Let it be done.'"

"Okay," said the kid, cocking his thumb and pointing a finger at her gun-wise. "Stick 'em up."

■ Although they don't register them with the Patent Office in Washington, every Hollywood director has his own special hall-mark that appears on every film he makes.

Alfred Hitchcock, director of *The 39 Steps* and *The Lady Vanishes*, always plays


NO MATTER HOW SLEEPY I AM AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
IT'S EASY TO WORK UP A RICH ACTIVE LATHER WITH LUX SOAP
ANN SHERIDAN
STAR OF WARNER BROS.
"It All Came True"
I PAT IT LIGHTLY IN, NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL
THEN PAT TO DRY. IT LEAVES SKIN FEELING SILKY SMOOTH-THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE!
Take the screen stars' tip-try this
YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch. So let Hollywood's favorite soap help you keep it that way.
LUX
en Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Gloria Jean takes her little sister, Bonnie, for a tour of Universal lot where she is completing her new picture, *If I Had My Way*, in which Bing Crosby also sings

the least conspicuous bit in his own pictures. In *Rebecca* he is a bobby who tells the villain he must jolly well move along, in one of the closing sequences.

Mitch Leisen, Tay Garnett, William K. Howard and Gregory Ratoff also manage to muscle their way into their own films. The only time Leisen failed to leave his stamp on his product was in *Remember the Night.* He cut himself out of that one because he was not up to his usual histrionic standard, but left his hat in to keep the franchise. Sterling Holloway wore it. Ratoff is the only one of the above-named quintet who insists on a meaty part for himself.

William A. Wellman, producer-director at Paramount, starts almost all his pictures with children appearing first on the screen. *The Light That Failed,* his latest, shows Ronald Colman and Muriel Angelus in adolescence, with Ronald Sinclair and Sarita Wooten playing the roles. *Beau Geste* and *Men with Wings* started the same way. The first scene in *Nothing Sacred* was a mob of pickaninnies at New York's city hall.

Mike Curtiz has his characters eat a full meal early in the picture. The Hungarian language-mangler attempts in this way to show that his characters are down-to-earth people.

In every picture directed by William Keighley, one of the top characters gets spotlighted by a shaft of natural light: sunlight pouring through a window or moonlight through an arch.

If the people of the play walk miles and miles with the camera following them, it's an Anatole Litvak production, and if both characters and mood are obscured by fog, credit the picture to John Ford. Remember *The Hurricane* and *The Informer?* There just is no fog in the locale of *Stagecoach* but Ford achieved the same effect with clouds of dust and a snowstorm.

Cecil B. DeMille has switched his trademark from bathtubs to brigades of troops, varying from Roman legionnaires to Northwest Mounties.

Lloyd Bacon, one of the Warner stalwarts, can be spotted by the crescendo of his closing reels. If everybody on the screen is yelling and gesticulating all through the last reel, you can get big odds that it's a Bacon creation you're viewing.

William Dieterle never fails to include a scene in which his chief character does an imitation of Rodin's *Thinker,* with more wrinkles in his brow than an elephant's ankle.

Edward H. Griffith and Frank Lloyd manage to get boat scenes or sequences into all their product. Griffith managed to smuggle two boats into the interior of Africa in *Safari* and Lloyd, by some dark magic, managed to wedge a shot of a clipper ship into *Wells Fargo,* a tale of the pony express.

Josef von Sternberg is crazy for railroad trains in his pictures; James Hogan must have at least one shot of a clock for luck, and Ted Reed delights in chimes and carillons, whether they fit the plot or not. In *Those Were the Days,* Reed has William Holden run amuck with a big courthouse gong.

Ernest Schoedsack prefers animal actors to humans. Rouben Mamoulian can't do without a cat in his shooting script. In *City Streets* he used two, on which the camera was trained during a long passage of dialogue between the principals.

Mark Sandrich's heroes are always bashful boys. Before Jack Benny current series, Fred Astaire was the diffident protagonist of this Sandrich fetish.

Henry Koster, Deanna Durbin's director, is crazy for ballroom scenes and Victor Schertzinger is daffy about picnics, particularly the South Sea Island kind with side dishes of hula girls.

Mervyn LeRoy won't wind up a picture until he has inserted his favorite number, 62, in some key spot where it will smack all beholders in the eye.

Sweet music supplies the background for every Edmund Goulding picture, even if the director has to compose it himself, as he did for *Dark Victory.*

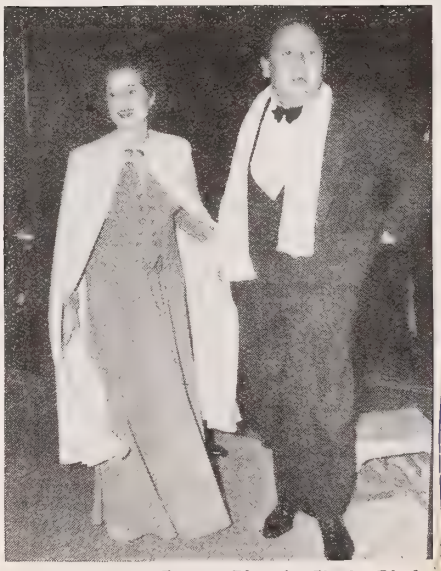
Henry Hathaway inevitably introduces some savage weapon, savagely used. In *Spawn of the North* the boys dueled with harpoon guns; in *The Real Glory* with bolos. *Triumph Over Pain,* his next, offers the surgeon's scalpel as a weapon.

A staircase is the trademark of Ernest Lubitsch, who uses them as settings for love scenes. And Lubitsch also uses "the Lubitsch angle," which nobody has yet been able to define.



—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

This talented twosome is frequently seen around Hollywood lately. Olivia de Havilland and James Stewart gaily dressed for the Screen Actors' Ball



—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

A white wool cape is Elsa Lanchester' choice for a spring wrap while Charl Laughton contents himself with a sca at the Hollywood opening of *Rebe*

conditioned Pullmans. This new feature has been added at no extra cost.

The scenic wonders you will see include the Ten Thousand Lakes region of Minnesota, the beautiful American Rockies

■ Two questions you must *not* ask Jane Wyman are: "Did you make this salad yourself, my dear?" and "I adore your hair-do. Won't you tell me how you get that effect?"

Two of Miss Wyman's bitterest memories of Hollywood are of the days when she was a professional salad-maker at Manning's, a popular Boulevard coffee-shop, and of the term she spent as an apprentice beautician.

Her part-time salary at the coffee-shop was $7 a week, most of which she applied to a course in hair-dressing. She eventually was taken on by a beauty shop, at no salary, to learn the business.

"But after a few weeks," she relates wistfully, "the boss decided I wasn't even worth the salary I wasn't getting."

■ Mr. Alfred Cerf, who used to be an architect and subsequently became one of the more restless Palm Beach playboys, has set himself up in Sunset Strip as a designer of individualistic shoes.

His customers are among the Hollywood upper crust, but he doesn't pamper them because his little shop is run on a short budget and extra work means a loss on an individual transaction.

On one of the balmiest days of the Hollywood spring, Mr. Cerf and his Mexican craftsmen were busily engaged in turning out for Vivien Leigh one of the balmiest pairs of spring slippers ever designed.

While they were absorbed in their work Greta Garbo came in and looked around, her head carefully lowered to avoid recognition. Despite this, everybody in the shop spotted her at once.

After fifteen minutes of roaming about, Miss Garbo suddenly lifted her head and revealed her celebrated features. Nobody was noticeably stunned.

Slightly peeved, Miss Garbo said:

"I am Miss Garbo."

"Howdy-do," Mr. Cerf acknowledged. "But if that means you're going to ask for home fittings, we can't afford the time."

■ Hoss-race fever has some mighty odd by-products in Hollywood, as this cockeyed incident will illustrate.

Two self-respecting young writers named Tom Langan and Roy Chanslor got together one afternoon and decided to write an original movie on the odd chance that they might stick some studio with it.

Having read all the Hollywood folklore, they decided to write on a subject they neither knew nor suspected anything about: horse-racing. They had never been to a race track. They didn't know the theory of race track betting. So they had no preconceived prejudices to hamper them when they outlined their yarn.

They braided together a suitable chain of circumstances involving a girl, some boys and some hosses, and agreed that they had something right readable, if inaccurate.

[*Continued on page* 58]

To be Somebody's Number One Girl

give your skin this Fragrance Men Love



Your womanly instinct as well as his eyes, both tell how alluring you are when bathed in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love.

HERE'S A SECRET that might be worth a million dollars in happiness! Always go by the rule that a man's senses are ever on the alert!

So remember, when you buy soap for the bath, Cashmere Bouquet has the fragrance men love. Yes, Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite lingering perfume. Be radiant and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢

Wherever fine soaps are sold



TUNE IN! WAYNE KING'S MUSIC
AND FREE DIAMOND RINGS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, 8:30, E.D.S.T., COLUMBIA NETWORK



LIMITED OFFER to introduce "Exquisite," newest pattern of Wm. Rogers & Son, product of International Silver Company. Get YOUR set of four lovely salad forks from your dealer TODAY!

"EXQUISITE" comes in PIECES-OF-8!
Complete set of 44 gorgeous pieces . . . eight of nearly EVERYTHING . . . only $24.95

WM. ROGERS & SON
BY INTERNATIONAL
"It's Original Rogers!"



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell on the patio of their beautiful Hollywood home in which they will give a cocktail party for this year's Movieland Tourists. Paramount is starring the popular couple in a picture titled *I Want a Divorce*

Here's Your Chance To See INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

A 1940 Fawcett Movieland Tour ticket is the key that will open the door of Hollywood for you. A tour ticket can be your passport to the glamorous region known as "inside Hollywood!"

Those who are lucky enough to participate in a Fawcett Movieland Tour do not merely see Hollywood as it looks from the outside. Members of the Movieland Tour go behind the scenes and have the rare opportunity of seeing the Movie Colony from an insider's angle.

For example, here is what awaits members of the 1940 Movieland Tour:

A glorious trip to the Coast through some of America's most beautiful scenery.

A sight-seeing tour of Hollywood.

A trip through the great Paramount Studios.

A visit to a set on which a Paramount Picture is being made.

A cocktail party at the home of two famous and popular stars.

And these are just the highlights of the trip. There are many additional features.

This year the Movieland Tour leaves Chicago on July 14. Members will board modern, up-to-date cars, and the entire trip will be made in comfortable, air-

HYD-2

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Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the 1940 Movieland Tour.

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Address .....

City .....

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conditioned Pullmans. This new feature has been added at no extra cost.

The scenic wonders you will see include the Ten Thousand Lakes region of Minnesota, the beautiful American Rockies, Mt. Shasta, Puget Sound, and many others. The Movieland Tour will arrive in Hollywood on July 20.

Trained guides will show you all the highlights of the film colony, point out the homes of the stars, the various studios, etc.

A luncheon at the Paramount Commissary, known as the "International Cafe," where the stars eat, has been arranged. After this comes a thrilling trip through the studio and an opportunity to see pictures actually being made. You may be lucky enough to see the great DeMille feature, *Northwest Mounted Police* in production, or any one of Paramount's forthcoming hits—films such as *A Night At Earl Carroll's, Untamed,* or *Safari.* It is impossible to tell in advance just which pictures will be available.

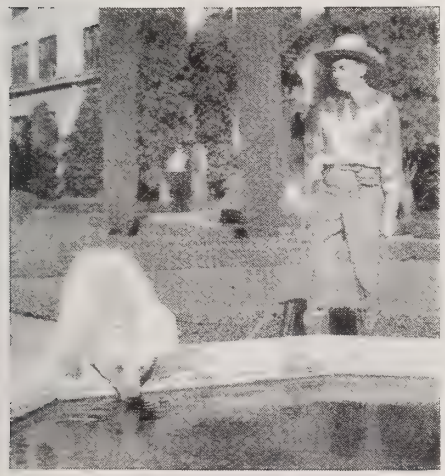
The special feature of the 1940 Movieland Tour will be a lawn cocktail party on the beautiful estate of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Members of the Movieland Tour will be the personal guests of this charming film couple, and have ample opportunity to get acquainted with them.

During your stay in Hollywood you will live at the Biltmore Hotel, one of the finest in that part of the country.

The price of the Movieland Tour ticket includes railroad fare, meals, hotel, the tour of Hollywood, the visit to the studio, the cocktail party, and incidental pleasure jaunts. You will also have time to visit many points of interest such as the Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island, and Catalina Island.

The price is extremely modest, considering the advantages the Movieland Tour offers. It is possible to enjoy the whole program for as little as $180.

For complete details of the 1940 Movieland Tour, cut out the coupon and mail it today. A booklet describing every feature of this magnificent trip will be sent, free, at once.



Carmichael stopped for a drink, and before Jack Benny knew what was to happen, both were fishing for the goldfish in the pool at Paramount

Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town



No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

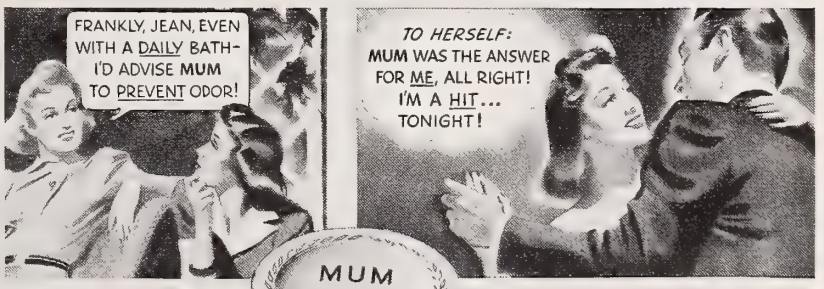
Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And *more* use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor* before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



For Sanitary Napkins, Too—
No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe...so gentle... thousands use it this way!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Swimming can't Spoil my Make-up



Yes, you can dive in... and come up smiling, with lips and cheeks still colorfully fresh— perfectly made-up.

For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Tangee Natural Creme Rouge are waterproof and swimproof. They really stay on! And they're not affected by hot-weather perspiration, either!

Why not test Tangee's exclusive scientific principle yourself? Why not give *your* lips and *your* cheeks the soft, lovely color that has made Tangee the choice of beautiful women all over the world? Just send the coupon below, with 10¢, for a smart little make-up kit that's just as handy for purse and guestroom as it is for beach use.

And, we'll also include a sensational new 40-page booklet, entitled, "Make Up and Live", in which 10 of America's leading beauty editors tell you their priceless beauty secrets!



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City ... Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

REBECCA—*United Artists*

■ Outstanding picture of the month is this story of a young bride who was haunted by the mystery and by the memory of her husband's first wife, *Rebecca.*

The novel which was such a sensational best seller several years ago has been lifted straight from its pages, placed on the screen without loss of its gripping tension, its strained mood, its telling power, but the central figure emerges as much more interesting character in the playing of Joan Fontaine than she did as the "I" of the novel.

More than one person became frankly weary of the young bride's self-consciousness over her red hands and her childish nails in the novel. If they bothered her so much, why didn't she pop up to London for a manicure, demanded the slightly exasperated reader who already was tired out because he couldn't put the book down until he had found out what happened to Rebecca.

The film has just as much suspense, but the irritation with the central character's gaucheries, her frightened ineffectualities, her inability to ask one or two sensible questions is all submerged in the sensitiveness of Miss Fontaine's interpretation of the part.

Laurence Olivier is the exactly right choice for the brooding, haunted Max de Winter, topping even his own performance of Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* in strain and suppression.

Judith Anderson's smooth voice and fluid body give the part of Danny the quality of living danger and waiting disaster so essential if the story is to be believed at all.

George Sanders, Nigel Bruce, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, Melville Cooper and Lumsden Hare bring to smaller parts the vivid overtones of the book. The sets of Manderley are magnificent and Alfred Hitchcock's direction makes the film, which runs two and a quarter hours, seem no longer than the average feature.

PRIMROSE PATH—*R-K-O*

■ A rather astonishing part is this for Ginger Rogers who heretofore has been identified with gay musicals and light comedies and farces. It serves to prove that she is an excellent actress, as well as an expert comedienne, however, even though it is going to draw disapproval from some quarters.

She plays a Ellie May who hates and distrusts men to such an extent that she dresses like a child and wears her hair in unbecoming pigtails. Ellie May had her reasons for not liking men. Her father (Miles Mander) was a drunken weakling who wept when his wife (Marjorie Rambeau) brought home gifts from her numerous men friends, but who allowed her to support the family as best she could. Ellie May's grandmother (Queenie Vassar) saw nothing wrong in her daughter's enterprises. Her younger days had been spent in much the same way.

Then Ellie May fell in love. Ed (Joel McCrea) was a great success with the flashy girls from the cannery, and he was hard to impress. Ellie May managed to gain his imagination by a hastily spun yarn of stern and wealthy parents.

The shock for Ed was considerable when he finally met the disreputable family of his bride. This picture also may be a considerable shock to careful parents, for, though it is very well acted indeed, the characters are certainly not the kind you'd ask to daughter's graduation exercises.

VIRGINIA CITY—*Warners*

■ Once more, the South loses the Civil War, and this time it can surprise nobody, because the gallant southern soldier and his spirited little sweetheart almost seem to ask for failure.

Why a nice girl like the aristocratic Julia (Miriam Hopkins) should be working as a dance-hall girl way out in Nevada, and so serving the Confederacy as a spy, is hard to explain. But there she is, looking very pretty indeed in black tights which are extremely shocking to the gallant Federal officer (Errol Flynn) who is out there being a spy from the other side. His assignment is a little easier to understand. He suspects that a large shipment of gold from mines belonging to Southern sympathizers is to be made to the South. His job is to stop the shipment, save the gold for the North, if possible.

The gallant Confederate officer (Randolph Scott) is such a brave man that he never looks behind, even when he knows that spies are in town, so he goes directly to the hiding place of the gold, and that starts a lot of fights, and a long chase over the desert. There is a jail-break, an attack by Indians and robbers, an explosion or two, some songs, an ambush, a betrayal of a trusting man by the woman he loves, a court martial and a last minute pardon from President Lincoln.

Judging solely from the way President Lincoln acts in most movies, it seems a shame that some eloquent Confederate mother or sweetheart didn't ask him to surrender to President Davis. He so seldom says "No" in the movies that it might have changed the whole course of history.

STRANGE CARGO—*M-G-M*

■ Tough was the prisoner Verne (Clark Gable), mean and resentful and determined to make his escape from Devil's Island. Punishment did not change his mind. Neither did solitary confinement. Neither did reports of the dangers of the swamp, the promises of capture or of death within a few miles of the prison walls.

The same idea of escape haunted an

unsavory set of his fellow prisoners. They were vicious men, all. Brutal crimes had taken them to Devil's Island. They were prepared to repeat them to get away. That is why no one asked too many questions when a new man, Cambreau (Ian Hunter), bribed his way into their company. He had plenty of money, and it would be useful, especially if Cambreau happened to be killed on the way through the jungle.

The whole film is devoted in greater part through two long struggles against shocking hardships. The first is the fight of the men against the poisons and the fevers and the quick-sands of the swamps. It is a much smaller group that finally wins through to the seacoast and the waiting boat. The second part is the long sail without water or food under the blistering tropic sun.

Joan Crawford sacrifices make-up through most of the film to play the part of Julie, outcast dance-hall girl who tolerates Verne only because he can help her to get away, and then falls in love with him. The most striking thing about the story is the change that overtakes all of the characters under the quiet influence of Cambreau, but it would not be fair to reveal in advance the secret of his presence.

This film was banned in Detroit by local censors because of the unsavory characters with which it deals. So don't take the little ones.

IT'S A DATE—*Universal*

Entirely delightful is the way that Universal is edging Deanna Durbin into grown-up roles without losing the value of her youthful appeal.

In the new picture, she plays Pamela, ambitious eighteen-year-old daughter of Georgia Drake, famous stage star. Completely over-shadowed by her mother's glamour, it never occurs to Pamela that she can start her acting career anywhere but in the smallest parts on Broadway. And even those are seemingly impossible to find. Her mother's producer (Samuel Hinds) smiles at her tolerantly when she begs to play a maid, sends her back to summer stock school. After all, he is too busy to bother with youngsters, no matter how talented. He has a famous playwright (S. Z. Sakall) on his hands, and the famous playwright is making trouble. He is declaring that Georgia is too old to play in his newest drama, and no producer likes to carry such tidings to a star who is wildly enthusiastic about a new part.

Before the bad news can be broken to Georgia (Kay Francis), she leaves for Honolulu for rest and concentration on her new play. When the producer and the playwright decide that little Pamela is the one to do it, they have no idea that she will sail instantly to get help from her mother. And how could they know that she would be so absorbed in the part that she would act it all the way across? How could the captain know that his intense little passenger was learning lines, not actually contemplating suicide?

By the time Pamela reaches her mother's charming tropic retreat, she has a devoted, if somewhat bewildered man in tow, and as handsome a set of misunderstandings and complications as you could wish.

The whole cast is singularly charming in its interpretation of the light, well-bred comedy. Walter Pidgeon is amusing as the mature man who finds himself engaged to a child and in love with her young mother. Cecelia Loftus, Lewis Howard, Fritz Feld and Henry Stephenson contribute parts that are all profit, and of course there are half a dozen songs delivered in the star's usual effective manner.

DR. CYCLOPS—*Paramount*

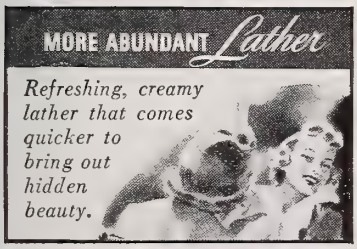
There is a new menace in Hollywood . . . a grisly gentleman quite worthy to be classed with Dracula, Frankenstein's monster, King Kong and the other leading lights of the shriek and shudder school of entertainment. He is Dr. Cyclops, played by Albert Decker, who is quite the most effective of this season's mad scientists.

Experiments that staggered the imagination were under way deep in the South American jungle when three scientists arrived after an arduous journey. There was a cool, insulting air of mystery about the hulking, pre-occupied man who had

[*Continued on page* 57]

Women thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!







Brought to you by Camay to Help you to Loveliness!

WOMEN everywhere are making new Camay their favorite beauty soap . . . seeking new loveliness with the aid of Camay's gentle beauty cleansing care.

And no wonder . . . for now Camay offers them advantages which most women have never enjoyed before! Yes—we tested new Camay against six of the most popular beauty soaps we could find . . . proved Camay was *milder* than any of them . . . gave more lather in a short time . . . had a fragrance almost 2 out of 3 women preferred! Get Camay at your dealer's, now!



At your dealer's now —no change in wrapper!

Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



I'm just thrilled by the new Camay—it's even better than ever. Such wonderful mildness and lather! And that lovely perfume lasts and lasts while there's a bit of soap left.

(*Signed*) LE VERT DOBES
Mrs. William L. Dobes

Atlanta, Georgia

***Now—more than ever*—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Glamorous Society Actress



Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

Top-Flight Air Hostess

BUT BOTH GIVE THEIR SKIN THIS SAME THOROUGH CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE: With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE: Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

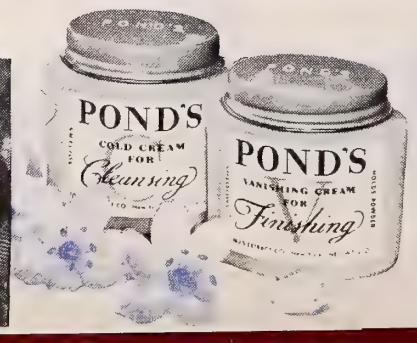
ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"



Arriving for premiere at Carthay Circle Theatre



June dances on off-duty evenings



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVF, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Jeanette's Bright Ideas

Jeanette MacDonald would get along very nicely on her concert tour, were it not for the fact that her "bright ideas" do not always work

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

■ Traveling . . . for a movie star . . . is both pleasure and pain, especially if you are a movie star who always is getting bright ideas, like Jeanette MacDonald.

She came into her drawing room on the train bound for Philadelphia, helpless with laughter, fell into a seat and waved her hands in despairing indication that she had the giggles.

"He thinks I'm *crazy!*" she explained, none too clearly, and went off into another peal of laughter.

She did not look crazy. She looked very beautiful in a fragile wisp of a bluish-green wool dress, just the vivid color of her eyes. Slipping her arms out of her big mink coat, she [*Continued on page* 58]



In El Paso, where the concert tour started, the whole town turned out in welcome, and the Texas Rangers sang western songs, staged a dance in honor of her arrival



Left, Jeanette MacDonald bids her mother and husband Gene Raymond "Goodbye" just before departure on her concert tour

Even more beautiful off the screen than on, the star was the delight of fans begging autographs after each concert

$3,000.00 "LILLIAN RUSSELL" CONTEST

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

Fans! *Here is your chance to win One Thousand Dollars—or any of 132 other big cash prizes! It's easy! It's fun! The glamorous, fascinating beauty, whose life and loves soon will be seen in the spectacular 20th Century-Fox picture, "Lillian Russell," inspired this Contest! All you have to do is check as True or False the statements in the column at the right. Then write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject:*

"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

Be sure to send in your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below . . . and start immediately!

EASY TO WIN!



CUT ALONG THIS LINE ▶

1 *Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America."* True ☐ False ☐

2 *"Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels.* True ☐ False ☐

3 *Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Jahndigoor.* True ☐ False ☐

4 *Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck.* True ☐ False ☐

5 *Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing.* True ☐ False ☐

6 *The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies.* True ☐ False ☐

7 *Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States.* True ☐ False ☐

8 *Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell.* True ☐ False ☐

9 *Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox.* True ☐ False ☐

10 *Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings.* True ☐ False ☐

YOUR NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON "WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."



133 PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE $1,000.00

2nd PRIZE . . . $500.00

3rd PRIZE . . . $250.00

5 PRIZES of $100.00 each

25 PRIZES of $10.00 each

100 PRIZES of $5.00 each

EASY RULES!

1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S No. 1 GLAMOR GIRL.
2. Mail your True or False List and your letter of not more than 50 words to the *Lillian Russell Contest Editor, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 56th St., New York.* You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.
3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.
4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hollywood's Strangest Policies



Sonja Henie's legs are protected by a quarter of a million dollars in insurance policies



Deanna Durbin can't go nearer to the ocean than this, because her policy bans swimming



Zorina's twinkling toes are insured against all injuries, and the policy bars her from playing games such as tennis or croquet!

Hollywood believes firmly in insurance as a safe and sane investment, even though some of the policies sound slightly crazy

By JAMES F. SCHEER

■ Out of curiosity I asked her to take off her shoes. I wanted to see the much-publicized toes that she had insured for $25,000 apiece with Lloyds of London.

There were all ten of them—pinkish looking and somewhat square on the ends.

"Do they look different?"

It was the star who belongs to the feet that own the toes that would cause an insurance company a quarter of a million dollars worth of embarrassment should they be unable to twinkle again. It was Zorina, queen of the ballet, relaxing between shots of *I Was An Adventuress.*

"I thought not," she said, smiling a friendly smile. "This $250,000 assortment of toes causes me a lot of trouble. Ever since the insurance company began to worry about them with me, I've had to be twice as careful.

"I can't play tennis, croquet, bowl, or engage in any sport. Outside of my routine calisthenics and my dancing, my most violent exercise is playing bridge." She laughed good-naturedly. "It's my duty to keep my toes in my shoes and out of trouble. But I guess my insurance policy isn't the only unusual one in Hollywood."

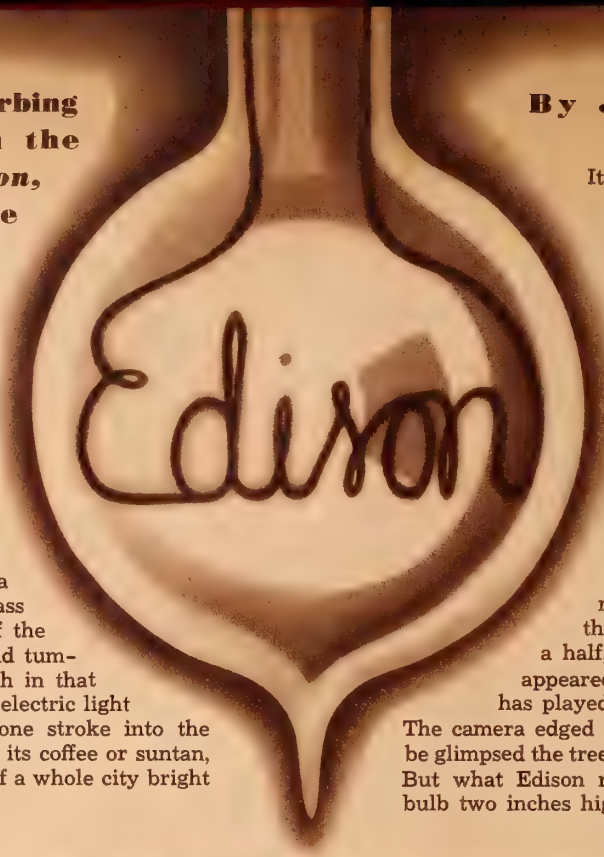
And Zorina was right!

Hollywood is the hatching ground of fantastic insurance policies.

Singers protect themselves against losing their ceiling notes. Expectant fathers insure their wives against twins. Actresses insure their legs and their complexions. Actors insure themselves against losing weight. Others take out policies to protect themselves from having their names misspelled.

But there is a solid reason behind Hollywood's oddest policies. It is usually this: stars must protect future earning power by guarding their physical or artistic assets. [*Continued on page* 39]

One of the most absorbing stories ever told on the screen is that of *Edison, The Man* who made the moving picture possible



By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ For two days Spencer Tracy had been trying to invent Thomas Edison's electric light. In a spattered apron and a battered suit he sat at a desk surrounded by shelves filled with bottles of chemicals, with models of inventions. Frowning, he made notes in a small gray book.

At this portentous moment in the year 1879, only the thin flame of a gas jet picked out the glint of glass and metal, the stocky shoulders of the inventor, the hunk of apple pie and tumbler of milk at his elbow. Darkish in that laboratory! He hadn't created the electric light yet—hadn't jerked the world at one stroke into the modern electric era that "plugs in" its coffee or suntan, and, at nightfall, turns the streets of a whole city bright as noon by throwing a switch.

It was one of the most extraordinary sets Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever built. And one of the toughest scenes Spencer Tracy ever played. For in *Edison, The Man* he had to *be* Thomas Alva Edison. Scores of people who will see the picture knew the wizard who died in 1931. Among them are his own children, one of whom is Secretary of the Navy today. Tracy could take no dramatic liberties with the part, nor could M-G-M with the setting. Even the apple pie and tumbler of milk were authentic. So, as far as humanly possible, was every expression and mannerism of Tracy's. He had studied them three times a week for a month and a half, from five newsreels in which Edison appeared. The part is also the longest Tracy has played. Of 90 scenes in the film he is in 85. The camera edged nearer. Dimly out the windows could be glimpsed the trees and pleasant hills of Menlo Park, N. J. But what Edison regarded so intently was a tiny light bulb two inches high, that began to glow dull red as the



In 1879, Edison (Spencer Tracy) started on his experiments with electricity. The janitor is played by Henry Travers



Seven years later, Edison had his own laboratory and began searching for a substance to give light without burning up



The first lamp! Its platinum filament burned out quickly and fused in the heat. And it was shockingly expensive to build



Edison next tried to save his filaments by placing them in the bell of a crude, hand-pump vacuum . . . a big step forward



The experiments with the vacuum pumps continued, the glass bulb we know today began to take shape, but still light failed



Not until Edison made a filament of carbon, rolled aronnd ordinary sewing thread, did the light burn for a long time



Sixty-five attempts failed before the delicate carbon filament was safely in its bulb. Expert glass-blowers made this copy



Then began the famous "death watch." Edison dared not leave his lamp, sat up all night with his helper (Gene Reynolds)



Edison asks for a franchise to light New York City, and gets it but must use his own money for the "experiment"



Notice the quaint street lamps, replicas of those outside the first office of what was to be the mightiest of light companies



Trouble in the generator room on the day Edison must turn on his street lights. Mrs. Edison (Rita Johnson) watches anxiously



In 1882, despite prophesies of failure "because electric light is contrary to nature's laws" the lamps in New York shine

inventor gave it the current. Watching with bated breath, everybody on the set prayed he'd win this time; for without electric light there'd be no movies, without movies no Hollywood, and THEN what?

Again the glow faded, the filament fizzled, the experiment went phfft as ordered by the script. They called time out to reassemble the setup—the sort of thing which makes two days necessary for one sequence. Still, Edison had taken eight years, and his tests for the right filament went phfft *9,000* times. It's something to think about when next you snap on your reading lamp.

Tracy gave a sigh as realistic as if, like Edison, he'd truly strained to outdistance other inventors and be first to achieve the electric light which is almost as essential to our current (ooops, sorry!) existence as air. These movies! Edison's failures to invent electric light were at the very instant being filmed by the selfsame light he hadn't yet invented.

Once more the camera edged up. The Wizard of Menlo Park, casting round for a new type of filament, scraped soot (pure carbon) from a smoky lamp chimney and combined it with ordinary sewing thread. Gently he pressed a button. Glory! The thing worked!

Oh, hooray, now we can have those signs that flash along Broadway, and traffic signals, and permanent waves, and all the doodads which follow in the wake of electric illumination, many of them impossible or impracticable without it.

"The patience of the man!" Tracy marvelled at the end of the scene. "One result of it—twelve times I pass by the name 'Edison' between my dressingroom and the sound stage. For example, it's on the manhole cover over the tunnel for electric wiring outside the stage door." His blue eyes raked the laboratory as if they could visualize the stupendous feats of mind and will accomplished there.

That laboratory set is the heart of the picture. Some *25,000* items were reproduced for "atmosphere," ranging from models of inventions to floor boards and filaments. But chiefly bottles, white, yellow, turquoise, ruby, covering three sides of the wooden walls. Whenever a new chemical came out, Edison bought a supply. In ten years he collected 20,000 bottles of a hundred outdated shapes and sizes so unobtainable now that they had to be specially made on the M-G-M lot.

Several years ago Henry Ford reconstructed the original laboratory with its contents, as a museum, at Greenfield Village, Michigan. Seeing it there, Edison pronounced it 99 1/10ths per cent correct. Asked about the other tenth, he said: "We had more dirt on the floor."

Before the picture began, Tracy, Director Clarence Brown, and Producer John W. Considine visited Greenfield; and Considine, who for 14 years has wanted to do a film about Edison, brought back to Hollywood William A. Simonds, Greenfield museum curator, as technical adviser. Thanks to [*Continued on page* 52]



Above, Lillian Russell

Right, Alice Faye as Lillian Russell

Alice Faye, as the gorgeous Lillian Russell, with Edward Arnold who once more is playing Diamond Jim Brady, Don Ameche as one of her husbands, Henry Fonda as another and Warren William. Considerably less buxom than Miss Russell is Miss Faye, but, then, the men who recreate the swains who flocked around the Belle of the Nineties are slimmer, too, so realism is consistently and well served

Tony Pastor, the great showman of the Nineties who discovered Lillian Russell and who was her faithful friend, is played by Leo Carrillo. A delightful scene in the picture is when Pastor, lunching in his garden, looks over the fence and discovers the young singer playing theatre for her own amusement. Here Helen Westley admires a glittering new bracelet, symbol of Lillian's success in the real stage





Lillian Russell

This charming article, written by the distinguished director of the film, *Lillian Russell*, brings back the great beauty who was the toast of all New York

By IRVING CUMMINGS

If there existed the faintest chance of my becoming blase and jaded after thirty years as a practitioner of the art and mystery of the motion picture, it would be dispelled at once by the electrifying opportunity to perform such a labor of love as directing *Lillian Russell*.

Without exaggeration I can say that it would be a delight to direct a Lillian Russell picture every year for as long as I remain in directorial harness, and the wealth of material in Lillian Russell's shining career would still be scarcely scratched.

Lillian Russell loved deeply and, if it appears that she loved often, it must also be considered that her career in the theatre was long and diversified. There was never a whisper of scandal about her. Otherwise she could never have been commissioned as colonel of a regiment in the United States Army; the army is stiff-necked about whom it honors.

The re-creation of Lillian Russell before the camera was for me like turning the pages of a treasured memory book. As a young actor I knew the golden-haired first lady of the stage and was the beneficiary of her kindness. In Miss Alice Faye there came ready to my hand the instrument through which I could reincarnate all her shining loveliness.

The circumstances of my first momentous meeting with the great Lillian are worth recounting as an example of the graciousness with which she treated striving young colleagues. At the age of 21, after only a few stage engagements, I was summoned by my agent to present myself as a candidate for a leading juvenile role with Miss Russell, who was the reigning toast of New York and incomparably the greatest figure in the contemporary theatre.

An appointment was arranged for me to visit her at her apartment in the Majestic Hotel. I was in a panic of trepidation, fearful of my ability to carry off an interview with such a haloed personage, terrified lest I stammer and falter in reciting the answers to the usual question: "What have you done?" and "For whom did you do it?"

I spent a feverish ten minutes waiting in a lavishly appointed drawing room. Then Miss Russell appeared and I was instantly at ease. Despite her overpoweringly beautiful face and figure—the expression "peaches and cream" was coined to describe her complexion—there was nothing regal about her manner. She accepted me as a professional, and did not embarrass me by asking me about my brief and scarcely distinguished career in the theatre, having been thoughtful enough to satisfy herself on this point before summoning me for inspection.

Her whole effort was bent toward presenting her projected production in a favorable light, as if I needed any inducement to join the Lillian Russell company. Her manner was so considerate, friendly and humane that I should gladly have followed her about the country on my hands and knees.

This, it developed, was hardly necessary. Still in a semi-hypnotic trance I accepted the offer to be her juvenile man in *In Search of a Sinner*, and it was in that same exalted state that I rounded out a thirty-seven week tour.

We traveled, on Lillian Russell's bounty, in her own private railroad car, enjoying the rare luxury of drawing rooms, shower baths, and premium foods out of season. The cost to us was what we might have paid for room and board in fourth-class hotels—$3 a day. The difference between the cost to us and the cost to Miss Russell, which was some $9 per day per person, she characteristically paid out of her own pocket.

Never aloof, never the great lady of the theatre offstage, she greeted us on February mornings in the blizzard belt as fresh as the breakfast strawberries.

There is no single performance of that tour that I cannot re-live merely by closing my eyes and cueing myself into my opening line.

Ernest Truex [*Continued on page* 50]



Director Irving Cummings, the author of this article, shown warning Miss Faye not to sit down on her sash. Mr. Cummings was juvenile leading man with Miss Russell and remembers all of her costumes vividly, insists on accuracy in details. In this costume, the basque is dark blue faille, the skirt white organdie



The gentleman with the whistle is the sound technician who sees that the microphone boom is correctly placed, an important duty, especially in a musical picture. Like everyone else in the company, he seems engrossed by the loveliness of Miss Faye in her billowy costumes. Lillian Russell was famous for the wildest extravagances in her sensational wardrobe, and the studio has lavished time, care and money in copying gowns that were the wonder of even the glittering Broadway of the rich and dazzling Gay Nineties

Adventures With a Twenty Mule Team



Wallace Beery records the one time the lead mule looked pleasant on location

Our favorite extra takes a stand on the subject of mules, and eats off the mantelpiece for a while

By E. J. (The Borax Kid) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

The information you are about to receive herewith and pronto may not rate more than three choice Bronx cheers and five boxes of borax in the open market, but the fact still remains that this tenderized piece about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *20 Mule Team* came as close to being the final one ever written by your intrepid extraman as vice is to versa or ham is to eggs.

But before I go into the harrowing details of how the nineteenth mule of the 20 mule team tried to blitzkreig me out of my moom pichur career, I want to voice a few vehement protests against further extra work up, in, and around any and all Death Valley location sites. I went up there for RKO during the filming of *Gunga Din* and came out so blistered by the sun that I couldn't sit down for two weeks. That should have been the tip-off, but you know me—a fool for punishment so I accept your kind invitation to go up again to help Wally Beery, Leo Carrillo, Anne Baxter, Marjorie Rambeau, Noah Beery, Jr., Douglas Fowley, and Arthur Hohl straighten out *20 Mule Team*.

And so what happens?

This happens!

I come back looking like a section of Grauman's Chinese Theatre forecourt. And I look that way because just South of the Border I'm carrying an inch-deep imprint of a mule's right hind hoof. And so here I am again, unable to sit down without suffering pain, and notified by the doctor that I'm going to be branded for life! No ma'am, no more Death Valley location trips for Ex-Death Valley Smitty! Please bear that in mind when you want future extra stories.



Fresh water for Wallace Beery's desert dip arrived daily in this big fast tank

The desert gets cold, so the water-holes had to be heated

Even with fresh and warm water it wasn't much fun

My trip up to location started out auspiciously enough. That is for the first fifty miles. For one reason or another, mostly, though, because I managed to oversleep (as usual) I missed the bus that was scheduled to carry twenty of us extras up north. The next thing I knew I was being carted out to the airport and shoved into a plane piloted by Paul Mantz, the famous stunt flyer. Mantz had been hired to fly the day's rushes to and from location. This Mantz must have been in a hurry, because it seemed to me he was up in the air before he'd traveled fifty feet of runway and climbing faster than a bird could fly. Well, while it wasn't delightful, the experience was thrilling and I leaned over and yelled my approval of the way he was handling his ship. He leaned over and yelled for me to shut my big mouth and tighten my safety belt. So I do as he says, and it was lucky for me that I did because no sooner had I pulled in my belt an extra notch than this naughty Mantz started his aerial fireworks. So far as I have any recollection of what happened after that, we flew upside down and sideways. Then we roller-coasted from one cloud to another, and, as a final fillip, Mantz jerked the ship so that it stood on its tail. In that position we skidded for a hundred feet or more. I don't know whether or not we came onto the landing field that way. Maybe we did. I wouldn't put any trick past this famous pilot. All I know is that I was a mighty sick man when a couple of muleskinners pulled me out and said something about Paul giving this guy the works.

Fortunately for me, one of the boys had provided himself with a pint bottle of 80 proof snakebite cure, and after gulping down two doses I returned to normal. What I mean is, I felt able to open my eyes.

■ The sequences we shot that day and the next were the toughest I ever took part in, and I've taken part in a lot of tough ones.

After getting dressed up in desert rat shirt and pants, we were ordered to put on shoes that must have weighed three or four pounds each, this weight was due to the slabs of metal nailed on the soles to prevent the borax crystals from cutting through the leather and into our tootsies. After we'd laced on our boots we stood around while a couple of prop boys sprinkled us with alkali dust from head to foot, when we were dirtied up to the satisfaction of Richard Thorpe, the director, we were led over to where Wally Beery, as Bill Bragg, prize muleskinner of the borax route, was getting ready to drive his 20 mule team across the desert floor to Mohave, 160 miles away. Wally, if looks meant anything, didn't appear to relish this job and neither did the mules and neither did the extras. The sun was getting hotter than the hinges of old Belzebub's hang-out, the dust was choking up our windpipes, and everybody from Director Thorpe on down, seemed to be suffering from A No. 1 cases of jangled nerves.

The reason for the jitters is plain. Ever hear of Bad Water? No? Well, it's a little spot on the edge of the salt beds and it's 279 feet and 6 inches below sea level, the lowest below sea level spot in North America, and an extremely difficult place to do much strenuous work in. The name was given it years ago because the holes in the desert floor are filled with black water. Prospectors, seeing these on their journeys across the desert would plunge into them and gulp down the black fluid to assuage their terrible thirst. Many of them died right then and there and for good reason.

The water contains 95 per cent Epsom Salts in solution!

In his last picture, *The Man From Dakota,* Beery had to fall into a river-bottom hole and he suffered a painful ear infection from the dirty water. Director Thorpe decided to take no chances on these Death Valley sequences. On a preliminary trip to this location he brought back a bottle of the water and had it analyzed by studio chemists who reported that it contained a nearly saturated solution of Epsom Salts as well as numerous thriving bugs. So new holes were dug, the sides lined with canvas, and filled with pure water. Well, everything appears to be ready and we start out from Bad Water. We're supposed to travel four miles, not all at once, mind you, but four long tough miles nevertheless, and when it's finished it will be the longest continuous "perambulator" shot in the history of the motion picture industry. Ever so often when we come to a water hole, we jump in to "undehydrate" ourselves because the intense heat has practically dried up our bodies. Wally climbs aboard the wagon, cracks his long bull whip and away he goes.

[*Continued on page* 46]

Turnabout

Turnabout is fair play and wild fun when, by a magic trick, a wife finds herself in her husband's body and he finds himself living in hers

By SERENA BRADFORD



One glance is enough to tell the butler (Donald Meek) that something is seriously amiss when he discovers Mrs. Willows (Carole Landis) singing in a loud bass voice in Mr. Willows' shower bath



Mr. Willows (John Hubbard) is alarming to his fellow-workers, William Gargan, Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou, when he uses his wife's voice and mannerisms in conference

Beneath the crystal lamps and pastel murals of as nifty a penthouse set as Hollywood has seen these many pictures, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale and William Gargan stood—out of camera range—looking expectant and a little bit anxious. They didn't think Carole Landis could do it.

In a very feminine gown, the last word in chic, Carole was on top of the penthouse flagpole nailing some wire to the radio aerial. Out upon the terrace came Mary Astor and Joyce Compton, seeking their hostess and lunch. From her lofty perch Carole spied them.

She waved the hammer. "H'ya, girls! Be right with you!" she said in a deep masculine voice.

Menjou and Verree and Gargan gave a start. She'd done it! That dainty, slim creature had spoken in the voice of John Hubbard, with the effect of a canary suddenly bellowing like a bull. John Hubbard himself, lurking round a corner of the set, didn't look surprised at all. He knew the trick! By similar shenanigans, he could talk in Carole's voice so accurately that her own mama couldn't tell the difference.

"Nice work!" said John in Carole's tones, light and high and girlish.

"Thanks, old pal," Carole answered in those astonishing manly accents.

The tough, constant practice of weeks and weeks had been justified on both sides. For *Turnabout* demands exactly what the title implies—a turnabout of voices and jobs and personalities. She's he and he's she. . . .

In other words, they were making a picture on the Hal Roach lot out of that hilarious story by the late Thorne Smith who also wrote *Topper* and *Topper Takes A Trip*. It is perhaps the most unusual picture yet. Just listen; here's the plot.

Tim Willows (John Hubbard; you saw him in two previous films, *The Housekeeper's Daughter* and *1,000,000 B.C.*) is a dynamic, athletic young advertising executive. Sally, his wife (Carole Landis, heroine of *1,000,000 B.C.*) is a lovely hostess, possibly over-fond of giving bridge parties and swank dinners. The two often quarrel, and in the midst of a bedtime argument over which has the harder life, the executive or the hostess, each expresses a wish to lead the other's career; Sally yearns to loll around an office all day, Tim yearns to lie abed till noon.

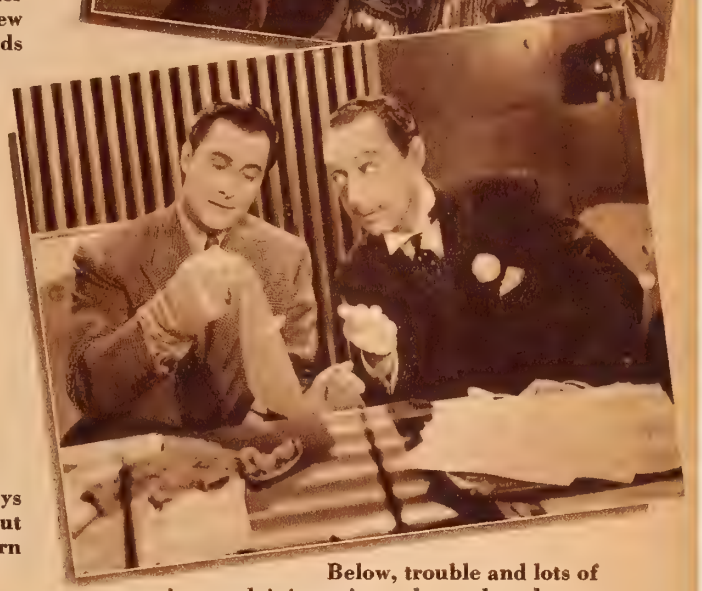
On a shelf in their room is the bust of an Oriental god, "Mr. Ram" (George Reneavant), who has the power to grant any wish upon which the young couple agree. For once, they are in agreement. So, while they sleep, [*Continued on page* 63]



Right, the doctor (Wright Kramer) tells the despairing Mr. Willows in his wife's body, startling news



Right, Mrs. Willows occupying her husband's body, finds out a few things about one of his friends



Below, trouble and lots of it explaining just how he knows what kind of lingerie the wives wear



Joyce Compton and Mary Astor are understandably astounded when Mrs. Willows acts like Mr.



Right, Mr. Willows displays an uncanny knowledge about hose to Franklin Pangborn



Will MacDowell makes a career of saying "No" and Hollywood people love him for the way he does it

The Man Who "No's" Everyone

The brilliant authoress of "Riverside Drive," "Wedding Ring," "Applause" and other novels was so much impressed by Mac when she was writing a film play in Hollywood that she turned out this colorful story on him

By BETH BROWN

■ You might crash your way into a baseball game. You might dig a tunnel and get in under the Big Top at the circus. An Annie Oakley will get you by the ticket chopper of a Broadway play. But don't try to crash past a Hollywood doorman. It just can't be done.

Oh, so you've got an idea about it. You think you know a way of getting in, do you?

Well, if it's riding up to the motor entrance in a Rolls-Royce—that won't do it. They're a dime a dozen on the lot.

If you think you can get in by turning on the old s. a. you've got another think coming. Studios have more beauty contest winners now than they know what to do with. A fainting spell won't help you either. The doorman may pick you up in his arms, but he'll plunk you down on a bench *outside*—while he applies the smelling salts.

Oh, so you're from Bullock's Wilshire with a bonnet for Milady on the lot? Well, check all hats here. No, they don't allow deliveries inside.

People have tried all sorts of novel ways of getting in. Here comes a chap now, with a dancing bear at the end of a chain. He says the president of the company has sent for him, and wants to see him in a hurry. "Sorry," said the gateman. He's had that trick worked before.

It won't do you any good to explain that you've spent your last vacation dollar on the old trailer that brought you all the way from Maine or Virginia or Florida. Folk have come from the end of the world, but they can't get in just the same. They just can't get by the doorman.

It's really not his fault. He's holding down a job, don't you see, and it's a tough one. Dollars to doughnuts, you'd never change places with him, if you could watch him work for a week.

In the first place, he must be a diplomat, a detective, a policeman and a bouncer all rolled into one. He mustn't say "No" when the answer is "Yes," or "Yes" when the answer is "No." It's important to let the right person in without delay, and it's too bad for him if he doesn't keep the wrong person out.

Each of the studios has its own defense line of information. At Metro, for instance, there are six desk boys—handsome, efficient and inscrutable—who work in eight-hour shifts as guardians of the gate. The other studios employ equally formidable staffs.

■ But the dean of them all—and he plays a lone hand—is Mac of Marathon Street.

He has been at Paramount as long as an elephant can remember. Marathon Street would become a prosaic place without him. The show folk themselves dubbed him "Mac" as a sign of affection. He's Mac to Mr. Zukor as well as to the girl in the cutting room. Only the accountant knows his full name but he, too, calls him Mac.

Mac was born Will MacDowell. He started with Paramount down on the gate at Lemon Grove back in the old days. The studio was an outdoor affair—the gate was wooden and ramshackle. In those days, you didn't have to have a pink pass and a shave to get you through. The hours were from six in the morning to six at night except when it rained, and the studio shut down the shop.

Then one day, some architects descended and built a real studio. The wooden gate came down. In its place up went some iron gates as tall as the ones at Buckingham Palace. Mac was poured into a uniform and promoted to the desk at the new front office.

His eyes are very blue and very kind, but his voice is very firm. When he says "No" he means it, but somehow, he leaves the impression that there's nothing he'd rather say than "Yes." It's just his job, don't you see, and if he weren't strict about it, it wouldn't be any time at all before he himself would be outside looking in.

Mac is never-mind-how-old. He's quick, strong, and short on words. He wears the regulation police department uniform of Los Angeles—blue shirt, black tie, and gleaming police badge. He's of medium height and is married. He never raises his voice but he knows all the answers. He has learned all the tricks, too, and there are quite a few of them in the old category of gate crashers.

No, it's not [*Continued on page* 61]

Lady Esther says "Do you know that a

GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"



Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW you have a *new skin* unfolding—crowding eagerly forward to replace your old skin that is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes!

These tiny flakes can menace the loveliness of your new skin, says Lady Esther. Why let them? Why not help your new skin to bring you new youthfulness?

Each unfolding of your skin can bring you Reborn Beauty, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those tiny flakes of worn-out skin veiling your complexion today—beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. You probably can feel the tiny rough spots left by those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin. They're the thieves that steal the beauty of your face powder—keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—make you look older!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream help you remove them *properly*—soothingly—gently! It loosens the impurities so that you may waft them away gently—helps Nature refine your pores and reveal the youthful freshness of your *"new-born skin!"*

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin! Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be surprised, yes, I'll be amazed, if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your face cream.

But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin . . . that it helps Nature refine your pores . . . and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense.* Use it twice a day or oftener. Try it before you powder. See how much more glamorous your powder looks. Let my cream help bring you New-Born Beauty—help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 7-Day Tube *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (56)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

By KOLMA FLAKE



Above, the great star of silent films, Wally Reid, with Wally, Jr., at the age of nine. Right, young Wally as he looks today at twenty-two after winning his first big part in *Northwest Mounted Police*

Heroes Don't Die

Wally Reid, Jr. is discovering that his famous father still is alive in the hearts of his friends in Hollywood

■ Their names no longer make headline news or twinkle on theatre marquees. Their images no longer flash brilliantly on the screen. But far from forgotten are the lovable homespun philosopher, Will Rogers, the fatally fascinating Rudolph Valentino, and the first great regular-guy hero, Wallace Reid. Memories of them are still vivid in Hollywood, and those memories are a standard by which young actors are judged to this day.

One young man who can prove how hard these standards are to meet is Wally Reid's own son, William Wallace Reid, Jr. Seven years ago, Bill (as he prefers to be called) stepped into the spotlight. Fifteen is pretty young for anyone to buck up against the standard set by our deathless heroes, and he had the double handicap of bearing his own great father's name. As just another talented juvenile, he might have been a success. But, heralded as Wally Reid, Jr., he flopped resoundingly. Audiences expected that, by some strange alchemy, their dead idol would laugh, and dare and triumph again on the screen. Instead they saw a tall, lanky, freckled-faced boy, miserably lacking in the *savoir faire* for which his father was noted.

It was a bitter experience for Bill. He had expected to be the conquering hero, a great overnight success.

However, time has a happy way of smoothing over difficulties and tempering great sorrows and disappointments, and Bill now can talk about his first screen appearance with a half ironic, half amused smile.

"I believe I was the dullest child that ever existed," he says frankly—now. "I thought it was swell to earn $2,000, great to be in pictures. After the picture flopped, I didn't know what I wanted to do. For a while I worked as assistant director at Monogram where my mother was story editor. She had earned her job and because of her, they gave me a chance.

"That lasted for a while, and then I turned to music. I was pretty good on the saxophone and now and then got a job in the second row of a little band. But then someone would discover my identity and insist that I front the band and do a solo. I wasn't that good. Furthermore, I didn't get much satisfaction out of playing in bands.

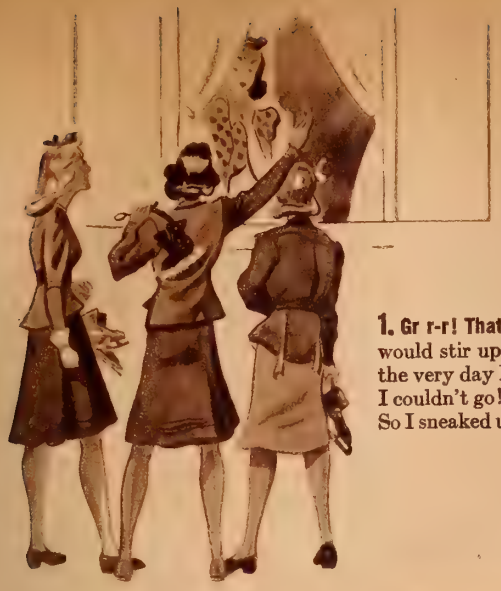
"I know now that I want to be in motion pictures. That means plenty of hard work ahead of me. The public won't accept a shadow. It has an uncanny ability to go right through to a performer's backbone. My father was said to be the best actor in his day. Well, my goal then is to be the best in my day. Perhaps it will take only three years. Perhaps it will take thirty, but I'm going to keep working at it."

In the meantime, Bill is glad to have the moral support from his parents' friends.

Cecil B. DeMille has given him more than moral support. He has shown faith in Bill by assigning him an important featured role in his new film, *Northwest Mounted Police*. Bill feels that DeMille has given him a golden chance . . . just as he did Bill's father in 1914 when the producer gave him his first important acting opportunity in a picture titled (prophetically, it would seem) *The Golden Chance*.

This time, Bill comes better prepared to the screen, because he has been working hard on his scholarship in Ben Bard's Playhouse, one of Hollywood's best dramatic schools, where he has appeared in many plays.

"Bill is a good student, [*Continued on page* 48]



1. Gr r-r! That gang of mine! They would stir up a skating party on the very day I'm being a woman. I couldn't go! I was sizzling mad! So I sneaked up the stairs. But . . .



2. My Aunt Kate who's down on a visit wanted to know "how come." So I upped and told her, "I'm chafed. One turn around the rink and I'd be fit for a wheel chair." The next thing I knew, things were flying around. And . . .

REVENGE IS SWEET

BY SUZY



3. Out of Aunt Kate's bag came a box of Miracle Modess. "Haven't you heard that Modess now has 'Moisture zoning'?" she stormed. "It acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad—keeping edges dry and comfortable longer than ever before."



4. "And look at this," she rushed on: "Here's why Modess is so heavenly soft! The inside is made of *fluff*—airy as a cloud. Entirely different from layer-type napkins." "I'm sold," I piped up, but Aunt Kate said, "Wait! I'll show you another surprise!"



5. She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad—poured some water on it—and not one drop came through. "See," she crowed: "Modess is safer, too!" Right away quick, I borrowed the box and . . .



6. Whango! When the crowd came over to play ping pong that night, I romped off with the game and sweet revenge! I'll say it's Miracle Modess and glorious comfort for me from now on. (Specially since I've found it costs no more!)

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"



The Career of Mrs. Chips

The Irish Girl who made an instantaneous hit in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* is now in Hollywood to stay. Her next picture is *Pride and Prejudice*

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

■ Greer Garson is as Irish as the sweepstakes. She hails from County Down, that blessed vale in the North of Ireland hallowed by Gaelic bards and sentimental tenors.

Her first brush with the drama, according to the record, came off when she was a wee somebody of four, and did a spot of declaiming before a town hall packed with friends and townspeople. Some rumors insist she reeled off "Shamus O'Brien's Speech Before the House of Lords," which opens, if you recall:

"My lords, if you ask me, if in a lifetime
I committed a treason or thought any crime . . ."

The contrast between the speaker and the speech brought down the house in unrestrained huzzas that she cried and fled from the stage, without going farther.

At seven, she resumed her career. At nine, she turned troubadour, teaming up with a band of rustic pierrots. Distraught kinsmen spotted her on a bandstand munching the top layer of a box of chocolates she had won as a first prize.

After this excitement, the family moved to England, where, it was hoped, she would become attached to books, settle down to study and wind up a school teacher. The portents loomed bright. In composition she was nothing short of nifty. Likewise in French. There were the usual awards. Matriculated at the University of London, she went ahead and finished, *magnum cum laude*. Next she tried a French university, where she was to polish off her skirmish with learning.

Here in the South of France she made up her mind. Teaching was not for her. She fled Grenoble University, traipsed on home and made the announcement:

"It's the stage for me."

You could have knocked the Garsons over with a French quatrain at the news.

Before the collective family opposition could be mustered up, she took sick. Influenza. A two-month siege and the medicine men announced that the patient herself was balking recovery.

"She doesn't seem to care one way or the other," the family doctor insisted. "Something will have to be done—quickly."

Mrs. Garson read the warning a-right. At the bedside, then and there, she gave the stage, and especially the patient, her blessings. Recovery was almost instantaneous.

Getting onto the stage was something else. She haunted the producing offices, took with grace and tolerance the slings and arrows of the haughty buffers who always wound up with:

"If you've had no experience, what on earth are you doing calling on us? This office is busy with production, not instruction."

Smarting under scores of these taunts, she turned to the business world. She was lucky enough to land a slick job in an advertising office, so slick, in fact, that in a month she had a shiny desk and three telephones. But her heart wasn't in the work. By her lonesome, she waged a campaign for the increased consumption of a certain kind of face powder while her mind was roaming backstage.

"Finally I just chucked it," she explains.

Grim and desperate, she called on the managers once more. Through a brother of a chum of hers, she managed to get an introduction to the London manager of Sir Barrie Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Face to face with the great man, she didn't spare the horses, but told him what happy days were ahead for the stage, if the Birmingham acquired her genius. Impressed by her self-assurance, not to mention her earnest green eyes, the impresario decided to let her do Shirley Kaplan in the Elmer Rice play, *Street Scene*. She wore a black wig over that Florentine hair, but she was as happy as a sparrow. *Street Scene* gave way to a part in George Bernard Shaw's *Too True to Be Good*, a performance which charmed the critics. Ensconced in a hit play and apparently headed for the stratosphere, she bumped into tonsilitis, was forced to drop out. Recovered, she tried London again. This invasion was heartbreaking. No parts. Not even any audiences with the managers. Nothing but despair.

She was resting one day in the lobby of a club wondering whether she wasn't really a silly fugitive from a French classroom when Sylvia Thompson, the novelist, sashayed up, all agog.

"My dear, you're just the person I need in my new play. You've got what the part wants—freshness and lift. It's tailored for a younger Gertrude Lawrence. Are you interested?"

The Garson girl shook herself, came to life and said, nonchalantly, "Why, yes. I think I'd like to be in your play."

The opus was called *The Golden Arrow*. It was a forlorn flop. But not for Greer Garson. Came a half-dozen plays in which she was asked to appear. Even the British Broadcasting Company took notice and starred her in television productions, classical things for the most part.

She was cavorting in Gilbert Miller's *Old Music,* when Louis B. Mayer, boss of M-G-M, came to London town. He had come on company business, but the touts sailed into him. They got him down.

"You've just got to see Garson in *Old Music.* She's wonderful," they bombarded him from all sides.

He saw the show, and signed her up the next morning on a long-term contract.

■ Hollywood did not exactly strew flowers in her path when she arrived.

"For months I champed at the bit, waiting for the role that never came," she tells about it now.

Then Sam Wood was assigned to direct *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* Robert Donat had been decided on as "Chips" months before. But no amount of searching had uncovered the heroine of the story, the woman with that strange interior light which changed Mr. C's life.

This same Mr. Wood was running through a score of "long-shot" screen tests one particular afternoon when there flashed across his sensibilities that phantom of delight with the impossible name, Greer Garson.

"Strike me pink, if it ain't Mrs. Chips," he said, in effect. "Fetch her here."

Which is how a woman with flame-colored hair, an alabaster face and an astonished heart, by temperament a pixie, rescued herself from oblivion and landed herself a role in the picture which became one of the sensations of 1939.



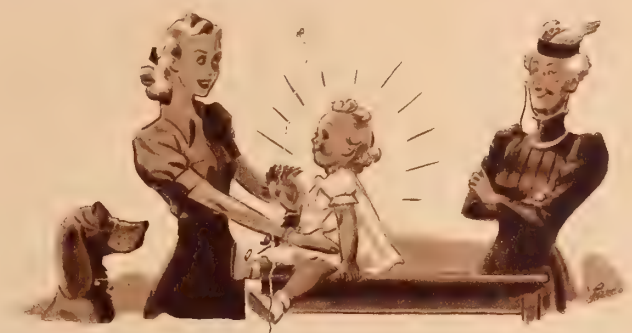
The biggest hat you can find is what you need for this summer on the shore. Ann Rutherford likes sea shells for beach jewelry and a white bathing suit



Meddle! Meddle! Meddle! Goodness only knows why, but this busy neighbor does it plenty! She criticizes you for this. She criticizes you for that. And glory, what a spot you're in—if she looks at your little angel and finds her dressed in dingy, tattle-tale gray!



Don't get mad—just get wise! For no matter how hard you rub and rub, some soaps are so weak-kneed they simply *can't* budge all the dirt out of clothes. So hurry to the grocer's and switch to the soap that doesn't give dirt a chance! Switch to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips!



Then parade the baby in style! And prick up your ears—whenever that meddler comes around. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha,* working as a well-balanced team, make tattle-tale gray give up in despair. They get clothes honestly clean *all the way through.* So sunny-white and sweet—it's a thrill to have even a meddler notice—to hear her sing your praises to the skies!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"!



"Use the *golden* bar for all bar-soap jobs. It's just the best ever! Use the *golden* chips wherever you use box-soap. They're HUSKIER flakes—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And now they've got a new suds-builder that makes oodles of rich, busy suds. Simply grand for washing machines."



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

Play Silly-Dilly With Ginger Rogers

Win Big Prizes

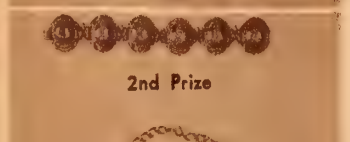
■ Silly-Dilly is Hollywood's newest game. You hear it all over the town . . . on movie sets, in night clubs, in the homes of stars.

Because HOLLYWOOD Magazine likes games, we pass it along to you. Because Ginger Rogers likes pretty costume jewelry, she took time out between her last picture, *The Primrose Path,* and her next one, *Lucky Partners,* and picked the stunning prizes which make this one of the most exciting contests we have run to date . . . and HOLLYWOOD Magazine is famous for handsome prizes and contests that are really fun.

■ The fascinating awards, shown on this page, are from the studio of Josef of Hollywood, a leading designer of costume jewelry for stars and studios. Nothing less than full color reproduction could do justice to these lovely pieces, which will turn the simplest dress into a striking costume. Many stars this year are wearing simple sheath gowns, depending on heavy, bulky necklaces and bracelets for individuality. Certainly here is a chance in a lifetime to have for your own a handsome addition to your wardrobe at no cost. Josef's strikingly original designs, as well as his careful workmanship, have won him distinction in Hollywood, and here is your chance to own duplicates of the lovely pieces which have found favor with a discriminating actress of the screen. In addition, this is a tempting opportunity for you to win a gift directly from Ginger Rogers.

Read the instructions carefully, take a good look at the beautiful prizes, then fill in the coupon on page 38 and mail it promptly. You have until June 15 to get your answer into the mail.


1st Prize


2nd Prize




3rd Prize

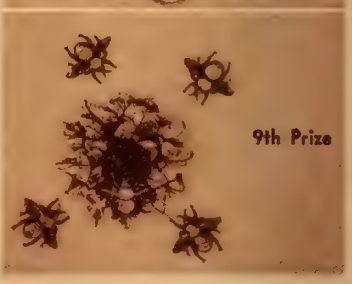

4th Prize


5th Prize


6th Prize


7th Prize


8th Prize


9th Prize




10th Prize



Detail of the pendant, showing the exquisite workmanship on the first prize. The pendant slips off the necklace and may be worn as a lapel pin

FIRST PRIZE—A stunning set of necklace, bracelet and earrings, fashioned from heavy leaves and shining metal threads, supports glowing stones the color of amethysts. (Retail value, $75.00)

SECOND PRIZE—Massive, beautifully designed settings encircle deep purple stones that glow richly from necklace and bracelet. (Retail value, $50.00)

THIRD PRIZE—Huge, delicately fashioned drums of exquisite workmanship dangle from the heavy necklace and matching bracelet of silvery metal in antique finish. (Retail value, $25.00)

FOURTH PRIZES—Two heavy loops, caught at the clasp by massive leaves support the richly glittering stones. Two lucky winners in this division each will receive one of these handsome necklaces.

FIFTH PRIZES—Two winners in this division will receive a striking lapel pin. The big, spreading leaf supports a vivid cluster of stones.

SIXTH PRIZES—Big hollow filagree balls swing from the weight necklace which will delight three winners.

SEVENTH PRIZES—Four necklaces of shining leaves are waiting for four prize winners who turn in best answers in this division.

EIGHTH PRIZES—Polished metal marbles and big clinking rings make a smart modern choker. Five of these gay gadgets are waiting for five winners.

NINTH PRIZES—Stunning lapel pin of leaf, jewel and bee is made doubly gay by additional small bees. Five of these engagingly different sets will delight five more winners.

TENTH PRIZES—Long lariats of heavy metal may be looped in a dozen different

Three fights a day....



Those upsetting "scenes"—those long-drawn-out conflicts about eating—do not *have* to happen. Countless mothers have proved with Clapp's Strained and Chopped Foods that such troubles can be avoided. They've shown how important it is to offer foods whose flavors and textures *please* the baby and suit his stage of development.

Or three happy meals?



Babies take to Clapp's!

They like the flavors—special vegetables bred, grown, cooked, and lightly seasoned to please the taste of babies. (And they test high in vitamins and minerals, too.)
They like the *textures*—not too coarse for easy handling, nor too fine for exercise.
They like the *variety*—more kinds than any other brand offers.
They like the *pleasant placid transition* from Strained Foods to Chopped Foods—the same good garden-fresh flavors they've always known.

• Any wonder Clapp's know what babies like? Doctors and mothers have been giving them tips about it for almost 20 years! Clapp's is the oldest baby foods house, and the only one of any importance that makes nothing else.

17 Strained Varieties for Young Babies



12 Chopped Varieties for Toddlers



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

LIZ SERVED THE BAD NEWS WITH THE COFFEE!



1. **"Sure, it's a fine house this is!"** blurts out the just-hired Lizzie. "That old kitchen drain is stopped up tight!"



2. **"A stopped-up drain?"** inquires a tactful guest. "I know the answer to *that* one! We'll telephone for some Drāno!"



3. **Down the drain goes Drāno!** And it gets down deep—*digs out* all the clogging muck—clears the drain thoroughly!



4. **"Drāno not only *cleans* drains**—it keeps 'em clean!" smiles the guest. "Use a teaspoonful at night after dishes are done!"

P.S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.



USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN



Drāno

CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

ways to form one of the most unusual of necklaces. Six of these are waiting for six bright people.

THE RULES

1. This contest is open to all readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their families.
2. All entries must be postmarked no later than June 15, 1940.
3. Editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will be the sole judges. The judges' decisions are to be final, and no correspondence will be carried on concerning letters submitted in the contest.
4. Contestants may submit as many entries as they wish, but each entry should be written or printed on the coupon provided for that purpose.
5. Awards will be made for entertaining quality and originality in the Silly-Dillies submitted.
6. Neatness will be considered in the selection of winning entries.
7. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

HOW TO ENTER

Silly-Dilly is a question and answer game, and it is lots of fun, even if you do not have the added interest of winning a handsome prize.

For instance, one person says, "What is a Silly-Dilly for a studio on fire?" One answer would be a "hot lot." Or "What is a Silly-Dilly for a studio stage in the rain?" The answer is "wet set." And what would be a spotlight on that same wet set? A "damp lamp," of course.

Now you play it. Find a two-word description that rhymes (like "silly" rhymes with "dilly") for each of the questions asked. Clip out the coupon below, fill in your Silly-Dillies after the questions, make up one of your own about Ginger Rogers or any other subject you may fancy . . . and the best Silly-Dillies win!

Silly-Dilly Contest,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
1501 Broadway,
New York City.

Here are my answers in Ginger Rogers' Silly-Dilly Contest:

What is a Silly-Dilly for Donald Duck on flypaper? ....

What is a Silly-Dilly for a star with auburn hair? ....

What is a Silly-Dilly for a Movie Queen at the South Pole? ....

And here is my own idea of a good Silly-Dilly:

What is a Silly-Dilly for ..... ?

Answer ....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Hollywood's Strangest Policies

[*Continued from page 21*]

They must protect the things that make movie fans toss jingling coins to the ticket girls.

That is why Alice Faye has insured her perfectly smooth complexion for $25,000. That is why Maureen O'Sullivan has taken out a large policy, too. Neither one can go out into the sunlight without wearing a hat. Their skins tan and freckle easily. And more than one change of complexion has affected the making of an important picture.

That is why Anita Louise's weightiest worry is gaining excess poundage that might take away her fragile, delicate beauty. A $75,000 policy protects her weight. She would rather remain a dyed in the wool calorie-counter than be scale-shy.

Never since the expiration of Greta Nissen's $100,000 insurance on her beautifully shaped and complexioned back—against mars, scratches, sunburn, disfigurement—has Hollywood had any policies on backs.

■ Recently Sonja Henie, the ice Pavlowa, boosted her insurance total to $3,000,000. The policies include life, sickness, accident, travel, and property, and make her the most insured actress in the world. Of the whole sum, $260,000 protect her legs.

And speaking of legs, Betty Grable has $100,000 worth of insurance that her lovely limbs won't become scarred, bruised or disfigured for film work.

However, most of the shapeliest legs that ever high-heeled down Hollywood boulevard haven't a cent of insurance on them today. And they include pairs that belong to Rita Hayworth, Jean Parker, Virginia Gilmore, winner of the Physical Culture Foundation of Hollywood's leg contest, Martha Raye, Ginger Rogers, and Bonita Granville. Have I skipped anybody?

And Marlene Dietrich is no exception.

"I've never insured my legs," she told me as we chatted in Producer Joe Pasternak's bungalow on the Universal lot. "I showed them only when the roles called for it—in *The Blue Angel* and in *Destry Rides Again*. There are thousands and millions of women in America who have beautiful legs. They are nothing out of the ordinary.

"This 'most beautiful legs' publicity is so much ballyhooey. Of course, well-shaped legs are no handicap. There are stories that Lloyds once carried a policy for $1,000,000 on my legs. But that was publicity that never had a leg to stand on."

La Dietrich put her foot on a moot point.

Legs aren't what they once were. Actresses who can only fill stockings well and who have nothing but pretty faces and figures don't become great stars.

Today voice is much more important. And voice-insurance is one of the most popular brands in movieland.

Perhaps Andy Devine's gravel-voice is not the best treatment for a headache,

Find your most Becoming Powder Shade now—and get it in my GRIT-FREE powder!

{GRIT IN YOUR FACE POWDER CAN GIVE YOUR SKIN A HARSH, "POWDERY" LOOK!} says Lady Esther



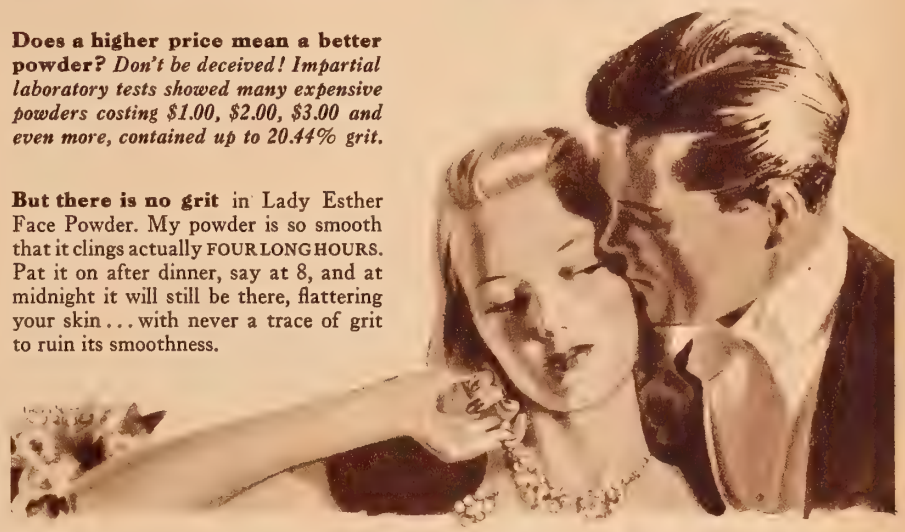
The wrong shade of powder is a tragedy—but even the most becoming shade can raise the dickens with your appearance—if that powder contains grit! For powders containing grit can make you look *older!*



The "Bite Test" will tell you. Put a bit of your present powder between your teeth! Be sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. Your teeth will detect any trace of grit—but Lady Esther powder is GRIT-FREE.

Does a higher price mean a better powder? *Don't be deceived! Impartial laboratory tests showed many expensive powders costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 and even more, contained up to 20.44% grit.*

But there is no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. My powder is so smooth that it clings actually FOUR LONG HOURS. Pat it on after dinner, say at 8, and at midnight it will still be there, flattering your skin . . . with never a trace of grit to ruin its smoothness.



Find your one luckiest shade! If you want to look your best at a party, a dinner, or a dance, you must have the right shade of face powder. Why guess, when you *can be certain* as to which is exactly the right shade for you, the becoming shade, the flattering shade!

Find out right now! Write me—and I will send you 10 glorious new shades of my grit-free face powder (including my Champagne Rachel). Try *all* my shades—you'll be amazed to see that my beiges, dark rachels, light rachels, rose tones and my natural are so much more flattering than the equivalent shades of other brands you may have tried.

From this complete range you will surely find the one shade that will make you look younger and lovelier! And because my powder is grit-free, it will never give you an ungroomed, "powdery" look! There is no finer, no higher quality powder in the world today—no lovelier shades. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (56)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (Offer limited to one per family.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

EX-LAX MOVIES

Dad saves the Day for Junior!



MOTHER: How I dread giving Junior this laxative! He raises such a fuss!

FATHER: You can't blame the kid. I wouldn't want to take it myself!



MOTHER: Well, what else can I give him? You know he needs a laxative.

FATHER: What about Ex-Lax? It tastes like chocolate and works fine!

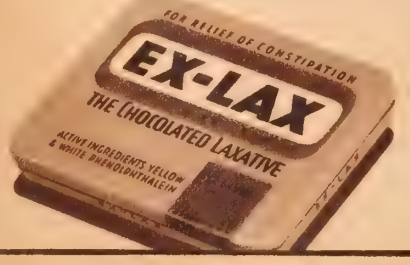


MOTHER: S-a-ay! Ex-Lax did wonders for Junior! And he took it without even a whimper.

FATHER: That's what I like about Ex-Lax! It not only tastes good — it's good *for* you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



but to Andy and his legion of followers, it is worth $75,000 worth of insurance. Years ago when he fell on a stick and injured his throat, his voice took on this rasping foghorn quality.

Andy has never had his tonsils removed and can't now, because, as he says, "If I had any kind of operation the policy would be void automatically."

And Bing Crosby faces a similar problem. Recently he renewed his $100,000 policy on his romantic throaty baritone. Most of the Lloydian policies are for periods of not more than a year and must be re-written each year.

The node on his larynx—the irregular growth that gives his voice the husky quality—cannot be removed—that is, not unless he wants to nullify his policy.

Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones, and Dorothy Lamour have policies that run up to almost $100,000 on their singing voices. Deanna Durbin's insurance is said to be $500,000. However, a prominent Hollywood insurance broker told me that this figure covers her totally and includes disfigurement, permanent disability, health, as well as loss of voice.

"Deanna's policy really dictates stern orders. She loves to go swimming in the ocean, but she can't. Almost all sports are out. She can ride a horse, but she cannot jump. She can play tennis. But she cannot ski, toboggan, skate, play hockey, polo, or soccer even if she wanted to."

Then there's Sandra Gahle, wife of Director Mitchell Leisen and soprano in the San Francisco Opera Company, about whom "Believe It Or Not" Ripley hasn't yet heard. She paid the premiums on a new policy for $125,000 that insures her top note—the E above high C.

■ The policy David O. Selznick had written for Margaret Tallichet, now wife of Director William Wyler, is humorous in retrospect.

A few years ago when Selznick was considering Miss Tallichet for the choice Scarlett role in *Gone With the Wind*, he insured the Southern accent that had come with her from Dallas, Texas, for $75,000!

If you recall, the Vivien Leigh Scarlett, as English as tea and crumpets, didn't throw around a single "you all" and learned her Southern accent in Hollywood.

It isn't simple for stars to get unusual coverage insurance. First they get a "tip of the toes to the top of the head" going over from doctors chosen by the insurance company. Then "Safety engineers," so called, investigate the conditions under which they work in pictures, their credit ratings, their friends, their drinking habits, and combine their findings with those of the doctors.

Then the answer is "O. K." or "No."

■ Animal actors as well as human ones must submit to physical examinations to get their policies.

Daisy, the shaggy, droopy-eared little dog you see in the *Blondie* pictures, had to get a veterinarian's clean bill of health before she could be insured for $50,000 by Lloyds.

"As to breed, Daisy is very miscellaneous," Rennie Renfro, the dog's master, told me. "I paid 50 cents for her, but today she's worth her weight in insurance policies."

This protection came as the result of the death of a former kennel-mate of Daisy—another film dog who contracted pneumonia when he had to dive into cold water while acting in a picture.

This policy isn't exactly what Daisy would call a new "leash" on life. She can no longer run loose when out with her trainer. But there is some consolation. If Daisy has to do a Weissmuller in any pictures, she gets specially heated water, a warm sound stage, and the gentle care of a baby.

A lot of odd stories are told about Anna May, educated elephant who made her film debut in 1916. But probably the best is the one about her work in *Gunga Din*.

Anna May has a disability clause in her insurance policy, you see. One blazing hot day while the RKO company was on location at the foot of Mount Whitney, she was called upon to re-enact a scene she had done half a dozen times before.

Came time for shooting, and Anna May stood stamping the ground with her heavy feet and groaning deep elephantine groans. Sam Jaffe, Cary Grant, and Vic McLaglen wondered with the rest of the cast.

"She's sick," said her trainer. "She's through for today." He notified the insurance company. That was that. A few days later a check arrived in Anna May's name. It was for disability, and on the back of it was scribbled the reason for compensation of $21.08: "Severe sunburn."

■ Lloyds will always bet against twins, but they will not insure a person against getting married, despite information to the contrary. Hollywood's eligible bachelors and bachelorettes get a flat refusal when asking for anti-marriage insurance on the grounds that Lloyds "does not wish to discourage natural social practices and considers celibates with distrust."

■ Two things Hollywood's insurance policies taboo most often for stars while their pictures are in production are polo and piloting of privately owned airplanes. Because of danger from falls, bumps, or cracks on the pate, Tim Holt, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Spencer Tracy, and Robert Montgomery must play their polo between pictures or not at all. Allan Jones can ride a horse if he doesn't jump it. Joan Bennett can't mount one under any condition.

Jimmy Stewart, Wallace Beery, Brian Aherne, Ken Maynard, Bob Cummings, and Clark Gable must adopt a hands-off policy so far as handling planes is concerned.

■ Lloyds of London will write any kind of insurance, ranging from guarantees that it won't rain on the night of a premiere, to guarantees that sun will be shining when a movie company is on location, to insurance against damage of studio properties—such as the $100,000 policy on Cecil B. DeMille's bungalow, the first of its kind built in Hollywood, which now is standing on the Paramount lot.

Personal property insurance—for example, the $900 policy on the well-known monocle of Eric Von Stroheim—is popular. Harold Lloyd's 24-year old, shell-rimmed glasses—the ones that never had any glass in them when he wore them in pictures—are insured for $25,000.

Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy can get only one kind of life insurance—protection against fire!

"Dictator" Charles Chaplin has no policies covering his baggy screen costume, but he guards it carefully. His sideways feet which have added laughs to millions of reels are insured for $15,000, however.

Oliver Hardy, the most physically represented of the team Laurel and Hardy, has to watch the scales—but not with the same purpose as Hollywood actresses. He can't afford to lose weight because much of his comic quality—and his contract—is dependent upon his girth. That is why he has a $50,000 policy against possible lean years.

■ Feet, weight, and eyes are not the latest in insurables—as young Tom Rutherfurd, M-G-M find, informed me the other day as we talked on the set of *Hooray, I'm Alive*:

"You see, I spell my name Ruther*furd* now. I had it legally changed from Ruther*foord* to distinguish it from one branch of the family tree. Lloyds accepted my application for a policy to protect me from having my name misspelled in print. They agreed to pay me $5 every time Ruther*furd* was spelled the old way—Ruther*foord*."

Tom pulled a ragged clipping from his wallet.

"See this? It's a write-up about me from my home town paper. The writer forgot and spelled my name the old home town way ten times. That means a new pair of riding breeches for me—on Lloyds!"

■ No matter what type of insurance you might want, you can find it in Hollywood. It may be a policy that expires in 15 minutes—perhaps one that protects the voice of your favorite singing star for a radio broadcast. It may cover a single railroad trip—like the $1,000,000 policy that assured RKO that Raymond Massey would arrive safely and on time from New York to Eugene, Oregon, where much of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* was filmed. Or it may run a year or more.

Every day policies die. Every day others are born. Because of the 5700 varieties of unusual professions in the motion picture capital, it is natural that there will be unusual insurance.

No matter how crazy the policies may seem on the surface—whether they be the kind on a Southern accent or on a man's excessive poundage—they are understandable.

Zorina must protect her $250,000 box-office toes. Deanna Durbin must protect her thrilling voice; Sonja Henie, her legs. Studios must protect their investments in stars.

So there is good old-fashioned business judgment behind all of Hollywood's oddest policies!



JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 351, Portland, Oregon

Send me style folder in color featuring new 1940 models *Women's* ☐ *Men's* ☐

NAME

STREET CITY

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

NEW ODORLESS* CREAM
***safely* REMOVES HAIR**

Nair is painless . . . not irritating to normal healthy skin...*no sulphide depilatory odor... economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. **NAIR**

All About Albert

By ED JONESBOY



No little surprised was Eddie when he saw himself in a film the first time

Eddie's "never again" couldn't last, so back he came to Hollywood

■ Eddie Albert, the boy who is the pride and joy of Warner Brothers' Studios at the moment, got the shock of his young and active life the night he attended the preview of his first picture, *Brother Rat,* and took a terrified gander at himself as he paraded across the screen. It was more than a shock. It was a catastrophe. He says so himself.

"Now, first off, I'm not dumb enough to think that I can ever give Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn and a score of others a race in the Good Looks Sweepstakes. I've seen myself in the mirror too many times to carry around a notion like that, but goshamighty, I can't believe to this day that the plug-ugly I saw on the screen looks like me! The first time I came on the screen I gave a gasp and slid three inches lower in my seat. When I ventured a second look, I gave another gasp, slid down three more inches. Before the first reel had been unwound I was sitting on the floor. When the show was over I beat it for home, and did some tall and lofty cussing, because that guy on the screen who was supposed to be me wasn't me at all, I thought. That guy walked around with his brow all furrowed like the north forty of a Minnesota farm. He talked out of the corner of his mouth like a guy leading a whispering campaign. He scrooged his neck around like a chicken with a bad case of pip. The voice and mannerisms of the reel Eddie Albert were not those of the real Eddie Albert at all. Or so it seemed to me. If that was what the camera did to a guy the first time out, Lord help him the second time! What made it all so strange was that the other members of the cast hadn't changed at all. Talk about the 'transformations' the ladies get in beauty parlors! Boy, I certainly got mine in that picture! I've never entered a beauty contest, but I knew I wasn't as ugly-looking as I appear in *Brother Rat.* And I knew something else, too. Or so I thought. No motion picture fan was going to take kindly to me. I was going to be a prize bust. I was willing to bet that the preview notices the next day would second the motion in no uncertain terms. Sure enough, about the first item I read the next morning was that 'Eddie Albert had the funniest face outside of a character in a comic strip!' That was the blow that laid me low! Well, I said to myself, they'd never get a chance to laugh at me again. And I rushed right back to New York to start rehearsals for *The Boys From Syracuse* on the stage.

"When I returned to New York, the cast of *The Boys From Syracuse* took extreme pains to call my attention to the 'comic strip' notice. After the first week of rehearsal I swore that

never again would I make a picture for dear old Hollywood! But at the end of the show's run, I went back to take another crack at the picture business in *On Your Toes*. After that I played in *Four Wives* and *Brother Rat's Baby*. And here I am again in *Angel From Texas*."

■ Eddie's first arrival in New York is another example of those "longest-'way-'round-is-the-shortest-way-home" stories of success. Playing stooge for a strong man and singing in amateur night radio shows and stage shows had a great deal to do with starting him off on a theatrical career. All this was back in his Minneapolis High School days when he was working like a busy bee to get "Excellents" on his report card. When he wasn't working on his books, he was working in a drug store doing a bit of fancy soda-jerking and sandwich making so that he could buy theatre tickets. Occasionally he managed to horn in on a program and did well enough for the news to be bruited about that, given a chance, he could earn a fairly decent reputation as an entertainer. Eddie began to believe most of what he heard about himself when he wrangled himself a job helping a strong man in a professional act. Mr. Bulging Muscles, when he wasn't lifting 1000-pound weights and tearing telephone books in twain, used to fill his helper's ears with exciting stories of the theatre.

"After high school," Eddie relates, "I entered the University of Minnesota, and stayed there for two years until my feet got so itchy for Broadway that I had to quit. Arriving in the Big Town to seek my share of fame and fortune I was amazed by the number of other young gents with the same idea as mine. Those big opportunities the strong man had told me about back in Minneapolis failed to materialize. If they did, some other guy got there first. It soon came to pass that I was grabbing at Cakes-and-Coffee jobs to keep alive. I'd sing at political rallies and holiday celebrations for amounts ranging from one to four bucks. Now and then I'd knock off a night club appearance or a spot on a radio program. Finally, though, one of those big opportunities did come steaming around the fabled corner, and I climbed aboard. Maybe you heard me over NBC on the *Honeymooners* program. I was the Eddie of the Grace and Eddie duo. Well, with that job cinched, and me eating regularly I began to plan my attack on the theatre. I got a walk-on bit in *Oh, Evening Star*. The only sad feature about this initial try in front of the footlights was that *Oh, Evening Star* failed to twinkle as it should at the box-office. When it fell with a dull and tragic thud I was ready to pack up my turkey and thumb my way back to the Minnesota prairies, but before that could happen I decided to put on a sales talk to a manager of a summer stock company. I must have been convincing because he finally succumbed and gave me parts in *Personal Appearance* and *Charm*."

With the summer stock season over, Eddie, his stage ambitions soaring sky-high by now, got himself tested for the role of Bing Edwards, one of the leads in *Brother Rat*, a college play which George Abbott was preparing to launch with a comparatively unknown cast. To Eddie's utmost surprise he got the part. "It must have been as great a surprise to Abbott," Eddie claims, "but he seemed perfectly satisfied—and who was I to argue with a famous Broadway producer?"

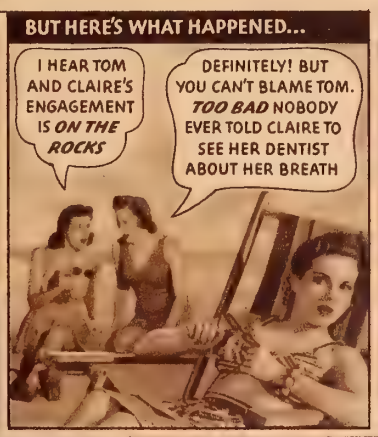
Brother Rat proved a riot in the sticks during its tryout period, and moving to Broadway, hit the box-office jackpot right off the bat. It had an 18-months run. There was no stopping Eddie after that. Eddie comes within an inch of being a six-footer. He's better than average when it comes to singing, and his friends claim that he can pick out a number of fancy chords on the black and white piano keys, that he draws a mean bow on a violin and can pluck a guitar practically to pieces if he has a mind to.

As to his eating habits he's somewhat of a contradiction in diets. He's a vegetarian, he says, if he can have meat, and he's a meat-eater if he can have second-helpings of vegetables. That's what you might call straddling the fence—or table—but it suits Eddie to a T—bone steak with a side of hashed-brown potatoes.

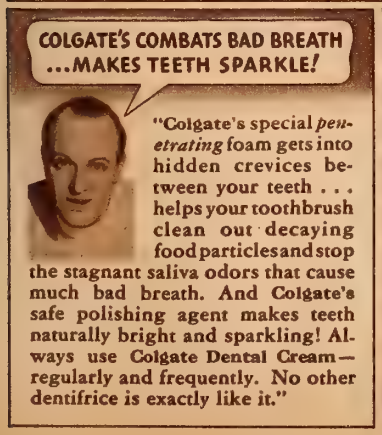
He's unmarried, and prefers blondes in case he's run out of brunettes.

They never thought she'd land him!





















Right, Margaret Lindsay as she appears in her normal amount of street make-up. Below, as she appears in character make-up for her part in *The House of Seven Gables*. The contrast does seem to prove beyond any doubt her claims for make-up in the interview below

Happy Birthday To You

By ANN VERNON

■ "Birthdays *can* be happy days! Because you're only as old as you want to be," vivacious Margaret Lindsay declared, the day we chatted about her part in Universal's *The House of Seven Gables*. And Maggie knows what she's talking about. She plays Hepzibah Pyncheon, a pretty girl who becomes a sour, eccentric old maid as the result of an unhappy love affair. These two photographs show how young and how old she can be made to look—in real or picture life.

"It's not so much what they did to make me look older," she went on, "as what they didn't do. It was *lack* of rouge and lipstick that turned the trick."

Of course, there had to be some touches of make-up for the old maid scenes. Maggie's eyes were too sparkling and young looking, so the make-up men used a bright red lipstick and a fine pencil to draw a hairline along the rim of the lids. This effectively dulled her eyes' sparkle, and gave them a tired, listless look. She was allowed to use mascara for the pictures of Hepzibah as a young girl—but Hepzibah the old maid had powdered lashes and eyelids, to add years to the eyes. And her eyebrows were brushed straight *down* to make them look thicker, then powdered for that ancient look. . . .

Her skin looked too fresh and firm, so they used a gray-white shade of powder applied heavily, to give it a dead look and crepy texture. They applied no rouge and no lipstick. Instead of using vaseline or a pomade to keep her lips soft and sheenful looking, they powdered over her mouth, to block out its youthful outline, make it look gray and colorless.

Most older women tend to have dark shadows under the eyes, and a shadowy line at the throat that betrays a double chin. Margaret Lindsay found that she could fake part of the double chin by holding her head primly, stiffly erect, pulled back on her throat, so that the flesh folded up against itself. The rest the make-up experts accomplished, following the shadows caused by this posture with alternating dark and light foundation creams, to further the illusion. A bit of dark foundation cream blended skillfully under the eyes gave the impression of dark circles—but still looked natural.

Margaret Lindsay's

DO YOU LOOK AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL?

Or does a dry skin, the wrong make-up, or an unflattering hairstyle age you? Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD's Beauty Editor, will be glad to help you with any of these problems. Write her today and tell her your troubles. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

hair is so soft and sheenful you just know it's been brushed and brushed—fifteen minutes daily is her average, she told me. But, surprisingly enough, she didn't have to use a dulling rinse or powder for the picture. That severe hairstyle, and the single streak of gray was considered aging enough!

"There's an awful lot to this business of feeling old," Margaret told me. "If you think '45,' you act that way—and vice versa. I found myself even changing my voice from a light girlish one to a dead, rusty, unused tone. Lucky for me, they shot almost all the older shots at one time —I'd have gotten all confused otherwise."

■ Smells had a lot to do with her mood, too, Maggie found. When she wanted to feel young and fresh, she'd spray her hair and skin with a flowery cologne of the spicier kind, like carnation. And for the old maid shots, she wore no perfume at all.

I don't imagine many of you want to use these tricks to make yourselves look older—but stop and think! The reverse of them will help you look younger! If a lack of make-up could make Lindsay look forty-five, as it did, the proper use of mascara, eyeshadow, rouge and lipstick can keep you looking as young as you are!

Young eyes shine—so use a reliable eye lotion to refresh your eyes morning and night; use a creamy eyeshadow to darken the lids, give them sheen, and make your eyes gleam by contrast; and use mascara, as Lindsay did, to darken your lashes so they'll set off your eyes, as black velvet does a magnificent jewel . . .

I'll be glad to send you the name of a super-refreshing eye lotion I've found a grand beauty aid. It clears and freshens eyes that are tired and bloodshot or watery from exposure to sun, wind and cigarette smoke. It's a true friend for soothing eyes inflamed by a crying jag, and will help to wash out those troublesome bits of dust and cinders that just will get into your eyes on these breezy summer days. Don't even think of going out in the evening without using it to refresh your eyes and make them look young and eager to go places. Of course the lotion is harmless, made from an oculist's prescription. Sold in a convenient purse-size dropper-stopper bottle for 20 cents, with larger dressing table sizes at 60 cents and $1. Only two drops of the lotion and sixty seconds of your time are necessary for clearer, younger-looking eyes.

Purse size, too, is another eye beauty aid—a cunning little mascara compact. The mascara comes in a tube, is creamy smooth to apply, even without water. Use it at the office when you're putting on a fresh face, or at home, at your dressing table. The mascara won't smear into ugly under-eye circles, nor run when you cry. Nor will it bead artificially on your lashes. But it will darken your lashes naturally, and give them a soft, lustrous sheen at the same time. It comes in blue, black and brown shades, and costs only 10 cents.

■ Margaret Lindsay and the studio make-up artists used a tinted foundation cream to create under-eye circles and the illusion of a double chin. But you can use the same make-up foundation to blot out those telltale circles, and to make your throat line seem as firm and youthful as a teenster's! Or to slim down a wide nose, shorten a long one, or soften a square jaw. Just remember that darker shades of foundation cream (with powder to match) will throw an offending feature into the shadow, make it less noticeable, while a lighter one will bring it forward, and highlight it. Use the light shades to hide circles, to fill out hollow cheeks, and to bring forward a receding chin. Darker foundation will help cut off one of those double chins! Your posture can help, too. Instead of pulling your chin back, and holding it there primly, carry your head high, with chin held proudly. That will take up the slack skin, and smooth out the wrinkles!

Straight from Hollywood, where it's the favorite of most of the stars, comes a tinted powder base that you can buy for a quarter almost everywhere. It has the unique advantage of being *color-filtered.* That means it is free of all aging gray undertones. The foundation gives your skin a youthful glow—under both artificial and natural light! Use it to brighten up a sallow skin, to give color to a pale one, and to serve as a protective base for your powder. It makes *that* important cosmetic item go on smoothly, with a velvety finish

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

that stays clear for hours. The powder base is smooth enough to spread easily, without pulling the delicate tissues. And yet you'll find it thick enough to hide those under-eye circles, summertime freckles, and occasional blemishes. There are four skin-flattering shades of the foundation to choose from and experiment with. Want to know more?

■ Too white or too yellow a powder, or the wrong shades of rouge and lipstick can make you look older—and so can an utter lack of make-up. Choosing the correct shades can be easy—if you don't believe it, write me for the name of a brand of cosmetics that is especially keyed to your coloring. Right now the manufacturer is offering a try-out kit of powder, rouge and lipstick, harmonized to each other and to you, for the small sum of 55 cents. It's a bargain if I know one! Because the powder is of the silky texture that keeps your skin looking soft and smooth, the rouge spreads easily, without blotching, and fairly defies detection once it's on, and the lipstick is both creamy and lasting. (Be sure to brush away excess powder with a wisp of cotton, because too heavy a coat, or traces of powder around the eyes, will age you!) The shades are easy to select—tell me your coloring and I'll prescribe the one for you.

Have you ever noticed how broken cuticle and hangnails can make your hands look old and ugly? It's foolish to let them, because your hands are terribly noticeable all the time. You shouldn't cut the cuticle, of course, because that will only make it tougher and more persistent in growing down over the nail. But you *should* push it back with your towel every time you wash your hands, and you *should* use a cuticle remover, to soften it, so it can be easily pushed back off the nail, and the dead particles wiped away. I'll be glad to send you the name of one that works quickly and gently, without drying out either the nails or the cuticle. Use it weekly, to keep your hands as pretty and young looking as your face. You'll find a 10-cent size of it in dime stores, and economy sizes for 35 cents in drug stores. Do be sure to write me for its name. It, too, comes from out Hollywood-way!

■ *The House of Seven Gables* is a costume picture, so naturally Margaret Lindsay couldn't wear colored nail polish in it. And as the older Hepzibah, she had to file her nails sensibly, straight across. But in real life, she wears her nails middling long, to make her fingers look slenderer, and is a devotee of all the newest and smartest shades of nail polish. I know she would like the shade I've been testing today. It's a warm, warm pink, the shade of pink lemonade, or a ripe watermelon. It has a sheen that practically defies dishwashing, and is so sturdy a polish that you can wear it almost a week without its chipping. And the price is only 10 cents! You get a lot of a very fine polish for your money. Let me tell you the name.

Write me before June 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Adventures With a 20 Mule Team

[*Continued from page* 27]

These wagons, by the way, are the originals used back in the early '90's. They weigh 10,000 pounds per each and carry 60,000 pounds of borax, so you can see these babies are no kiddie cars out for a romp! The borax, so some of the old-timers around Furnace Creek Inn told me, used to be hauled clear to Mohave at a price of 50 cents a ton and at a profit at that!

We reach the first water hole safe and sound and climb down from the wagons and plunge into the water which was supposed to be heated, but wasn't on account of the heater going busted. Well, madam, I thought I was a goner for sure when that ice-cold water closed over me. Beery, and Leo Carrillo who plays the role of "swamper" to Beery, didn't like it either, judging from the unorthodox phrases they used when they climbed out. Our boots with the heavy metal weights on the soles made it quite a problem when it came to getting on dry land again. So, when no one was looking, I unscrewed mine and tossed the weights back into the water hole. I didn't mind dying with my boots on but when I did I wanted to be on terra firma.

■ With a camera traveling behind us on specially built wheels to negotiate the sands, we made the second water hole before Director Thorpe called it a day. We might have made another one but a U.S. bombing squadron suddenly dove down from the skies above the valley and swooped over us to investigate the strange sight of a 20 mule team pulling borax wagons across the desert for the first time in 35 years. After the planes landed Director Thorpe had to take time out to explain to the pilots that a motion picture was in progress, and we had to take time out to pacify the frightened mules which were certainly kicking up their heels. It was about this time that our first casualty occurred. Leo Carrillo, walked over to his favorite mule, Ezra, gave him a couple of fine Spanish pats on the rump, whispered nice nothings in his ear and then turned away to speak to Beery. Which was just what Ezra was waiting for, apparently. At any rate Ezra wiggled around, bared his

teeth and sank 'em deep into Leo's hind pants pocket! Leo's yell of pain could have been heard clear over the other side of the Panamint Mountains, it was that loud and clear. Dr. L. Hershberg, the physician who accompanied the company on location, carted Leo back to Furnace Creek Inn and patched him up. The next six meals Leo ate, he ate standing up!

By the way, Leo's announced plans to run for governor of California at the next election may be changed by a Federal appointment. Seems that when he was in Washington, D. C. a while back he discussed with President Roosevelt the possibility of becoming a good-will ambassador, without portfolio, to the Latin American countries, thus following in the footsteps of the late Will Rogers. Leo, you know, is descended from one of California's oldest and most noted families and is considered the ideal man to bring about a better understanding with the countries to the south.

With the bombing squadron up in the air again, Director Thorpe blows his quitting-time whistle and we pile into cars, the mules into special trucks, and head for Furnace Creek Inn, our headquarters.

■ That night more than 400 CCC boys, located in Death Valley, were personal guests of Muleskinner Beery. He obtained a print of *Viva Villa,* and presented it along with a number of other subjects in a picture show especially arranged for the youngsters. After that Ye Host took a score of the boys up in his private plane for a sky ride in the moonlight. Wally has one of the speediest private ships in the United States and he pushes it along at a cruising speed of 225 miles per hour.

Maybe you won't believe it, but one of the best friends I had on location was a 100-year-old Indian by the name of Shoshone Johnny. And a smart old ex-warrior he was, too. Johnny went on location every day while I was there and got his greatest thrill listening to the car radios. He seemed to be fascinated by the war events in Europe or, as he put it, "men making big fight across the water."

"What I don't understand," he told me one noon during lunch, "is that all this killing is all right, while me, for many years medicine man for my tribe, lost my job when too many people died and the tribe wanted to kill me. That's why I came to Death Valley."

■ We had a sort of respite from below sea level work the next day due to cloudy weather. For lack of something to do I went along with Director Thorpe and his camera crew to search for some new and interesting canyon "angles." We not only found "angles," but we found something that we all thought vastly better. Covering the canyon floor was a white deposit about six inches deep and it looked like a million-dollar borax "strike" for sure! Members of the crew, including myself, got busy and loaded several hundred pounds of the stuff into the cars and took it back to Furnace Creek where we called in borax experts. After examining our "million dollar strike" they gave us the grand let-down.

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Next Month **July HOLLYWOOD Magazine**

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"Nothing but plain ordinary gypsum," they said. "And good for nothing but paving." Woe was me and woe was the camera crew!

And woe was me again the next afternoon when I got in the way of the business end of the nineteenth mule of the 20 mule team. I can still remember, distinctly and very painfully, the precise moment when I began looking for the accident to happen. Three-thirty it was. I know because I was sitting near Doug Fowley drying out after going through another "undehydrating" process. Doug had pulled his watch out from a vest pocket, and I asked him for the time and he said, "Three-thirty, almost another day and another dollar." Then I remember I took a couple of steps in the direction of the southern exposure of ol' 19 and wham! Something hit me a smack below my belt. It couldn't have stunned me more if it had been a stick of dynamite exploding in my hip pocket. That danged mule plastered me such a good one that it lifted me up into the air and head-first into the iron rim of the right front wheel of the borax wagon. When I came to, I looked around for my legs and was I surprised to see 'em still sticking on where they belonged! Then I looked over at ol' 19 and believe it or not, he had his legs all cocked for another blast at my broken down anatomy.

As you may suspect I was through for the day after that mulish *coup de grace*. As a matter of honest fact, I've been through ever since. I did manage to creep back to the studio for a day's work with Noah Beery, Jr., and Anne Baxter, but my heart wasn't in it, though it was better than trying to sit down at this typewriter, at that.

■ As for the kind of picture *20 Mule Team* is going to be, you'll have to take Wally Beery's word for it. He says it's the best he's ever appeared in and, as you know, he's appeared in some humdingers. So far as I'm concerned—and it's been plenty—*20 Mule Team* has plenty of "kick." And I can prove it by my brand! But all kidding and kicking aside, after reading the script and after watching Director Thorpe handle the cast in some of the most exciting sequences I've ever seen, I'd say that *20 Mule Team* is going to be a Triple A, Three-Bell production. This, of course, is the personal opinion of your Ex-Death Valley Smitty, the old Borax Kid himself who once again has suffered for his art.

Heroes Don't Die

[*Continued from page 32*]

and has shown real talent and acting ability," says Ben Bard.

"Is he the same type as his father?" I queried.

"It's a little too soon to say what type Bill is, and we don't know what Wally Reid would have been if he had lived to work in sound pictures. Bill has a definite personality of his own. Just now he is going through what I call a dramatic chemicalization. He knows the component parts, and now is welding them together to form a distinct actor's personality."

Irving Cummings was another of Wally's great friends, and has known Bill since he was a tiny boy. "We lived just across the street from them then. I hadn't seen the boy for several months until the other night when I attended one of Ben Bard's plays. I was both pleased and amazed with the advancement Bill had made. He has learned to analyze and evaluate what he is doing. He's on the right track now, and working hard at it."

But if Bill is to reach his goal of being the best actor in his day, this is only half of the story. He has yet to measure up to the shining standard set by his own father, Wallace Reid. And comparison between them is inevitable. There are many producers, writers and actors, still active in the movie industry, who remember vividly what a great hero Wally Reid was on the screen.

"Every motion picture producer in this town hopes to discover another Wally Reid," Sam Bischoff told me. "No one has yet brought to the screen the same wistful, charming ingratiating quality. None of the stars today has it to the same extent that Wally did. You can't explain a quality like that, or tell anyone how to get it. The public liked it, and so did we who worked with him."

Agnes Ayres, who had played with Wallace Reid in a few pictures, perhaps came near to analyzing his personality when she told me: "He was completely natural with an ease which few actors have ever attained on the screen. He took no personal credit for the adoration the public showed him, accepting it graciously as a gift, and he tried to show proper appreciation by giving his fans what they wanted."

"Never, I believe has an author discovered in the flesh so exactly the hero of his own stories," says Byron Morgan, author of many racing stories which were filmed by Wally.

"Like the hero of my stories, he was absolutely fearless. Wally was a lover of speed, and did not hesitate to drive the fastest car hub to hub with experienced racing drivers. One day he was supposed to go into a skid. In the first take he muffled it, so I walked over and said, 'What's the matter, Wally, did you hear the church bells?' He gave me an odd look, then climbed into the car and went into the scene again. He scared us all out of our wits when he skidded the car over the curb, shearing off a lamp post and crashing into the side of a building. With the car practically demolished, he climbed from the wreckage and grinned, 'Well, Byron, does that look like church bells have got me?'

"But that was Wally. He'd try any-

thing and usually succeeded in doing it better than the best."

"Wally was determined to drive in the Indianapolis Memorial Day races, and he almost succeeded. Knowing the studio would never permit him to race, he sold them on the idea of letting him go through formalities of entering up until the race was actually started. Then, he said, the studio could bring an injunction against the speedway, just as he pulled up to the starting line. The studio agreed and plans were made. Wally made a few secret arrangements of his own with Fred Deusenberg whose car he was to drive. The injunction, they planned, would be ignored, or delayed so that Wally could get away with the starting gun. How the studio found him out, we never knew, but I never saw Wally so angry and so hurt as the day the studio exposed his plot."

Sam Wood directed Wallace Reid in several pictures, and remembers him as a man's man, a good drinking partner, a good sports champion.

"But more than that," he says, "he was a fine actor. I remember one particular scene he played in Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, in which he threw the negroes out of the door. It was one of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen. I saw the picture recently—and what I say still goes."

"One of the most impressive incidents of my life in Hollywood was the day of Wally's funeral," Helen Ferguson, former actress and now one of Hollywood's busiest publicists, told me. "I was working at Universal then. Just as a take was completed, an assistant director announced, 'Wally's funeral starts in a few moments.' Without anything further being said, the electricians turned off the lights and we all sat down quietly and bowed our heads."

These are only a few of the many people who remember Wally Reid as one of the greatest of screen heroes—who delight in his son's success.

■ "Of course, I don't remember much about my father," says Bill. "He died when I was five years old. But I knew he was a great fellow. One of my few memories concerning him is the time he took me over the old Ascot speedway at 105 miles an hour. I was only four then."

Tall, blond and handsome, Bill resembles his father to a great extent. His eyes have the same expression and his features have the same clear cut quality.

His mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid, who, at the time of her marriage, was a star of many Universal pictures, sees more than a superficial resemblance. "He has the same restlessness, vigor and fire," she says, "and many of his mannerisms are the same. Even his feet are shaped like his father's!"

An enigmatic smile brushed her lips as she spoke. We remembered years ago when Bill was the tender age of eleven, she had said she didn't want him to follow in her husband's footsteps. But now that Bill is a confident young man of twenty-two with an important picture assignment, does she hope the shoe will fit?

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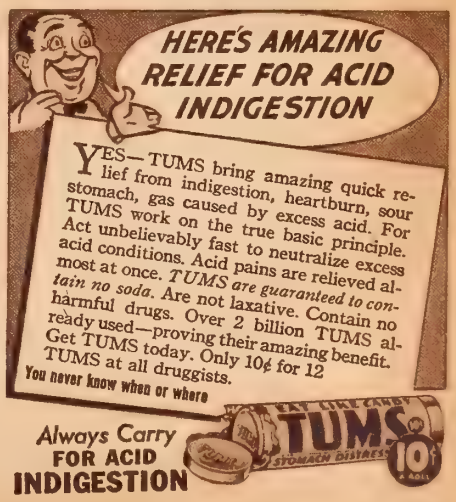
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Lillian Russell

[*Continued from page* 25]

plays the part of Miss Russell's father, Charles K. Leonard, who was a newspaperman in the small town of Clinton, Iowa. He is another beneficiary of Miss Russell's friendly and unselfish interest in young players. She gave Ernest a big boost up the ladder in his early days, after he had made his start in the world very much after the manner of her real-life father, as a reporter on a midland paper.

Weber and Fields, who do their famous specialty in our film of Lillian Russell's life, were contemporaries of hers at Tony Pastor's Theatre and afterwards co-stars at the Weber & Fields Music Hall. Edward Arnold, who is having his second go at the immensely fitting role of Diamond Jim Brady, was acquainted with the great Lillian during the Actors' Equity strike of 1919, when he served on a committee with her and witnessed her unsparing efforts in behalf of the embattled actors.

As a little tad, Ed Arnold used to sneak into Pastor's variety house and watch the show as the guest of his uncle, who was the bull fiddler in the pit orchestra.

To those of us who remember Lillian Russell so vividly it is difficult to realize that her life started in the same year as the Civil War, 1861. As long as I knew her she was literally ageless, and it is this spirit of immutable vitality that I attempt to stress in shaping Miss Faye's characterization.

We endeavor to show the reciprocal affection that endured between Lillian Russell and Alexander Moore. Moore, a young Pittsburgh reporter, was her greatest admirer in youth and her staunchest friend in her frequently stormy middle years.

Rising through the ranks by sheer talent, Alex became the publisher of the Pittsburgh *Leader*. Handsome, animated, a beau-cavalier of the press, he was almost as notable in his profession as Lillian in hers. But he never lost the simplicity and directness he was born with. Whenever I played Pittsburgh, Alex made it a point to meet me at a favorite rendezvous of ours, a snack stand in the Pittsburgh public market that served the most wonderful baked beans west of Boston. We often dallied there until three in the morning discussing politics, the arts, beans, and Lillian Russell.

When, after long years of tried friendship, Lillian became Alexander Moore's wife at the age of fifty-one, the wedding was held at the Schenley Hotel in Pittsburgh. Later Alex became the American Ambassador to Spain. More than anyone else, I think, he deserved the title "the Richard Harding Davis of the Diplomatic Corps."

■ Clear and complete as our remembrance of Lillian Russell is, those of us in the present company could never have evolved a disciplined film story that would portray her adequately. For this it was necessary to have the impersonal touch of someone who did not know her as well as we.

Our scenarist, William Anthony McGuire, author of a dozen famous Broadway stage successes, brought to his task the necessary technical knowledge of the era and a very real appreciation of Lillian's greatness. But still he was not subject, as the others of us were, to a tendency to idolize the lady.

Sometimes I have trembled to think of the temerity I displayed in accepting the directing assignment. Sometimes the necessary omissions and telescoping of pivotal incidents in Lillian's life seemed to me almost brutal.

But there are compensations. Mr. McGuire's visual imagery is uniformly sympathetic and pictorial. His scene of a political riot in Union Square, New York, is stirring and quaint, when it is considered that the agitators were not of the kind we know today but women striving for equal rights who were known in that era as Suffragettes.

Miss Russell's marriage with Fred Solomon, played by Don Ameche, is a warmhearted interlude that is especially tragic as it runs contemporaneously with her dispute with Gilbert and Sullivan over her contracted appearance at the Savoy Theatre in London.

My favorite scene thus far in the production is the one in which Miss Faye, appearing in a simulation of the areaway of the old Casino Theatre on Broadway, sings *After the Ball* over the telephone to President Cleveland in Washington. This must have been one of the telephone company's earliest publicity stunts.

A string orchestra, playing outdoors by candlelight, accompanies Miss Faye and a chorus of sprightly ensemble ladies, coiffed and corseted in the style of the day, is grouped picturesquely behind her on the dressing-room stairs.

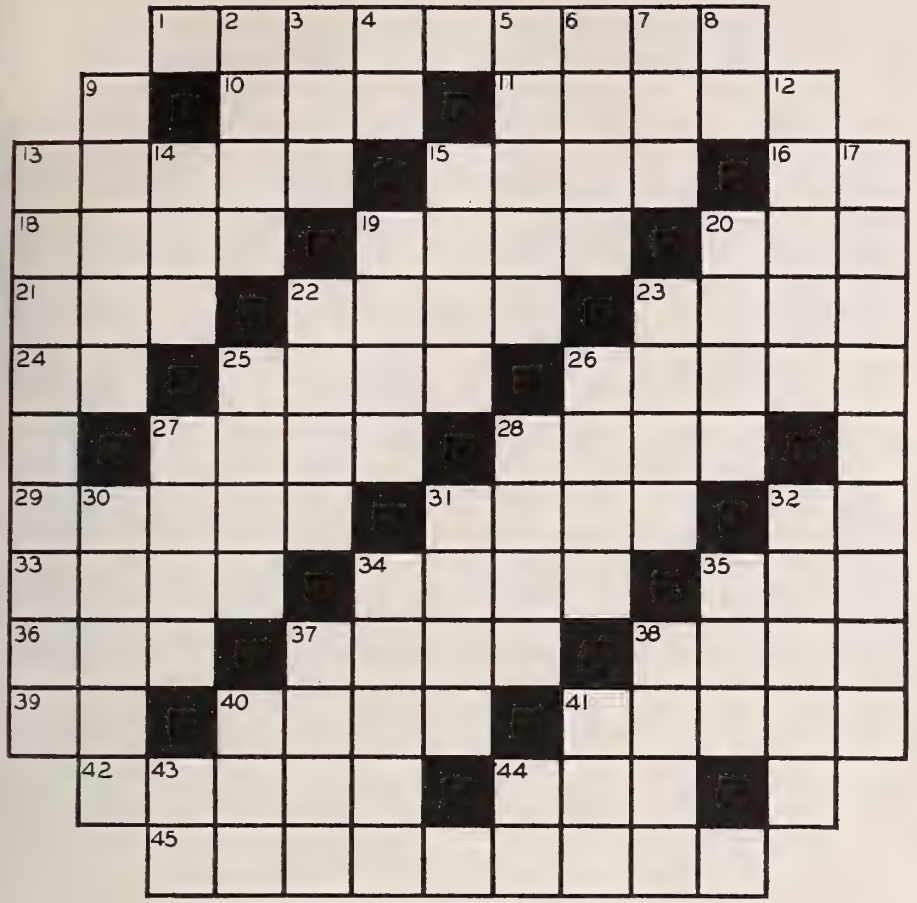
I have no hesitancy in predicting that Miss Faye's melting loveliness in this number, her bravely beautiful voice and the nostalgic tug of the background will hastily restore *After the Ball* to the high place in popular esteem that it enjoyed on its first publication.

That thoroughbred Latin, Leo Carrillo, plays Tony Pastor, the showman, in our picture. From the outset of our production, he has spent his leisure time speculating what the original Tony Pastor would have done with the cast, the budget and the technical equipment we have at our command in the making of *Lillian Russell*.

Four thousand extra players, hundreds of singers, hundreds of musicians, hundreds of technicians and hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of dollars have been contributed to the creation of our film. A dozen of our players have been enshrined as stars of the first magnitude in this decade or another. A year was spent in the preparation of the script. New York was combed for source material of the Lillian Russell era, rightly so named.

I speak for the *Lillian Russell* company when I say that there is none among us who is not proud and thrilled to offer our small tribute to her evergreen memory.

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Hero of a Disney cartoon.
10. Helen in *The Invisible Man Returns.*
11. Nate in *Granny Get Your Gun.*
13. A star of *Adventure in Diamonds.*
15. Feminine lead in *Parole Fixer.*
16. *Grapes* ——— *Wrath.*
18. Whose role is that opposite Sonja in *Everything Happens at Night?*
19. Durante's schnozzle.
20. Coat of Felix the Cat.
21. ——— *Hour to Live.*
22. *They Shall* ——— *Music.*
23. Flora in *The Shop Around the Corner.*
24. Dorothy Tree's initials.
25. *On Borrowed* ———.
26. *All* ——— *Have Secrets.*
27. Place for animals in circus films
28. Reward for Asta.
29. Tom McDonald in *Calling Philo Vance.*
31. Part of a movie camera.
32. Miss Hudson's initials.
33. Whose role is that of Bessie in *The Light that Failed?*
34. What Nelson Eddy did in *Balalaika.*
35. Musical selection by Chico and Harpo.
36. Bobs Watson wears this headgear.
37. Kay Kyser directs one.
38. Fritz in *Swiss Family Robinson.*
39. Ken Maynard's initials.
40. The girl in *Law of the Pampas.*
41. Whose role is that of Al in *Cafe Hostess?*
42. Descriptive of a one reel subject.
44. His last name is Roach.
45. Mrs. Tyrone Power.

DOWN

2. Jamaica ——— (pl.).
3. "Cap" Huff in *Northwest Passage.*
4. *Joe and Ethel Turp Call* ——— *the President.*
5. This comedian wears a straw hat.
6. Dr. Loren in *Green Hell.*
7. Maureen O'Hara's birthplace (abbr.).
8. *For Love* ——— *Money.*
9. A star of *His Girl Friday.*
12. *That's Right* ——— *Wrong.*
13. Pat O'Brien's partner in *Slightly Honorable.*
14. Joan Bennett has blue ones (sing.).
15. Remember Billie ———?
17. Joan Crawford's ex-husband (poss.).
19. *In* ——— *Only.*
20. *Flight to* ———.
22. ——— *School.*
23. *Three* ———.
25. Astaire-Powell dance steps.
26. Chinese actress.
27. What fans do when stars make a personal appearance.
28. Charles Butterworth was born in South ———, Indiana.
30. His first name is Ted and he appears in Westerns.
31. Artie Shaw's bride.
32. ——— *of the Sea* (sing.).
34. ——— *Fe Marshal.*
35. Daisy, of Blondie films, is one.
37. *Money to* ———.
38. Murphy in *His Girl Friday.*
40. Stephen Foster in *Swanee River.*
41. What Laurel is to Hardy (Slang.).
43. Hardie Albright's initials.
44. ——— *Married His Wife.*

(Solution on page 53)

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Edison

[*Continued from page 23*]

Ford and to this careful preparation, the studio replica of the laboratory was so exact that Edison would have found the right things in their familiar spots, precisely as he left them when he closed the place in 1887.

He would immediately have recognized the tiny light bulbs which glass-blower Max Goeppinger made on the set. Tracy wanted to try his hand at it, so Max gave him the tube and told him to blow. A splendid bubble formed. It grew larger, larger. . . .

Flash, cr-rack. Tracy clamped shut his eyes and dodged. But a cautious look showed the bubble intact. A photographer had merely taken a flashlight.

■ What fascinated Tracy even more than glass-blowing were the studio's reproductions of half a dozen Edison invention models. "They *go*, too!" he said.

These included a voting machine perfected by the Wizard at the age of twenty-one; the stock ticker, selling for $40,000 when he expected $2,000, enabled him to marry and build the first private laboratory in the country; the carbon telephone transmitter in use today, forerunner of the radio mike; the automatic telegraph repeater; the talking machine which turned out to be the granddaddy of the talking picture.

There's a scene where the automatic telegraph repeater raced too fast and its gabble of Morse code gave Edison the idea for this talking machine. On the copy of the inventor's model, Tracy learned how to fit tinfoil to a cylinder, adjust a needle, recite "Mary's Lamb" into a cardboard horn, and get a nice record. A difficult sequence, but fun.

George Meader also made a record but he hated to listen to the result; said his jaws still ached. Meader played the clergyman who in real life, suspected a trick, and asked to be allowed to speak into the cardboard horn eight Biblical names which no ventriloquist could echo without practice. Here's what he rattled off: "Methuselah, Mahalaleel, Arphaxed, Hazarmaveth, Chedorlaomer, Zephaniah, Obadiah, Nebuchadnezzar." Right back at him the machine tossed them.

■ It is a curious coincidence, by the way, that Tracy's face matches the inventor's to a fraction of an inch in length and width. The nose, mouth and cleft chin are identical. In early scenes Tracy used no make-up. He had to use some in those where he portrayed a man of eighty-two. When Edison's daughter, Mrs. Madeleine Edison Sloane, saw Tracy ready for this sequence, with thin white hair and that Edison smile of shy benevolence, he looked so like her father that she cried.

The resemblance pleases Tracy. Among his major heroes is the man whose discoveries are said to provide, directly or indirectly, a livelihood for one wage earner out of nine in industries over the world. "Yet he was so unpretentious," Tracy commented, "didn't care about money or clothes. Why, a certain tailor made his suits for 20 years with an old suit for a pattern, without ever seeing him. His weight," said Tracy, whose wife watches his, "didn't vary more than an ounce or two all that time."

I knew such things as that Edison never entered a saloon or smoked a cigarette (he smoked cigars), but I hadn't heard about the water in the light bulb.

"Common sense!" Tracy's voice warmed with admiration. "He couldn't do calculus, but when a mathematician on his staff used up two pencils trying to figure the cubic contents of an electric light bulb, Edison broke the end off the bulb, filled it with water, measured the water, and had the answer."

From West Orange, N. J., Mrs. Edison Hughes, the widow of Thomas Edison, sent Tracy one of the inventor's gray, cardboard covered notebooks filled with neat, diminutive handwriting—a valuable gift. "The man had a fine poetic side," Tracy pointed out, "in the middle of data on carbon and platinum and volts you come across a line about a bird that sang in a tree at sunrise, or a sky so blue it would be a lovely day for a picnic."

■ How Edison ever found leisure for a picnic nobody can figure, because at twenty he began to allow himself only four hours' sleep, saying that he lived twice as long as other men because he slept half as much. Time he considered the important thing; "You can't buy it," he told his friends. He had so many things to do, so little time for them.

"Still, with all those inventions on his mind," Tracy chuckled, "I don't wonder he couldn't get to sleep. Yes, sir, he cheated himself on rest, he ate at irregular hours, usually apple pie—" the stellar countenance contracted slightly, for during production Spencer ate 23 apple pies—"he disregarded nearly every law of health . . . and lived to be eighty-four."

A long breath. "On top of all this, he played the pipe organ and sang 'Sweet Genevieve.' "

■ In the laboratory set stood a replica of the pipe organ given to Edison by Hilbourne Roosevelt, President Theodore Roosevelt's uncle, who thought the tones might penetrate the permanent deafness suffered by Edison since he was a boy and his ears were boxed by a railroad conductor. Like Edison, Tracy learned to sing "Sweet Genevieve" and to pick out the tune with a finger. The pipe organ and a clock are laboratory furnishings no longer in existence. Moved to Edison's home, they were burned. Ironically enough, the house of the master of electricity was struck by lightning.

Incidentally, while *Young Tom Edison* also took an interest in electricity, *Edison, The Man* is not a sequel to the Mickey Rooney film. Each is a separate and distinct picture, dealing almost with separate and distinct personalities. Edison appears to have led two lives: that of the

nonconformist boy who hadn't found his place in the world, and that of the young man who knew what he wanted no matter how hard he had to struggle to get it.

■ The story of *Edison, The Man* begins with the 82-year-old genius talking to reporters for a high school paper while world-famous men wait to honor him at the Golden Jubilee of Light in 1929. Afterward, at the banquet, his thoughts wander through the vital years, 1869 to 1879. . . .

Penniless, an unknown telegrapher, he arrives in New York with a single ambition: to invent an electric light. He wins the attention of influential men by repairing a "gold indicator," precursor of the stock ticker, and by the invention of a modern ticker which he sells to the Western Union. At the company's shops in Newark, he meets Mary Stillwell (Rita Johnson), employed in the office of a telegraph key company above the workshop. They marry, he builds his own laboratory, a daughter and son are born, and for a whole decade the Edisons battle against poverty.

■ At the end of his rope, the electric light still a dream, he invents the talking machine in time to hold off the sheriff. He's a celebrity now, but Bunt Cavatt (Lynne Overman), an irresponsible friend, prematurely announces that Edison has invented the electric light, and, since Edison cannot produce proof, he's branded a faker. Mr. Taggart (Gene Lockhart), manager of the Gold Indicator Co., is his special enemy.

Encouraged, however, by the steadfast faith of his wife, Edison completes his invention at last, and three years later applies for a franchise to light a section of New York City. He gets it, but with the understanding that the preliminary labor, wiring, and so on must be installed at his own expense! And he is granted only six months to finish the job!

Near the deadline, he's forced to design and build a larger dynamo than any ever built before. On the final day, September 4, 1882, the new dynamo breaks down. Led by Edison, the men toil like maniacs to revamp it. And while Taggart celebrates Edison's failure, the lights come on.

■ The dynamo breakdown sequence had more breakdown than they planned. Decked out for a forthcoming reception in the Prince Albert that Edison hated and that Tracy hated, too, the star was busy with "repairs" when something really went haywire. Steel pistons crashed, flailed the air; actors sprang right and left; and the cameras nabbed some unexpected shots.

"Now I know how Edison felt," Tracy said.

But, the dynamo again in order, he smiled toward the door where stood Rita Johnson, as Mrs. Edison, in a pale blue satin gown with a bustle, her dark curls dressed *a la* 1882. As she entered, the inventor stepped over to a metal handle, made one motion . . . and walked with her to the window. Out there, New York at his touch had leaped into radiance against the dark sky. Electricity, and Edison, had come into their own.

■ Much earlier, there'd been a pretty sequence when Edison and his wife, then Mary Stillwell, first met. It was raining. Her umbrella turned inside out, he went to the rescue. But before they met in the rain or anywhere, the celluloid Edisons (with the stern disregard a shooting schedule has for the true order of events) were already the parents of Eve Kendall, aged three years, and "son" Diana Davies, aged eight months. A father himself, this is the first time Tracy has played a father on the screen.

Eve and Diana, new to the camera and leery of onlookers, had a protective fence of cloth round their "Menlo Park nursery." To put Eve further at ease, Director Brown gave her what he called "a nice, 'wed' pencil."

"*Red,*" she replied, "'wed' 's baby talk."

Eve, he decided, was at ease and no fooling.

Not so baby Diana, who took a fussy spell. At last, by breathless effort, every body going around tippytoe, they got her to sleep.

Brown relaxed, teetered across to his chair, nodded to the cameraman. "*QUIET!!*" yelled an assistant. Diana certainly woke up.

Mikey Simms, less than three years old, was cast for his first screen part. But Mikey wouldn't play until, from the Columbia lot, they rushed his brother Larry, aged four, who as Baby Dumpling in the *Blondie* series is a veteran artist. Tiny Larry told tinier Mikey how to do it and Mikey cheerily obeyed. Quite seriously Larry refused Brown's offer of a director's job. Said he would rather act than direct.

■ Meanwhile, Tracy in preparation for another scene was being coached in telegraphy by expert McLaren Fox who said he simply couldn't explain the star's quick grasp of Morse code. Tracy winked. He'd been studying the code at home with his young son, John. "You see," Tracy remarked, "there's an explanation for almost any phenomenon. Except, possibly, one like Edison."

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E	■	C	A	G	E	■	B	O	N	E	■	C
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	S	H	O	R	T	■	H	A	L	■	R	
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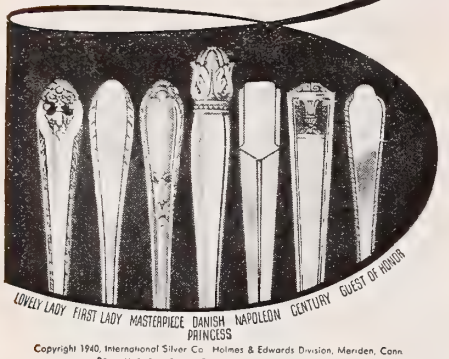
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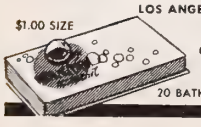
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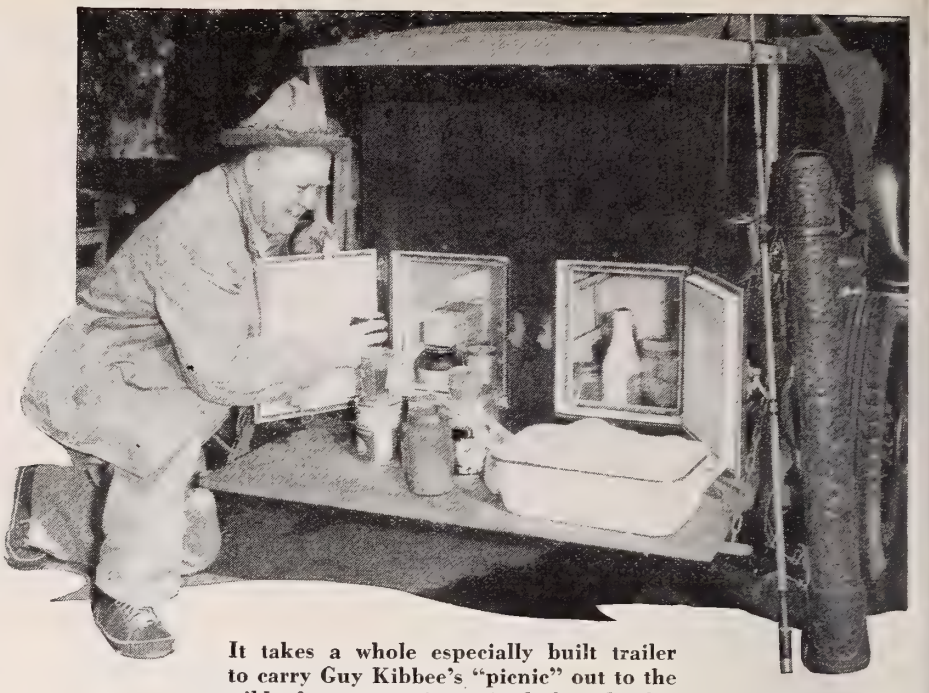
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It takes a whole especially built trailer to carry Guy Kibbee's "picnic" out to the wilds for a camping trip before he becomes the lovable character of Scattergood Baines for RKO

Picnic De Luxe

No sand in the beans, no ants in the salad when movie stars go picnicking

By BETTY CROCKER



Probably there has never been a picnic since the days of the cave dwellers that someone didn't say, "What's a picnic without ants?" or "Oh, well, you have to eat at least a peck of dirt before you die, anyway—so here goes!"

Never, that is, until Guy Kibbee decided that the old system was all wrong and started in to do something about it. So nowadays, if Kibbee ever asks you to a meal out-of-doors, which will probably be in the deep woods beside a stream well stocked with trout, you'll learn just how *de luxe* a picnic really can be! True, you will be allowed to wear your oldest clothes, which may even be dirty and wet if you've been hunting. But there will be no ants. There will be no beans out of a can. And, most unusual of all, because Kibbee is really a very fine fisherman, there will be no trout.

It is a question that the actor might not be able to settle himself: which is his favorite sport—hunting and fishing, or eating. Hunting, certainly, is one of his earliest loves, because he was barely ten years old when he used to spend all of his recreational hours hunting antelope, with the aid of greyhounds, near Roswell, New Mexico. The love of good food came later, perhaps because during several long stretches of his career before he became a success he had so very little of it. Guy is a *gourmet* and he doesn't care who knows it. He can afford it, his screen career won't suffer if he gains an extra pound, his conscience is clear, his digestion good, and he has done his share of starving. So—why not?

Therefore, for ten days before Kibbee starts on a long hunting or fishing trip, his pal Joe Bernard rattles skillets and juggles pans, preparing special sauces to be consumed in the wilderness, while Kibbee worries. Worries for fear his current picture won't finish in time, worries for fear his next one might start too soon, worries for fear they aren't biting well this year, or that somebody already has caught the biggest ones. Meantime, he somehow gets through the days by packing and unpacking the car and trailer. Guy can never laugh at Mrs. Kibbee or at any other woman, for taking along a lot of

baggage for a week-end trip, because the amount of stuff he has to stow away for even an overnight fishing jaunt is really somepn'. Clothes are the smallest part of it. Some old pants, a disreputable wind-breaker, a battered hat circled with fish-hooks, a couple of shirts, hip-boots and sneakers are enough. There will be one of the fanciest carved leather fish-pole-bags in captivity, a few assorted guns, reels, boxes of cartridges and trays of flies. But mainly, the bulk of Guy Kibbee's camping equipment is food. For good food, after a hard day's fishing, is the fondest thing Guy Kibbee is of!

So, when Guy and Joe roll out of the driveway along about dawn of a summer's morning, rolling right behind them is a specially constructed trailer-kitchen on wheels, featuring a 175-pound-ice-box in which will be found at least one turkey, a few home grown pheasants, perhaps a terrapin from Georgia, a few Michigan frog-legs, Gloucester lobsters, Portland crawfish and a Missouri ham. Of course, there will be the proper sauce for each, and such necessary adjuncts to cooking as flour, butter, milk, eggs, fruit, onions, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper and a few of the rarer seasonings for good measure. Then, when mealtime comes around, Guy and Joe will sit down in regal style (if you overlook the overalls and fish scales) on an air-cooled pneumatic mattress, to consume a banquet properly served on a table under an awning. And woe to any ant that dares to come around looking for a hand-out! As to the fish and game bagged that day—it will be carefully put away on ice to be cooked at home or given away to his friends. Only once, when a hitch-hiker to whom the pair had given a lift showed his gratitude by sneaking off with the vittles did Guy find himself actually dependent on his own rod and reel for sustenance. He did all right, with mountain trout for breakfast and baked bass for dinner—but Guy would have liked terrapin *a la* Maryland, better.

Although Guy Kibbee's tastes admittedly run to fancy dishes, he is fond of many simple things when they are well done, and has several recipes of his own for such old favorites as macaroni and cheese, scrapple, and stuffed peppers that are easy to prepare. Unless you have *de luxe* camping equipment and a good stove, you won't want to try these away from your own kitchen—but if you follow Guy's recipes to the letter, you'll find they're delicious to prepare in advance for a meal in the open.

MACARONI AND CHEESE

½ pound macaroni (Broken in 1½-inch pieces)
3 qt. boiling salted water
1 cup milk
2 bouillon cubes
½ tsp. salt
Dash of cayenne pepper
1 tbsp. flour
4 tbs. butter
1 cup grated strong or aged yellow American cheese (or Parmesan cheese)

Cook macaroni until tender (about 15 minutes) in boiling salted water. Drain. Heat milk, and dissolve bouillon cubes in it. Add salt and pepper. Place half the macaroni in a buttered 1½-qt. casserole (8 inches in diameter) and sprinkle evenly with the flour. Dot with half the butter, and sprinkle with half the cheese. Add the

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	
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remaining macaroni, and pour the hot milk over it. Add the remaining butter and cheese. Bake twenty minutes in a 350° F., moderate oven.

STUFFED CHILI PEPPERS

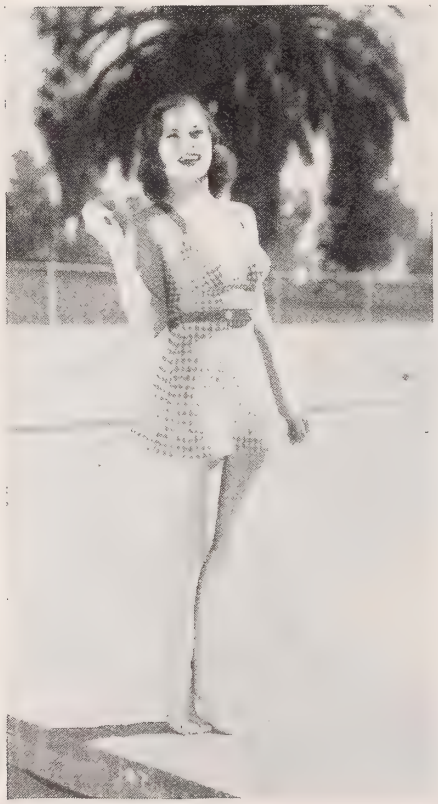
1 dozen green Anaheim peppers
½ pound sharp cheese
Batter

Parboil peppers very slightly. Drain and remove tough outer skin. Split open and remove seeds and fill with chopped cheese. Dip in batter and fry in deep fat.

PHILADELPHIA SCRAPPLE

2 pounds lean boneless pork
3 qt. water
2½ tsp. salt
1¼ cup corn meal (white or yellow)
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. savory and sage mixed

Cook pork in water with salt until very tender (about 2 hours). Shred the pork in small pieces and add enough more liquid to make 1½ qt. meat stock. Return pork to stock and bring slowly to a boil. Add the corn meal very slowly (to prevent lumping) to the boiling liquid and cook 20 minutes, stirring constantly, until it is a stiff mush. Add the pepper and savory mixture, and more salt if desired. Pour into two buttered bread loaf pans or one large loaf pan, and chill. Cut in slices ½ inch thick, roll in corn meal, and fry in butter or bacon drippings until golden brown. Serve hot with butter.



Hollywood already is buying summer wardrobes of bathing suits. Kay Stewart's favorite is a checked flannel from BVD with a small gracefully flared skirt

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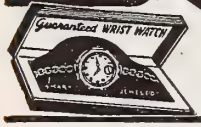
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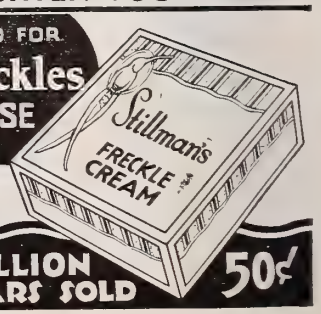
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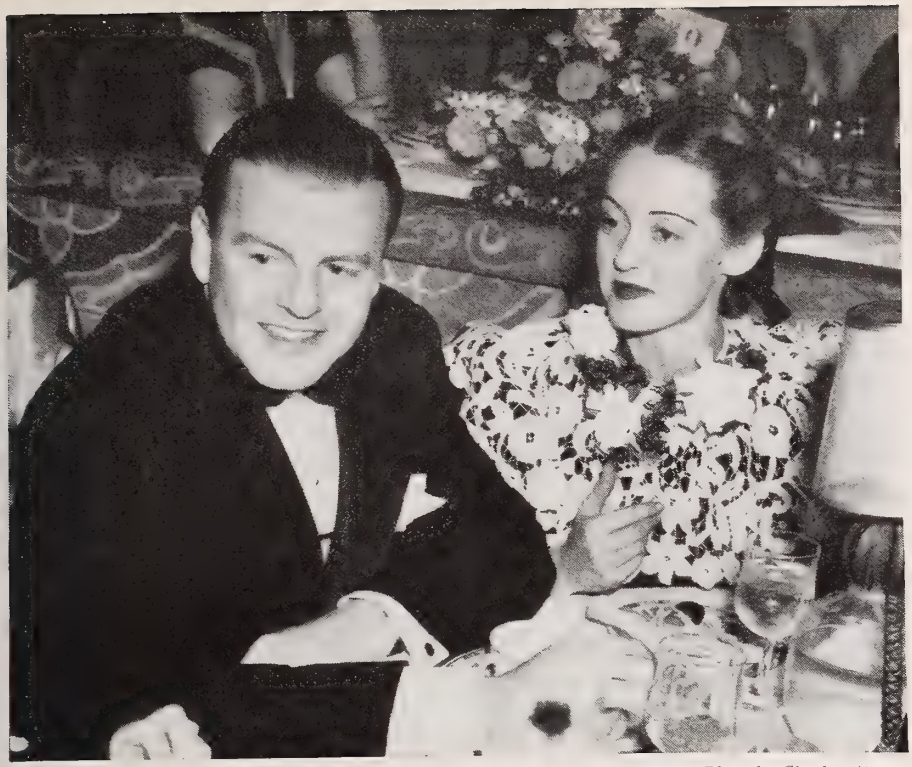
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—*Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes*

Bette Davis took an old friend from Boston, Arthur Farnsworth, to the Screen Actors' Ball. Notice her hair-do, rolled back like a school-child's from a center part

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 17*]

sent for them. There was a mysterious pit in a padlocked pen. An unearthly green light danced and flickered from his laboratory at night. And then there were the bones . . . the unbelievably tiny bones of a little horse on the scrap heap.

Technicolor adds greatly to the effectiveness of this thriller which also employs trick photography for stunning effects. When his newly arrived assistants discover part of Dr. Cyclops' secret, there is only one thing a mad scientist can do . . . pop them into his radium cell, and reduce them in size so that they no longer can menace his plans.

When the experiment is complete, the horrified victims find themselves only fourteen inches high. What happens when they arm themselves with needles, scissors and matches, and try to escape the enraged madman is a fantastic adventure. See it if you like tales about invisible men, death rays and eerie improbabilities.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—*Universal*

He was a traveling salesman with a satchel full of phony money. She was a be-curled be-ribboned belle of the nineties going out west to ring some changes in the life of the frontier. There is a masked bandit, a crooked sheriff and a full assortment of righteous pioneer wives, cowboys and hick comics.

Sounds like just another western, and so it would be if Mae West were not cast as Flower Belle Lee, if W. C. Fields were not hemming and hawing his way through the lines of the traveling salesman.

The idea is funny, but somehow it rather misses. Miss West's familiar gait and portentous delivery of labored wisecracks heavy with double meanings are not the novelty they once were. And Mr. Fields has been faster and funnier.

THE BISCUIT EATER—*Paramount*

Because the camera plays close attention to the activities of a pack of magnificent pointers, this film is different and extremely interesting.

Little Billy Lee turns in a very good performance as the boy who longed for a dog of his own, and who finally gets a forlorn little runt. The dog is named "Promise," but he fails to live up to his little master's high hopes. He learns slowly and is just as apt as not to point a skunk as a covey of birds. He is stubborn and a little sneaky. And he commits the unforgivable crime of stealing eggs. For all of these crimes, he wins the contemptuous nick-name of "Biscuit Eater" and is condemned to die.

Particularly interesting are the shots of the field test in which the despised Biscuit Eater is put through his paces against the champions of the county by his tense little master. Anyone devoted to dogs and hunting should make an effort to see this one.

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BLACK MAGIC—black in the stick—red on your lips



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Most of us work on our face forgetting that our hair frames the picture — forgetting too that when we look in the mirror *we* can't see much of our hair, but *he* can — and *does*. If you want your hair to look soft and lovely, to gleam with lustrous highlights — use Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away that dull soap film that robs your hair of its natural lustre — adds a beautiful rich tone — helps to make your hair gloriously feminine. And Nestle Colorinse is so easy to use — and so inexpensive. Easy to remove too — washes out completely with a single shampoo. Start using Nestle Colorinse tonight.



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Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 13]

They had timed the climax of their story to fit into one of the big Eastern races, which to them was only a catchword. So they went to the library to get some facts and local color.

In the reading room they wrote out a requisition slip for a back copy of *The New York Times* of a certain date. In the space on the slip saying, "Purpose for which you desire this newspaper," one of the authors wrote, "Research."

The library lady was not satisfied with this curt description.

"What kind of research?" she asked, thereby protecting the interests of the taxpayers of Los Angeles.

"Horse-race research," replied the boy researchers.

"H-m-m—," said the library lady, tapping her pencil on the desk with nicely restrained indignation. "You mean past-performance research. You race track gamblers and touts come in her and cut and mutilate our papers 'til our files look like confetti. We won't stand for any more of it."

So the boy authors meekly went home and finished their race track story by ear. And sold it to 20 Century-Fox under the title of *Owners Up*.

In their script the name of the horse that quits in the homestretch is Public Library.

NEXT MONTH

A Day With Deanna Durbin is a colorful account of the many and varied demands made upon the young singing star's time. But she has time left over for all those exciting things a seventeen-year-old likes to do. Look for the stunning portrait of Deanna on the cover.

Jeanette's Bright Ideas

[*Continued from page* 19]

pointed one finger at it, and another at a rather indefinitely wrapped scarf that covered all but the very front of her red hair. The scarf *was* a somewhat foreign note in the striking ensemble . . . a bright blue and green silk bandanna more appropriate to motoring along California's beaches than to the smart avenues of New York or the crack flyer to Philadelphia.

"I'll *never* make him change his mind!" She shook with laughter, drew a deep breath, and turned sparkling eyes at the flat Jersey marshes that were whipping past the windows.

"It's all because everyone has been so wonderful on this tour," she explained. "Somebody is always doing something wonderful, or saying something nice, and I'm so used to saying 'Thank you' that a minute ago . . ." She collapsed into laughter again.

We were drawing into Elizabeth, New Jersey, before the whole story came out. On the same train was the whole Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, returning from New York, and, as she made her way through the car, she stopped to greet one of the distinguished musicians.

"Ah," he said. "How are you?"

"And I said 'Thank you SO much!' No wonder he looked confused! Especially when he saw this." She pointed to the jaunty bandanna. "That's the result of one of my bright ideas."

Traveling with Miss MacDonald are her manager, the distinguished impresario, Charles Wagner; one of his associates, Edward Snowdon; her brilliant accompanist, Guiseppe Bamboschek; her own confidential secretary, Miss Sylvia Grogg, and her maid, but all of them combined have not been able to protect the star from some of her own bright ideas.

The bright idea that almost made her miss the train, turned a cab driver into a one-man streak of lightning, disrupted New York traffic, and surprised the Pennsylvania Station with her appearance in the gaudy bandanna was her latest. And it all came about because she had the bright idea of asking the editor of this magazine to ride down to Philadelphia with her to hear her concert in her own home town.

"We'll take an early train from Albany," she informed her company. "Then I'll have time to have my hair done in New York in peace and quiet with plenty of time to meet Llewellyn and catch the three o'clock train for Philadelphia."

There seemed to be nothing wrong with that plan. And that should have warned her traveling companions. There never is anything wrong with her bright ideas . . . at first. So, early in the morning, they arrived at the Albany depot to catch the train. But the train was late. Miss MacDonald had another bright idea. "We'll have breakfast while we're waiting," she suggested. That sounded all right, too, but they had not counted on the autograph hunters. A crowd gathered, and, while the coffee grew cold and the toast grew limp, Jeanette signed books and envelopes and menus with such charity that they almost missed the train when it finally did pull in.

"Oh, well, we'll have breakfast on the train," she comforted her hungry tribe as they walked away from the untouched food. But that was another bright idea that somehow didn't work. There was no dining car on that particular train! Late, very late, the star arrived at her favorite New York hairdresser's, and with a sigh of relief relaxed in the quiet little cubicle. It was warm under the drier, and the rush-

ing air had a soothing sound. The coffee had been hot and good. The shampoo had been fast and the curls had gone up perfectly. She closed her eyes, began to think happily of her concert in the famous old Academy of Music in Philadelphia where she had gone so many times when she was a little girl to hear the glamorous stars of the concert stage.

When she opened her eyes it was to give one shocked look at her watch, and start reaching for her possessions. There was no time to take out the pins. There was no time for the comb. There wasn't even time enough to catch the train, according to all usual standards of time and space.

Out of the beauty shop ran the distinguished star of screen and stage, winding the startling bandanna around her head. Up to the corner she hurried. Into a cab she popped.

"Pennsylvania Station," she said to the driver. "Do you think you can catch the three o'clock train?"

"Can't say," said the driver with that cool imperviousness to all human hopes and fears and aspirations except their own for which New York cabbies are justly noted.

"Double fare if you can!"

Something about her voice made him turn around for a good look. "Ain't you that movie star?" he asked. "Well, sure! Let's get going."

Without more ado, he swung into the middle of traffic, though the lights were against him.

"Beeeeeeeeeeeeep!" shrilled the traffic officer indignantly.

The cabbie slowed only slightly as he swung around on two wheels, gesturing back at Miss MacDonald with a wildly waving thumb. "Look who I got! It's Jeanette!" he roared. "She's gotta make a train! How about it?"

"For Jeanette, sure!" roared back the gallant officer. "Beeeeeeeeeeeeep!" And he wheeled around, his white gloves gesturing back traffic in all directions, while her cab leaped across the intersection.

She closed her eyes. If there was going to be an accident, she didn't want to see it coming. She hoped that they would break the news gently to Gene. She hoped that her injuries would not be so severe that they could not move her to California. She hoped . . .

"Here you are!" cried the cabbie triumphantly. "All the time in the world to spare. You got three more minutes."

"For the widows and orphans' fund," she called back over her shoulder as she ran away from her change. "And thank you!"

"Wow! Thank *you*, Jeanette," he roared. "Come back soon!"

"So here I am," she finished. "And it was a bright idea, going down together, wasn't it? It's working out beautifully. Sometimes they do . . . though the one before the last was pretty bad . . ."

■ The bright idea before the last occurred to Miss MacDonald after she had spent a month on trains and in hotels. Under any circumstances, she has the greatest difficulty in getting enough sleep. The slightest noise keeps her awake. The most insignificant of sounds rouses her. In Hollywood, her habit is to snatch fifteen-minute naps all through the day in her studio dressing room whenever she is not needed on the set. But that plan is not very practical when on tour, and, by the time she reached the middle of her tour, she was desperately in need of several nights of sound, undisturbed slumber.

"I have a bright idea!" she announced. "Why don't we find out if there isn't a country club where we can stay instead of a hotel? Let's ask the manager."

The local concert manager was the soul of sympathy. There wasn't any country club open, but he thought he had the answer. A friend of his had a country place. Of course, it was closed for the winter, but it would be a simple matter to open it up. In fact, it was half opened already, in preparation for the spring. It was a little late to have dinner served there, but the house staff could be sent right out, beds would be ready, and certainly the place would be quiet . . . the nearest neighbor was three miles away.

It sounded like paradise to the star. After all, she had been traveling for five weeks, and, while the huge audiences that had turned out for her concerts were stimulating, the strain of performances and of

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GOOD NEWS FOR HOSTESSES

It's *easy* and *economical* to entertain when you have Pepsi-Cola in the house. The handy home carton holds 6 big bottles—and each bottle holds 12 full ounces.

broken sleep in hotels was beginning to tell.

Leaving the men of her company looking rather envious, she set off gaily with Miss Grogg and her maid for the peace and quiet of the country.

"This was really a bright idea!" she said happily when they stepped into a charming living room after an hour's drive. A bright fire was crackling on the hearth, but otherwise the deep silence of the country was broken only by the cook's apology over dinner. There just had not been time, but she did hope that Miss MacDonald had found a nice place to dine on the way out.

The first blow came when they discovered that the nearest restaurant was forty-five minutes away. The second blow was the restaurant itself, which turned out to be one of the noisiest road houses in the whole South. The third blow came after the servants had departed for the night, and Miss MacDonald lay down gratefully in the peace and quiet of her country bedroom.

"Glug!" said the radiator. "Glug. Crack, glug. Crack-glug-crack-glug-glug-glug-crack-crack." The uproar grew in volume, building from wheezy gasps to the rousing complaint of a Model T Ford protesting at a hill, while three completely wide-awake young women ran around all over the house, turning off radiators like mad. They turned off everything they could find, but still the uproar went on.

Then they got the fourth blow. The telephone was not connected, and the nearest neighbor was three miles away in some unknown direction!

The fifth blow came when, hours later, they pulled up in front of the hotel, only to discover that it was also housing a convention . . . a convention that was having a lovely time, and gave every sign of continuing its celebration all night . . . a convention that promptly voted Miss MacDonald its favorite star, and honored her with a serenade!

It was a beautiful compliment, but not what might be considered restful. At that, Miss MacDonald added ruefully, it was quieter than the country.

Of such things is the painful side of traveling for a movie star who likes her sleep. On the brighter side of the picture are the enormous audiences that have packed concert halls all the way across the country, the enthusiastic response to her favorite song, "Let Me Always Sing," which Gene Raymond wrote, the plans for her appearance in grand opera which are beginning to take shape in the minds of more than one person who has heard her sing in concert. Studio duties demand a goodly portion of her time, but under any circumstances, she will repeat her concert tour next year. "I really think it's a bright idea, don't you?" she asked.

Her whole company jumped at the words, then they relaxed. After all, *some* of her bright ideas do work out, and there could be no doubt that a repeat tour was an idea that could not be anything but a shining success.

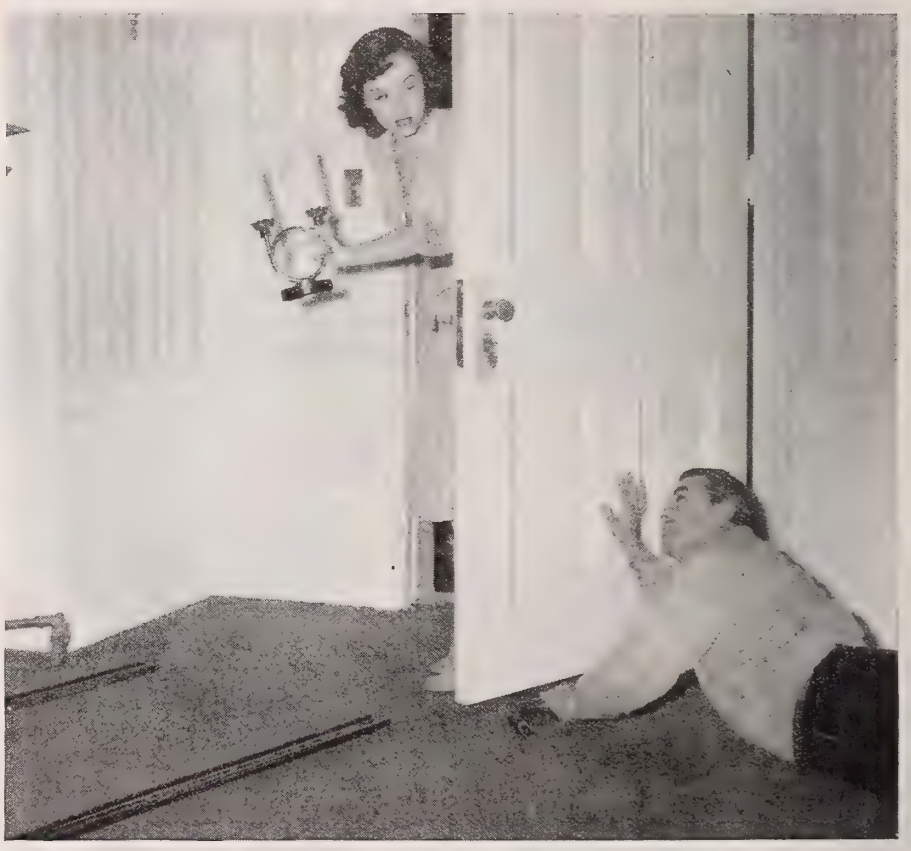


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Beech-Nut Gum





"It's lovely work, if you can get it," says George Elliot, prop man on *The Ghost Breakers*, in which Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope play leading roles. His job is to close the door in a slow, frightening way as Paulette leaves the room

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

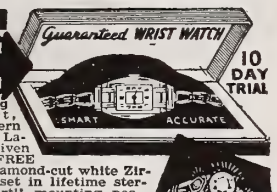
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MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

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The Man Who "No's" Everyone

[*Continued from page 30*]

an easy job to be a doorman at a studio. Every day, for instance, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, sixteen hundred employees file through the swinging gate at his right. His eagle eye, quick as a camera, has photographed and memorized each face, and now must check to make sure that no stranger slips through the line. Employees, as you know, come and go. The faces keep on changing. Each week, each day, some new writer, director or actor comes west under contract. What's even more remarkable is the fact that Mac soon adds the name to the face, and the lowliest of script girls cannot help but feel the thrill that comes with instant recognition.

But even though the sixteen hundred are accounted for and safely inside, there's more to the job than that. In fact, Mac's work for the day has just begun, for now there comes the long parade of strangers. They pour through the door in a steady stream, making all sorts of requests.

"I have a story to sell."

"I'm a dancer. Any chance?"

"I've an appointment."

"I've no appointment."

■ Not only performers swarm to the studio, begging admittance. There are visiting congressmen and ministers, process servers and salesmen, relatives and ardent fans, bless 'em. Mac must take care to make no mistake, for mistakes have often been costly. He must know by instinct the difference between a millionaire rajah on his way to see Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, and a Hindu extra on the look-out for work.

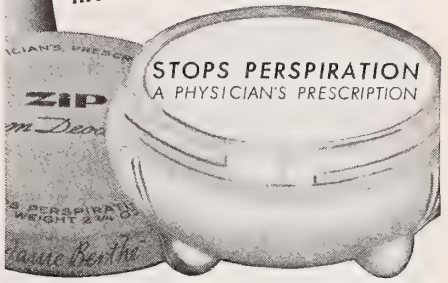
The King of Siam has been a visitor at Paramount. He happened to come alone. Not long afterwards, another potentate arrives with his retinue—but some keen detective work soon proved him to be a vaudevillian accompanied by his troupe. There's just that little nervous manner—that tremor in the voice—a hem and a haw—that always gives the imposter away.

All sorts of people knock at the golden gate—but not all are admitted. Some go away, never to come back. They understand that a big shop can't close down while they're being shown around. They understand that a small whisper on a sound stage may spoil a whole scene. They understand that if the rule is broken for one—it should be broken for all. And they go away like the good sports that they are. But there are some folks who won't take "No" for an answer.

■ Mac, with a twinkle in his eye, recalled the case of the little, shy old fellow, soft-spoken and neat in appearance. He said his name was John Smith and Mac believed him. He said he wanted to see Marlene Dietrich—and Mac could understand that. But Marlene was not on the lot that day—and he told Mr. Smith as much. Mr. Smith thanked him and went away.

LIFE'S *Most Momentous* MOMENT

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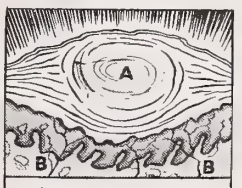
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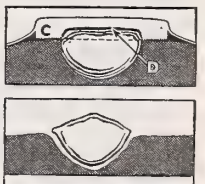
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THE TRUTH ABOUT *CORNS*



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A few days later a stooped old man wearing a snow-white beard came in on a crutch to see Miss Dietrich. Somehow, he reminded Mac of John Smith. Mac sent him away. Not long afterwards, an Englishman, natty, spry and mannerly, called to see Marlene. Although he wore a most impressive mustache, there was something familiar in his manner. He too, reminded Mac of John Smith. And it was John Smith—all the time—each time in a new disguise.

A crutch—a mustache—a beard or a wig—Mac must see through them all, and he must be prepared for all kinds of shocks because people go to the most fantastic extremes to get past him. One poor little girl went so far as to take poison in order to try and break her way into pictures. Mac picked her up in his arms—the ambulance clanged to the door—and off she went to the hospital. She very nearly died.

■ "Folk'll do anything to get inside," said Mac. "I like the ones that tell the truth. I do all I can for them. But it's the phonies that get me. Only the other day, a man asked to see Bing Crosby. I told him Mr. Crosby was busy on the set. He insisted he had to see him. He declared he'd come all the way from Bing's home town to deliver a most important personal message. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and finally threw open his coat and showed me a deputy sheriff's badge. I didn't know what to do—for a minute. Then I asked him for his credentials. Well, he didn't have any. He wasn't a sheriff at all. And when I reminded him of the penalty in force for impersonating an officer, he was only too ready to make a quick getaway.

"At a job like this, you meet all sorts of people. Last month a woman walked into this reception room and asked to see Claudette Colbert. She told me she had come all the way from Australia. But Miss Colbert was in the midst of a picture and working day and night to finish it on time to meet a release date. I tried to explain that even a half hour of the star's time—with sets and staff and actors kept waiting—would cost the studio a sum in four figures. The woman could not see it that way. She insisted she'd visit with Miss Colbert if it took her a week of Sundays to get in. Day after day, when the studio opened, there she was, demanding to get in. Finally she flew into a rage.

"'I'll get into this studio,' she declared, 'if I have to fly over in a plane and jump out in a parachute!'

"But up to date," added Mac with a sly smile, "no unidentified parachute jumper has been found on the lot!"

■ "Movie-struck aspirants are not beyond offering bribes," confided Mac. "They'll give anything—do anything—in exchange for being allowed to get in to see the casting director. A woman once went as far as to offer to buy me a new roadster if I would get her an appointment with one of our top directors. I didn't accept the car, of course, but let me tell you, it's twice as hard to refuse a homemade chocolate cake.

"People resort to all sorts of ruses to try and get through the gate. Recently, while Barbara Stanwyck was working on the lot, a young woman walked carelessly through the foyer and swung open the low wooden gate. She wore a sports suit and a casual manner. She was made up to simulate Miss Stanwyck. Haircut, low shoes—I will say she was a good imitation.

"Just a minute, Miss," I called out. "What is it you want?"

No star would have expressed greater disdain. But that in itself was a giveaway. Miss Stanwyck would have laughed.

"Don't you recognize Stanwyck when you see her?" she demanded haughtily. Little did she realize that at that particular moment the real Miss Stanwyck was on location hundreds of miles away. There was something else the little lady did not know, and it was this: Miss Stanwyck never used the foyer. She always drove into the studio by way of the big motor gate.

■ "Once in a while," confessed Mac, "I'm on the verge of being taken in. Only yesterday, a young man stopped by. He was well-dressed, good-looking and didn't seem ill at ease or in a hurry. He wanted me to send word to Don Ameche that his brother was here. I was about to relay the message when the young man offered me his cigarette case. I noted that the initials read S. R. So, if Mr. S. R. happens to read this, he will understand why he failed to make his way into the studio.

"Then there's the old trick of carrying a can of film under your arm, just as if you were working on the lot. And there's the stunt of engaging an employee in animated conversation, and following him into the studio. That was tried a couple of times and fooled me. But I soon got wise to it. For a time people got in by presenting an old admission card. I caught on to that one too, and the trick no longer works. We date the cards now and change the colors regularly. And there's a strict rule around here—absolutely no exceptions."

According to Mac, not even President Roosevelt—with all due deference to his office—could get in if by any fantastic circumstance he should come unexpectedly. Too many actors in Hollywood could make up to look enough like the president to fool him momentarily, Mac explained.

If this rule of "positively no admittance without a pass" seems harsh to you, just remember that the movie audience is comprised of all the world, and that all the world wants to come to Marathon Street—some to sell themselves—some to sell their stories—and some just to take a look. If Mac made one exception—it would be broadcast by the successful crasher—and the rush would be on!

That's why all day long, Mac must sit at his post and say "No!" Confidentially, there's nothing he'd rather say than "Yes!"

NEXT MONTH

Another best-selling novel, "All This, and Heaven Too," comes to the screen, and the filming of it, with Charles Boyer and Bette Davis in the starring roles, makes a gay and colorful story.

Turnabout

[*Continued from page 29*]

you see Tim go over to Sally's bed and Sally get into Tim's bed. The husband and wife have exchanged bodies and from now on Tim occupies Sally's frame, retaining his own voice and individuality, and Sally occupies Tim's, still speaking with her own voice.

Which is to say that Carole and John are handed the arduous task of impersonating each other. Get it?

You might have wondered how on earth the camera was going to photograph a man who is all-of-a-sudden dwelling within his wife's body. That's how. The transposition is shown by the complete change in voice and mannerisms. Sometimes husband and wife actually talk in each other's tones. Sometimes, by fiendishly clever synchronization, it is John Hubbard's mouth, for example, that moves but really Carole's voice in the sound track.

Well, when Tim's body with Sally inside catches up a handbag and waltzes down to the office, "his" cute little gestures and feminine chirping cause utter consternation among office force and clients, especially in the case of swishy Mr. Pingboom, played by Franklin Pangborn. But they create no more havoc than do the gruff manners and speech of Tim, occupying Sally's body, when the house servants find "her" shinning up flagpoles.

The complications turn out to be humorous and numerous. At a luncheon Tim (in Sally's body) learns how his partners' wives extort extra money from their unsuspecting husbands; an eye-opener! The wives are Marion Manning (Mary Astor) and Irene Clare (Joyce Compton) and the husbands, respectively, are Phil Manners (Adolphe Menjou) and Joe Clare (William Gargan). Meanwhile, at the office Sally (in Tim's body) learns many a ruse of the advertising trade, including the employment of pretty models to help put over sales with hesitant advertisers.

The complications in the home receive no little impetus from Henry, the butler (Donald Meek in one of his funniest roles) and from Josephine, a Malayan sun bear which closely resembles an Australian honey bear, and likes to wreck boudoirs by a raid on perfumes and powder.

At the office, the action involves secretary Laura Bannister (Verree Teasdale), Southern-accented secretary Dixie Gale (Margaret Roach, Hal Roach's daughter), a staff that includes Miss Edwards and Miss Twill (Inez Courtney and Polly Ann Young), a masseur (Murray Alper) and Ito (Miki Morita), a jiujitsu specialist. More about Miki later.

As may be imagined, Tim-within-Sally's body is sick of his bargain, and the same goes for Sally-within-Tim's. Together, they beg Mr. Ram to transpose them again so that Sally can be a hostess and Tim a business executive. Since they are agreed on this wish also, Mr. Ram grants it. But as they joyfully turn away, he calls them back. Worriedly he confesses that there is one thing he overlooked in the second transposition, and it's too late to do anything about it. . . .

Tim staggers from the room wild-eyed and horror-struck. Sally comes out screaming with laughter. Dear Reader, Sally all the time has been cherishing a little secret—but thanks to Mr. Ram's negligence, it is *Tim* now who is going to have that baby.

■ Let's draw a veil over what friend husband thinks of this development and go back to a point long before he heard of the baby at all; to a point, say, right after he becomes she, and she becomes he. Behold John and Carole, then, trying with might and main to act like each other. No easy snap, for she is blond and alluring and he is stalwart, with the physique of a male who has more than his share of swimming and tennis cups.

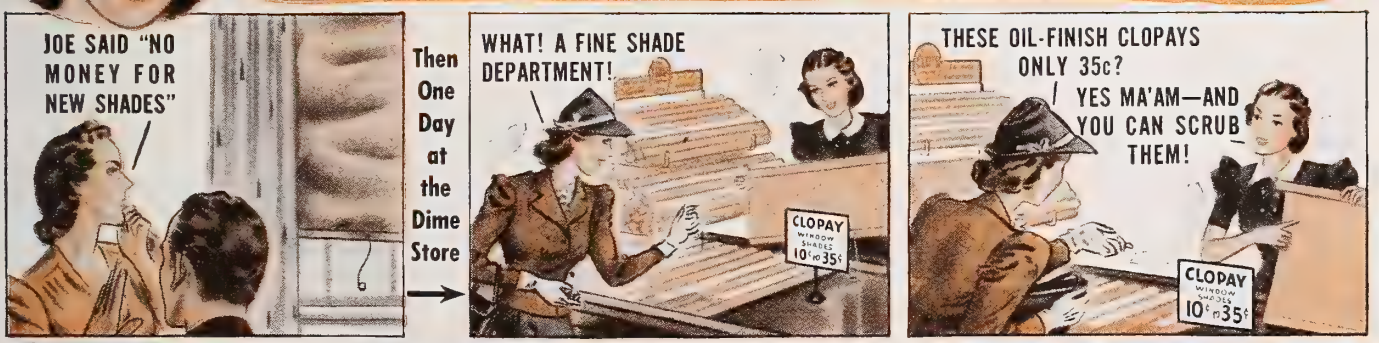
The husband, dwelling within his wife's body, folded "his" arms and paced in agitation up and down the bedroom. It was Carole, of course, who rehearsed the pacing.

"Carole!" That was Director-Producer Roach. "Don't take those ladyfied steps! Be a man!"



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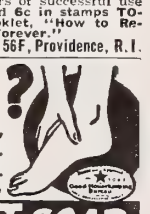
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Carole paced the floor again.

"I don't hold my elbows in my hands when I fold my arms," said John Hubbard.

Grimly Carole crossed her arms, lengthened her steps. "You can't be a perfect gentleman without a six-foot stride, eh?" she said, "okay, but I'm coming down on my heels so hard they nearly go through the top of my head. How you men can stamp around like this—"

"We don't cram ourselves into high heels is why," John reminded her, "we keep our feet on the ground."

"Ha!" Carole answered. The answer was explained when she rehearsed Sally's meeting with some girl friends, Sally still being really Tim. With manly tread Carole crossed the room, threw herself into a chair, and flung one leg across the chair arm. Later, she lifted both feet to the table edge. "See?" she said, "I've been watching you. Heaven's sake, I never realized there was such a difference in the way men and women behave. The way men sling themselves over furniture. . . ."

"Look," John interrupted, "this is how a man holds a cigarette. Not as if it were a lighted firecracker."

Carole took a he-clutch on her cigarette and watched with delight while John rehearsed imitations of *her*. Rushing for the office—Sally's personality in Tim's body—he snatched up a handbag as if it were a tennis racquet and fluttered toward the door.

"Wait!" Director Roach called, "a woman takes a handbag—look, like this..." He dabbed at it as if it were red-hot, thrust it gingerly under his arm, and Carole burst into laughter. "*You* do it," Roach suggested.

Carole picked up the handbag as if it were a handbag. "How can men be so awkward over the simplest, everyday gestures?"

"Awkward!" John repeated, "sa-ay, you don't even know how to put your hands in your pockets." He was standing at the moment near a door of his palatial black and gold office suite. Those offices contained long, black marble corridors so slick you could skate on them, not to mention a steam room, showers and suchlike. "Awkward!" John muttered again and, Sally-in-Tim's-body, he minced along the corridor; "to be a perfect lady you have to act as if your ankles were chained. I can play golf all day, but after walking like a woman for half an hour my legs ache so the next morning I can hardly hobble."

Shaking his head, he opened the handbag, made a dive for the compact, and began furiously to powder his nose.

"Hey!" Carole cried, "hold it, hold it! That isn't shaving lather, you know."

John wiped off the surplus powder, fell into a chair, and shuffled the handbag to and fro. "What do they do with their *hands?*" he said, and ran his fingers through his hair in a masculine-John-Hubbard gesture that it took Carole fifteen minutes' practice to imitate.

■ Her most difficult stunt was standing with one foot on a chair and giving the attitude an authentic masculine aura when Tim, though transposed into his

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wife's body, suddenly fell into his he-man pose. John's most painful achievement was wearing a lacy, expensive nightgown and, as Sally-within-Tim, looking expensive and feminine in it. After production ended he asked if he could have the nightgown. Wondering, they gave it to him and in front of the whole cast he tore it into tiny fragments. An understandable reaction.

Naturally, for such a remarkable story the sets are remarkable. The Willows penthouse, for instance, has a wide, classic type of terrace with a glorious view of the New York skyline . . . a proper background for the really magnificent clothes worn by the women of the cast. There's a gold gown for Mary Astor, as one item. For Carole Landis, as Mrs. Tim Willows, there's an exquisite chartreuse taffeta basque with a flaring skirt of net embroidered in iridescent brilliants.

And jewels! With the chartreuse gown, Carole wore $28,500 worth of gems; yes, real ones. She had an $18,000 bracelet of diamonds topped by a star sapphire big as a wrist watch; a choker solid with diamonds that built up in front to a solitaire the size of a radish surmounted by a walloping sapphire; a yellow tiger's-eye ring; and diamond and sapphire earrings. In another scene, she wore scads of diamonds and great, blazing rubies.

Last time I'd seen Carole, on the *1,000,000 B.C.* set, she wore a scrap of animal skin and a handful of shells. So did John.

"But we're in the advertising business now," Carole explained. She gave the sapphire bracelet a wiggle. "Only, I have to take them all off before I leave the studio."

"And go home in slacks," Bill Gargan said.

■ Truly, Carole replied, she preferred the slacks. This new actress (from Wisconsin) is an outdoor person, adept in most outdoor sports. Fond of vigorous exercise, she found it no hardship to learn, from John Hubbard, how to shadow-box. As for jiujitsu—

Carole happened to be wearing a luscious negligee the afternoon Miki Morita, jiujitsu trainer, came on the set. Director Roach had been dubious about some of the jiujitsu scenes; Miki was there to demonstrate their harmlessness in the right hands. He illustrated some holds on Gargan, tied him into intricate knots, and paused to explain that it was all in the trick of knowing how. You didn't really have to kill anyone.

"I know a pretty good trick," Carole observed, trailing up in the demure negligee and putting her hand on Roach's wrist. The director winked indulgently at the cast. Next moment his 195 pounds flew through the air to land upon the creaking springs of a prop couch.

"Miss Landis my very good pupil," Miki divulged with a gratified smile.

So Roach left the jiujitsu scenes in. He had been chiefly afraid they might prove too much for Carole. As Miki explained further, "lady who knows jiujitsu can conquer a gentleman who doesn't"—but just the same Carole began to wonder if her role was making her a trifle manly after all. For that very afternoon, in the course of a shadow-boxing lesson from Hubbard, she unintentionally clipped him on the chin. John, off balance, tripped over the edge of a rug and went down. Both she and John took a lot of ribbing as a result.

■ There was plenty of ribbing, off and on, for each and sundry. One day Menjou showed up on the set at nine a.m., when his call was for two p.m. Verree Teasdale, his wife, had manipulated messages so that he arrived as early as she did. Menjou got his revenge by murmuring in Roach's ear: "Terrible!" whenever Verree played a scene.

Roach, who pretended to consider this partly a criticism of his direction, contrived to cook up a little revenge himself. There's a reckless, riotous sequence where Menjou and Gargan smash a radio to smithereens. Menjou had his own cane hooked on his elbow, his favorite $20 malacca. For the smashing, they had a cheap prop substitute in readiness, but just before the ructions started Roach managed to juggle the canes. Heartily Menjou fell upon the radio, broke the cane in two . . . and realized that it was his pet. Things were lively for a while.

Roach bought him another malacca. He said Menjou's face at the moment of realization was worth it.

■ Indeed, the ribbing on that set grew so continuous that Gargan ribbed himself. Unintentionally, and as a direct result of those jiujitsu demonstrations. At Palm Springs over the week end, Bill wanted to try his hand at calf-roping; thought he could, if necessary, use some of the jiujitsu holds.

"It took me about seven minutes to throw and tie that critter," he related on his return, "this I'm told is some sort of a record—like running the 100-yard dash in thirty minutes." An adept, he said, can perform the feat in around five seconds. But, he added, though it took him seven minutes to throw the calf, it took the calf only four minutes to throw him.

"Old cowhands and everybody said they'd never seen anything like it. This phase of the battle reached its climax with me on the ground and the calf, which weighed some four hundred pounds, sitting on me. We had a time persuading the calf to get up and go on with the game."

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All Around the Town



Left, Deanna Durbin, looking very grown-up and dashing in flowered turban and veil, smiles happily at Vaughn Paul at the party which followed the preview of her new film, *It's a Date*



Above, it's a new way to deliver flowers, but it seemed to please Ann Sheridan when hers arrived by parachute from a flying admirer





Tyrone Power and Annabella were prepared for cold weather in New York in April when they paid a flying visit to the big town shows

Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor are co-starred in *Waterloo Bridge*, their second film together. She played a small part in his *A Yank at Oxford* several seasons ago





Above, Frances Robinson and Mary Astor give Errol Flynn a taste of real action in the snow on the way to *Virginia City's* big premiere

Right, Jean Cagney, sister of the famous James, with her beautiful pointer pups, born during filming of her Paramount film, *Golden Gloves*



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Hollywood

Vol. 29 No. 7



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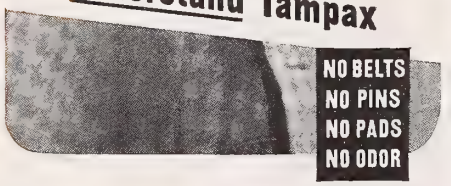
Marie Wilson

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Eliott Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Managing Editor; Al Allard, Art Director; E. J. Smithson, Western Manager. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; foreign subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issue five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood office, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.



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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ The real balminess of the Hollywood silly season is setting in, with the Crisco Keed making the pace. This is not a typographical error, but a brief description of one of the most enchantingly nutty foibles of an enchantingly nutty town.

The new series of Cisco Kid pictures, starring Cesar Romero at Twentieth Century, have caught on at the box office and the character is becoming widely known. Romero is seen frequently in public places in Hollywood during production and has to endure a lot of good-natured ribbing and inferior Mexican-dialect conversation.

It remained for a couple of imaginative youngsters at Universal to inject the final note of daffiness into the Cisco Kid business. They are Troy Orr, an exploitation man, and Marie Kaye, a dance arranger now working in *The Boys from Syracuse.*

By good luck both these frivolous folk are very dark of complexion and could easily be mistaken for Latins, a circumstance of which they take the utmost advantage. In bars, restaurants and taxicabs they run up respectable bills and when the time comes to pay, Mr. Orr says with an expression of ferocity and with a villainous voice:

"I no pay you, you gringo dog. I am de Crisco Keed and I fry t'rough de night like de wind. I no pay, I steal everyt'eeng I need."

Naturally, this is pretty startling conversation to be coming from an apparently sane and responsible patron. But if it doesn't turn out to be disconcerting enough, Miss Kaye chips in with:

"You no like dat, hey? Den I keel you. I am de Crisco Kiddo and I go frying t'rough de night and also tomorrow night and sometimes Saturday night. I also fry t'rough de wilderness and de desert."

Well, this sort of thing has spread so generally through the Universal studio that you can't get a sensible word in English out of anybody. The production lot and the commissary and the cutting rooms sound like quaint Mexican slums to be in full blast of violent conversation.



Carole Landis and John Hubbard look very much dismayed indeed, and no wonder. They are playing in *Turnabout,* in which a husband finds himself magically transferred to his wife's body, and she discovers herself reluctantly inhabiting his!

And the mania has spread to the heart of Hollywood. Apparently respectable retired bankers are heard refusing to pay their hotel bills because—"they are the Crisco Keed."

■ All the maps published daily in the papers will never apparently acquaint the wives of some Hollywood producers that Austria and Australia are not identical or interchangeable.

On her most recent return from Melbourne, Mona Barrie, who works on both stage and screen and has recently been portraying a gun-moll in Universal's *Love, Honor, and Oh Baby!,* happened to mention the fact that she had just come from Australia.



"SAFARI"

. . . LOVE . . . ADVENTURE AND JUNGLE THRILLS



A Paramount Picture with

TULLIO CARMINATI · MURIEL ANGELUS

LYNNE OVERMAN · BILLY GILBERT

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox

LYNNE OVERMAN as the canny Scot who doesn't give a "hoot" about women!

"Not really?" her hostess inquired in frightfully cultured tones. "How long have you been in this country?"

"A month," Mona said.

"Amazing," the amazed lady amazed. "In this country only one short month. Your English is very understandable—almost perfect. And you have a very good vocabulary. It discourages me. I know I should never be able to master Austrian in so short a time."

■ Ernest Shoedsack, the skyscraping director of *Dr. Cyclops* and co-producer of *King Kong,* got himself tangled up in one of his own old practical jokes during one of the busiest periods in his career.

A traveler on all continents and the kind of chap who likes to have natural and authentic backgrounds for his adventure pictures, Shoedsack went out to the Sudan and Portuguese East Africa in 1932 to photograph exteriors for a picture to be completed at the Paramount studio in Hollywood.

There was a rule then, slightly amended since, that every expenditure on every picture had to be accounted for down to the nickel. Shoedsack, struggling with native mobs, bad food, bad co-operation from governmental authorities, and all the exotic local diseases, decided he couldn't be bothered doing all this himself.

So at the end of each day he set down a lump sum and had every one of his temporary employees, all natives, write and sign vouchers for the money they had received as salary and for various goods and services.

Periodically there would arrive in the Hollywood accounting department a bundle of scrap paper written in all known African languages and many languages unknown anywhere. Reproached about this, Shoedsack cabled that he hadn't time to do the translating along with his regular work. So the accountants stored the thousands of tattered pieces of paper.

But when Shoedsack had completed *Dr. Cyclops,* eight years later, the hard losers in the accounting department again confronted him with the bundle of receipted bills and asked him to itemize them. This interesting request came at a time when he was borne down with lecture engagements, commitments to make personal appearances, write magazine and newspaper stories and do radio and television plugging.

The director has traveled in all the world's jungles but never knew 'til now that accountants are made of the same materials as elephants.

■ Laurence Olivier, before setting out with Vivien Leigh to tour *Romeo and Juliet,* concocted a gag to play on his old friend and director, Alfred Hitchcock.

Knowing that the 239-pound Hitchcock was a lover of fine bottled goods for use



at gala dinners, Olivier got hold of a prop Napoleon brandy bottle and had the studio laboratory fill it up with a solution of photo developing chemicals. The result of the chemists' endeavors was an evil-smelling and foul tasting concoction unfit to slide down a drain, let alone the throat of a connoisseur.

Some time later Olivier inquired by letter whether Hitchcock had enjoyed the gift. The director, no novice ribber himself wrote back:

"I sent your very kind gift to a desperately sick friend of mine. After drinking some of the brandy he took a sudden turn for the worse."

Olivier was so remorse-stricken that he had to be reassured by wire that Hitchcock had recognized at a distance of thirty paces that the contents of the bottle was not brandy.

When Darryl Zanuck moved out of his Beverly Hills home to a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, he didn't get an immediate offer for the town house, which is a pretty elaborate affair with swimming pool, badminton courts, cabanas and all the fittings of well-upholstered life.

A few of the boys around the studio asked permission to use the swimming pool occasionally while the agents were showing the place to prospective purchasers. Zanuck, a generous soul, agreed to the plan.

So the boys got up a bathing club, had a handy telephone installed between the pool and the badminton courts, and altogether fixed themselves up a nice little summer resort.

Every time they heard a car pull into the driveway, they feared somebody was going to buy or rent the place and dispossess them from their little hideaway paradise, to which they got more accustomed and attached every day.

So, with no more malice than necessary, when prospective buyers did arrive, the Zanuck Swimming Club members took them aside and warned them confidentially that the whole estate was reeking with termites, dry rot, decayed plumbing, closeted skeletons and an entire family of ghosts.

Only a couple of years have passed since Zanuck moved away from Rodeo Drive. He thinks the real estate market is pretty sluggish.

■ Informality is setting in fast in the new movies. Frank Craven, in the forthcoming *Our Town* acknowledges frankly that the production is a movie and even speaks from the screen instructing the projectionist to go ahead with the show.

Another evidence of the trend is a passage of dialogue from *Foreign Correspondent,* which will employ the talents of Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall and Robert Benchley.

Benchley, reproaching McCrea for sup-

CHARLES BOYER

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Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey

pressing a tremendous yarn about spies and intrigues, says:

"Here you've got the biggest news story in years and won't print it because of love. What are we in here—a musical comedy? Or is it a movie?"

■ Jack Warner, production head of the big brotherly studio in Burbank, is sometimes given to wearing clothes as vivid and daring as the pattern of his picture productions.

At the Frank Capra reception at Ciro's he arrived wearing a checked sport coat with a pattern so pronounced that it could be seen from South Carolina on a clear day.

"Do you think this is a little loud?" he asked one of the studio officials standing in the receiving line.

"Why, no," the chap responded, trying to be agreeable.

"That's an underestimate," Warner corrected. "I went in the bank this afternoon and the burglar alarm went off."

■ Montagu Love recognizes as well as anybody that his name sounds as phony as the movie names of the early Pickford era—the Darlings, the Prettys and the Caprices.

But the thing is his own, he's used to it, and he has invested so much trouble and effort in it that he's hanged if he'll discard it now, when it graces the casting sheet of a Universal picture with the equally quaint title of *One of the Boston Bullertons.*

The Montagu in Montagu's name is the way Shakespeare spelled it in *Romeo and Juliet,* to describe Romeo's family. Yet nobody ever misspells Juliet's family name as "Capulete."

Once during a Shakespearean engagement Love asked the company press agent to leave off the final "e" from his name. So for the rest of the tour all the billboards and lobby displays announced the forthcoming appearance of "Montague Lov."

■ Vera West, head stylist at Universal who has been occupied lately designing costumes for the provocative figures of Marlene Dietrich and Mae West, is currently creating ballet costumes, negligees and hostess coats for Joe Penner in *The Boys from Syracuse.*

■ Dazzled by his own versatility in *La Conga Nights,* Hugh Herbert will undertake in his next picture to play the roles of a taxi driver, a valet, a stock salesman, a cockroach exterminator, a Scottish nobleman and a kibitzer at a royal court. The production will not be named after any of these characters.

■ Having created a notable stir at the preview of his first picture in four years, an unpretentious independent studio production called *Son of the Navy,* James Dunn was immediately hunted down by studio scouts to do a more pretentious film.

But by the time the studio emissaries got around to interviewing him at his home, Jimmy had caught a swell case of influenza.

Accustomed to playing seventy-two holes of golf nearly every day of the year, he forgot to cut down on his food ration while bedded, with the result that when the scouts came in to inspect him he appeared to be twenty pounds overweight.

When Jimmy gets back to normal, they will be around for another inspection.



Hard to recognize is Pat O'Brien made up for his part in *The Life of Knute Rockne.* He is chatting on the set with Mary Andersen and Gale Page between final scenes

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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ Charles Boyer, who is forty-one years old, made the startling statement when he was in New York last month, "Love begins at forty." You will find his reasons for that belief, and some interesting arguments to uphold his theory in the August HOLLYWOOD Magazine. On the cover is a singularly attractive picture of the star who represents to so many people the last word in sophisticated appeal.

■ The last we heard from our favorite extra, the dashing E. J. Smithson, was that he was in a quandary. He was terribly torn between two jobs that were offered to him at the same time. He was fascinated by the idea of working in *The Life of Brigham Young* at Twentieth Century-Fox because he frankly admitted that any man who was able to keep peace in a house containing twenty wives must have a great message for modern men who seem to have undue difficulty in keeping only one wife away from Reno. Mr. Smithson's own home life is a very happy one so his curiosity was quite impersonal. He was equally fascinated with the idea of working in *The Boys from Syracuse* at Universal. This is the musical version of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* which made such a hit on Broadway last season. Our Mr. Smithson, who is a great lover of the classics, especially when they are done with trick photography and modern songs, felt that he should lend his presence to that comedy in the interests of culture.

We urged him to bicycle between both plants and get reports on both pictures, and judge that he is doing so because his prolonged silence can mean only that he is too busy to write. Unless he has gone off on location with the *Virginia* company, and is afraid to break the news that he has deserted Hollywood.

■ Less information and more speculation has been produced by Charlie Chaplin's *The Dictator* than by any other picture in years. But now, at long last, we have a real inside story about the plot and the players. Jack Oakie, who plays the role of "Benzino Gasolini," tells of his difficulties in keeping his chin out, and the hilarious adventures of the other members of the cast who burlesque characters now all too familiar in the headlines. Don't miss the news of this film which is one of the most important among the fall releases.

SILLY-DILLY CONTEST

Evidently all of our readers are bright as buttons, because the answers in the Silly-Dilly contest are clever! The judges are to be found chuckling happily one moment, and scowling with worry the next over the difficulties of choosing winners. As this issue goes to press, all of the entries are not in, and the postman brings a big bundle of new Silly-Dillies on each trip, but the judges are bravely opening and sorting the entries as they arrive, so we shall have the names of the winners ready for an early issue.



Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, were on hand to welcome his mother on her arrival in New York from France. Boyer plays next in *All This, and Heaven Too*

LAST CALL FOR HOLLYWOOD

There is still time to join the big 1940 Fawcett Movieland Tour. But if you want to enjoy a glorious two weeks' vacation of travel and Hollywood thrills, you must act *now*. There is no time to lose!

The 1940 Movieland Tour leaves Chicago for Hollywood, July 14. Air-conditioned Pullmans will take you through some of America's most magnificent scenery to the west coast where an exciting program of sight-seeing and gaiety awaits you.

In the movie colony you will be royally entertained at the great Paramount Studio, see all the sights of the glamour capital, dine with the stars in the studio commissary, watch pictures being made, and enjoy many special privileges that are barred to ordinary tourists.

In addition, members of the Fawcett Movieland Tour will be the personal guests at a cocktail party on the lavish estate of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, and will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with these two popular stars.

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HOLLYWOOD

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

ONE MILLION B. C.—*United Artists*

■ Bad table manners were only one of the differences between the handsome young man from the Rock Tribe and the beauteous little blonde from the Shell Tribe. Members of the Rock Tribe were very impolite to their mothers, cruel to their children and quite without sympathy for their wounded. How different was life in the Shell Tribe! There all was gaiety and merriment when it came time to serve the vegetable stew. They helped each other over the more jagged rocks, and smiled happily at each other the livelong day.

All of this was a great surprise to Tumak (Victor Mature) of the Rock Tribe when, sorely wounded, he drifted down the river into the domain of the Shell people. Loana (Carole Landis) startled him first with her soft coos of pity, a sound he never had heard before. But after she had given him her dinner and her place by the fire, he began to feel less suspicious of the Golden Rule. Before the film is over, all of the Rock Tribe is politely eating mastodon steak off of rude plates and living with the Shell Tribe in harmony. Even in the stone age, one kind word from a blonde changed the course of history.

Chief interest in this film is the elaborate trick photography. While the fakery of the prehistoric animals is quite apparent in some scenes, others are quite horrifying in their realism, especially one long and furious fight between two mammoth saurians who roar and growl and fling each other into airplane spins all over the screen. No blondes among the giant saurians, and where are they today?

MY FAVORITE WIFE—*RKO*

■ Utterly improbable but none the less hilariously funny is the newest version of the story of the nice young person with too many spouses. Last month, Jean Arthur dealt with comic success with two husbands, played by Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas. This month, Cary Grant marries Gail Patrick on the very day that his first wife (Irene Dunne) walks back after being marooned on a lonely island for seven years.

In spite of the fact that his first wife had been declared legally dead, the worried husband begins to feel very much like a bigamist when both wives insist on occupying his home.

The matter is complicated by the fact that the first wife was not cast away alone. With her for the seven years was the extremely handsome and hefty Randolph Scott, who is eager to take her right back to the island any time she wants to go.

Were it not for the very clever playing and direction, this would be a singularly dull farce, but the comedy values are so surely handled that it is one of the really hilariously funny spring offerings.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE—*Columbia*

■ Another good farce, built on a tired old plot but very funny in effect, is this story about a spinster who has written an enormously successful best seller extolling the single life.

The spinster (Loretta Young) drives down from the mountains with a sulky young doctor (Ray Milland). By accident, a "Just Married" sign is attached to his car, and that starts the trouble. Word is flashed from one end of the country to the other that the leading spinster of them all has capitulated. Her publisher (Reginald Gardiner) is frantic until he realizes that a fortune is to be made from her book on marriage.

The young doctor has a fiancee (Gail Patrick), who certainly is getting a tough deal as the other woman of late, so far as the movies are concerned. She makes things more than difficult when he gets a longed-for promotion because of his "marriage." Angrily, the doctor and the spinster agree to share her apartment just long enough to let her new book and his new appointment get started. Again, playing and direction make an outstanding comedy success out of very old plot material.

SAFARI—*Paramount*

■ This time the case for true love is argued in very clever dialogue in darkest Africa, with the penniless young adventurer getting the girl, and the audience worrying about how he can keep her in all those pretty clothes from now on.

Linda (Madeleine Carroll) is determined to marry the wealthy Baron (Tullio Carminati) and goes into the interior on a hunting trip, where he is determined to bag a lion, and she is equally determined to bag the Baron. As part of her campaign, she gives a good deal of encouragement to Logan (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), chief hunter, with the result that Logan kills the lion and gets the girl, also.

How anyone could overlook the fascination of Lynne Overman's Scottish dialect is hard to understand. A happy ending, at least to this department's way of thinking, would have been for Linda to marry that dialect, capture the nice old lion and go into Ringling Brothers' circus. Ah, well. Maybe next time.

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT—*RKO*

■ Remakes of films that have been great successes cannot avoid the handicap of comparison, and very seldom, no matter how well played, are they so pleasing to audiences.

This film is no exception. When it was made some years ago with John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn in the leading roles, it was a striking success, and her

performance made Miss Hepburn a star.

The interpretation of the present cast is not so very different, but, because there is a haunting memory of other faces and voices, the remake suffers in comparison.

For those who did not see the first version, this film has much to offer, because the story is one of the gripping pieces of dramatic writing.

Maureen O'Hara plays the girl who gradually discovers that her father's malady was not shell-shock when, after seventeen years, he returns from his asylum. Fay Bainter plays the mother, Herbert Marshall the man she is to marry, Adolphe Menjou the father and Patric Knowles the daughter's fiance.

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN—*Warners*

■ The same unhappy comparison between the original version and the remake must be made between *One Way Passage* and the current version of the same story, now showing under the new title, *'Til We Meet Again*.

Though the production is rather more elaborate than when Kay Francis and William Powell played it, the overtone of sympathy for the two unfortunate main characters is somehow missing.

This is the story of a man condemned to die for murder, you remember, and of a girl who has only a few months of life left.

By accident they meet in a bar in Hong Kong, drink a toast, smash their glasses. Then they find themselves aboard the same ship. The girl is wandering aimlessly, packing as much pleasure into her last days as she can grasp. The man has been captured, and is to be executed as soon as the voyage is over. Neither knows the other's secret.

Merle Oberon and George Brent play the parts required of them completely, but who can help feeling that he was pretty much of a heel to let a nice girl fall in love with him. Who can help thinking that she was a very callous person indeed to take him off on that trip to the mountains when she might fall dead at any minute. Not this gentle and considerate department.

STAR DUST—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

Of particular interest to those who have wondered how the talent scouts work and what happens to their discoveries is this story of a screen-struck girl.

Roland Young and Charlotte Greenwood play a talent scout and a voice coach who have to take a desperate chance in the interest of a young actress who has incurred the anger of a double-dealing casting director, played by Donald Meek. Linda Darnell and John Payne play the young hopefuls who refuse to leave Hollywood, even though their first tests are failures.

DOWN WENT McGINTY—*Paramount*

McGinty was just a mug until he made $78 for voting 34 times in the same election. That gave him an idea and a career. So long as he was consistently dishonest, he had no trouble. Against his better judgment, he allowed his wife to talk him into one honest move, and that was how McGinty lost the governorship of a great state. That was how McGinty became a bartender in a banana-republic dive. That was how Paramount built an absorbing story of graft in city government.

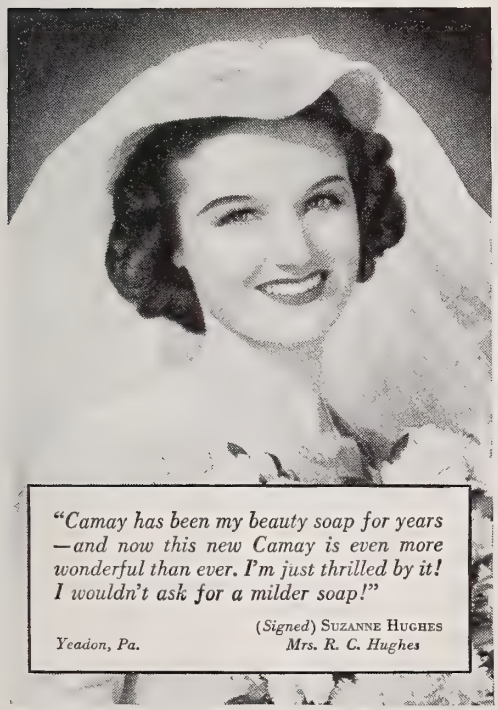
Brian Donlevy plays McGinty and makes that ruthless gentleman amusing at times, not a little alarming from the taxpayer's standpoint at others.

Excellent supporting roles are contributed by Muriel Angelus, Akim Tamiroff, Allyn Joslyn, Steffi Duna, all of whom help to bring a low budget picture well above the average of such offerings.

TURNABOUT—*United Artists*

Tim (John Hubbard) and Sally (Carole Landis) were happily married, and so they quarrelled a good deal of the time. This might have gone on harmlessly had not a magic spell given them their wish that each could only have as easy a time as the other. Tim was horrified when he woke up one morning to find himself, in Sally's body, wearing Sally's lacy nightgown, but still speaking in his own deep voice. Sally was enchanted with the idea of sailing off to his office in Tim's body. There she found out much about Tim's daytime life, but she nearly wrecked Tim's career by ladylike opinions and gestures. Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, Mary Astor, Donald Meek, Joyce Compton and Franklin Pangborn aid the giddy farce to its surprising conclusion.

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THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY

First Rule for Romance

Dorothy Lamour on the screen plays elemental maidens a goodly portion of the time, but her elementary rule for a successful romance is much more sophisticated

By GORDON BARRINGTON

■ Dottie Lamour was sitting at a desk in the Paramount publicity building, having a little fun. She manipulated papers, in a very, very business-like fashion, doodled around with a pencil, clipped one paper to another, smoked cigarette after cigarette, swung around and pounded a typewriter, and maneuvered incoming and outgoing phone calls with the brusk efficiency of a city editor.

She was wearing a very severe striped navy blue suit, and a snug-fitting turban. Not a glimmer of the South Seas anywhere about her. But, her salutation to incoming phone calls was what intrigued me most. When the phone rang, she'd say, without the crack of a smile, "Lamour Romance Agency. Life can be a sarong and dance for you, if you follow our methods and instruction. Dottie Lamour speaking. What can I do for you?"

Which gives you an insight into Lamour as she actually is. If you follow what I mean. Maybe this will clear it up. In this little act she was putting on, she was burlesquing Lamour the Siren for all she was worth. The Sarong-Girl, for Dottie's money, is a movie character. Dorothy Lamour is something else again, and she doesn't care who knows it. In fact, the more people who know it the better she likes it.

Actually, there's very little of the primitive about Dottie. Her clothes, her manner and her conversation reflect a girl who is very much up-to-date, very modern, and who borders on the sophisticated. Not forgetting a terrific *joie de vivre*, and a swell sense of humor.

But, Dottie can be serious, too. Somehow or other, we got into the question of what's the most important thing in life. When it came Dottie's turn to give her opinion, she paused, very thoughtfully, and made her remarks with much deliberation:

"For a man," she said, "it's his work. For a woman, it's love. There you have it, it seems to me, in a nut-shell. You can go back a million years, or look a million years ahead, and you'll still get the same answer." And she quoted Lord Byron, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence."

Dottie, though, has learned it's not wise to go overboard in the matter of upholding woman's place in the scheme of things.

"If you're really, seriously, in love," she said, "the best way to protect that love, and give it a chance to endure, I think, is not to *show* it too plainly. Offhand, I think that's the best advice one could give any girl who's in love, or thinks she's in love, or is thinking, or hoping, about falling in love. And it goes for men, too, for that matter. Some of the most successful romances I know of are, on the surface at least, light, flippant, and seemingly almost careless.

"Which brings in the value of a sense of humor. If I were asked what I consider to be the first and most important rule for romance, I'd repeat sense of humor, sense of humor, over and over again. And I think I'd be right.

"I've seen so many couples, very much in love, who have taken themselves and their romance so terribly to heart that it just couldn't live up to all they'd expected of it. After all, nothing is perfect, and there are bound to be slips, and little breaks, and little misunderstandings in even the most ideal romance. A good laugh, or even a good, old-fashioned Irish fight, in many of the cases I'm thinking of, might have saved the day. Even if you have to appear to be taking your romance lightly, at times, a little flippancy, or even a little feigned indifference will often snap the tension of an overseriousness, and will even tend [*Continued on page* 62]



Dorothy Lamour with Robert Preston in their next picture, *Typhoon*

Capturing a Jungle Baby

Here is the pictorial history of Pantaloons, who plays a part in Mrs. Martin Johnson's new film, *I Married Adventure*. When he was three years old, Pantaloons became separated from the herd, and was found wandering in the jungle and crying bitterly. At first he was suspicious of the Johnsons, but later became so accustomed to human friends that he flew to the African coast and made the Atlantic crossing without losing his poise. Pantaloons spent several years in the St. Louis zoo where Mrs. Johnson visited him whenever she was in that city.





First meeting between Pantaloons and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson

Left, Pantaloons decides that the Johnsons aren't dangerous



And he takes a decided liking for Martin Johnson's big hat



But he still thinks he better continue to look for his mama



His first steps are confusing but he learns to like houses



He also learns to eat neatly and expect Mrs. Johnson's help



Part of the menagerie and some of the keepers in Nairobi



Loading Pantaloons on the plane was the worst of the flying trip

Darryl F. Zanuck's PRODUCTION OF

LILLIAN RUSSELL

ALICE FAYE • DON AMECHE • HENRY FONDA

Edward ARNOLD • *Warren* WILLIAM • *Leo* CARRILLO

Helen Westley • Dorothy Peterson
Ernest Truex • Nigel Bruce • Claude Allister • Lynn Bari • Weber & Fields
Eddie Foy, Jr. • Una O'Connor
Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



The woman whose beauty and glamor had the world at her feet! Diamond Jim Brady showered her with jewels! Bankers, industrialists, the smart and the famous lost their hearts to her! Out of the fascinating story of her life and her loves, Darryl F. Zanuck has created one of the really great motion pictures!

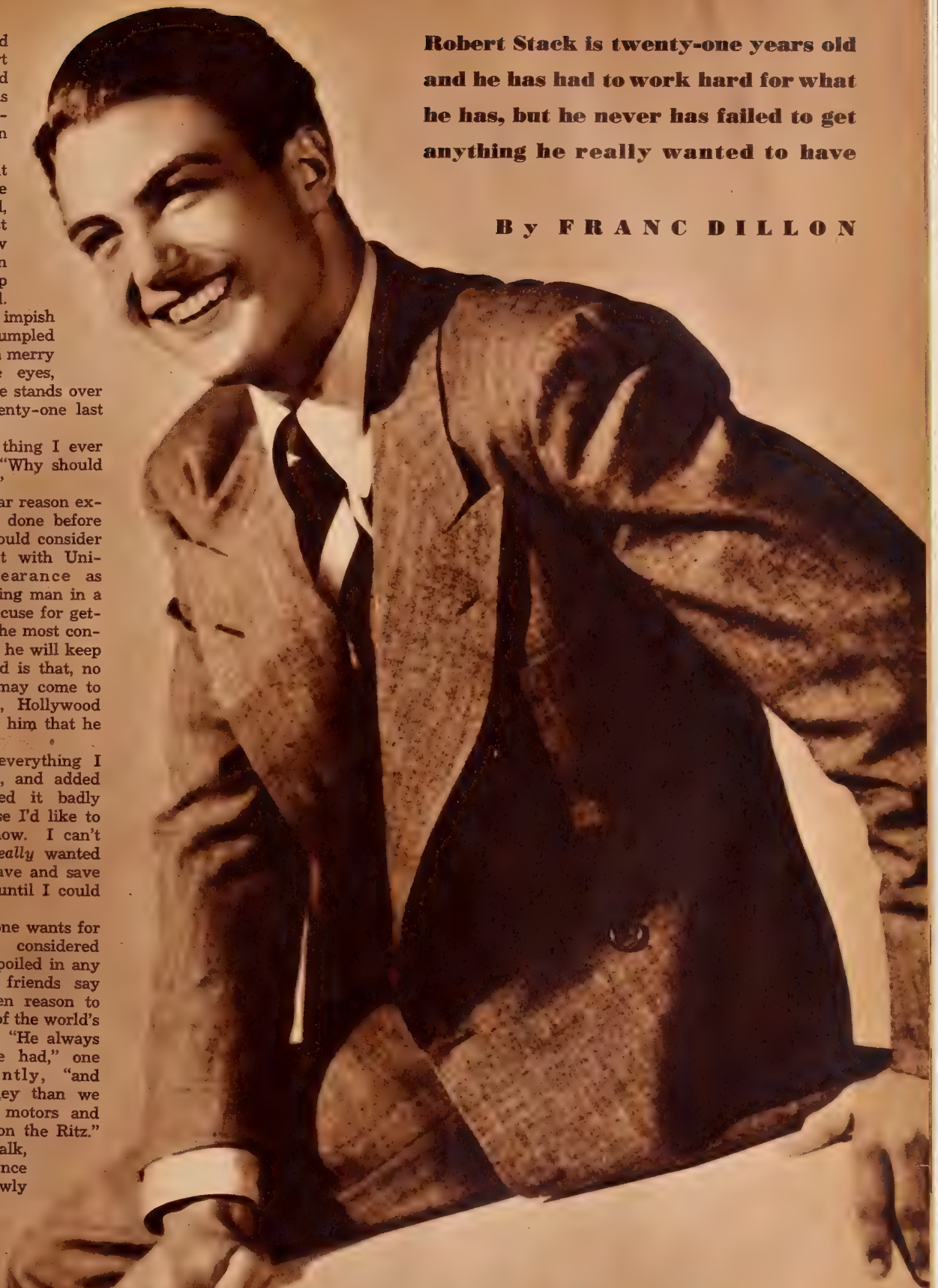
Songs!

Old . . .
"After the Ball is Over", "Rosie, You Are My Posie", "The Band Played On" ("Strawberry Blond"), "My Evening Star".

New . . .
"Adored One", "Blue Love Bird".

Robert Stack is twenty-one years old and he has had to work hard for what he has, but he never has failed to get anything he really wanted to have

By FRANC DILLON



The Boy Who Gets Everything He Wants

■ "Will Hollywood spoil me?" Robert Stack looked astonished as he repeated this question. "Why, Hollywood doesn't even know I'm here."

The more he thought about it, the more the idea amused him and, not being the slightest bit inhibited, he threw himself full length on the divan, kicked up his heels and laughed. He looked like an impish schoolboy, with his rumpled blond curly hair and a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, despite the fact that he stands over six feet, and was twenty-one last January.

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard," he laughed. "Why should Hollywood spoil me?"

There is no particular reason except that it has been done before and a lot of people would consider a seven-year contract with Universal and an appearance as Deanna Durbin's leading man in a first picture a good excuse for getting a swelled head. The most convincing argument that he will keep his feet on the ground is that, no matter what success may come to him on the screen, Hollywood hasn't a thing to offer him that he hasn't already had.

"I've always had everything I wanted," he admitted, and added quickly, "*if* I wanted it badly enough. Oh, of course I'd like to have a plane right now. I can't afford it. But if I *really* wanted it badly enough I'd save and save and save my money until I could buy one."

Having everything one wants for twenty-one years is considered a short cut to being spoiled in any language, but Bob's friends say they were never given reason to feel that he had more of the world's goods than they had. "He always earned everything he had," one of them said recently, "and if he had more money than we had, he spent it on motors and guns—not in putting on the Ritz."

Before he could talk, Bob was taken to France to live. He narrowly escaped being detained on Ellis Island when he returned five years later. Warned by the captain of the ship that the child would be suspected of being a war

[*Continued on page* 44]

A Day With Deanna

Go through a day with the lassie who is a ranking picture star at seventeen, and see how her life differs from that of other high school girls



By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Down a side street within view of the Hollywood High School you'll see, almost any afternoon, a girl of seventeen in a gray coupe. Her sports dress is blue to match those sparkling eyes. Her light brown hair is caught back with a blue ribbon. Except perhaps for a singularly alert look, you'd find nothing to distinguish her from the hundreds of girls the same age who pour from the cream stucco building.

With an expert yank at the wheel she parks beside the curb. And just sits there, watching the kids come out of school.

A lesson or a philosophy or something lies in this hitherto unrevealed habit—maybe a twist to the law of compensation. For the girl in the coupe is Deanna Durbin.

Sometimes she sits there as long as half an hour, on the way home from a voice lesson, absorbed in the everyday spectacle of the girls in the flower-printed dresses and bright sandals as they form groups or break up, or, calling vigorous goodbyes, dart exuberantly down Sunset Boulevard. Her expression betrays a certain envy—they seem so sort of carefree. Not exactly that she wants to change places, or that she's the least bit maudlin-sentimental, but—*she* can't stroll around with crowds of high school kids.

As a matter of fact, if those same youngsters realized who was watching them, she'd be mobbed. For, to ninety per cent of high school girls she's an idol and a dictator. They copy the hair-do, the manner. If news filters through that she's eating egg sandwiches for lunch, try and get the real devotees to eat anything else.

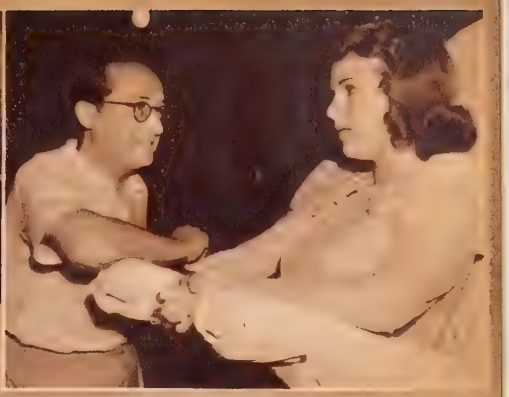
Don't think that Deanna wants to be a dictator. Her very simplicity, her unaffected attitude toward fame, the feeling that she's after all "one of us," forms the true [*Continued on page* 47]



Up at 6:30. Dressing takes just a very few fast minutes



She doesn't like breakfast but mother and father insist on it



Discussions with director Henry Koster are important in her work



Senior high school studies are part of the studio day



A daily duty is practising with Andres de Segurola



Swimming in her own pool is part of most afternoons



And she is a fearfully fast player at the ping-pong table



Father and Mother Durbin insist on plenty of quiet



Tippy is a devoted companion on walks



Flowers such as this mark special occasions



Informal dresses for a date with Vaughn Paul

Crowds after a preview are a routine part of her life



Celebrating with Producer Pasternak after a preview





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Comes the Revolution

Photos by Bob Coburn

A magnificent background will match the absorbing story of the Revolutionary War now being filmed. The town of Williamsburg, restored to its colonial charm, is to be seen for the first time in a feature picture

By LLEWELLYN MILLER



Above, extras, mainly from William and Mary College, in costumes brought from Hollywood, hear the news of the death of King George, Second



Just as it was in the days before the Revolution, the town of Williamsburg will be seen in *The Howards of Virginia.* In the background are extras waiting for costumes to arrive



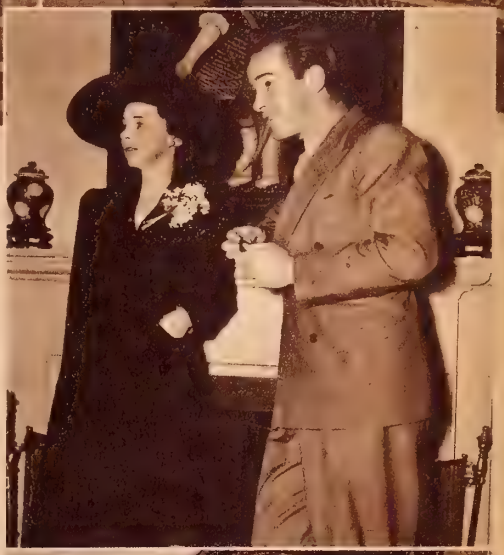
Virginia's Governor, James H. Price, and Cary Grant with *The Tree of Liberty* on which the new picture is based



All employees in exhibition houses in Williamsburg are in costume. Here a watchman doffs his three-cornered hat



The Royal Coat of Arms of Queen Anne is hung in the Governor's Council Room. Grant spent hours studying exhibits



Right, Richard Carlson poses with the Editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine before a quaint portrait of a chubby little girl who once rolled her hoop in Williamsburg many generations ago



Miss Barbara Hamilton bids Director Frank Lloyd a gracious welcome to her town with a pretty curtsey quite in the mood of her old-fashioned costume

■ Before a single camera turned on *The Howards of Virginia,* twenty million dollars had been spent on the settings.

In the past, Hollywood has built magnificent imitations of magnificent backgrounds for its period pictures. Lavish plaster and lath reproductions of famous places have been constructed in a few weeks at the cost of several hundred thousands of dollars, torn down in a few days after they have served their brief duty to celluloid drama. But never has anything been turned out in Hollywood to equal the twenty million dollar background which will be seen in the film version of Elizabeth Page's novel, *The Tree of Liberty.* Never has Hollywood spent ten years in perfecting, down to each tiny detail, a town such as Williamsburg in Virginia is today.

Ten years ago, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., undertook to restore the historic buildings which fast were falling victims to the inroads of modern enterprise, and to build a replica of the town where the fathers of the Revolution met for protests that were to lead to independence for the United States.

Rockefeller planned the restoration as a gift to his country . . . a gift of living history . . . so that any American walking down the tree-shaded Duke of Gloucester Street might let his imagination rove free, back through the decades, and feel himself part of the very beginnings of this democracy. With such painstaking care, with such laborious research has the town been reconstructed, that the visitor can almost see young Tom Jefferson cutting classes at William and Mary College, ambling down the shady street to the Raleigh Tavern, ordering a pint of ale and sipping it in front of the polished bar where George Washington and Patrick Henry and other great Virginians so often stood beside him.

Sixty-six Colonial buildings were still standing when the monumental task of rebuilding Williamsburg was started. They were meticulously stripped of their latter-day additions, carefully patched and pieced and returned to their sturdy original forms. Eighty-four buildings have been totally rebuilt on their original foundations, and furnished in minute detail as they were before wars and fire and time destroyed them.

Four hundred and fifty modern buildings were torn down to make way for the new version of one of the oldest towns in America. A Federal Highway was rerouted. Two and a half miles of railroad tracks were moved firmly out of sight to the modern outskirts of the town, and all telephone and service wires were dropped under the streets.

Fortunately, when the wealthy governors of Virginia came to this new land, they kept elaborate records of all materials ordered from England. There were bales of requisitions and minutely detailed specifications filed away in London, calling for everything from handsomely decorated tiles for fireplaces to plans for the holly-maze in the Governor's garden.

From these plans, the beautiful Governor's place, destroyed by fire many years ago, was restored [*Continued on page* 53]

Signs of Success

One of the reasons that Lon Chaney, Jr. is forging ahead so rapidly as an actor is his striking talent for pantomime, learned from conversation with his deaf-mute grandfather

By KOLMA FLAKE





Chaney says, "I learned sign-language from my grandfather." Miss Flake says, "Really?"



Chaney complains sadly that he is hungry. Miss Flake is using the sign for, "Let's eat!"

■ Lon Chaney, Jr., has a fine powerful voice, though he never became the champion yodeler of the Colorado Rockies. I have a good healthy pair of lungs even if I never was acclaimed prize hog-caller of Kansas. But even our powerful equipment would not have sent our voices from one end of the big sound stage to the other, because, at the moment, both of us were practically breathless. But just the same, we carried on a conversation . . . a long fluent conversation that ended in an invitation to lunch.

Bystanders gathered around, thinking we were reviving the once popular game of "handies." They wanted to join in, but they couldn't keep up. They didn't have our system.

Lon Chaney, Jr.'s grandparents were deaf-mutes. So are my parents. So it was fun for both of us when we discovered that we could revert to the "language" of our childhood.

We had a wonderful time. Of course, there were one or two persons who said things about us, thinking we couldn't hear. But that's nothing to what we said about them *knowing* they couldn't understand.

After a few moments, Lon silently said he was hungry. So off to the commissary we went, gaily signalling our opinions concerning the weather and other customary trivia.

As we started to order food, Lon forgot himself and used the signs to order a steak from Jules, who sees that the food is just what you want. Jules, however, was quite undaunted. He laughed and said, "Well, we have a sign in French, too. It means 'exact' or 'exquisite' or 'just so.'" Strangely enough the sign he used is one for "France" or "French" in the language that Lon and I were speaking with our hands.

"It's been fifteen years since I've used these signs to any extent," Lon explained as Jules went on his way. "When father went out on tour or on a long location trip, he'd send me back to Colorado Springs to visit Grandmother and Grandfather Chaney.

"I loved to ride the street-cars, so Grandfather would let me ride down to work with him every morning. It was on those rides that I learned signs. Every trip, I'd learn a few more.

"Grandfather was a barber in one of the best hotels there. He used to shave the most important men in town. I guess they liked him particularly well because he didn't talk their heads off. I remember one time though he nearly cut a fellow's head off. He was

Lon Chaney, Jr. remarks that it is a beautiful day to Kolma Flake who is saying on her hands "I'm hungry"

shaving the fellow's throat just as the fire-engines went racing by. Not realizing Grandfather couldn't hear the din, the man jumped up to see the engines. If Grandfather's other senses hadn't been wonderfully quick the man might have had much worse than a good-sized cut.

"I learned to dance at the deaf-mute club in Colorado Springs. We certainly had some good times there. Everybody seemed so happy—dancing to the *vibration* of the drums instead of to the *sound*.

"And the jokes they used to tell! Most of them were quite simple and childish when you put them into words. But in the sign language, they were very funny.

"Whenever I think of my grandfather, I see him outdoing that grand old actor, Theodore Roberts, in handling a cigar . . . you know, twirling it slowly and with great finesse. Granddad could make a cigar last longer than anyone I've ever known. He was a wonderful old man."

Young Lon agreed with me that a thorough knowledge of his grandparents' customary means of communication was of invaluable aid in creating the character of Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*, the caveman in *1,000,000 B. C.*

Critics, in speaking of Lon Chaney, Jr.'s, performances, say that he gave the role of Lennie much more than just fine acting . . . that the great, hulking moronic creature might have become a repulsive character. But that Lon Chaney, Jr., made him a sympathetic one. Lon Chaney, Sr., did the same in his portrayal of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*," and his son is firm in his belief that their familiarity with the sign language had much to do with success of both portrayals.

Charlie Chaplin, too, is proficient in the use of the sign language. Many know the story of his great affection for his late friend, Granville Redmond, noted deaf-mute artist. For fifteen years (until his death three years ago), Redmond had his studio on the Chaplin lot. And many were the hours the actor and the deaf artist spent together, talking in Redmond's language.

For nine years, Lon Chaney, Jr., has had this innate ability tested time and again, but not until he was given the part of Lennie was his acting talent given real recognition.

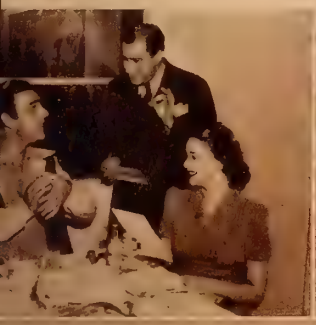
Those were nine heart-breaking years. His father died in 1930. The following year, RKO Studios offered him a contract. Up until that time, he had been preparing himself to be an engineer. He won critics' praises for a feature role in *Virgie Winters* which starred Ann Harding. But from that time on, he was almost entirely overlooked by critics.

Then came minor roles and "bit" parts. Then a contract with 20th Century-Fox for a number of pictures in which he failed to win big roles. Then again came free-lance minor parts and "bits."

A few months ago, I talked to a producer who said to me, "Now take Lon Chaney, Jr., who is trying to follow in his father's footsteps. Until his father's death, he was preparing to be an engineer. It's too bad he didn't continue. He just doesn't have his father's talent and the public won't accept anything less from him."

Lon Chaney, Jr., though, had something more than the desire to emulate his father. He had great patience and great faith. His grandparents could have told him much about the value of those two traits. They were of a group of 120,000 men and women who had made for themselves what a misunderstanding world had refused them . . . their own insurance company to provide the security which regular

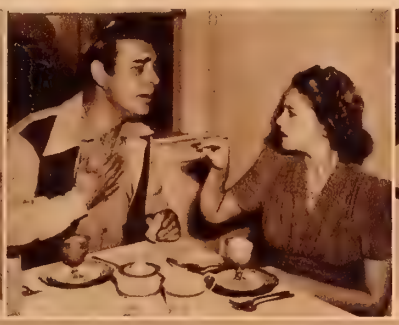
[*Continued on page 56*]



ney says, "I want a e juicy steak." Jules is ing that he under- nds while Eleanor ey studies the menu



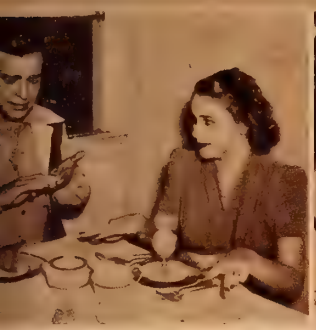
Chaney says, "Why don't you have some reindeer?" Miss Riley catches on quickly, and says that she prefers to have rabbit



Chaney says, "Oh, please do!" Miss Riley uses a snapping motion of thumb against her fingers meaning "Certainly not!"



Chaney is saying, "I'll be mad!" Miss Riley brushes her finger along her nose and away, which means clearly, "I don't care!"



ney upsets his dessert makes a gesture of bing out, indicating, n sorry." Miss Riley is ing "You're clumsy!"



Chaney says, "I have to go home." Miss Riley says, "I have to work." She has a part in *Turnabout* now being filmed



Miss Riley says, "Let's be sweethearts!" Lon Chaney answers, "But I am married!" but they threw kisses at parting, anyway



The kisses don't mean what John Hubbard thinks. This is the sign-language symbol saying "Farewell"



English Broken Here

Director Michael Curtiz who is an expert swordsman, shows the fencing coach exactly the action he wants Errol Flynn and Gilbert Roland to go through in *The Sea Hawk*

Michael Curtiz' blithe disregard for the rules of English grammar is one reason he is fast becoming one of the most quoted men in town

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ With all due respect to our innate sense of modesty, and without recourse to more than the three-mile limit of boasting, we feel that we deserve nothing less than an Academy Award "Oscar" this month for an achievement that borders on the impossible!

Without coaching or teaching of any kind whatsoever we have learned to "Speak Curtiz" in five difficult lessons!

And to prove that we're not talking through our battered beret, we can produce a dozen affadavits, all signed and sworn to as proof of the veracity of the above statement.

What makes this accomplishment the more startling to us, and to all of Hollywood, is the fact that we know actors and actresses who have been on the Warner Brothers lot for more than five years and nary a one of them can UNDERSTAND "Curtiz," much less speak it.

Now for a definition of the term.

To "Speak Curtiz" is a contraction of "to speak like Michael Curtiz," the famous Warner Brothers director who can, by a simple twist of his tongue, assassinate, lacerate and completely mutilate the English language as it never has been assassinated, lacerated and mutilated before.

Talented actors and actresses, assigned for the first time to a Curtiz-directed picture, have been known to become raving maniacs and to plead piteously for their padded cells as a result of their futile and frantic efforts to interpret the director's incredibly weird instructions.

Long before the first day's shooting is over, they'll swear on a stack of scripts that Curtiz, himself, can't understand what he's talking about—which is the height of something or other since Curtiz, despite his be-jammed and be-jumbled gibberish, is a smart cookie inside and outside a sound stage.

Undoubtedly chaos would reign supreme on a [*Continued on page* 49]

"The Summer Sun has changed your skin —why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE— AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says Lady Esther



Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a *too light* shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade —a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones *as they are now!*



Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won't help... if your powder is *too coarse* for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be *free from grit!*



Make my famous "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes the same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner— say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending...or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin* ... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right *for you!* And as you try on these lovely shades... notice how *smooth* my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder...or give your skin a harsh, "powdery" look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

A Ghost Story

By E. J. SMITHSON

Our favorite extra explores the ghostly goings-on in *Earthbound* and, though uncomfortably bruised, decides that he will keep his body



Dear Editor:

Maybe you remember, when I sent in my last masterpiece of bum writing on *20 Mule Team,* that I said I'd never again accept any extra work in pictures that had location sequences laid in or around the desert country. Well, this resolve goes double from now on. The wear and tear on my nerves, health, and general disposition is just too much. And what's more, I'm not only NOT going to get myself a hot foot on the Mohave, but I'm NOT going to play in any picture that has a ghost for one of the leading roles!

The reason for this is that I received a four-day pay slip four days ago for what Director Irving Pichel somewhat laughingly called an "extra-fine" performance in the 20th Century-Fox production, *Earthbound,* and my hands are still shaking so hard I'm unable to endorse the check!

Lissen!

I'll defy any up-standing robot to go through the weird experiences I've had in this picture and remain cool, calm, and collected!

If one of those mechanical babies can mess around four days with a ghost without shaking off a [*Continued on page* 57]



Henry Wilcoxon discovers the body of his friend (Warner Baxter) while the bewildered ghost (also Warner Baxter) adjusts himself to his new strange life



Lynn Bari plays the impulsive sweetheart who fired the fatal shot. Here the ghost tries to make himself heard in the court

TEARS IN LOWER SEVEN!



Mile after mile, that train hummed along—and you'd think my heart would be singing, too! Off for a week end at the Academy and yet I was sunk! Why, *oh why*, would this super-swell invitation come at a time like this! I curled up on my berth and cried!



And that's when Judy popped through the curtains. "Oh, you ninny," she laughed, "what if it *is* the wrong time of the month? It's plain old-fashioned to let chafing get you down nowadays. Bring your box of napkins into the dressing room while I fetch *my* kind and I'll show you a thing or two!"

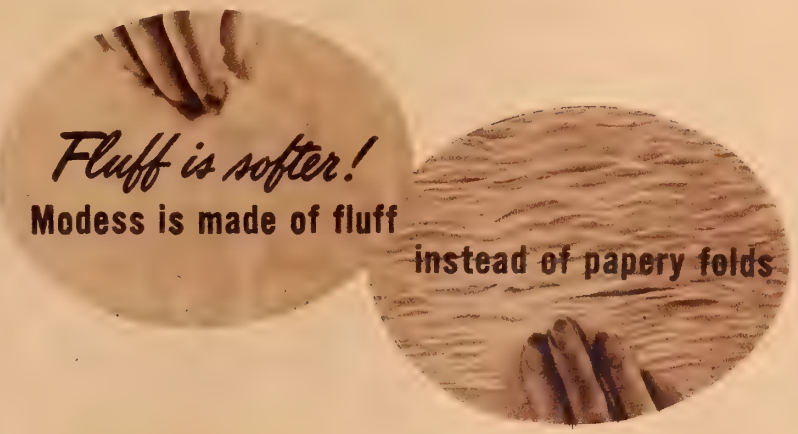


And two minutes later, Judy was cutting up one of my napkins and then she cut a Modess pad. "There—just feel the difference!" she cried. "Modess is *softer* because it's made of *fluff*, instead of papery folds. And Modess stays softer, darling, because it now has 'moisture zoning'." Well . . .



I borrowed Judy's Modess and what a glorious week end! I danced, I played tennis, I went sailing—so comfortable and carefree—I practically forgot the time of the month. Take it from me, now that I know what a difference *fluff* makes, I don't wonder *Modess is winning more new users than any other napkin!*

Cut a napkin made of papery folds—then cut a Modess pad—and feel the difference! No close-packed layers in Modess—but gentle, downy-soft fluff! So absorbent, this fluff is a miracle of protection. So soft, it's a miracle of comfort! And that isn't all...



Press that fluff and notice how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so comfortably without bulk or bunching—why it stays smooth and flat where you want flatness. Thanks to "moisture zoning," Modess *stays* softer, too! And its moisture-resistant backing guards against striking through!

Get Curious! Get Comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!



Above and left, Bette Davis who plays the heroine in *All This, and Heaven Too,* with Virginia Weidler. Right, Charles Boyer as the tempestuous Duke and Barbara O'Neil who is seen as his ill-fated wife

Tale of a Turbulent Triangle

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

"Tonight," Mr. Charles Boyer exulted, a mischievous gleam lighting his normally slumberous eyes, "tonight is the night. Tonight I murder the duchess. Tonight I give her the beezness."

Mr. Boyer was referring to an incident in the eventful home life of Theobald, Duke of Praslin, who resided, toward the middle of the Nineteenth Century, at No. 55 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honore, in the wonderful city of Paris. On the evening to which Mr. Boyer looked forward with so much relish Theobald, for reasons that seemed compelling at the time, slugged, cuffed and battered the life out of his noble Corsican wife, the mother of his ten children.

But the horrors did not cease there, as Mr. Boyer was only too happy to point out.

"Then I go to prison," he continued gaily, "and then I take strychnine and die and am buried in an unmarked grave in the prison yard. What a life! What a death!"

"What a picture!" an interested bystander might remark at this point.

Mr. Boyer's outburst of drollery was incidental to the making of a movie called *All This, and Heaven Too,* which deals with frustrated love, murder, the Atlantic Cable and related subjects.

These matters are all interwoven with the career of a certain Mlle. Henriette Desportes, who served the first half of her adulthood as a governess, latterly in the employ of the Duke and Duchess of Praslin, and the last half as the wife of a New York clergyman whose brother laid the Atlantic Cable.

The job of filming Henriette's turbulent life, as told in Rachel Field's best-selling novel, was a matter of compromise and condensation. No fictional character, but as vivid a human being as ever drew the breath of two republics, Mlle. Desportes lived twenty-six years of the Nineteenth Century in the United States. In the film this is cut down to a good sensible fifteen minutes of screen running time.

Some other notable corner-cuttings in the film are these:

In actuality, Theobald, the Duke of Praslin, was the progenitor of nine bouncing babies and one not so sprightly. The screenplay cuts this down to four, a fair enough numerical slash, since the ones retained in the story are Louise (Virginia Weidler), Raynald (Richard Nichols), Isabelle (June Lockhart), and Berthe (Ann Todd).

The illustrious American Field family, numbering eight sons and a daughter in the family album, is reduced by the Hollywood census-takers to four, of whom one appears on the screen and three as conversational props only.

Three of the greatest actors of all time, Rachel of the Comedie Francaise; Fanny Kemble and Edwin Booth, don't even appear in the movie, although each was given a jewel-box mounting in the book about Henriette Desportes on which the picture is based.

All this trim- [*Continued on page* 64]



America's leading Fuel Oil Heater gives you a sensational EXTRA advantage—SUMMER COOLING!



ENJOY a 27 mile-an-hour breeze all summer! You can—by turning on Duo-Therm's Power-Air*—with the heat *off*. It will flood the room with cooling, circulating air.

• • •

The new Duo-Therm Power-Air gives you a cooler summer—and a *new kind of heating comfort* for winter!

Not only does Duo-Therm give you fast, clean, convenient oil heat, but—it gives you better heating and *at a lower cost!*

Power-Air *forces* heat where you want it in the winter time! The Power-Air blower *drives* warmth all through your house—makes chilly corners cozy—*forces* heat to the floors. Heat that's ordinarily wasted on the ceiling is brought down where you need it—and there's *extra* heat for every room!

Power-Air gives what no fuel oil heater has given before—the same *positive* forced heat as a modern furnace! And Power-Air means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

These Duo-Therm features mean greater comfort! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives a clean, silent fire from pilot light to full flame—and *more* heat from every drop of cheap fuel oil! Special waste-stopper saves fuel!

"Tune" the handy front-dial for just the heat you want! Open the radiant door—and get a flood of extra heat! And a Duo-Therm is *safe*—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

No other fuel oil heater is used in as many American homes as Duo-Therm!

Only 10% down—for immediate delivery! No more payments until October! Get your Duo-Therm now! Even with Power-Air, it costs no more than other heaters. Go to your Duo-Therm dealer today and see the 12 beautiful models—for heating 1 to 6 rooms! Console or upright cabinet types—*both* can be equipped with Power-Air! For full information, mail the coupon now!

Uneven heat without Power-Air!



This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!

All-over, even heat with Power-Air!



Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

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Don't Be a Droop



You'll never get by in the town of Hollywood unless you know how to control those moods. Here is how some of the stars snap out of it when they are gloomy

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ One of the appalling things about Hollywood, if you happen to be a lazy, sedentary soul (like me) is the verve, the pep, the sheer animation of practically everyone concerned with the making of pictures. They can't sit still. They leap. They shout. They effervesce, like soda-mint tablets dropped in lemon juice. No one ever tells a story. He skips about and *shows* you what happened, to the point of turning handsprings and planting his feet in your face. People don't walk. They bound, or, worse still, hop aboard motor-scooters and hurtle, with horrid buzzing noises, from dressing room to the set, or even to the drug store.

They go to the mountains "to relax" and come home on stretchers from an overdose of skiing or from just falling off something. They drop in for a cocktail, pace, wave their hands, declaim, poke the fire and sometimes move all the furniture. Why, I entertained an actor only a few weeks ago who suddenly decided to put in a lot of new electric wall plugs for me, whether I wanted them or not—just high spirits.

This is all very stimulating for the by-stander, if he stands *far enough* by and isn't trampled. But for the picture folk, especially the actors, the maintaining of this energetic excess is a grim business. This verve, this pfuff, this whateveritis, is supposed to be the very stuff which packs 'em in at the box office. They can't just eat, drink and be merry, you understand. Most of them have to try to emanate all this zing while the body is practically starving to death for the lack of food. They think up the darndest things!

Barbara Stanwyck is no starveling, goodness knows, living as she does practically on raw beefsteak and an occasional carrot. But she has to get that old mental lift once in a while, same as anyone else. So she hops in her car, with the top down, and heads for an open road. It has to be a *straight* road, she stipulates. No silly old curves or scenery to take her attention. Then she just drives and drives until suddenly she realizes that she is all right again, and she can go home. Only—it usually turns out that it is a long way from home, and sometimes Barbara's straight road has fooled her and she finds that she is lost and out of gas. So she has to telephone someone, and by the time she does get home she is completely exhausted. So is Bob, who has been fretting about her.





Lovely Lola Lane

CHARMING SCREEN ACTRESS, ONE OF THE FAMOUS LANE SISTERS, AND POPULAR HOLLYWOOD STAR . . . *Appearing in* "ZANZIBAR"

12 WINNERS

OF THIS EASY JUVA-TEX CONTEST WILL BE INVITED TO HOLLYWOOD AND A PARTY GIVEN BY LOLA LANE. ALL EXPENSES PAID—5-DAY DE LUXE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD. *500 EXTRA PRIZES—SPECIAL DE LUXE JUVA-TEX GIFT SETS—FOR THE NEXT BEST LETTERS.* ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TELL US WHY YOU LIKE JUVA-TEX.

READ THE RULES BELOW

This contest was devised to acquaint every woman in America with the world's most modern beauty discovery, Juva-Tex. Science has created something brand new—an "automatic compact" that is marvelous to the skin and luxurious to use.

Thousands of women tell us that their complexions were greatly enhanced after they started to use Juva-Tex. The soft touch of this new Juva-Tex puff makes you know your skin is lovely. The millions of tiny pores through which the powder passes assure an even distribution—no dabs left on moist spots. Juva-Tex pays for itself because the powder is never wasted or spilled. It will give you a smoother distribution of powder than you can get any other way, improving your complexion immediately, and this improvement increases with its continued use.

If you are not satisfied that Juva-Tex will do all these things and feel that it is not worth its cost after you have used it for 10 days, return the compact to us and your money will be refunded. We want you to use a Juva-Tex compact or puff and tell us why you like it.

Enter this contest now—and win a five-day de luxe round trip to Hollywood from any part of the country. Just this simple thing to do—finish the sentence with not more than 25 words "I Like My Juva-Tex Automatic Compact Because . . ." The rules are simple. Anyone except employees of the manufacturer and their advertising agency may enter . . . all have a chance to win!

1. Just complete the sentence "I Like My Juva-Tex Automatic Compact Because . . ." in 25 words or less.

2. Enclose a Juva-Tex folder (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) that is in each package.

3. Letters with the enclosed folder or facsimile should be mailed before August 15, 1940, to Charles E. Zimmerman, 412-420 Orleans Street, Chicago, Illinois.

4. Entries will be judged solely on the answers submitted, and their sincerity. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be given.

5. The writers of the best 12 letters will be given a five-day, all-expense-trip to Hollywood, and will receive an invitation to a gala party given by Lola Lane. 500 EXTRA PRIZES—special De Luxe Juva-Tex Gift Sets—for the next best letters. No cash prizes awarded.

6. The judges are D. M. Saltiel, Auditor, Chicago; F. L. Eason, L. W. Ramsey Company, Chicago; F. G. Bauer, Look Magazine, Chicago; their decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Right reserved to use letters submitted in advertising.

If your local drug, department or variety stores cannot supply you, use the coupon below, enclosing cash or money order (NO STAMPS).

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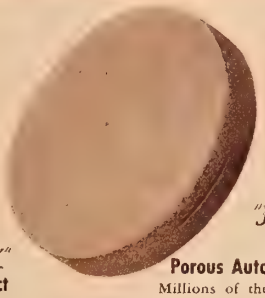
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Last word in compact perfection! For enchanting make-up get one of these downy-soft porous automatic compacts. Each of these compacts has a beautiful design that will not wear or wash off because it is heat-sealed and is part of this velvety-soft Juva-Tex material.

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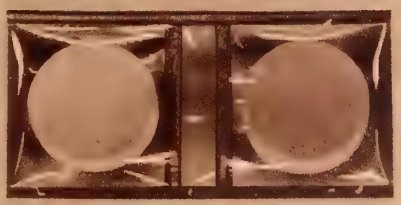
"JUVA-TEX"
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Millions of these feather-touch compacts were sold last year at 25c. We were months behind the demand at that price. Due to the economies developed by producing 7,000,000 compacts in 7 months, we offer this former 25c model, now improved, for 10c! Buy several at this amazing price.

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New "JUVA-TEX" "Screen-Test" MAKE-UP KIT

COMPLETE KIT WITH 60-DAY SUPPLY OF ROUGE



Contains everything you need for a lovely, natural-looking make-up. The smooth, velvety-touch of Juva-Tex Powder and Rouge Compacts gives you the perfect make-up.

This exciting make-up kit, complete with one Juva-Tex Porous Automatic Powder Compact with your favorite shade of powder and one Porous Automatic Rouge Compact with a 60-day supply of your shade of rouge, included (you have your choice of rouge shades). Specify shade desired.

Only 25¢



***JUST FILL*—** End powder spilling and wasting—just fill the porous Juva-Tex compact with your favorite face powder. Simplest, easiest thing you ever saw!



***TAP*—** Tap the compact gently on the back of your hand and like magic your favorite shade of powder fills the millions of tiny Juva-Tex pores—ready for use.



***AND APPLY*—** In a miracle-like fashion the powder sifts through the millions of tiny pores onto your skin in just the right amount. When not in use these pores close automatically. No powder is wasted.

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Enclosed please find $_____ to cover cost of the items checked below:

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RINSE OFF UNSIGHTLY HAIR THIS EASY WAY

Glorify your legs with the NEW Neet! For years the favorite cream hair remover of hundreds of thousands, NEET now is pleasantly scented! No disagreeable chemical odor. NEET is gentle, painless. Takes little time, no bother to use! Just spread NEET over unwanted hair. Leave on ONLY four to five minutes. Then rinse off with water. Ugly hair disappears from your legs, forearms and underarms. Your skin is smooth as satin and petal-soft!

Avoid Sharp Razor Stubble

There are no sharp-edged hair stubs to snag your stockings, no razor-scraped skin, and no danger of cuts—when you use NEET! Get NEET at drug, dept. stores. Generous trial size at ten-cent stores.



So are all of the people who have participated in the rescue. Despite these minor drawbacks, Barbara says these gallivantings do her a world of good when she feels a mood coming on.

Loretta Young—the lovely, fragile Loretta—goes to the hospital and watches operations when she feels a little low! She prefers the complicated, major variety. Loretta always fancied that she might have made a competent nurse or even a doctor. A couple of picture roles have whetted this notion. She says she gets a feeling of the flow of life, the power— Gee, I'm not sure I'm getting this exactly right. Anyhow, it does something pretty cosmic to Loretta when she puts on a surgical frock and mask, and watches a bit of bone chiseling or tissue snipping. She feels fine and ready for anything.

Their notions about what gives them a lift are so varied that you may become a trifle confused, contemplating them. Still and all, maybe if you sort them out, sift a bit and try a few you'll find something which, if it doesn't make you feel better, at least will make you feel *different.*

■ When Ann Sothern feels the old lethargy coming on, she does two things. First she goes on a diet of cucumber juice for a day or two. That's what I said. CUCUMBER juice. After this drastic measure she gives a party. A special kind of party which she calls "a new blooder." This means that she invites people she has just met or knows only slightly.

"Nothing," says Ann, firmly, "is as stimulating as getting new blood into your circle of friends. It *does* something for you."

It does something to the party, too, since Ann mixes her groups with the gayest disregard for similarity of tastes, ages, mental attitudes or views on politics.

Sometimes they retire into frigid silence and spend the evening eying one another with suspicion. Sometimes beautiful friendships spring up. Sometimes Ann finds that she has brought mortal enemies together under her roof . . . who may at any moment retire to the patio to have it out. It's all one to her.

"I like to watch 'em," she avers, stoutly. "No matter what happens, I feel fine the next day."

Since that was what she was after in the first place, one supposes that it must be all right.

They aren't all quite so elaborate in their efforts to give themselves mental jogs. Dolores Del Rio finds that it does wonders for her if she can find a high board fence and walk up and down on top of it. She says this gives her bodily poise and balance and mental exhilaration. Of course, there was that one unfortunate time when she toppled and acquired an inconvenient splinter . . . But none of the systems *always* work perfectly.

■ Penny Singleton has a sulking room, no less! It's a room over the garage, empty save for a chair and a table. (Not a very comfortable chair.) When she is feeling, as she puts it, "not fit to speak to," she retires to this nook and broods to her heart's content. Does her a world of good. She emerges, after an hour or so, does a couple of backflips which she has left over from her days of acrobatic dancing on the stage—and there she is, bright as a button.

■ Mrs. Pat O'Brien says that she knows what to expect when Pat gets an abused look in his eye and begins to hum *Pagliacci.* He is feeling low in his mind. The next thing she knows he is out in the garden, pruning things and grafting things. He does this despite anything she or the gardener can say in defense of the helpless growing things. He prunes and grafts peach twigs on fig trees, and, for all I know, attaches blackberry branches to the sweet corn. Nothing ever comes of these horticultural antics, but Pat gets a terrific boot out of it all. Feels close to the soil, and convinced that he is creating something wonderful. He never sings *Pagliacci* at any other time.

■ Humphrey Bogart is even worse. When he gets a gloomy streak, his wife (Mayo Methot) immediately begins to hide things like electric toasters, alarm clocks and egg beaters. Because Bogie is a cinch to take something apart and try to reassemble it before the black mood passes. Once, when things were going particularly badly for him, Mayo actually had the grand piano hauled off to the music shop for alleged "repairs" just because she saw him gazing at it with "That Look" in his eye.

■ I think Vic McLaglen has more fun getting out of black moods than anybody. He heckles his agent. This is logical and sensible and I agree that agents *should* be heckled once in a while. Only a couple of weeks ago Vic went to his agent's office and announced that he was going to New York for a few weeks. Leaving that very evening.

"But, Vic, you *can't,*" cried the frantic agent. "I've two—maybe three—important deals pending for you. You've got to *be* here."

Vic was sorry but firm. He had to get away. It was just the way he felt about it . . .

People argued, expostulated, wailed and did some other things until Vic sighed, assumed a hurt and martyred expression. "All right, boys. You win," he said, wearily. "I'll stay."

He hadn't had the faintest notion of leaving town. "I just felt low," he explained afterward. "It did me a lot of good to have 'em tell me that Hollywood and a couple of producers just couldn't get along without me. Got a big lift out of that. I'll give a swell performance in my next picture . . . You see!"

■ Madame Maria Ouspenskaya walks on her hands. At her age! She doesn't wait until she feels she needs a lift before she does it. She just does it so that she won't need a lift. She says it gives you a whole new point of view and recommends it to old and young. "Much better than that silly spinach juice," she says.

■ Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond have a little sound-proof house in their grounds and they repair to this

when they feel the urge to give vent to pent-up emotions by making what they call "strange noises." They have two pianos there and they play duets, sing oddly assorted songs at the top of their lungs, experiment with instruments on which neither is at all proficient and have a really rip-roaring jam session all their own. They're dreadfully exhausted after one of these musical orgies. But they insist that it does them more good than any workout in a gym could possibly do. More fun, too.

■ And I do hope that Bill Powell's new little bride has at least a tolerant feeling for Ravel's *Bolero*. Because for years Bill, especially when preparing for a difficult scene in a picture, has made it a habit to sit down for an hour or two and just play the recording of *Bolero* over and over and over until, as he puts it, "I'm soggy with rhythm." I don't think that Bill has a sound-proof building where he can indulge this little fancy. I *do* hope she likes it!

■ Poor Clark Gable is a study in frustration in his off moments. He had his contract readjusted a year or so ago so that he might have at least three months a year free to travel and refresh his soul. The war blasted most of these plans and Carole's screen commitments blasted the others. So Clark takes it out these days in peering wistfully at maps which change almost daily and sticking pins in the places where he wishes he could go. Even that, he sighs, is better than nothing!

■ Henry Fonda spends a night in a sordid fifty-cent hotel in Los Angeles' seamier district whenever he feels bored or discontented, and feels just swell afterward. Don't ask me to explain this. Henry can't. It just gives him a new outlook or something. The dainty, shell pink Anita Louise drinks a lot of raw beef juice and is ready for anything. Simply *anything*. Constance Bennett spends an hour in a smelly chemical laboratory and emerges in the mood for a party. Warren William dons dungarees, goes to the water front and hobnobs with sailors. Makes him feel wonderful for a week.

So—if you've wondered how they contrived to have all this pfuff or zing or whateveritis—here are a few of the recipes. Want to try any of them?

The utterly crazy rumor that Nelson Eddy is going blind still persists, despite vehement denials by the singer. The rumor started in Alabama, and since then has spread over the entire country. It all came about because, during his concert tours, Eddy always carries a small notebook which he uses more to have something to do with his hands than to prime his memory on songs. The pages are worn down to a tissue thinness from the pressure of his fingers during difficult numbers. Rumors began to pop up about this habit. The book was Braille and he read it with his fingers, so report had it. It was even said that he was led by his manager to the center of the stage behind closed curtains and that he sang from this spot when the curtains unfolded. All this, take it from Eddy himself, is so much poppycock. His eyes are in the best of health, thank you. And that, coming from him, ought to put an end to some of the rumors at least.



You may work like a beaver on your washings and *still* have tattle-tale gray! To get rid of that drab, dingy look, you need a soap that washes out deep-down dirt as well as the surface kind. You need Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. And here's the reason why . . .



You get two willing workers in Fels-Naptha—richer *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. Two busy hustlers that speed out every last speck of dirt and make clothes dazzling white, sweetly fragrant. Enjoy this *extra* help both ways. Use Fels-Naptha Soap for all bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for all box-soap jobs. These *golden* flakes pep up washing machines like magic—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy powders! No sneezy dust to bother you. And you get the grandest suds ever because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. Ask your grocer today for Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips—and put an end to tattle-tale gray in *your* house!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha—*BAR or CHIPS*



Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap

Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips

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The Trouble that is Borne by Millions . . . but Mentioned by Few!

Pity the person who suffers from Piles—even simple Piles! He or she really knows what suffering is!

Simple Piles are a real affliction. Their pain is torturous, their itching maddening and embarrassing.

More than a torment, simple Piles are a drain on your health. They tax nerves and strength and make you look and feel years older than you are. Almost every person who has Piles — even simple Piles—shows it on his or her face.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo is a real preparation for the alleviation of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is the only thing that ever gave them any relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons. First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easy. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

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This is a slightly exaggerated word picture of the demands the picture business makes on all of the people in it

By BETH BROWN

■ Oh, so you've got a girl? Sorry, Buddy, but you'll have to give her up. This is Hollywood, you know, and Hollywood has no time for love.

Oh, so you've got a date? Sorry, Sister, but you'll have to call it off. Better tell your boy-friend you're working tonight.

Work comes first. That's the rule in Hollywood—and there are no exceptions. It goes for the extra girl and it goes for Garbo, too. No, it doesn't matter if you're Clark Gable. You'll just have to wait till the picture is finished before you can marry your Carole Lombard. And you can't go off on that honeymoon till your studio says that you can. If you're in love—stay out of Hollywood! Love has its place—on the screen. It has no place—in your life.

Every girl in the picture business sooner or later learns that it's no use inviting her beau to a nice, home-cooked dinner that she makes with her own lily-white hands. Every guy sooner or later learns that it's no use surprising his girl by buying two tickets for the big concert in the Hollywood bowl. Stenos and script girls—bus boys and prop boys—extras and stars—one and all soon learn that their lives are not their own. At next to the last minute the telephone is sure to ring with the inevitable: "Sorry, Honey, can't make it tonight. Gotta work!"

And there's nothing for you to do but tear up the tickets, chuck out the dinner, have a good cry, and say when he calls again: "It's O.K. for next Wednesday night, Honey!" But you know darn well that ten to one, he'll call up on Wednesday to call it off again.

That's the picture business for you—a twenty-four hour job—three hundred and sixty-five days a year—yes, and nights, too! That's what makes you hate it and love it all at once.

Other people—all over the world—are holding down jobs too, and at the end of the day, when the clocks strike and the whistles blow, you put away your tools, wash up, and start for home. You have your supper and you pick up your best girl and you go to the movies.

And when the show lets out, maybe you walk home in the moonlight. And the man in the moon looks down and says: "Ain't love grand!" And you look up and say: "Gosh! I wish I were in Hollywood! It must be a wonderful place!" And if you're the girl, you see yourself walking up Hollywood Boulevard with Robert Taylor. And if you're the boy, you see yourself swimming in Joan Crawford's aquamarine pool.

But right here is where you both ought to stop and thank your lucky stars that you have a love and your love has you, and that when six o'clock comes around, you belong to each other. You couldn't do that in Hollywood. Nope! not even if you were Barbara Stanwyck married to

Mister Taylor. You're lucky. Barbara and Bob don't have a peaceful evening to themselves for weeks at a time. If it isn't work for one, it's work for the other.

And it's no use protesting, for you don't say "No" in the picture business, and so Barbara says "Yes." They all say yes—all the way down the line.

You call up your girl and you call it off. First you call off your date. Then you call off being in love. And finally you call off even being married. It's not—all you critics out there—that these people stop loving each other. It's just that the picture business hasn't time for love—except on the screen.

Oh, you six o'clock whistles up in 'Frisco and down in New Orleans! We Hollywood whistles don't say so, but we envy you. Sure, at six o'clock our cameras stop grinding, true, but don't let that fool you. Work on the lot has just begun.

What's wrong with Hollywood?

Come along, Little Girl, and we'll show you. And you, too, Big Boy. Sure thing. You can drive right in. But remember this: park your love outside.

Here's the gate at Metro in Culver City. Sure we know the night watchman. He'll let you in.

The night watchman is the first guy we meet who works after hours. And somewhere, in a little house hugging a hillside, is his wife spending the evening alone, knitting, maybe, or doing the dishes, or going to a movie that in his small way, her husband helped to make.

But why shed those crocodile tears? You're right. His job is not any different from that of night watchmen all over the world. The same goes for those cops who are waving a greeting at you with their night sticks. Sure there's got to be law and order even after hours—there are cops on duty everywhere—all the time. O.K. Big Boy. We're not arguing that point or any other. We're just showing you around a lot after hours. It's not done very often, you know.

Nice place, isn't it? Quiet, too. Deserted as a cemetery under the stars. Only, Sister, those aren't stars. Those are kliegs lighting an old-fashioned, cobble-stoned street. For a minute you'd think you were back in the dark ages, wouldn't you? Hear that shouting?

"The King! Here comes the King!"

Take it easy, Sister! Watch out for those high-heeled shoes of yours. You'll see the King in just a minute. There he is! That's him! Where? Why, right there! Too bad he's wearing a felt hat and a business suit, but that's the King all right—I mean—he's an actor. Sorry he's not all dressed up in his armor, but that stuff's heavy enough to lug around all through the day.

Who are those three men with him? They're sound men, Big Boy, recording the sound track. From the looks of things they'll be here half the night playing back the sound. Of course they've been working all day. What do you think this is—Playland?

Come along now. Sister wants to know what that row of men are doing over there

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sitting on those benches. This is the camera machine shop, Honey. Every single night, every single camera used during the day is checked over and cleaned. There's not a minute to do it in all day long so it's got to be done at night. And if any one of those boys fails to clean one speck of dust in the delicate mechanism, it's just too bad, for it may mean the ruin of an entire day's filming.

How long will these boys be here? Oh, there's no telling. Have they got wives at home? What do you think? Of course they go on early in the morning. Oh, so you wouldn't like that sort of a job, would you, Big Boy? Well, we don't exactly blame you. No, you don't have much time to spend at home with your family.

Maybe you'd like to work in the make-up department? Here, let me give you a knockdown to Mr. Dawn. Hey, Jack! I want you to meet a couple of friends of mine from the East. Yes, she's a looker. And he's not bad either. What are you and the gang doing here so late?

Hear what he says? There's going to be a lot of bloodshed tomorrow so they're getting up those five gallon jars of red collodion. These fish skin squares are for the wounded soldiers. Work starts at eight in the morning, and no one can go home for the night until it's all prepared—every bit of make-up for both star and extra.

■ Hail, hail, the gang's all here! That goes for the wig department, too. What are all the folk doing? Why, they're combing out the knots and dust and burrs. These wigs you see, were used during the day and must be ready again to be used tomorrow morning.

Come on, Sister, take off that wig. We're going down the street to the costume department. How would you like to meet Adrian? And this is Dolly Tree.

Why, of course, the big shots work along with the help. You bet they do, don't they, Miss Tree? What's that you say? Oh, so the maid is the only one in your family who ever gets a night off? That's a good one! Well, with production going full blast, it's no wonder you're so busy.

Yes, of course, we'd love to have you show us through the work room.

What are they doing?

Why, they're repairing the tears in all the clothes and closing up opened seams. They're also sorting the costumes that must be handed out in perfect order, mind you, tomorrow morning at eight o'clock exactly. And what costumes!

Here are a hundred billowy dresses for the costume picture that's now in production. And here are the scanty little things that belong to Hedy Lamarr. Over there are the dummies. Here's one that's made to the exact proportions of Garbo so she doesn't have to spend weary hours of fitting. This row of sewing women are doing bead-work exclusively—sewing millions of beads upon six-dollar-a-yard satin. Nothing but the best goes into the clothes that go into the movies.

Come away now. We're headed for the cutting rooms.

Why do they have cement floors here? Fire-proofing, dearie. And over there are the vaults that hold the precious films, all stored away in shiny, tin cans. What are all these cutters doing? They're hard at work, Big Boy, cutting and splicing the day's take. These are what you call spools—Big Boy, and these are the re-winds. You see, you patch the film and wind it on the reel. You don't like the odor? Well, that's film cement you're smelling, and for your information, the cutters just love it. It's as sweet to them as is the odor of tanbark to the circus performer.

Look out for that pail of water! No, that's not a character actress. That's a lady janitor. Yes, I know that janitors work at night in schools and halls and other such public places. But you don't have to shout at me, do you? That's right. See the Silence sign? This is Writers Row. Never saw so many lighted windows, did you? Nor heard so many typewriters going all at once?

Of course the writers check in like everyone else. The only time they check out is when the studio checks them out. Some of them punch the keys themselves and some of them dictate to their secretaries. Of course the secretaries work overtime when a quick rewrite is needed.

■ How about the directors and the producers?

Don't worry, Sister, they're on the lot! Yep, here's Hunt Stromberg. Let's sneak up and see what he and his gang are doing with that miniature set. Sure they came to work at seven this morning but they're still on the job struggling with the unglorified details of production. You see they're mapping out the camera positions for tomorrow, checking over the details of wardrobe and cast, itemizing properties, laying out the scenes.

■ How about the actors, you ask?

Don't worry. They're around somewhere. They may be working on the set or in the projection room watching the daily rushes on the screen. Or they may be at home—studying their lines for tomorrow.

Here we are—here's the projection room now. Here's a director and a producer and their entire staffs. They're all on hand sitting in judgment on the finished picture so that when you see it, it will be as perfect as they can possibly make it.

No, Honey, the picture business is not an easy business and you can't exactly blame it for being hard on love. There are always features in production—either before the camera or in the cutting room, and they've got to be finished in time to meet the season's program with no time out for walks in the moonlight or love and kisses or stuff and nonsense of that sort.

Oh, so you had no idea it was anything like this? Sure thing, Sister. I'll take you down to the train.

Why, Big Boy! I'm surprised at you. So you're going with her—are you? Well, I don't blame you one bit. There's nothing like knocking off at six o'clock of an afternoon and eloping with the girl of your heart. But—take my advice—if you're in love—get out and stay out of Hollywood!

this cream to check perspiration locally for at least a day, in some cases, for longer. Don't think that it is harmful—the perspiration is merely rerouted to other areas where the glands are less thickly clustered, and where it can evaporate freely, without odor. This particular cream has recently been brought out in a streamlined, shocking pink and white container, smart for your dressing table or bathroom shelf. It costs thirty-five cents for the regular size, and you'll find a small jar at dime store counters. Do write for the name of this summer daintiness aid.

■ Nothing, no nothing, detracts more from your feminine appeal and charm than a heavy growth of hair on your legs or arms. And summertime is just when it seems to be heaviest. That's partly because the sun rays stimulate the hair cells to greater activity, and partly because you're going about bare-legged more, and are therefore more conscious of the problem. The sensible thing to do about superfluous hair is simply—remove it! Please don't ask me for any permanent cures—the only one is electrolysis, and that's expensive, and in some cases, dangerous. No, I strongly advise you to use a reliable depilatory, and use it as frequently as you find necessary in your particular case. I'll be glad to give you the name of a fine cream that has been greatly improved lately. It's pure white, smooth as cold cream, and it produces quick results. Best of all, it is much freer from offensive sulphide odors than before—I don't know just how the manufacturer accomplished that change, but he definitely has! Be sure to follow the directions to the letter when you use this (or any other) depilatory.

■ Have you ever used a liquid powder? You've got a treat coming to you! Because it gives your skin a smooth, velvety finish. You can use powder lotion as a make-up foundation, or alone for its own flattery. The particular one I've been using lately is grand for summer make-up because its light film is all you need—except, perhaps, for a slight touch of rouge. It comes in eight skin harmonizing shades—the newest, Indian Summer, is designed to give the effect of a glowing, pinkish tan. Pour a small amount of the lotion into the palm of your hand, then dot it over your face, and blend evenly with the fingertips. The smooth finish it gives is long-lasting, and does not seem to be affected by perspiration, wind or sun. Blend it over your arms and legs, too, for the all-over suntanned look. A little of the lotion goes such a long way! I'll be glad to tell you how to get a sample bottle (one-half ounce) for a quarter—and there are larger sizes at a dollar.

Write me before July 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. Postage), self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.





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Getting tall is Shirley. Here she is shown with Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood in a scene from *Young People*. Oakie also is in Charlie Chaplin's *The Dictator* in which he plays one Benzino Gasolini, and sticks his chin out like guess who?

The Boy Who Gets Everything He Wants

[*Continued from page* 21]

refugee because he spoke no English, Mrs. Stack wirelessed her father in Los Angeles to send on a copy of the boy's birth certificate. It arrived in New York in the nick of time to prove that he was a California native son. For months, however, until he learned a little English, he had to talk to his brother, Jim, through an interpreter.

Despite the advantages (or disadvantages) of being born with money, social position and of being brought up in the best glitter and glamour drawing rooms of this country and Europe, Bob is a very normal, fun-loving young man. His school friends are still his best friends, one of them being a mechanic, and Bob wishes he could afford to pay him to stick around "because he talks about something beside pictures."

■ Bob considers wanting a thing "badly enough" the important point. When he couldn't wheedle his mother into buying something he wanted, he invariably pitched in and got it the hard way. There was his red racing car, for instance, that he thought as necessary as life itself at the age of eighteen. Certainly his mother wouldn't buy him a racing car—what mother would?—so, with the aid of his mechanic friend, he built one.

Lack of funds delayed its progress. "I was always out of money," he will tell you. "All my allowance went for parts but I was always waiting for next month's allowance so I could buy more. Sometimes I asked mother for extra money for a date, but my 'date' was with a crank shaft or something for the motor."

Mrs. Stack's approval of this venture was gained by the explanation that it would cost "next to nothing." "How was I to know that before it was finished it would cost four times as much as an ordinary car?" she asked later.

He raced it at Lake Muroc, where it made a speed of 115 miles per hour "and 25 miles to the gallon of gas, too," he boasts. Innocent of top or fenders, it can't be used on social occasions—although his girl friends consider it an achievement to get a ride in it—but it is his pride and joy. His secret sorrow at the moment is that only top flight stars and executives are allowed to drive onto the M-G-M lot, where he is working, and he must park his pet across the street.

The car has brought on other unhappy moments, like the time he drove it to New Mexico to attend an athletic event. It may have been jealousy that reared its ugly head and inspired some members of the opposing team to loosen bolts in the engine with the result that half way home, in the middle of the desert, Bob discovered the oil had all leaked out. Beneath a broiling hot sun he had to sit and wait while his companion thumbed a ride to the nearest gas station for more fuel.

■ He likes speed in his motor cars, and it also appeals to him in music. During his high school years he played the clarinet and saxophone and sang with his brother's orchestra. When their mother

planned a dancing party they offered to furnish the music—for a price. With many misgivings, Mrs. Stack consented and it was really no mental strain on her part for they made up her mind for her.

The evening came and went. The guests departed at a late hour but the orchestra played on. Nothing could stop them for they were being paid by the hour. At four o'clock there was a commotion at the front door. In the very exclusive street where the Stacks live were several police cars and on the steps stood a squad of officers wanting to know what the noise was about. Neighbors for blocks around had complained they couldn't sleep.

Later this same orchestra became a local favorite and played at the smart Town House for more than a year. Bob disclaims any great talent as a singer, however, although he is studying voice, and says, "Jim has the voice. He really can sing."

■ Equally modest over his other achievements, Bob has to be coaxed to show his trophies, so numerous they overflow his own quarters and fill another room. With the addition of a few knives and forks he could set up light housekeeping, he has such a generous supply of silver and gold cups, plaques, bowls and platters. Some of them he won for swimming and polo but most of them were earned for skeet shooting, at which he held the All-American rating in 1936 and 1937. Also in 1937 he held the world's record long-run championship for 364 straight hits. Last month he won the all-bore skeet championship of the Angeles Mesa Club annual tournament. Some of his 50-odd guns were prizes. Others were gifts and he loves them all. He handles them tenderly and won't entrust their cleaning and oiling to anyone else.

Recently his mother said to him, "Bobbie, do you know that every time you play polo it costs about $75? Is it worth that much to you?"

"No!" he replied promptly and hasn't played since, although he enjoys the game and loves horses. Three times during polo matches he broke the same wrist, which no doubt influenced him to give up the game. "I can't expect it to keep on healing forever," he said.

■ Bob chose his career in a businesslike way. Two years of college convinced him he didn't want any profession that would keep him indoors. He decided to try acting because he thought he would like it, and because his athletic activities had accustomed him to public appearances. The easy way would have been to go to his friends in the polo crowd—actors like Spencer Tracy; producers like Walter Wanger or Darryl Zanuck—or to any one of a dozen influential men who are his friends. That would have been the simple way to get into pictures, but Bob wanted to get into the theatre.

Without telling anyone outside his family, he enrolled in the Duffy Dramatic School. He worked hard and at the end of six months he made his debut in *Personal Appearance*. Talent scouts saw him and the following day he had offers of contracts from three major studios. His stage plans were upset, but he realized that if he didn't make good on the screen he could always go back to dramatic school. The studio offers might not come again. He had the advantage of being sought and his contract contains many ifs and ands that do not appear in the ordinary agreement between studio and player. It may have been good fortune but certainly it wasn't drag that got him the lead in *First Love*. Joseph Pasternak, the producer who doesn't make failures, was sure Bob was right for that picture. The public thought so, too.

■ Because he does everything thoroughly, he gave his all in his first interview. He manufactured a past of privations and hardships, and when it was printed he locked the copy in his desk. He had surprised even himself, and his mother, when she saw the article, was amazed. Insisting he was no "golden boy," he said, "Everyone else has worked, and it's no fun having people ask why I don't give up and let some poor guy have

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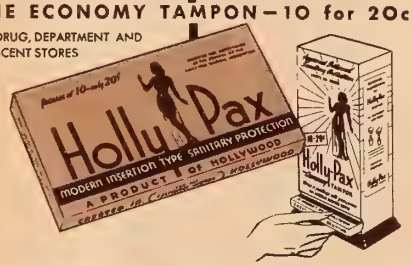
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my job. I need a job, too. I'm no playboy.

"I'd like to know who started the rumor," he continued, "that I have eight million dollars. I haven't eight or even one million dollars. My father was worth a lot of money prior to 1929, but so were a lot of people who aren't now. Maybe I could live comfortably on what I have, but who wants to live comfortably?

"Do you think I would be acting if I had a lot of money? Well, I wouldn't. If I had enough money I might be a producer—if I were in this business. I love acting. I like it so much I don't mind getting up at six in the morning and finishing just in time to have my dinner, go over my lines and fall into bed. No parties when I have a studio call but that is unimportant. It is important to be doing your best at a job that you enjoy so much that it is like having a hobby.

"But if I had so much money that I didn't have to work, I would choose a more stable profession than acting for the screen. There is no future to it. There are exceptions but an actor is lucky if he can remain a star for five years. In any other profession you would just begin to know your job in that length of time.

"Things you have no control over decide your fate in this business. An actor gets a good part, does his best and maybe the picture is a flop. Then where is he? Working hard helps, of course, but it isn't the deciding factor. The public is the last judge.

"I know what it is to be hailed as a great guy one day and not recognized the next. In 1936 when I won the All-American skeet shoot, people I never saw before were telling me what a great guy I was. Then I didn't win and no one paid any attention to me. The next year I won again, and again they were all running after me. It's the same with pictures. One day you're on top and the next thing you know you're out and the people you thought were your friends have vanished."

■ He insists he isn't cynical, "just sensible," and he thinks he is lucky to have been given the opportunity to appear in *First Love*. He thinks he is playing in pretty fast company to be cast in *The Mortal Storm*, for which M-G-M borrowed him, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Frank Morgan and Irene Rich; and, at his own studio, with Walter Pidgeon and Kay Francis in *When the Daltons Rode* and opposite Dietrich in *Seven Sinners*.

For twenty years the Stacks have lived in a friendly, big, white house in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles. Bob's room is enormous and would delight any young chap. The furniture is heavy, hand-carved oak and there are big, comfortable, leather upholstered chairs. Near every chair is an adjustable lamp and there are books on the table—"Inside Europe," collections of plays and short stories—although Bob isn't one to curl up with a book if there is dancing to be done.

Around the walls are cases for his guns and some of his best trophies. On the floor is a heavy bar for exercising and on his desk a picture of Cobina Wright, Jr.

Until his fan mail jumped to an average of 250 letters a day, Bob answered it himself. "It took half my salary to pay for the pictures and postage," he explained, "so the studio has promised to take care of it. I sent out large photographs as long as people were nice enough to ask for them, not little things the size of a postcard."



Because Clark Gable was hard at work in *Boom Town*, Carole Lombard came to the studio on the first anniversary of their marriage and cut the festive cake there

A Day With Deanna

[*Continued from page 22*]

basis of her extraordinary popularity, not only with young people, but with older ones. And since millions of girls (and boys) hang palpitant on each news item about her, and millions of adults are hardly less interested in what she does and why, let's see how a day with Deanna shapes up. Gleaned from herself and from her mother, such information has never been published in full detail before.

The little blue alarm clock gives a gentle buzz. At six-thirty a. m. if Deanna is working at the studio, at eight if she isn't. Blue happens to be Deanna's favorite color and her bedroom is a study in tints of it, with sapphire drapes, pale cerulean walls, and a larkspur spread on the modern bed of walnut. For contrast, the floor has a warm tan rug, deep and soft.

Everything manifests good taste; no ornateness. It's the room of a young girl of artistic sensibility, not of a movie star whose voice and personality earn an income of several hundred thousand dollars a year. You'd never know, from a glimpse of that room or indeed from a personal encounter, that Deanna was rich and famous; which is possibly one of the nicest things that can be said of her, though it tosses a bouquet also to a couple of wise parents.

The minute the alarm goes off, Deanna flings out of bed—never the sort to waste time—and scuds for the shower. First lukewarm, then c-o-o-ld, and she doesn't sing in it. The soap with which she liberally be-suds herself has a very delicate flower scent, usually lilac.

Wrapped now in a robe of white toweling, en route to the little dressing room off the bedroom, she casts a glance out the window to greet the day. Her eyes skim across the swimming pool, clear turquoise in the early light, across a lawn with a few great trees and scads of pink and purple, flame and yellow flowers. The Durbins have a fairly big house, solid and comfortable without frills—the kind you can actually live in. It stands on a hill in Hollywood, not far from the homes of DeMille and Menjou and W. C. Fields.

In the dressing room, Deanna plumps down on the cream bench before the cream table with its blue hangings. The dressing room is small, but the dressing table is pretty large. It has a fine triple mirror. Along the outer edge of the side mirrors there is a cute design of potted plants. Deanna attacks her hair with a brush and comb of white with her monogram in gold, and—staring earnestly at her reflection—plans a new hair-do.

Every couple of months she changes her hair style, or oftener, except when she's in a picture and has to keep the same hairdress for the duration of production. In fact, the occupation she likes most of all right now is trying out new hair effects.

Deanna thrusts a pin in here, fluffs a half pompadour there, pulls a handful high, with much craning and frowning into the mirror panels. Probably she mows the result down with a sweep of the brush, but likely an idea has come which she will try out later at the studio. For the present, she ties a ribbon round her head and sprays a snick of perfume down her neck.

She likes perfume, particularly carnation. On the dressing table are a dozen cut glass, fantastic bottles of perfume and toilet water and just one, faintly scented, box of powder.

All this dallying before the mirror, Mrs. Durbin will tell you, takes place merely in order to postpone breakfast. "Eating breakfast is the hardest thing I have to do," Deanna says, "it's what I don't like most. I hate breakfast, but Mother. . . ."

So Deanna leaps out of the towel-robe and into dainty (but not elaborate) underthings, generally blue; slips into a simple dress; and with a sigh confronts the breakfast table.

Tippy will be on hand to say good morning. He will accept a mite of toast if there's any, though he'd rather have peanuts.

"Peanuts are what brought us together," Deanna explains, "I went to a



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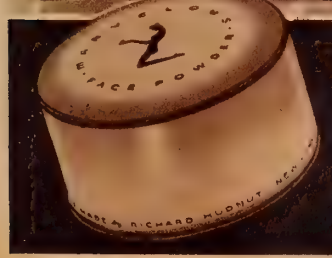
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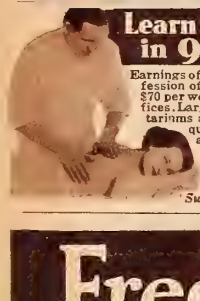
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pet shop to buy a dog and none of them paid any attention to me except Tippy—he wanted some of the peanuts I was eating. I said right away, 'That's the dog for me.' The pet man seemed surprised, because he had pedigreed dogs in his shop and Tippy is—well, just dog. I paid two dollars for him."

Long-haired, black with a white spot on his paws, Tippy (they think) may be part collie. Many times in the three years since she has owned him, Deanna has been offered canines of high degree as gifts. She won't accept them. She's afraid Tippy's feelings would be hurt by an interloper. As for giving up Tippy to make room for another . . . you'd better not suggest it. He is her only pet, and she's as loyal to him as he to her.

Wherever she has breakfast, Tippy is there. The Durbin house doesn't contain a breakfast room, so Deanna eats the meal either in the dining room or on the glassed-in porch off her bedroom. She has it served on a white table cloth, by the way. She doesn't like colored table linen. And what she has is fruit—orange juice or half a grapefruit most of the time; cereal with half milk and half cream; and hot chocolate. Occasionally she takes toast and marmalade instead of cereal.

Breakfast over, she drives across the hill to Universal Studio in her own car. She's been driving alone for only a few weeks. If at work in a picture, she goes directly to the hairdressing and make-up departments. If not, she turns into her bungalow (blue and white inside), arriving there at nine o'clock for three hours of schooling. Her grade is last year high school, and she hopes to graduate this semester.

People assure Deanna that a girl who has a special teacher to concentrate on her, usually progresses faster than a girl who attends class in a public school. They point out that Deanna studies the public school subjects anyhow, with a teacher appointed by the Board of Education. Just the same, Deanna would rather be in a big class at big Hollywood High, and no argument changes her mind.

■ At noon she stops work, whether at bungalow school or before the camera, and lunches at a few minutes after twelve o'clock. She eats the same thing day after day until she grows tired of it, which takes her from two to three weeks.

The egg sandwich era is over, temporarily at least, and currently her lunch consists of small, open-face sandwiches of assorted meats; cold chicken, roast beef, lamb, tongue, ham—but not all on the same day! To these she adds a mixed green salad with thin French dressing, and iced tea. About half the time she eats ice cream for dessert. The other half, she eats no dessert at all.

■ After lunch of course she returns to the set if she's working. Otherwise, she drives to her vocal teacher's for a two-hour lesson. Home again, after watching the high school let out, she sometimes plays ping-pong with a girl friend, or swims in the pool.

She's an excellent swimmer. Not riding horseback, nor being much of a tennis enthusiast, she depends on swimming for most of her exercise, though she has to confine herself to the pool. Her insurance policy on her voice prevents ocean bathing.

By and by she climbs from the pool, or leaves the ping-pong game, and stretches for a while in the sun. Frequently she takes a cold soft drink or a candy bar in mid-afternoon, but though Deanna was born in Canada where English customs prevail, she never takes afternoon tea.

For most Hollywood stars, the interval between late afternoon and dinner has been dedicated to dolling up for the evening. But again Deanna turns out to be different. Like the rest of the Durbins, she lets common sense and the demands of the moment be her guide. That fresh young complexion needs no time for massage and et ceteras. Even if she's bound for some real function, like one of her own premieres, she dresses in the twinkling of an eye.

So sometimes she changes her clothes for dinner, sometimes not. It depends on what she has been doing or intends to do. When working, she usually removes her make-up as soon as she gets home, takes a shower, and puts on an informal hostess gown (invariably of royal blue) before dining with her father and mother. They enjoy these family dinners with their leisurely discussion of the day's events.

When she isn't at work, the evening meal is at seven. When she is at work, at seven-thirty. Her favorite dinner goes like this:

A glass of papaya juice. A salad (served before the meat course) of sliced grapefruit, oranges, and fresh pineapple, with a special dressing made of equal parts of lemon juice and olive oil.

The chief dish, however, will be lamb chops in a glass casserole. This is the way to cook them. First put in a layer of raw carrots sprinkled with onions and parsley chopped fine, several dabs of butter, and a layer of sliced, raw potatoes. Repeat the carrots, onion and parsley, and put in a second layer of sliced, raw potatoes. Remove all the fat from loin lamb chops and put the chops on top of the vegetables with a small dab of butter. Season with salt and pepper. Cover and bake in the oven at 350 degrees for one hour or until the carrots and potatoes are somewhat crisp. Serve from the casserole.

For dessert, canned black raspberries.

Now and then, too, Deanna likes ham with pineapple. You bake a slice of ham for half an hour, drain off the fat, pour on about a half cup of pineapple juice, and cover the ham with slices of the pineapple—fresh or canned. Put the ham back in the oven, turn the pineapple slices so that both sides will brown, and baste often.

■ In the evening after dinner—well, Deanna sees Vaughn Paul, that young assistant director at Universal, two or

three nights a week. (Odd, in view of this sweet and youthful romance, that her latest picture should have been titled *It's A Date)* Much of the time they go bowling, or to movies—any outstanding picture. Now and then they go dancing.

For these events Deanna wears one of the un-fussy frocks which she always prefers, perhaps a dressmaker-tailored ensemble or, for dancing, an evening gown with a bouffant skirt. The clothes colors she likes best are soft rose tones, aqua, and—need one add?—blues both royal and pastel.

The dress that pleases her most at present is a hyacinth silk crepe that has tiny, dim fuchsia flowers printed over it. It has a straight skirt, and a surplice bodice that forms a V-neckline and fastens with a pastel flower clip. The jacket, of thin wool in the fuchsia shade, has a shoulder yoke at the front and a triangular yoke running from the shoulders to a point at the waistline in back, both of the same print as the dress.

With this ensemble goes a pancake beret made entirely of flowers that repeat the shades in the gown. Her shoes, bag, and gloves are of the hyacinth tone. Smart? Ra-*ther!*

On evenings when Deanna isn't out with Vaughn Paul, she visits her sister Edith (Mrs. Clarence Heckman), who teaches school in Los Angeles. She and Edith have been devoted to each other always. Or she takes her parents for a drive, proudly handling the wheel herself. Or stays home and plays records—her love of good music amounts to a passion. Or reads a book, any book that happens to be a best seller, though she's fondest of biographies of musicians and composers.

Incidentally, near the cabinet in the living room which holds the phonograph records, there are two other cabinets in which she keeps all sorts of knicknacks sent by fans. These range from a rosy shell picked up on a South Sea island beach to a demure and life size koala bear, made of wool, from Australia. Of her own volition, however, Deanna does not collect things; not even autographs.

■ Well, so bedtime comes. Even on nights when she goes dancing, seventeen-year-old Deanna is home comparatively early. As a rule she goes to bed anywhere from ten to eleven-thirty.

And, as in the matter of rising, she wastes no time. There are no cold cream rites for *her* face; she merely washes it with soap and water. Then she hops into tailored, silk pajamas—blue, of course—hops into the walnut bed, sniffs a few sniffs of the mock orange and jasmine fragrance drifting up from the garden, and is asleep—zip!—like that, for a minimum of eight hours.

After all, she can't afford to lie awake. Young Deanna Durbin is a working girl.

English Broken Here

[*Continued from page* 28]

Curtiz-bossed set were it not for a handful of old-timers who are detailed by the front office to instruct the newcomers in a few of the basic ungrammatical rules of the Curtiz language. To supplement this necessary instruction, Bob Taplinger, head of publicity, recently conceived the smart idea of preparing a lexicon as a means of providing a quicker and better method of taking the director's ungrammatical "bulls" by the horns. The lexicon is already at the printers. With its distribution the studio has high hopes that a careful study of it will go far to erase the wild confusion that exists when a Curtiz picture is ready to roll before the lenses.

To show you just what newcomers are up against when they tackle an acting chore for the famous director the first time, consider this better-than-average sample we caught when we visited the *Virginia City* sound stage.

Sonny Bupp, who was playing the role of Cobby, was awaiting his turn before the cameras. Before doing so, however, imagine his amazement—and ours—when Curtiz ordered him to run around the walls of the huge stage six times and then to dash into the scene with James Stevenson.

"That sounds very silly to me," Sonny piped up. "Very silly. What's all the running for?"

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"Because," snapped Curtiz, "you must be out from breathing!"

Spectators around the set broke into unrestrained laughter at the grammatical miscue. More than somewhat annoyed at the outbreak, Curtiz turned, faced them and practically dropped them in their tracks with: "Anybody who should talk when I am shooting this scene should be kicked to death by a jackass and I'd like to be the one to do it!"

Around Christmas time we drove into the Mojave Desert and watched Curtiz direct a number of location sequences in the same picture. The cameras were set up near the Mojave River bed. Great clusters of mistletoe clung to the tree tops along the bank. Time after time Curtiz called for a "take" only to discover his extras climbing trees after the coveted mistletoe. He finally curbed this menace to motion picture schedules by shouting at the top of his voice: "Any more bums catching mistlefoot in trees can go home!"

The matter of proper "cuing" came up shortly after the third take of a scene and the director promptly settled it in his own mind if not in the minds of the actors.

"Watch me now," he said. "I'll give you the cue a feet before!"

In fine ungrammatical fettle after this one, he turned to the extras standing together. "Hey," he yelled. "Why are you fellows standing around in bundles?"

■ During the filming of a scene in *Elizabeth and Essex* Curtiz wanted Errol Flynn to move slightly backward. "Please, Errol," he begged, "please, for me, cheat yourself back a little frontwards!"

Now ordinarily, Flynn, having worked in many pictures for the director, understands him, but he was ready for the pulmotor after this order and it took Curtiz and three assistant directors at least thirty minutes to wise him up.

Olivia de Havilland was completely stumped, too, when Curtiz stopped her from arranging her coiffure by saying: "Don't fix your hair, Olivia; it's nice if it's loosey! And listen, honey. In this scene I should want you to sit a little more feminine." Nobody knows yet what he meant by that.

Curtiz shot this scene over and over with Olivia sitting as feminine as she could, but still something was wrong and finally he called it off and began rehearsing it. Over and over. He wanted the dialogue and action to be absolutely natural, but you'd never guess it from his instruction to the players engaged. "The scene should be rehearsed as many times until it is not 100 per cent perfect," he told them.

In the same picture the director got mighty provoked because Flynn and Bette Davis failed him in an intimate scene. "Please, please," he begged, "make me a love nest from out of it!"

■ While preparing for a fire sequence in *Dodge City* one of his assistants rushed up and shouted a query. "Mr. Curtiz, do you want the debris to fall?"

"No," came the answer. "I don't want any actors to fall—just timbers and stuff. And make it good. I want this to be so exciting it makes your blood curl!" He turned, then, to an "animal man" about giving a cue to a dog. "When this scene is half through," he said, "can you bark the dog? And I want that the dog should bark from left to right."

Curtiz meant by that that the dog should wag its head from left to right, but the animal man just about went crazy before he understood.

We were in Curtiz' office just the other day when he was telephoning his dentist for an appointment. "When will you be vacant?" he asked.

■ If the famous director's acquaintance with the English language is limited the same cannot be said of his acquaintance with the world at large.

At the age of eleven he was playing a bit in an opera in which his mother was singing the leading role. A few years later he was playing leads in classical and modern drama in his native city of Budapest, Hungary. Urged on by a desire to enlarge his horizon and see a greater variety of life, he went trouping through the capitals of Europe for two years. With this added to his experience he joined up as a pantomimist in a circus. At the outbreak of the World War he had reached a point in his career where he was sought after to direct motion pictures, and had attained notable success in this field. He joined the Austrian heavy artillery as a second lieutenant and saw active service on the Russian front. Wounded, he returned to Austria and after recovering from his injuries he was placed in charge of making Red Cross benefit newsreels.

The war over, Curtiz found a two and a half year directorial engagement with Sascha Productions in Hungary. Another two years was spent in like capacity for UFA. Then to Denmark and from there to Norway and Sweden. Later on he went to France and worked for Cinema Eclaire then on to Italy to work with Torino. After that came engagements in England and Germany. The man certainly got around.

During these travels Curtiz made the acquaintance of Ernst Lubitsch who started in pictures about the same time he did.

Besides directing throughout Europe, Curtiz also wrote sixty film plays, all of which were produced.

It was after his return to Germany that Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers Pictures, watched him working, saw three of his pictures, interviewed him and signed him up.

We won't list any of his early pictures which he directed on the Warner lot, but of his later efforts you surely remember such outstanding ones as *Captain Blood, The Charge of the Light Brigade, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Gold Is Where You Find It, Four Daughters, Dodge City, The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Four Wives,* and *Virginia City.*

All of which goes to prove that while he has a habit of breaking the English language, he also has the habit of making pictures that break all box-office records.

Now, as a final fillip we want to relate one more notable "broken English"

example manufactured without mirrors by the man who puts more syn into syntax than ever dreamed of by Webster and who can split infinitives into more pieces than Lincoln ever did rails.

In one of the *Elizabeth and Essex* sequences a soldier of the queen was supposed to rush into the palace, fall at the queen's feet and give his message.

It was a very important sequence, so Curtiz said, and he wanted it absolutely perfect. He took the soldier aside and coached him for fully ten minutes. Satisfied, finally, that the soldier understood, the director gave the order to start the cameras rolling.

The soldier of the queen came in, knelt at the sovereign lady's feet—and Curtiz hit the ceiling. In fact he hit it three times he was that hot under the collar. He didn't take the soldier aside this time. He just stood there and laid it on.

"I told you ten times how you should do," he barked, "and you do it wrong quick! I want you should be hysterical like I said. You are a soldier, an hysterical character and you should act it that way. Now we try it once again and when you come in, come in hysterical."

Well, the soldier came in, so hysterical, this time, that he acted like a crazy man. He cut up all kinds of fancy didoes and at that precise moment was undoubtedly the most agitated human being on the whole Warner lot. Curtiz foamed at the mouth as he watched, and his "CUT!!!" could have been heard for miles around.

"I said," he shouted at the discomfited actor, "that you should come in hysterical and what do you do? Bah! Like a monkey on three sticks! Okay, we try it one more time. And please, please, my friend, be hysterical."

The heckled actor, determined to do or die, came in one more time, and if you ever laid eyes on a guy chock full of conniption fits it was on this one. He was hysterical plus and doubled in spades! Curtiz gave him one look, shouted "CUT!" and ducked behind a prop until he could regain his composure.

During the pause that didn't refresh, the soldier dashed from one actor to another begging them to tell him what the blankety-blank-blank the director wanted him to do. "He tells me to be hysterical and when I am he goes wild. If I don't make it on the next 'take' he'll fire me, sure! For Pete's sake, if you know what he wants, tell me before he comes back."

All of them gave him the same answer.

"We just work here," they said, "Better see Errol Flynn. He's the only man who can understand him."

But Errol was nowhere in sight and couldn't be found.

Curtiz came from behind his wailing wall. He had himself under control and he said in as patient a tone of voice as he could muster: "I shall show you how by myself. Then see if you can't be so hysterical as me."

He came on stage as dignified and as important as a visiting nobleman. Every inch a soldier of the queen he was and one couldn't have found a trace of hysteria on him with a high powered microscope!

It was the script girl who finally solved the riddle.

"He wants you to be historical," she whispered to the befuddled actor. "You're supposed to be an historical character and you should act that way. Mr. Curtiz meant historical, not hysterical. Get it?"

The actor got it. Not only that but he got an okay from Curtiz on the very next take. But as he confessed later, it was a terrible experience while it lasted!

Yes, indeed, there's never a dull moment when Michael Curtiz directs a picture.

And better yet, there's never a dull picture when a Curtiz-directed film is finished.

Alongside those "English Broken Here" signs that adorn the sound stage should be "Box-Office Records Broken Here" because that's what this famous director's pictures are doing all over the country.

There is no truth to the rumor that Hugh Herbert had to sign six contracts for his latest picture, and they say that it broke his agent's heart. Herbert plays six different roles in *La Conga Nights* at Universal, but he gets only one check for playing himself, his four sisters and his mother!

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐ Dark ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐		If Hair is Gray, check right above and here ☐
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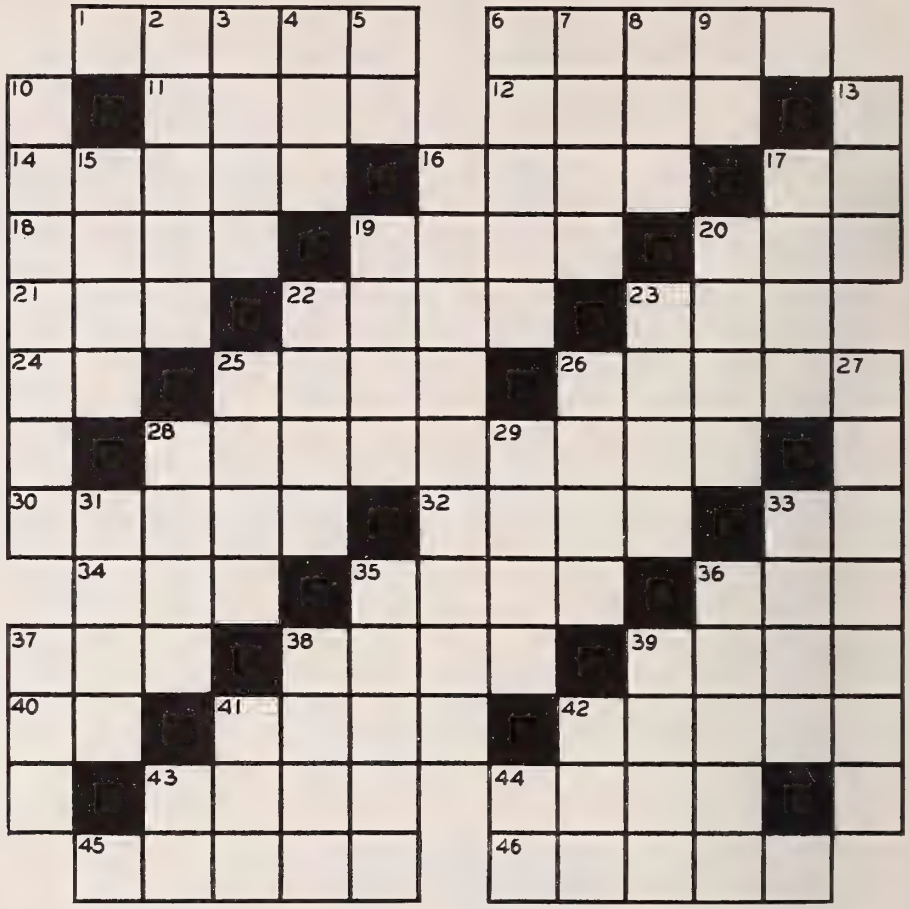


HYGEIA

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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Claudette Colbert's native city.
6. A star of *Strange Cargo.*
11. ——— *to Singapore.*
12. Principal male character in a screenplay.
14. First name of Irene Hervey's husband.
16. *The Stars* ——— *Down.*
17. Birthplace of Ginger Rogers (abbr.).
18. Villain's side glance.
19. Mrs. Lowry in *Women Without Names.*
20. His last name is Bernie.
21. Lennie in *Of Mice and Men.*
22 ——— *Wives.*
23. Actress wed to Joel McCrea.
24. *A Woman* ——— *the Judge.*
25. Descriptive of *Gone With the Wind.*
26. She plays fluttery mother roles.
28. ——— *Passage.*
30. A star of *My Favorite Wife.*
32. What potential screen stars hope to pass.
33. Mr. Rathbone's initials.
34. *And* ——— *Was Beautiful.*
35. *Legion of* ——— *Flyers.*
36. State where movies are made (abbr.).
37. A star of *Adventure in Diamonds.*
38. The girl in *Danger Ahead.*
39. Mrs. Errol Flynn.
40. Katherine ——— Mille.
41. ——— *of the Pampas* (pl.).
42. *Dr. Ehrlich's* ——— *Bullet.*
43. Miss Lynn's first name.
44. Artie Shaw's bride.
45. Theatre stalls.
46. Star of *The Man From Dakota.*

DOWN

2. A star of *Man From Montreal.*
3. Sound made by M-G-M's Leo.
4. Cambreau in *Strange Cargo.*
5. Steffi's initials.
6. The Hall Johnson ———.
7. First name of Mr. Errol, comedian.
8. Bob Burns' native state (abbr.).
9. Mr. Owen's initials.
10. ——— *Philo Vance.*
13. ———*of the Navy.*
15. First name of one who was Dr. Baker in *Rebecca* (poss.).
16. Whose role was that of Quasimodo in *Hunchback of Notre Dame?*
17. He was Vestry in *Man From Dakota.*
19. Myrna Loy's birthplace (abbr.).
20. He was the Lion in *Wizard of Oz.*
22. Pioneers took refuge in this in *Drums Along the Mohawk.*
23. *Star* ———.
25. *The Wolf Strikes.*
26. Elizabeth Robinson in *Swiss Family Robinson.*
27. Scientist recently portrayed by Edward G. Robinson.
28. Mrs. Harper in *Brother Rat and a Baby.*
29. A star of *My Little Chickadee.*
31. Feminine lead in *Wolf of New York.*
33. *Honeymoon in* ———.
35. Actress wed to William Powell.
36. What 20 Across smokes.
37. Bessie in *The Light That Failed.*
38. First name of Mr. Richmond.
39. A star of *Three Cheers for the Irish.*
41. *Million Dollar* ——— (sing.).
42. First name of 29 Down.
43. Initials of a star of *Rebecca.*
44. Miss Ball's initials.

(Solution on page 55)

Comes the Revolution

[*Continued from page 25*]

and filled with exquisite furniture of the period. From these plans it was possible to build a copy of the guard houses where the soldiers lounged in their red coats, of the smoke house, of the pleasure canal which so angered the colonial settlers, heavily burdened with taxes to support that grandeur, of the Gaol, the Courthouse, and dozens of other structures.

Location trips across the country are expensive affairs, but it is no wonder that Columbia Studios happily okayed the journey for Director Frank Lloyd, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Richard Carlson and the rest of the cast. It is no wonder that a special train was chartered and packed with eighty-six cases of costumes with never a frown from the accounting department. It is no wonder that expense accounts for dozens of top technicians were authorized with never a complaint from the production department. Williamsburg never had been used in a feature production, and there it was, waiting to act its own vital part in the filmed story of the Revolution.

■ Photographing Williamsburg was not so simple a matter as moving in some cameras and going to work. Director Lloyd made a special trip a month and a half before filming started, and assured Rockefeller that nothing would be injured, nothing would be changed by the sojourn of his company. The promises were backed up by a $10,000 bond to guarantee that no walls would be knocked down, no priceless antiques broken.

Williamsburg has suffered invasions of one kind and another before. Williamsburg had reason to distrust the arrival of "westerners," "Yankees" and the British (after all, weren't both Cary Grant and Sir Cedric Hardwicke born on British soil?)

"Westerners" had ruined the town first, when in 1622 hordes of Indians rushed the stout log palisade and burned the settlement to the ground. Hot fighting at Jamestown, at Yorktown, and at Richmond overflowed into Williamsburg at the time of the Revolution, and the skirmishes of the Civil War left ugly marks. The more peaceful inroads of commerce had almost finished the destruction when the restoration started. Hideous box-like factory buildings, ungainly railroad stations, bill-boards, hot-dog stands, and gas stations jostled the old buildings for room. No wonder Williamsburg feared anything so modern as an invasion of the movies.

That is why they were rolling up the streets when I flew down from New York to watch the Revolution come back to Virginia.

Preceding the cameras was a convoy of trucks, manned by crews of busy darkies. They were shoveling earth over the street and tamping it down securely so that the anachronistic modern paving would not spoil the perfection of the street scene. Behind the cameras was another convoy of trucks. They were just as hard at work picking up the newly-laid street. Half an

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hour after the scene was shot, the road was clean again, ready for the rubber tires of the tourists who were flocking in from all over the east to see the movies being made.

■ The tourists might have been a problem to a less understanding man than Lloyd. They kept getting themselves, their cars, and their children into the ranks of the extras. They shot off their flashlights straight into the big night scenes. And one of them waked Cary Grant up at two o'clock in the morning to get his autograph.

She had to leave at four o'clock herself, she explained, and she felt that four o'clock was too early to waken him! When Cary Grant, quite understandably, remarked with sleepy despair that two o'clock was too early also, she flung him the fighting word. "You're just a Yankee with a Yankee name and Yankee mannuhs!" she said crisply, and departed with dignity.

But she came back at four.

That time Grant signed.

That was the only distressing incident of the whole time, unless you count the episode of the horse distressing. Cary Grant did. But more of that later.

For the rest, as soon as the authorities realized that gentlemen live in Hollywood, too, nothing was too much trouble if it would help the picture people. It was Director Lloyd's patient realization that he and his cast were just as much unique objects of interest to Williamsburg as Williamsburg was to them that won over the community. Before the big torchlight parade scene, he took care to announce that flash bulbs on the sidelines would be just a little hard to explain in the film, and that, if the spectators would wait until he gave the signal that his own shots were complete, he would keep the scene running for several extra minutes so that all of the film in town could be exposed. The populace got the point quickly. After that, cooperation was complete. After all, everybody had relatives in the mob scene. Of course they did not want to spoil little Johnny's chances to get on the screen.

It was the dean of William and Mary College who finally had to stop several promising acting careers at the beginning. It wasn't that the dean didn't want to help. After all, William and Mary is the oldest college in the United States, and the original building, erected in 1693 from the plans of Sir Christopher Wren, still stands. Harvard College was chartered half a week before William and Mary, but William and Mary started classes first. That makes it the oldest, they will tell you in Williamsburg. So the dean was sympathetic when practically the entire student body fell ill on the day the movie company arrived. The dean was sympathetic to the fact that the student body felt that fresh air and exercise was the best cure for the mysterious epidemic. But he finally had to plead with Director Lloyd to choose his extras from the list of honor grade students and not jeopardize the standing of students who were not doing so well in history.

■ Cary Grant is playing Matt Howard, backwoodsman of a poor family who had to battle, not only Indians and heavy taxes, but the demands of grafting colonial politicians. Richard Carlson plays young Tom Jefferson, whose family was wealthy and powerful. Matt and Tom represented the extremes of colonial society, but both saw an equally bright red when the Stamp Act was passed.

It will be a reassuring thing to those who find historical pictures somewhat wearisome to know that Jefferson never does sign the Declaration of Independence in this film. So far as my memory serves, it will be the first time a picture about the War of Independence doesn't show a scrawling quill pen in a portentous close-up of that document. It sounds like quite a novel movie.

Sidney Buchman, the scenarist, contented himself with a fiery scene between the angry Matt, who declares, "They can't do this to us!" and an answer from the rather more thoughtful Jefferson, "No. That's taxation without representation."

Incidentally, an amusing sidelight on the Tories of that day and of this is the frightful argument that Richard Carlson found himself in with a local citizen.

"I'm sorry for you, young man," said the local citizen. "Jefferson was no good . . . unsympathetic part. Bad break for you."

Carlson said that he was finding Jefferson a most absorbing study.

"He was a traitor to his class, sir!" retorted the local citizen, and proceeded to explain just how Jefferson's ideas are still ruining the country.

■ Carlson had plenty of time to listen because he was having the novel experience of not having to change his clothes for each different shot.

When the costume designs were first submitted to Director Lloyd, he was astounded to find twenty-four different suits for young Jefferson. That would have been only normal for the average picture, and Columbia is not holding down the expense, so the production department had been given a free hand. They were nice suits, but Lloyd rejected twenty-one of them. He pointed out that a gentleman in those days, unless he were a great dandy, would have an everyday suit, a Sunday suit, some older clothes for riding, and perhaps an extra very gay get-up for routs and balls. So Carlson had no difficulties with his dresser and plenty of



time to hear all of the worst from the man who hated Jefferson.

Some of the trees under which George Washington walked still are standing in Williamsburg. And it is quite likely that Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson visited in some of the buildings that have endured from their day to this. But for the greater part, the important buildings in Williamsburg, itself, are wonderful reconstructions.

However, one of the few great colonial houses still standing in Virginia is only six miles from Williamsburg and Director Lloyd counts himself singularly fortunate that Mrs. Archibald McCrea gave permission for the photographing of Carter's Grove which dates from 1690, and which today is even more beautiful than when its pine panels first were hewed out of the virgin forest. The vast house is in perfect repair, the ancient elms and tulip trees surrounding it have grown to immense size. The interior is filled with priceless pieces of furniture, and is alive with memories of great people and events.

On the time-darkened, polished bannister which curves to the upper floors, are still to be seen the saber marks, hacked into the carved wood by a rioting British officer who rode his horse up the steps during the time Colonel Tarleton of the British Light Horse Cavalry occupied the house. In the drawing room, George Washington proposed to Mary Cary, and Thomas Jefferson asked the "fair Belinda" to marry him. Neither lady accepted, and to this day, it is known as "The Refusal Room."

Living with saber marks, no matter if they are many decades old, is not a thing to make the owner of a beautiful home welcome a troop . . . even if it is a movie troupe and not a troop of soldiers. But, because Mrs. McCrea realized the unique value her home would lend to the picture, she made the visitors welcome.

If she had any misgivings when hundreds of "British Soldiers" began building camp fires all over her smooth lawns, they were dispelled two hours later. The camp fires were built, the "soldiers" cooked their bayonet bread, and moved on for another scene in the woods. Hardly had the fires been stamped out than a battalion of gardeners appeared with new turf for the burned areas, and, by the time the extras were back on the busses for Williamsburg, not a trace of the latest "invasion" was to be found.

Except perhaps on Cary Grant. He had cause to remember the occupation of Carter's Grove for some days.

His important scene at the lovely old estate was on horseback. Out of the woods he was supposed to dash, and down through a grove of trees. And out of the woods he did dash, but, just as he galloped full tilt at the grove, one of the ever-present tourists, determined on an action snapshot, jumped out of the side lines. The spirited horse shied, and Grant got a crashing blow against an apple tree. An inch closer, and the end of that star's acting days might have been written.

The movie troupe is back in Hollywood now. Williamsburg has returned to the comparative quiet of entertaining some 10,000 visitors each week. Frank Lloyd is planning his next picture and the actors are playing in other movies. But, when you see *The Howards of Virginia* don't forget that these backgrounds will never be struck to make room for other settings. Don't forget that this is the background for all of us alive in America today.

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[*Continued from page 27*]

insurance companies had refused to write for them . . . their own organizations to fight apprehensive legislators who sought to prevent deaf-mutes marrying . . . motor vehicle departments who refused to give them drivers' licenses . . . employers who feared to employ them. . . .

Lon Chaney, Jr., refused to go back to engineering. He hung on with all his patience and faith.

The day before he was tested at Hal Roach Studios for the role of Lennie, I talked to him concerning the difficulties of following in his father's footsteps.

"Things looked rather dark professionally a few months ago," he said. "Then Wally Ford had sufficient love for my father and enough courage of his own to cast me as Lennie in *Of Mice and Men* in the West Coast stage production. Critics opinions were very good and I feel that out of that will come something.

"If I had the appearance for more romantic roles, it might have been easier. But my appearance and my talents are in the same direction as my father's. He is quite a person to live up to."

Perhaps the work on the stage was just what young Lon needed to combine pantomime and dialogue effectively. Perhaps Lennie was just the role to work that out. In any event, Lennie gave Lon Chaney, Jr., the opportunity to portray a difficult character role successfully.

And now the young man is being given further opportunities to display this talent in roles with plenty of weight. Following *1,000,000 B. C.* comes the chance to play an important role in *The Unholy Horde*.

All this we discussed on our hands.

At this point, comely young Eleanor Riley, whose role in *Turnabout* is her first under her new contract with Hal Roach, asked if she couldn't please kinda join in.

Lon and I had been talking so fast and furiously that we hadn't realized anyone else at the luncheon table had been particularly entertained by our conversation once the novelty of watching our flying hands had worn off.

So Lon began to explain a few signs to her. He called her attention first to distinguishing features about several animals . . . little ears for a horse contrasting with huge ears for mules . . . long, slim, turnback ears for a rabbit . . . antlers for an elk.

She caught on quickly and copied him accurately. About that time, someone almost wrecked the day by asking Lon to say "a nice, tender, juicy dinosaur steak" (which, you gather, are some of the terms being used in *1,000,000 B. C.*).

Lon looked at me helplessly. He could say "nice," "tender," "juicy" and "steak" . . . but "dinosaur!!" That was something else again! I looked at him helplessly, too.

I was just about to resort to saying, "Well, after all, we're not that ancient!" But suddenly I thought of the ABC sign language that every youngster knows.

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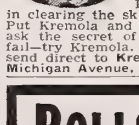
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Trusting that Lon could spell dinosaur, I signalled to him to spell the words out. And so the day was saved! Or should I say our hands' face was saved! Well, maybe I'd better just leave it alone.

Anyway, no one else made any more such wild suggestions. After all, even though the sign language was invented before speech, it still has its advantages in modern living. It's fine for making yourself understood over the blare of the radio. It's fine for telling your husband that the guests have heard that story a dozen times before . . . without actually being accused of embarrassing him before guests.

After dealing triumphantly with the dinosaur situation, we all started for home. Not having used the sign language for some time, I stopped at a drug store for a bottle of good, old-fashioned liniment, and there was Lon Chaney, Jr., making the same purchase. We agreed that silence is a fine thing—at times!

A Ghost Story

[*Continued from page* 30]

dozen nuts, bolts and rivets he's a better man than I am.

I don't mind, now, doing a bit of ghost-writing about the didos that went on during the filming, but so far as ever again helping someone play "the little man who wasn't there" like I did for Warner Baxter, you can "include me out" as Mr. Samuel Goldwyn would so aptly put it.

If all this sounds screwy and stamps me with an I. Q. of minus zero you can blame it on the script and not me. *Earthbound* is the story of a rich married guy (Warner Baxter) who gets bumped off by his sweetie-pie (Lynn Bari) because she loves him so-o-o-o much, and whose spirit, spook, or ghost can't leave the earth until it can make itself heard by the gal who up and shot him dead. Baxter begins his ghosting on page 29 of the script and after that he spends his shadowy time walking through doors, windows, jail cells, jury rooms and whatnot as surprised as all get out that he is able to do this, and mad as a hatter because nobody pays any attention to what he has to say concerning the *modus operandi* of his murder. He attends his own funeral, whispers to his sweetie-pie who is one of his chief mourners, and gets angry when she pays him no attention. When the trial begins he's right there beside the judge, jury and lawyers. He tries to tell them that the man (Henry Wilcoxon) who stands accused of the crime is innocent. He begs his wife (Andrea Leeds) to forget her grief and carry on, he urges his rootin' tootin' shootin' sweetie-pie to confess. Well, he finally gets his wife to hear him and she, finally, gets the murderess to confess and with that out of the way he wins his release from earth.

Perhaps this vague and rather shadowy synopsis of the story doesn't stamp the picture as being such-a-much, but don't let what you've read fool you. *Earthbound,* despite its ghostly atmosphere as supplied by Baxter, is mighty entertaining. And believe it or not, there's spots of some rib-tickling humor in it.

In order that *Earthbound* could be shot at all, the camera department had to put on its collective thinking cap and produce some new camera magic. This was finally accomplished by inventing what the technicians tabbed as a "two-way" camera. In other words it was able to photograph the ghost sequences in two directions at once. This was done by attaching a prism directly in front of the camera lens. One of the planes of the prism was coated with mercury to make it slightly mirror-like so that it could hold the ghost's reflection.

What the film recorded was this reflection, thus giving the ghost its semi-transparency. In many of the sequences Baxter was from twenty to thirty feet away from the other principals, but on the finished film you will see him mingling with them and often reaching out his wraith-like hands to touch them. One of the cleverest tricks in the whole picture so far as shooting is concerned is where Baxter's ghost picks up an injured bird, holds it in his hand and then carries it away. At the same time Baxter's body is shown to be transparent and passes right through all physical objects.

■ When I reported for work on *Earthbound,* I had no idea what the story was about, or who was to play in it. All they told me was to report Monday morning and be ready to do a little mountain climbing, so I mosey over to the wardrobe department and ease myself into some heavy woolen clothes, and a guy hands me a coil of rope and a gadget that looks like a second cousin to a pickaxe and tells me to beat it over to Stage No. 4, which is colder than the inside of an iceberg when I get there. The temperature is hovering around forty above. Everybody is pushing everybody else around, trying to get near the electric heaters that are going full blast to keep misery out of their bones. After I push my way inside and get my tootsies warm, what do I see off to one side but a set built to represent a scene in the Alps. The studio-built mountains reach almost to the roof and what's more, I can see that what's supposed to represent snow and ice IS snow and ice. I make inquiries here and there and find that Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the production chief of the studio, had such a yen for realism for this picture that he ordered fifty tons of ice and had it shaved and shoveled up into drifts and slides. To keep the snow and ice from melting, the air cooling system was turned on to its highest point, and, lady, believe you me, it was cold!

The sequence was to show Baxter and his wife, Andrea Leeds, doing a bit of expert mountaineering by way of a holiday exercise. They were supposed to inch their way up these Alps and when they

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arrived at the top, eat the lunch they have with them.

Well, Baxter comes on the set and with him Miss Leeds, and she is looking cuter than a bug's ear. She gives a look at the jagged studio rocks and the glaring ice and snow, and whispers something to Baxter. He, in turn, whispers something to Director Irving Pichel, and Pichel looks at me and another guy and says for us to climb up first just for a test, the idea being, I could see, that somebody would be handy to mark the spots that might prove dangerous to the two principals. Well, this other guy and I start out from the bottom and work up until we reach a spot about halfway distant from the summit, where I slip. Before I can shout, "Alp! Alp! Alp!" down I come, hell-for-leather. I hit one rock with my shoulder, bump another with my right hip (the one that carries the deep imprint of a mule's hoof planted there by an over-zealous mule during the filming of *20 Mule Team*), turn a nifty flip-flop in mid-air, slide down the rest of the way on my probosis, and so come to a halt not three feet from Director Pichel who just manages to step aside before I give him a football block that would have sent him home in an ambulance.

In the meantime, my fine Alpine friend, the guy who climbed up with me, had his troubles, too. His foot slipped like mine did and with practically the same consequences. When he hit bottom he skidded across the sound stage and came to a stop right under the camera tripod with not less than ten feet of his rope wrapped around his neck, and two feet of his ice pick sticking out of the back of his shirt. When the prop boys finally got him untangled, he walked up to Director Pichel, and, looking this kindly man squarely in the eyes, he said in a voice that was either choked with emotion or full of chipped ice, "Mister Pichel, keep your picture!" And with that he walked off the sound stage and right out of the picture for good and all.

I was all for doing the same thing, but valor always being the better part of discretion in the picture business I did not choose to run. Besides, baby needed a new pair of shoes. And besides, too, my curiosity was just morbid enough to make me want to stick around and see how Warner Baxter and Andrea Leeds handled themselves when the director ordered them to work on this upward and onward sequence. Well, I'll say this for them—our spills failed to dampen their enthusiasm for their parts, and, despite the solid bumps each one took, they kept everlastingly at it until they reached the top. Andrea, by the way, was covered with bruises from ankles to waist as a result of this Alpine adventure (it took two full days to shoot) and her doctor kept her in bed for the next two days. Baxter got himself a dislocated finger and a sprained back as physical awards for poor climbing but since he had to be a mere shadow of himself the following day he had to keep on the job.

Well, comes the dawn of the third day and I'm on my way to the studio. After getting myself a cup of coffee at the



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lunch counter, I amble over to the stage, and about an hour later I see Linda (Lynn Bari) pull a six-gun out of her bag. Before Baxter can move to grab her she mows him down, bang, bang, just like that, and he goes rolling down the staircase.

Personally, I stand there watching all this and I say to myself, and the blond cutie near me, that this is one strange way to start a moom pichur by shooting the leading man before he gets as far as page 29 of the script, and she turns to me and says: "Brother, you ain't seen anything yet!" and sure enough, I ain't!

"Lookit!" says this dame, giving my arm a pinch.

And so I look and what do I see?

Well, there's good old Baxter stretched out on the floor deader than last week's "Confucius Say," but there, also, is Baxter's ghost standing right where the fracas took place! He's dressed in white and his face is white and he—or it—says, regarding his deadeye-Dick lady friend in a bewildered sort of way: "Now look what you did! You can't fool around with a gun! Someone's bound to be hurt. Might have hit me." The ghost watches Jeff (Henry Wilcoxon) feel the pulse of the dead man lying below him, hears Six-gun Linda sobbing and says: "What's got into you? There's nothing the matter with me. You listen to me! I'm here! Can't you see me? Can't you hear me?" Paying no attention, Jeff and Linda rush out of the room. The door slams and the ghost runs after them. When it reaches the door, it reaches for the handle. The ghost naturally had expected the door to open so it steps forward instinctively and blow me down if it doesn't walk right through the solid wood! And I'm here to tell you that when that happened the ghost looked no more astonished and perplexed than I did.

As a matter of fact, I am so non-plussed by now that I let out a yip like I was having six teeth pulled all at once, and the blond cutie digs me a good one in the ribs with her elbow and whispers, "You dope!" and Director Pichel yells, "Cut!" and gives me a very, very dirty look while I stand there trembling like a weeping willow that's just heard bad news.

While they do this scene over again I go outside and get myself a breath of fresh air. When the red light goes off above the sound stage door, I sneak back for more punishment which arrives when I see that ghastly ghost go tearing through another door and then race down a corridor to an elevator. I see it pound on the elevator door and hear it yell something weird about the rotten service.

This monkey work isn't so bad on my nerves, but when it says: "Holy smoke! I'll miss my train!" and see it sort of fade out of sight, believe you me, I'm through for the day! A guy can stand just so much, and I decide to get me some spirits of my own. As soon as I can I head toward a grog shop about a half mile from the studio and Lfortify myself.

■ I don't report until the second day after that, and when I do I find myself a spectator in a jury room watching Mr. Ghost walk around as agitated as any self-respecting spook can be. It's when it talks loud and long with no one paying it the slightest attention that I decide to call the whole thing off. My baby may be needing a pair of new shoes, but I need my sanity.

■ You may be interested to know that there isn't a ghost of a chance for you ever to talk me into another picture even vaguely similar to *Earthbound* in plot. I'm scared off. Now let's get on my next job hunting assignment.

Why kain't I do a Gene Autry hoss operay so's I kin sit myself a-straddle a buckin' cayuse and giddyap myself into a mess of he-man action? What say, podner?



That is a very fond glance that James Stewart and Olivia de Havilland are exchanging at the cocktail party given by Frank Capra and Robert Riskin. But maybe they are just laughing at Alan Hale's beard which he is cultivating for *The Sea Hawk*

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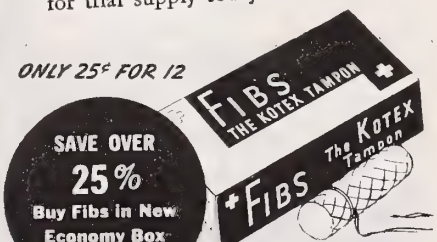
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Feeding the Bunch



Young movie stars love informal parties and they get just as hungry as other high school youngsters. Here is how Jackie Cooper's mother solves the problem of quick meals

By BETTY CROCKER



Jackie Cooper is Hollywood's most amazing and unpredictable young host. It's positively against his creed to *plan* a get-together, a jivin' meet, a jam-session, a shindig, or any one of the other weird titles that young folk call parties these days.

When Jackie is between pictures, hungry people have a way of dropping in at the big white house on Crescent Drive in Beverly Hills—at any hour, any day, and on the slightest excuse.

As a result, Jackie's understanding and charming young mother, Mable Bigelow, has to be an executive of no mean ability to meet the "eat demands"—and she is.

Daily, as regularly as the order for the household necessities are placed at the grocery store, the huge, two-hundred-pound refrigerator in the Bigelow kitchen is stacked with cold meats, potato salad, vegetable salad, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, pickles (both dill and sweet) olive and nut spreads, berry tarts, olives, celery and a hundred and one other tasty victuals that simply melt in your mouth if you are fortunate enough to be on the receiving end of Jackie's always cordial "drop in this afternoon for a swim and some eats."

Mrs. Bigelow says it's not as difficult to be ready for a party at all times as it may sound, or nearly so extravagant. When you have two husky, hearty men in the house (like Jackie and his stepdad) you have to keep plenty of food on hand anyway—and the extra items in snacks can always blend into the family menu should the dropper-inners not dispose of them.

Left-overs are practically unheard of, however. If Jackie's pals happen to miss an afternoon, there's always need for a spread after band practice. Jackie and his band hold twice-weekly rehearsals in the rumpus room—a gay, knotty-pine, chintzy room as far apart from the main part of the house as possible. Driving past the Bigelow house in the middle of one of these sessions, you'd wonder how anyone in the neighborhood can be on speaking terms with Jackie. When the boys go into their swing the music's great, but the practice on new arrangements well, there have been no audible protests, so apparently the neighbors just grin and bear it.

Sunday at the Coopers is a hep-cat's paradise, a wild melee of flying youthful legs and laughter and strange melodies, with Jackie, grinning from ear to ear, "giving out" both riffs and rolls from the drums, and very soft drinks from the playroom "bar."

Among the regulars are Bonita Granville, the Mauch twins, Bobby and Bill, Peggy Stewart, Leila Ernst, Buddy Pepper, Judy Garland, and the band boys. During the warm months the big swim-

ming pool just off the patio, which is next to the rumpus room, provides a popular lure for the entire gang after the swing-eroo sessions are over. So we get back to the subject of favored snacks.

A finely ground sausage, baked between strips of crisp puff pastry and rolled and cut about the size of lady-fingers is the *piece de resistance* of every buffet. And Jackie's big black cook admits she never yet has been able to gauge the quantity properly. "Jus' can't make enuff to ever have even one left on the dish—those kids like 'em so," she grins proudly.

Poppy-seed rolls, sliced and warmed with a generous spread of butter and a sprinkling of Parmesan cheese is another favored combination, to accompany the cold meat plate.

Salads vary from fresh vegetable, to fruit and melon, and Chef, with strips of ham and chicken.

Chocolate cake, or individual berry tarts, or frozen fruit compotes or ice cream provide the top-off for the grandest buffet in Hollywood and the gayest Sunday afternoons.

TEEN AGE RECIPES

BANANA NUT BREAD

¼ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
⅔ cup bananas (about 2), mashed
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. soda
¼ tsp. salt
3 tbsp. sour milk or buttermilk
½ cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Beat egg well, and blend into the creamed mixture. Stir in the mashed bananas. Sift flour, baking powder, soda, and salt together and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk or buttermilk. Stir in the chopped nuts. Pour into well greased baking pan, 4½x8½ inches across the bottom (and 2¾ inches deep). Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350°.

CHEF'S SALAD

½ medium-size cucumber (thinly sliced or cut in sticks)
About 1½ cups cold baked ham and chicken or other meat (cut in long, thin, match-stick strips)
French Dressing
1 head of lettuce (shredded)
3 tomatoes (cut in wedges)
Mayonnaise Dressing
3 hard-cooked eggs
6 radishes (thinly sliced, whole, or as "roses")
Olives or pickles (sliced)

Marinate cucumber and some of the pieces of meat with a little French Dressing. Let stand in refrigerator about 1 hour. Just before serving, add lettuce and tomatoes. Mix with mayonnaise. Place on serving platter or on individual salad plates. Place additional strips of meat over the top. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs, radishes, and olives or pickles. *Number of servings*: 6. *Note*: If desired, catsup or Chili sauce and black caviar may be blended with the mayonnaise . . . and about 5 anchovy fillets and strips of smoked-pickled tongue (in place of ham) added to the salad mixture.

CHOCOLATE PECAN CAKE

½ cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar (packed in cup)
2 eggs
⅔ cup hot water
3 tbsp. cocoa
2¼ cups sifted cake flour—or 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
¼ tsp. salt
⅔ cup sour whipping cream (33 to 35% butterfat)
⅔ cup pecans (coarsely cut)
⅔ tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Add whole eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each one is added. Blend hot water and cocoa together. Sift flour, soda and salt together and add to creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream and cocoa mixture. Blend in cut-up nuts and vanilla. Pour into a well greased and floured 8x12 inch pan or two 8-inch round layer pans. Bake 40 to 45 minutes for the oblong cake or 35 minutes for layers in a moderate oven 350°. *Note*: This cake baked in an oblong pan will be only 1 inch thick. For a thicker or larger cake, use ½ more of each ingredient.

FUDGE ICING

2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.)
2 cups sugar
⅛ tsp. salt
¾ cup milk
2 tbsp. light corn syrup
2 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla

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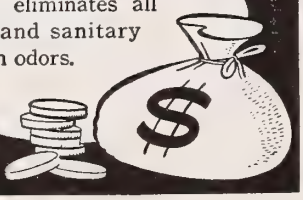
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Cut up chocolate in saucepan. Add sugar, salt, milk and corn syrup. Mix thoroughly. Cook without stirring to 234°F., the temperature at which mixture forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Keep pan covered first 3 minutes of cooking to prevent crystals forming on sides of pan. Remove from heat. Add butter. Let stand until lukewarm. Add vanilla. Beat until thick enough to hold its shape. If the icing seems to stiffen too quickly, thin it a bit with cream. Carefully add only ½ tbsp. at a time—to avoid making icing too runny to handle.

BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES WITH BURNT BUTTER ICING

½ cup butter
1½ cups brown sugar
2 eggs
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. soda
½ tsp. salt
1 cup sour cream
1 tsp. vanilla
⅔ cup walnuts

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Blend in the well beaten eggs. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together, and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream. Blend in the vanilla and nuts. Chill until the dough is firm. Drop by teaspoonfuls on lightly greased baking sheet. (Leave a space of at least 2 inches between cookies to allow for spreading.) Bake 10 to 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 400°. When cookies are cool, spread with Burnt Butter Icing. This amount will make 5 dozen cookies.

BURNT BUTTER ICING

6 tbsp. butter
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
Hot Water

Melt butter—keeping it over heat until it is golden brown. Blend in confectioners' sugar. Add vanilla. Stir in about 4 tbsp. hot water until icing is the right consistency to spread smoothly. *Amount:* Sufficient icing for about 30 cookies (2½ inches in diameter).

SEA FOOD SURPRISE

1 tbsp. gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 bouillon cube
1 cup boiling water
2 tbsp. sugar
⅛ tsp. salt
4 tbsp. lemon juice
1 can sardines
1 can shrimps (No. 1 size)
1 can crabmeat (7 oz. size)

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water. Pour boiling water over bouillon cube. Stir until cube is dissolved. Pour bouillon over soaked gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice and mix well. While gelatin mixture is cooling, grease a fish mold lightly and arrange whole sardines down the back. Use small green seedless grapes for the eyes. Pour ½ cup of the gelatin mixture (slightly set) into the mold. Allow to harden. Arrange carefully cleaned whole shrimps around the sides of the mold and flaked crabmeat in the center. Pour the rest of the partially set gelatin mixture over this and chill until stiff. When ready to serve, dip mold quickly into warm water and unmold on a bed of lettuce. *Size of mold:* 3 cup capacity.

First Rule for Romance

[*Continued from page* 18]

to spice up your romance. I've seen it work!

"Here's an example: A young featured player, right here on the lot, called up a girl he was very much interested in and asked her for a date. He phoned on a Saturday morning and asked the girl for a date that night. Well, the girl told him she'd love to, but she had a headache. The fellow, being smart, said he was terribly sorry, and that he hoped she'd be better soon, and that he'd call her the next day to see how she was, and all that sort of thing. He was very careful to leave out any note of suspicion, or doubt, he may have had regarding the headache. That night, he was walking along Hollywood Boulevard and ran into the girl, arm in arm with another man. Instead of getting angry, or pretending not to see the couple, he walked straight up to them, and practically forced the girl to introduce him to her escort. After a few pleasant remarks, he said, keeping the same pleasant tone, to the girl, 'Oh, by the way, dear, is *this* the headache you were telling me about?' Nodding, of course, to the other man. The girl also had a sense of humor. Without showing her embarrassment in the slightest, she replied, 'Oh, no, dear—*you* are!' And our hero laughed this one off, too. And a couple of months later he and the girl were married. And they've been married for over four years now. And very happily married, too.

"In this particular case, the man was the one who was put to the test. But this sort of thing works both ways. Here's an example of the same thing, with the girl on the short end:

"Two fairly well-known Hollywood stars, whose names have been linked romantically for quite some time, came to that stage in their romance that's bound to come. They were seeing too much of each other. They had run out of new places to go, things to talk about, friends to visit. The first luster had worn off, and they both sensed it. Being smart, they decided on a week's vacation from each other. No hard-feelings, or any-

thing like that. Just a lovers' agreement, designed to keep their romance from getting stale. Each agreed that the other should do what he pleased, go where he pleased, with whomever he pleased, for the full week. They agreed to meet at the end of the week as formally as if they just had been introduced.

"Well, they didn't even last the week out without seeing each other. A sense of humor, both ways, but particularly on the part of the girl, revived their sagging romance before their plan had hardly gotten under way.

"The man got himself a date with another prominent female star, and went night-clubbing. The next morning, one of the leading motion picture columnists made an item of it in this column. Our hero, reading the item, began to wonder what his girl friend would think when she read it. He felt sure she'd take it all right, but, somehow, thought he should do something about it. So, on an impulse, he went to the girl friend's apartment.

"In front of her door was her copy of the newspaper containing the item. Coyly, he picked up the paper, clipped the item, leaving the rest of the column intact, and threw the clipping away. He then rang the door-bell.

"She was surprised to see her lovelight, so soon, and early enough in the morning to be bringing in the paper. But she asked him to come in and have breakfast with her. Over breakfast, our heroine went through the paper. When she came to the motion picture column, with part of it cut out, she was momentarily baffled; but, smelling a mouse, she contained herself sufficiently not to show it, she excused herself for a moment, telling the boy friend she was going out to get her mail. She'd be right back, she said, taking the newspaper with her.

"On her way down the hall, she filched the newspaper of one of her neighbors, substituting her own for it. In the neighbor's paper she found the missing item. It probably disturbed her a little, but, knowing her as I do, I can picture her chuckling over it. She tucked the paper under her arm, got her mail, and returned to her apartment.

"Pretending to be reading the motion picture section for the first time, she read the item aloud to the boy friend. He was mystified, and he still has his moments of wondering how it jumped back into the paper.

"Our heroine's only remark about the item was 'You should clip your publicity items, dear, and save them. It's part of your business, you know.' "

Just then, Gilbert Roland sauntered down the hall, and Dottie hailed him.

"Say," she asked sharply, "what was all that about, the other night?"

Gilbert looked puzzled.

"*You* know," she insisted. "At that night club. Were you and your gang trying to make something of Bob (Robert Preston to you) and me being out together?"

Then it all seemed to come back to Gilbert, "Oh, yeah," he blurted, as though a flash-bulb had just gone off. "Yeah. As a matter of fact, we *were* trying to make something of it. Tell me, Dottie, what *were* you and Bob so all-wrapped-up-in, anyhow? There you sat, so terribly, terribly *involved*-looking. It couldn't be love, could it?"

"Well, if you want to know," she replied, coyly, "we were studying the features on an *animal-cracker!*"

Turning to me, Dottie went on. "You see," she said, "that's the safest ground. Talk about animal-crackers, or horoscopes, or the funny cartoon on the menu. Things that aren't personal, and you won't get too involved. That's exactly what we *were* doing. Studying an animal-cracker. It still may not work; but at least you're having fun as you go along.

"In other words, there's a lot to be said for a *prolonged* sense of humor, if you follow me. I don't know whether I have it or not. But it's worth working for. A good, sharp bolt of humor seems to be necessary ever so often, to offset tendencies toward jealousy, suspicion, doubt. But, then, there are those long, more or less calm in-between periods, too, in a romance, which have to be accounted for in one way or another. The lighter and airier they're made, it seems to me, the longer your romance will last.

■ "The ability to laugh and joke seems to come harder to men than to women. Which is natural. After all, a man's responsibilities are greater. But most men with the right handling, can be persuaded to get some laughs along with their romances.

"And there's your woman's job. Or, at least, a good part of it. She should be not only amusing to herself, but should take her boy friend's mind off himself and his work, teach him how to be flippant, how to get a kick out of simple, silly, unimportant things.

"A real romance is a terribly important thing and it is often hard for girls not to show how seriously they regard it. And here's my advice to them. Stop reading the right books. Or, at least, don't comment on them to the boy friend. And don't see too many of the right plays, or art exhibits, or go to too many concerts or operas, or learn too much at lectures. That is, don't comment on such things. And don't learn too much about the boy friend's work, either. Just enough so you can build up his ego once in awhile, by showing him what a great contribution he's making to the world, without boring him too much about things he already knows, and wants to get away from. And don't, for the love of Mike, tell him something about his job he *doesn't* know.

"Go heavy on subjects such as dancing, swing-bands, radio shows, baseball, tennis, golf, Confucius Say, picnics, canoeing, movies, men's—not women's—clothes, the tie he's wearing, his wristwatch, his wonnnnn-derful car. Hit the love and marriage angles every once in awhile. *But,* only once in awhile. And be sure you time it right. That is, be sure he's in the right mood, or has a job, or something. Oh, yes—and don't forget—talk about animal crackers. Talk *plenty* about animal-crackers, and you'll find that fun is the first rule for a successful romance."



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Tale of a Turbulent Triangle

[*Continued from page* 32]

ming and shearing leaves plenty of good solid footage for one of the most provocative triangles of all time. To make the elisions more bearable and the drama more intense, the Warner Brothers nominated Bette Davis to play Henriette. Mr. Boyer plays anchor man in the triangle, with Miss Bette Davis as one of the emotional disturbances and Barbara O'Neil as the other.

As the Duchess of Praslin, this is Miss O'Neil's second performance in a twelvemonth as Mr. Boyer's wife, the first having displayed her as a part-time lunatic in *When Tomorrow Comes*. In *All This, and Heaven Too*, she is a psychotic Corsican shrew, voluptuous, sultry and subject to moods veering from the calmly murderous to the violently suicidal.

A three-cornered tug-of-war among the top players might have been the reasonable expectation with such a set-up, with the director acting as referee. But as things worked out, each of the dominant trio proved to be such a deep-dyed professional actor that the prevailing tone was one of almost hysterical good nature, none of it forced or phony. Any of them who could have stood any more fun would have had to go to a hospital to recuperate.

Anatole Litvak, the directorial ringmaster of the three-ring circus, refused, like his players, to be daunted by exceptional circumstances. A congenital cigarette-man of championship calibre, Anatole is a difficult person to read behind his clouds of smoke. What may appear to be anger may be purely hunger, since he forgets his lunch unless somebody leads him to it and puts the tools in his hands.

Along about the second lap of production, after two unsuccessful takes of a pivotal scene, Anatole was heard to break out in his tone-deaf baritone:

"It's a hep-hep-heppy day!"

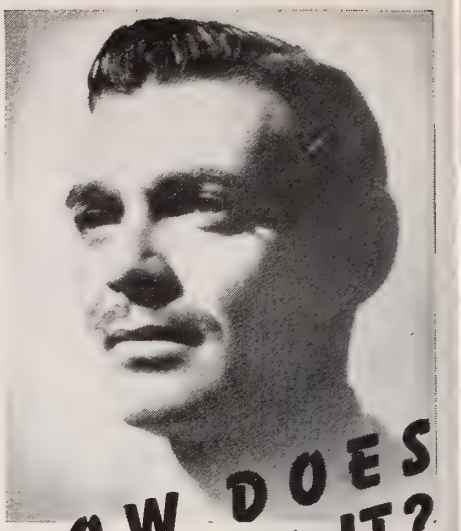
Under cover of the general laughter an assistant director remarked to a carpenter:

"A week behind schedule, the front office on his tail, and the old man can still sing. This picture is *in*, kid!"

Miss Davis, carrying an inordinately heavy dramatic load on her slender shoulders, was seized simultaneously with attacks of mischief, laryngitis and the French language, with the result that for a few days she sounded like a slightly balmy basso immigrant.

Bette's mischief broke out when an admirer presented Mr. Boyer with a new make-up table. These things are ordinarily rough-and-ready, being constructed of an upright pipe mounted on a tripod with castors. The pipe supports a little shelf, an electrically lighted mirror, and just enough space to accommodate a brush, comb, powder puff, a pack of cigarettes and a deck of throat lozenges.

The Boyer gift, arriving while the star was at lunch, was a solidly constructed piece of furniture glittering with chro-



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mium like a modernistic hot dog stand. It had two drawers with combination locks, three hinged mirrors in ornate metal frames, and neon lights like a bar and grill.

Miss Davis, returning early from lunch, immediately appropriated this gem for her own use, moved all her set-side possessions onto it, switched Boyer's nameplate to her own broken-down table, and set her plate up on the razzle-dazzle contraption. Then she tipped off everybody in the company to tip off Boyer about the misdemeanor she had committed.

When the Frenchman returned to work he had heard the story from six sources. Miss Davis was primping ostentatiously when he passed her. He took no notice of her or the table and hasn't mentioned the larceny since. Miss Davis is wondering whether this is a subtle form of inverted French ribbing. If it is, she enjoys it as much as she does the luxury of her elegant new table.

■ Playing her first French role, Miss Davis was suddenly conscience-stricken to realize that she knew practically nothing about the language. So she arranged to take lessons at odd moments from a top-ranking teacher.

One night at dinner hour, while there were still some scenes to be shot on the day's schedule, Bette and Director Litvak dropped in at the Blue Evening, a snack bar in the shadow of the studio. Bette was wearing slacks and goggles and Litvak was a stranger to the place.

They ordered a cocktail and a sandwich apiece and had half finished their snack when Bette suddenly remembered a fifteen-minute French lesson she had promised to wedge into the rest period.

Without pausing to explain why, she jumped up and left the restaurant. Litvak followed, thinking to drive her wherever she was bound. The manager of the Blue Evening went scurrying out the door after them, giving the impression to passersby that his place had just been knocked off by a gunman and his moll.

The net take of Litvak and his blond side-kick on this cafe job was $1.82 worth of food and drink. The sum was contributed to the house cash register by philanthropic Warnerites eager to preserve the good name of the studio. Litvak and Bette do not realize yet that they are a couple of delinquents.

■ A freak of the shooting schedule of *All This, and Heaven Too,* set up a big emotional scene between Bette and Barbara O'Neil for nine o'clock in the morning. Barbara was up on her lines and began pitching them with true Corsican venom at 9:02, Pacific Time. Bette's sense of humor overtook her again at this point and she burst into laughter.

"This is too stark," she announced to the assembled company. "Let's have a pot of coffee, a cigarette, and a few laughs all around. It will probably prevent homicide later in the day. If we start off at this pitch we'll be at each other's throats in earnest by nightfall.

Rachel Field, the author, visited the set twice and both times made a special point of placing a laurel wreath on the brow of Casey Robinson, the adapter of her best-selling book. It will be Miss Field's first work to reach the screen, although a novel of hers, *Time Out of Mind,* is resting comfortably in the literary vault at Universal.

Miss Field was frankly astounded by the courtesy and friendliness with which she was greeted by the players, the producer and the director.

"I had no idea," she confessed, "that picture people would make me feel so utterly at home. I had understood that if I ventured a foot within the studio gates my name would be Rachel Anathema."

With entire good grace Miss Field accepted the nomination of two players far different physically from their counterparts in her book and in real life. The Duke of Praslin, as the House of Peers and the French police knew him, was tall and his hair was the color of cornsilk. Henry Field, as the family annals have it, was a runt.

Yet it isn't every day that you can reach out and get Charles Boyer to play a duke for you, and if he happens to look more like Napoleon Bonaparte than a Norse god, what harm does that do to anybody?

Jeffrey Lynn is a good foot taller than Henry Field, Henriette's eventual bridegroom, but why be picayune about details when Jeffrey makes such an earnest and convincing young ecclesiastic?

Among the remainder of the cast there is plenty of accurate type-casting: Montagu Love as a dour Corsican marshal, the father of the duchess; Fritz Leiber as a conspiratorial abbe, and Edward Fielding as a physician.

Barbara O'Neil conforms closest of all the principals to the historic specifications. As a great but erratic lady of the court of Louis Philippe, she comports herself in truly ducal style. As in two other recent pictures, one with Boyer and one with Edward G. Robinson, she is compelled, in *All This, and Heaven Too,* to play many of her scenes in stocking feet.

In the past Miss O'Neil's height has been a drawback to her. In the future, it seems likely, pictures will be especially designed for her, so that no incongruity may arise.

Bette Davis, of course, can be anybody she wants to be, from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mab, with no dissenting votes from any quarter. Amid a warehouseful of Empire furniture and period costumes, you can be assured that Miss Davis is running up an early point score toward her periodical Academy Award.

The law of averages catches up with everybody some time. Miss Davis may do a bad picture some time. But *All This, and Heaven Too,* advances her one more mile in her orderly progression toward the actors' Olympus.

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Hollywood

Vol. 29 No. 8

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Movie Crossword 59



Paulette Goddard, next appearing in Paramount's *The Ghost Breakers*

HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Eliott Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Managing Editor; Al Allard, Art Director; E. J. Smithson, Western Manager. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; foreign subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issue five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood office, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Master Mind De Mille, who never yet did anything by half-measures and who is running up one of the most crushing expense accounts that ever broke the heart of an adding machine, is now the full-time employer of a Hollywood forest ranger.

The guy is William O'Neil, an old-time forest cruiser who has been properly armed with police authority and can make arrests in case of forest fires in the De Mille studio, accidental or incendiary.

Ever since Cecil B. conceived the idea of bringing an entire mountain to Marathon Street, Hollywood, the site of his current horse opera, his staff has been worried about the dangers implicit in the presence in the studio of fifteen acres of rapidly drying fir trees transported from the distant San Bernardino Mountains.

In their present condition the trees are about as inflammable as cellulose film and since the spontaneous-combustion season is about to set in, O'Neil was selected from a squad of applicants to become the first forest ranger ever to go on patrol duty within the corporate limits of a metropolitan city.

He will stay on duty until the last De Mille Indian has bitten the last De Mille grain of dust.

■ James Cagney, for whose screen characterizations the expression "tough guy" was specially invented, is a pacifist by conviction and a peace-loving guy in private life. For this reason he never attends the popular Hollywood fights at the Legion Stadium.

But Mrs. Caroline Cagney, mother of Jim and four other remarkable Cagneys, seldom misses the Legion bouts or any other representative fisticuffs that may be afoot in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Cagney's most frequent companion at the ringside is Harvey Perry, a former boxer turned actor who works as a stunt double for Cagney and a few other movie folk of his approximate weight and stature.

Customarily the two bet dimes on the bouts, sometimes as much as a dollar, but it's the bouts themselves and not the loot from the wagers that attract the matriarch of the Cagneys.

On a recent Friday two tough middleweights kept punching after the bell had rung terminating the round. The referee couldn't part them. A couple of seconds charged into the ring. The referee got slugged. A couple of managers and swipes climbed in, too, until in all there were nine people in the ring throwing punches.

Mrs. Cagney, standing in the third row to get a better view of the proceedings, confessed to Perry when the melee was at its height:

"You know, I've always loved a street fight."

■ Normally Jackie Cooper is the possessor of a goodly arsenal of pistols, rifles and associated hardware. But recently his gun-room has taken on an increasingly naked appearance.

"Girl-crazy," a friend volunteered. "Every time he runs over his allowance he hocks a gun to take some doll out stepping. If this keeps up he's gonna be practically defenseless."

■ Janice Logan is going to France for one of two reasons, thus ending one of the oddest Hollywood careers to date.

The two possible reasons for her departure, each of which she denies and affirms alternately and with vehemence, are (1) to marry a French newspaperman and (2) to drive an ambulance.

Daughter of a wealthy Chicago broker, graduate of Sarah Lawrence College at Bronxville, N. Y., cultured, intelligent, and a talented actress, Janice, it is to be feared, just didn't really care about a career she invested a lot of years and effort in and then abandoned when it was beginning to bear fruit, after her lead in *Doctor Cyclops*.

Her favorite explanation of herself to new acquaintances was, "I don't wish to appear pedantic, but I'm not a Hollywood jazz-baby."

The reason she left Selznick-International Pictures was that she "joined up to play Scarlett and found six other Scarletts bumming around the corridors."

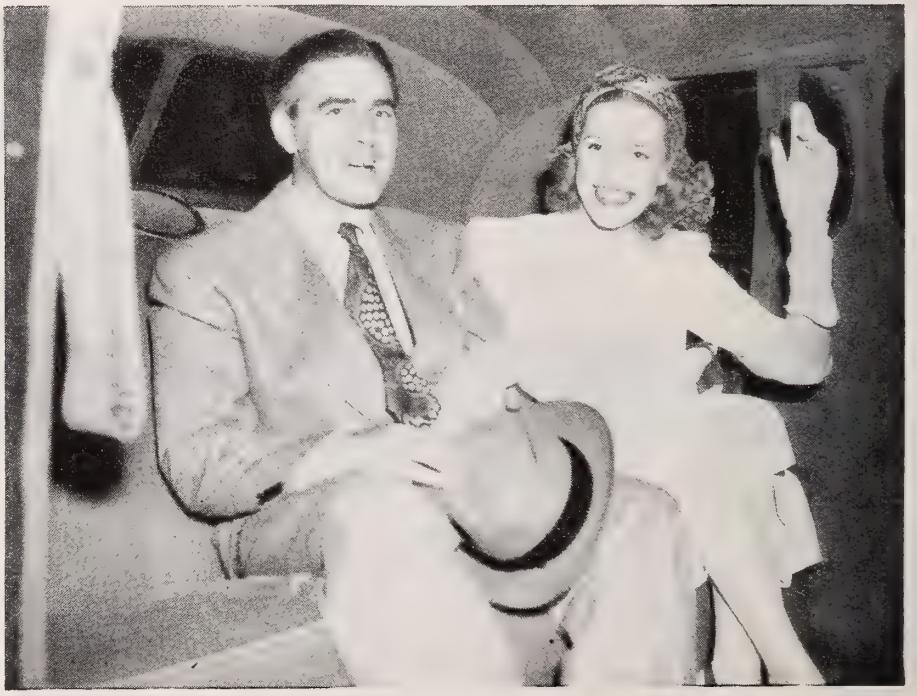
Getting her release, she went to Paramount, posed for millions of leg-art pictures, got herself elected "the world's best-undressed woman" and then retired as the public began to acclaim her in her latest and last film.

Interviewers she drove pleasantly mad. Her home was a tiny, almost bare apartment in an unfashionable neighborhood. This was the only place she would receive the beagles of the press. Every reporter who visited her came away with the feeling that he had just met the fourth dimension and been knocked out in one round.

Miss Logan's afternoon dress, in which she received, was a flannel bathrobe. Her chaise-longue was an out-size couch oc-

[*Continued on page* 13]





Above, Anita Louise cuts her wedding cake while bridegroom Buddy Adler is more impressed with the bride. Right, her beautiful satin and lace dress changed for a white going-away ensemble, Anita waves while Buddy smiles, and they are off on the honeymoon



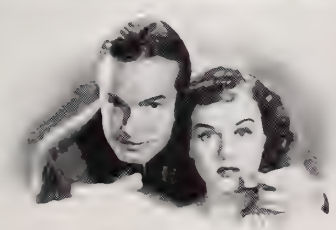
BOB HOPE PAULETTE GODDARD in

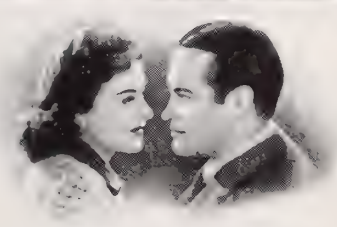
"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

A Paramount Picture with

RICHARD CARLSON · PAUL LUKAS
ANTHONY QUINN · WILLIE BEST

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screen Play by Walter DeLeon • Based on a Play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard





PAULETTE SETS BOB'S HEART A-DANCING WITH SOME VERY UN-GHOSTLIKE ROMANCING!

Mad At Maxims

George Murphy heard about listening to the words of the wise. He tried to obey all of the maxims. Now the only one he practises is "Be sure you're right, then go ahead the other way"

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

■ George Murphy hates platitudes. He loathes axioms. He abominates bromides. And he'll fight at the drop of an adage.

He was in martial mood, in deed, when your reporter drew up alongside of him the other day at one of the Manhattan bright spots. His Irish was up for fair.

"For longer than I want to remember, I have been looking before leaping and getting a knot on my head for my trouble; putting my best foot forward and getting it stepped upon; hitching my wagon to a star only to have the little astroid turn comet overnight and come plummeting to earth," snarled the dancing dervish of *The Ziegfeld Girl* and *Public Deb Number One*.

"Take for instance the maxim: 'Nothing planned, nothing achieved.' That's a honey for you. Never fails." Mr. Murphy fairly growled. "Well, the plain truth is that I planned to become a great mining engineer, planned and worked at it for years. After getting a degree from Sheffield School of Science at Yale, I wound up, to my eternal astonishment, as a hoofer!"

We were about to ask "How come?" when we recollected the adage, "Silence is golden." Mr. Murphy practically read our thoughts.

"What changed me from an expert on Euclidian geometry," he told us, "was a churlish little avalanche of anthracite, but maybe I ought to begin at the beginning."

He sighed.

Inheriting a flair for clairvoyance (from both sides) we concluded that Mr. Murphy was not deliriously happy. To show him that we were back of him one hundred percent we dropped a sympathetic: "The greater the obstacle, the more glory in overcoming it."

Our host shuddered, gulped hard, glared at us, set his jaw and counted ten. After that he scampered through the high spots of his life.

New Haven gave him to the world on a Fourth of July, and his sire, Michael Charles Murphy, the famous Olympic coach and physical director at Yale, read in the event a great omen. At last the Murphys were getting around to producing a great orator, maybe even a United States senator. Wasn't it true that anyone born on the Fourth of July had the tongue of a serpent, wise and winning?

"I repaid my father's confidence in me by showing a marked dislike both for oratory and politics. My single course in public speaking was a fiasco, which left the poor teacher numb with agony."



George Murphy, who started to be an engineer but who became a successful dancer, with Eleanor Powell who appears opposite him in *The Ziegfeld Girl*

There was no underprivileged-boyhood phase of his life, Mr. Murphy swore sadly, almost as if he wished there had been. Yale, ever grateful, paid his father anything but sweatshop wages, he confessed. Thanks to which young George romped through three nice preparatory schools, Newton at Philadelphia, Pawling, and, finally, Peddie Institute. It was only natural that he wind up at Yale.

"'Like father, like son,' everybody was saying, when I enrolled. 'This young Murphy will be an assassin on the football field; he'll shatter track records right and left, and he'll be the hottest thing in inter-collegiate baseball.'

"Even the coaches beamed as I came out for the different sports. 'A chip off the old block—Mike Murphy's boy.'

"Well, I disillusioned them all in good time. I made no football all-Americans, broke no track records, and never quickened the pulse of a major league baseball scout, although I competed in all these sports and basketball to boot. I salvaged some of my pride by bucking the Engineering School which is not exactly a lark and winding up with a diploma and a kit full of wonderful project-blueprints I had dreamed up.

"Fresh out of school, I paid homage to that saying about great oaks and little acorns. I would learn engineering from the ground floor up. So I became a coal miner just so I could see for myself what was what down in the nether regions."

It was a lonesome life and a gruelling life, as Master George Murphy soon discovered. Mostly the miners were Poles who kept to themselves and knew only a couple of English words—"up" and "down."

"'Into each life rain must fall,' so the wise men tell us," Mr. Murphy flipped acidly, "but the eternal values of this homely bromide had to be impressed on my mind with a bang."

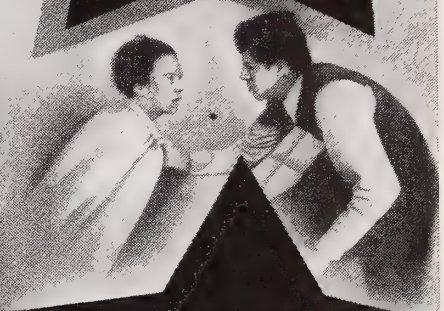
It seems that he, with a couple of his helpmates, had just climbed aboard that funny little car that hauled them up the 400-

New Screen Triumph Wins Praise from Hollywood Stars . . .



"Don't miss 'Tom Brown's School Days.' Packed with dramatic punch . . . exciting melodrama . . . rousing humor. A full measure of enjoyment and laughter for every movie-goer."

Irvin S. Cobb



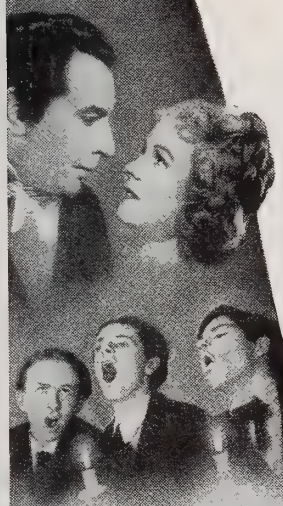
"Another great classic comes to the screen. I enjoyed myself tremendously and I know you will, too."

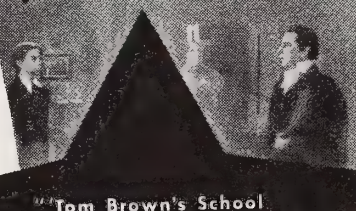
Joan Bennett

THE AUTHOR OF "GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS" SAYS:

"'Tom Brown's School Days' was the first, and still is one of the richest, of all stories of school-boy life. I am delighted to see Tom and Doctor Arnold, the 'Mr. Chips' of Rugby, brought to warm-hearted, youth-loving America. We salute the film version of this completely delightful entertainment for old and young alike."

James Hilton





"'Tom Brown's School Days' is a great and different picture. Its charm and realism completely intrigued me."

Charles Boyer



GENE TOWNE PRESENTS

The greatest schoolboy thriller of all time . . . read and loved by over 50,000,000 people

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"

with

Sir Cedric Hardwicke · Freddie Bartholomew · Jimmy Lydon
Josephine Hutchinson · Billy Halop · Polly Moran · Hughie Green
Ernest Cossart · Alec Craig · Gale Storm

Produced by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER · Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON

Adaptation and Screen Play by Walter Ferris & Frank Cavett and Gene Towne & Graham Baker
Additional Dialogue by Robert Stevenson · Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures



"Exciting! Thrilling! This famous classic is at last brought to the screen in a way that will make you catch your breath. I loved every minute of it."

Ann Sheridan



Announcing
CANDY STRIPE
Red
by Irresistible

Fashion goes sweet on Candy Stripe Red. . . . It's Irresistible's new sensation! Whip-text into a joyous, new, pulse-stirring red that's a fitting accent for candy stripe fashions, perfection with pastels, divine with white! Whip-text to be softer, smoother, non-drying, Irresistible Lipstick keeps lips lovelier longer, because it stays on longer! Complete your make-up with Candy Stripe Rouge and Powder.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
IT'S Whip-Text
TO STAY ON
LONGER...
SMOOTHER



10¢
AT ALL
5 AND 10 CENT
STORES

foot-shaft. Mr. Murphy was lost in meditation, concerning the joys of learning mining from the ground up, when a cable snapped. The little cart dropped with a plunk to the bottom, coaxing a modest avalanche after it. George and his chums were buried under several inches of black diamonds.

When Good Samaritans pried the boys loose and hauled them to the surface, they were a sorry lot, indeed. Some were rushed to a hospital, including our hero. He did a right-good trick at the infirmary and emerged cured of his mania for mining. He forgave Life promptly for this shoving around. After all, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

"I scouted around for another job. No dice. Finally someone murmured, 'Go West, young man,' and, of course, I did. At least as far as Detroit where I became connected with the automobile industry. I got a job installing rear axles in Paige automobiles. They don't make them anymore, and it's quite possible that the Murphy touch helped speed these noble cars to their rest."

George Murphy regards Detroit as an extra-special city. He wishes it long life, huge W.P.A. grants (if that's what the good citizens want) and immunity to plague and pestilence. He's even cheering for the poor Detroit Tigers who are in third place at this writing.

Why all this affection for Detroit? Well, Detroit is where he met Juliette Johnson. And Juliette Johnson has been Mrs. George Murphy for fourteen years. It might have been sixteen years if it weren't for an axiom.

When he first met Juliette she was a Detroit debbie whose conversation he found magnetic and whose dancing he still regards as "out-of-the-world." Both were young and sort of window-shopping. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," the bromide reads. Both took heed.

George kept his shop, as prescribed by Ben Franklin, but his shop did not keep him. Instead, as already hinted, Murphy's shop collapsed like a tired souffle. He chugged back East. All the way to New York he kept thinking of Juliette. By the time he had reached Grand Central Station he had interpreted the signs: he was in the throes of love, the real thing.

"Of course, you've heard that 'all the world loves a lover,' " Mr. Murphy wanted us to bear witness. "Nothing could be farther from the truth! I remember pounding the streets of Manhattan looking for honest labor until my friends asked if I were in training for the Olympics or trying to lose weight. 'It's darkest just before dawn,' they tell us. It isn't. It stayed dark for me for a month of Sundays. In due time I landed on Wall Street. Customer's man did you say? A thousand times no! Track man Murphy became a runner in the financial district, lugging from one brokerage house to the other fortunes in securities. A mere messenger boy."

[*Continued on page* 62]



After several years away from the screen, Frances Farmer returns in a highly romantic role opposite Jon Hall in *Pago-Pago*. In this scene the island lovers discover that a villain's greed has caused injury to their friend (Rudy Robles) who was forced to dive for pearls in dangerous waters, and that started the trouble

The Show Goes On

By THE EDITOR

■ It all started with a lively discussion of human vagaries. Our distinguished managing editor confessed, in a rush of confidence, that from earliest boyhood he has had an all but uncontrollable impulse to look into other people's medicine cabinets. He said that, alarmed at the allure that other people's bottles and pill-boxes had for him, he had made a thorough canvass of all of his friends. He discovered that ALL of them felt exactly the same way about medicine cabinets belonging to other people.

"Of course, my friends do not yield to this temptation," explained our managing editor carefully, "And neither do I. But I believe that a desire to look in other people's medicine shelves is a universal human impulse . . . just like the longing that even the most honorable of citizens have, occasionally, to read other people's mail."

We couldn't do much about the medicine cabinet problem, but the letters were a different matter. We appealed to Jeanette MacDonald. "How about letting us read your personal mail AND your answers?" we asked her. The result is a fascinating story. In next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine you will have a chance to release those suppressed desires about other people's letters, look with us over Jeanette MacDonald's shoulder, see how she answers friends and fans, how she sends out bids for cocktail parties, how her "thank-you" notes are phrased, how she signs her name.

■ Gale Page loves to eat. She is particularly fond of what the Page family calls "spreads." These are the lovely little meals that follow a swim in the afternoon, a trip to the theatre at night. "Spreads" spread it on, Miss Page discovered to her sorrow. Between the time she finished her part in *Four Wives* and started to work in *The Life of Knute Rockne,* she decided to reduce. And reduce she did . . . thirty pounds! It is a rather harrowing tale, but not without its comic aspects. If you want her method, and a report on how she feels about diets today, see next month's issue.

■ At this writing, there is some doubt that Vivien Leigh and Lawrence Olivier will continue their tour in *Romeo and Juliet.* The British consul has informed Olivier that he may be re-called to England. If, however, the British government continues its orders to its actors to stay in this country, many communities will have a chance to see these two extraordinarily handsome people in a very charmingly mounted production of the great love story. It is worth an especial effort, if *Romeo and Juliet* comes your way, because Olivier is quite different in this part than in any you have seen him do on the screen, and Vivien Leigh is one of the most beautiful of all of the Juliets.

More Women prefer Mum—

Saves Time . . . Clothes . . . Charm!



Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!



Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.



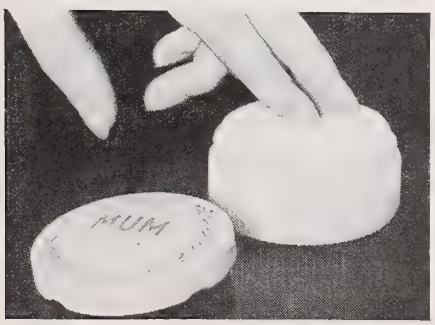
Wives, girls in love, make Mum a *daily* habit. Mum guards charm—*popularity!*



Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum!* In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools . . . Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty,* too . . . nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening!*

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that *lasting* charm! A bath may remove *past* perspiration, but *Mum* after your bath prevents risk of *future* odor.



Thousands of men, too, are using Mum . . . it's speedy, safe, *dependable!*

QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a *daily* habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Joyce Compton, featured in Hal Roach's *Turnabout*, shows how to make hair an effective part of a hat

A Double Header

By ANN VERNON

■ When your hat and your hair do a sister act, you want to be certain that you can be proud of both of them.

Pull your curls up through a horsehair halo to form a rosette, twist your bangs into a fold of your turban. Smooth them over your forehead in a lacy fringe that takes the place of a veil with that big off-the-face hat; or make them look a part of your old-fashioned bonnet (and a frame for your face) by curling them softly high off the forehead. . . . Whichever way you wear them, take care that your bangs, curls and page-boy locks gleam with health and with cleanliness. They're too much a part of your costume to neglect—and you don't want that brand new hat to look dowdy just because your hair isn't up to par!

You can be pretty sure that all of those high salaried Hollywood gals keep their hair looking lovely, otherwise it wouldn't photograph so well. They have at least one shampoo a week, more when they're working on pictures. Which should squelch once and for all the ugly rumor that it's harmful to wash your hair often! All of you want to have hair as lovely as your favorite movie stars' (I know because you've written telling me so) but you won't follow the leaders and do what they do!

A mild shampoo won't hurt your hair even if you use it every day. So be smart and choose one that will be really kind to your hair—and use it whenever your brush shows the first bit of grey fuzz that says "this hair isn't quite clean!" Write me for the name of a new, quick foaming shampoo that lubricates the hair (to prevent that dried-out, fly-away, right-after-a-shampoo look) at the same time it cleanses. It is companion to a deservedly popular oil-type shampoo of the non-lathering kind. Both clean the hair thoroughly; both leave it soft as silk. The advantage to the new one is that it is more economical with your time, because it is so quick acting, with your purse, because a little of the foaming shampoo goes a long, long way. (If your hair is extremely dry, though, stick to the non-lathering type, for its superior lubricating qualities.) The two shampoos rinse out of the hair quickly, completely, taking all dirt and loose dandruff flecks with them. Your hair will shine like a carnival after it's washed! There's a ten-cent size of each.

Often in the summertime, the heat of the sun will tend to dry out the top hair and give it a sun-bleached, straw-like look. You can avoid that by using brilliantine or an oily hair dressing between lubricating shampoos. And by brushing your hair up and down, back and forward, five minutes at night, five in the morning. *That* stimulates the oil glands to produce the lubricant your hair needs, and distributes any available oil evenly.

Many's the time, don't I know it, you'll be skipping that morning date with your hairbrush just because you're in a rush. I could say you might get up five minutes earlier—but instead I'll tell you about a brush and comb combination just made to be carried in your purse, and used when you *do* have the time! Lately, the manufacturer has been making the bristles of that wonderful new Exton, so you know they're sturdy enough for just about the thickest head of hair! I use mine instead of a comb to brush my hair into place whenever I take off a hat—it gives each curl such a polished, fresh-from-the-beauty-shop look! And it's really amazing how those bristles get down to the scalp to give it an invigorating work-out! Your head will feel pretty good after you've used the combination brush and comb for five minutes—and your hair will look even nicer! A dollar buys it, complete with transparent plastic carrying case (to match the comb-brush itself).

■ It goes without saying that you'll need a permanent before the summer is over—so why put it off any longer? Every day you delay means more time wasted doing up straggly ends—after your swim, your shower, before a date on a muggy night. And you don't have to wait for a cool day before having your wave, because I can tell you about one that is blessedly comfortable! And it's quick, too, because the curlers are heated to the correct temperature for your hair before ever they're put on your head. That means you don't have to sit patiently while your hair heats up, then cools off—with this system, it's cooling off the whole time!

Other nice features about this wave are the sanitary supplies—a sealed package contains all the necessities for the permanent, just enough to do your hair and no one else's! The scalp protectors (in the sealed box) are a specially patented kind, made thinner so that the operator can wave your hair closer to the head—and

A COOL SUGGESTION

Write Ann Vernon for help with your summer beauty problems. She will be glad to tell you what to do about runny make-up, dried out hair, or that hot, moist feeling. Send your photograph or description if you'd like a new hairstyle and make-up analysis. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, and address Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

incidentally give you a wave that will last longer. I had one of these waves not so long ago, and I do want to tell you my hair has never looked better. It was soft, and shining, and beautifully curly—and it's holding that curl, too! Name, please?

Let me remind you about some fine bob pins you shouldn't be without. They come in mighty handy when you want to make end curls, or do up your bangs at night. And of course they're invaluable for pinning your hair into place during the day. They won't show in your hair because they have a special textured finish that absorbs light without reflecting it! Match the pins to the shade of your hair, in either long or short, curved or straight varieties. Twenty-four cost ten cents.

■ You won't forget, will you, that the face beneath your bonnet or turban is every bit as important as your hair. Take care that your nose doesn't shine, that your lipstick isn't smudged, and that its color doesn't clash with the shade of your hat. That can spoil the whole effect!

Right now I want to tell you about some perfectly swell new cosmetics put out by a well known French perfumer. His dusting powder, colognes and bath preparations of all kinds are so popular that you've undoubtedly used and loved them. Now you can have a velvety face powder, a long lasting rouge and a creamy lipstick all delicately scented to match! The huge boudoir box of powder is something to dream about. It would be a good value at $1.50, but it costs about half that—only seventy-nine cents. The powder itself is of that extra-fine silk-sifted variety, perfect for hot summer days when you want only the lightest kind of make-up. It comes in all the necessary shades, from light to dark, in both the rachel and rosy tones, but there are not so many you'll get all confused trying to decide which is right for you. Rachel Moderne is a perfectly grand shade to wear now, with all your summer clothes and with your suntan. The rouge and lipstick, of the finest smooth spreading quality, come in light, medium and dark shades, with a heavenly Wild Rose pink that should be a sensation on anyone's lips! Each costs forty-nine cents, and very smart they look in their summery green and cream plastic containers. I'll be glad to tell you more about these exciting new cosmetics, and to help you select your perfect shades.

Write me before August 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U.S. postage), self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 6*]

cupied by Miss Logan, a few dozen oranges—the only food she bothered with—and a few newspapers. Throughout her interviews she kept a portable radio on her lap, tuned up so that most of what she said, if sensible, was not intelligible.

The Hollywood consensus is that the departed Miss Logan, if she was in earnest, was one of the eeriest glamour girls ever, and that if she was kidding, she did a masterful job of it.

■ Hedy Lamarr turns up this month as chief ballyhoo artist for her chum from the old country Greta Keller, singer of Viennese songs, who opens at a Hollywood supper club after winning a following in New York.

Hedy and Greta had some brief professional experience together in Budapest and Hedy, as the earlier arrival in Hollywood, is running out the plush carpets and prodding the wealthy natives to unwind their wallets and buy champagne for Greta's run at the local joint.

Another Keller booster is Marlene Dietrich, who was a schoolmate of Fraulein Keller in Germany. What with all the double-header furore these two imported glamour-mongers, Hedy and Marlene, have stirred up, Greta had better be good.

"Thrilling"—say Lovely Women of New Camay!



● "New Camay is so mild," writes Mrs. G. D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y. "A perfect beauty soap to help keep my skin soft and radiant."

A BEAUTY soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled ... so wonderful that thousands are switching to new Camay! Again and again they speak of new Camay's mildness—its unusual lathering qualities—its enchanting new perfume!

Let new Camay help you, as it is helping other women, to look your loveliest. Put its gentle cleansing to work for you ... helping you in your search for a lovelier skin!

Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps Wins Women Everywhere!



At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!

● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay," says Mrs. T. J. Moriarty, Plainfield, Ind. "I take particular care of my skin, so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so wonderfully mild that it really seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And what a marvelous new fragrance it has!"

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

BE YOURSELF BE NATURAL!



★ In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself... Be Natural". Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is *yours* and *yours alone*. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the ONE shade of red YOUR skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ Your Tangee lips will be smoother ...evenly and beautifully made-up because there is NO grease-paint in Tangee... its pure cream base ENDS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" and helps you—

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★ For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

Be yourself...Be Natural



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Natural
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
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■ Ida Lupino, a veteran collector of absent-minded professor stories, finds that she is Absent-Minded Professor for 1940, or until successfully challenged.

Lounging with a novel in the studio of her Brentwood home she was distracted from time to time by a smell of smoke.

When the fumes became insufferable, she rang for a servant and announced, "Something's burning around here. I'm sure of it."

"Madame is burning," the maid announced placidly, and then with great efficiency doused with mineral water a few of the quilted squares in Ida's favorite dressing gown, which her forgotten cigarette had ignited.

"The moral of this thing," Miss Lupino deduced, "is, 'Don't fiddle with fiction while robe burns.'"

■ Some of the stuffier formalities of studio routine have been ventilated again by Miss Rosalind Russell, an expert at the game.

Loaned out by her home studio to star on a lot where she had never previously worked, she was required to fill out the standard biography blank.

With a few necessary expurgations, it went like this:

Q. How many hours sleep do you need to keep fit?

A. Fit for what?

Q. What is your favorite radio program?

A. Presidential election returns.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. I dive like a demon.

Q. How do you keep in condition?

A. Two packs a day.

Q. Do you perform any household duties, such as budgeting, preparing menus, or supervising the staff?

A. I run the joint.

Q. What is your preference in clothes?

A. Expensive.

Q. Of whom does your family consist?

A. Three brothers and three sisters. I'm in the middle; the ham in the sandwich.

Q. Have you any beauty secrets?

A. But they're secrets.

Q. What do you do on the set between scenes?

A. Have convulsions at my own jokes.

Q. What do you first notice about a person of your own or the opposite sex?

A. This question is put together wrong.

Q. At school and college what were your favorite subjects?

A. Week-ends.

Q. Is there anything else about yourself of interest?

A. Yea, bo!



Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Bette Davis has been seen frequently with Bob Taplinger, who is in charge of publicity on the west coast for Warner Brothers' Studios. They vacationed at the same time recently in Honolulu, and here are seen dining in Hollywood at Ciro's

■ A sequence in *Northwest Mounted Police* requires Madeleine Carroll to gallop across the plains bearing soup to a dying man.

On the first take she looked like a veritable Florence Nightingale of the North as she reined her steed, unslung her soup jug and bent benevolently beside her patient.

But an instant later she leaped in the air, screamed like a wounded Comanche and spilled soup and jug all over the recumbent form of the stricken man.

Nothing important. She had merely sat on her spurs.

■ Eddie Quillan, Robert Paige and Frank Jenks, in *Dancing on a Dime*, are assigned to impersonate three down-and-out young actors temporarily lodged in the historic Garrick Theatre in New York and living on stale doughnuts panhandled from a bakery.

The trio spent a morning on the doughnut scene, each munching six or seven of the indigestible quoits before Director Joe Santley called lunch. By that time they were too stuffed to tolerate the thought of food, and said so.

"Still," Quillan philosophized, "this is the only studio in town where you get a thousand bucks a week and board."

■ Edna May Oliver, upon first meeting Gia Kent, hired to play the part of Miss Oliver's daughter in *Pride and Prejudice*, exclaimed, "What is this— a mirror shot?"



Gracie Allen arrives in Omaha for her "self-nominating" convention for the presidency of the United States with George Burns who seems confident that he is to be the nation's first gentleman

Miss Kent, whose name is an anagram of G(ertrude) Aitken, the one she was born with, appears to have a future in films not only because of her remarkable resemblance to Edna May but because she has brains, talent and a mind of her own.

A gold miner's daughter, she went East to Oberlin College in Ohio, was graduated at twenty with a Phi Beta Kappa key and then, because it seemed a pleasant thing to do, went to Honolulu and became a stenographer in the offices of a lumber company.

In the role of Ann de Bourgh in *Pride and Prejudice*, her performance created such a stir in the cutting room that Gia was called back after the picture was finished. Not for retakes but for additional close-ups to fatten up her part.

Becoming well acquainted with the newcomer during the production period, Miss Oliver remarked to her on the last shooting day:

"If I didn't know my own past, I'd say you were it."

■ Garson Kanin, boy director of *My Favorite Wife* and four other hit pictures, is alternately elated and depressed by what movies are doing to him and he to them.

Garson and a camera crew were out shooting some background scenes the other day when passers-by were attracted to the fop of the outfit, a Beau Brummell



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BATH-FRESH



NEW NONSPI CREAM FOR COOL *Dry* UNDERARMS

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS *BOTH* perspiration and odor safely... effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 116 West 18th Street, New York City.



There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI** *— at drug and department stores.*



One of the gayest parties of the season was given by Margaret Ettinger and Helen Ferguson at the Brown Derby for Ralph Daigh, managing editor of all Fawcett Publications during his trip to Hollywood. Left to right, Arleen Whalen, Mr. Daigh who seems to be crossing his heart about something, Louella Parsons, Ida Lupino and Basil Rathbone

of an assistant cameraman named Bernie Guffey.

"Chase the spectators away," Kanin directed an assistant. "And if that doesn't work, chase Bernie away. We have to get some work done."

Guffey, fastidious about his costumes at all times, is described variously by his associates as looking as fast as a race track tout and as sharp as jail house coffee. His *piece de resistance* on this day was a very swift-looking hunter's hat that flopped about his pleasant features and made him look like a millionaire sportsman on the loose.

Kanin found out where the hat was bought and at the luncheon break sent a boy all the way to Westwood Village to buy twelve more just like it, in assorted sizes, enough to outfit the whole troupe.

Since then Kanin has given away perhaps a dozen more of the trick kellys, with the result that they are now known around Hollywood as Kanin hats. But Kanin still doesn't look as pretty as Bernie.

The other small matter agitating the youthful director is that he is doomed to die any minute.

His next directing assignment is *The Other Man,* starring Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. One of the pivotal scenes of this well-known story is laid in an Italian restaurant.

A realist at all times, Kanin is permitting himself to be dragged around to do research in Italian restaurants from end to end of Los Angeles County.

"You can't just go in and do research around a guy's joint," he complains. "So every night I have a little antipasto, ravioli, spaghetti, pasta fagiole and chicken cacciatore, with maybe a pear and some spumoni or zabaglione. So I'm as good as dead already and the picture isn't even started."

■ Miss Jean Parker, one of America's foremost demonstrators of what it takes to fill a bathing suit, was posing at the Laemmle estate for some springboard art.

As the cameraman made his set-up for the first shot, a lazy, low-flying bird hypnotized Jean with its graceful approach to the pool. When the photographer signalled Jean to make her dive she took one of the most sensational belly-whoppers in aquatic history, knocking herself out and splashing the camera and six bystanders.

Work was resumed a few days later when the camera—and Miss Parker—were back in working order.

■ In her leftover time from being Brigham Young's favorite wife in the Fox immortalization of the great American parent, Mary Astor tries to keep her social life on a nicely balanced plane.

But sometimes it gets disarranged, since Miss Astor's husband, Manuel Del Campo, is a harassed studio worker and she herself is called upon by the *Brigham Young* script to endure all the pictorial hazards of fire, flood, riot, desert, swamp, jungle and love.

Miss Pamela Frankau, the distinguished English author, arrived in town. Her path crossed that of the Del Campos, who, in-

stantly charmed, arranged a cocktail party for her.

Six days after the party Miss Astor received the original and Miss Frankau a copy of a letter from John Van Druten in London introducing Miss Frankau to Miss Astor and commending her to Miss Astor's social sponsorship.

Miss Frankau is delighted but still a bit stunned by the swiftness of the social pace in Hollywood, where the party's over before it's even scheduled to start.

■ The Noah Beerys, Jr. and Sr. are working at the Republic studio in action pictures entitled, respectively, *The Carson City Kid* and *Red Ryder*.

On the same day, recently, their scripts called for them to get punched on the chin and do a reverse somersault.

At the end of the rigorous session, the two Noahs went into the production office and complained mildly about the rough treatment they were getting.

"What are you beefing about?" they were asked. "This is a tough studio. Send Wallace over and we'll see that he gets slugged too."

■ Some of the movie companies are considering moving underground to escape the nuisance of low-flying planes that bust up sound sequences and create havoc in the budget department.

Six of the largest airplane factories are in Los Angeles County, all working at top speed on war and transport orders. Necessarily there is a lot of test-flying going on at all times in addition to the normal sky traffic.

The standard air signal for "Stay away!" is a stationary orange balloon 100 yards above the spot to be stayed away from. Until now the studios have refrained from using the balloons because they are pretty strong language, aeronautically speaking, approximately equivalent to "Beat it!" or "Scram!" on land.

But lately the interruptions have been so frequent and costly that most of the major companies have resorted to flying the orange ballons, each attached to a cable flying a string of orange pennons. Army and Navy and airline pilots know what the ballons mean and respect them.

But hordes of student- and sportsmen-pilots, who haven't yet memorized all the rules in the book, have been racing from studio to studio to look at the pretty orange spheres and guess what they're all about.

■ Norman the Numerologist, the nutty fruit man who tells the fortunes and futures of the stars and producers while selling them grapefruit, oranges and tangerines, had better consult his astronomical algebra before it backfires on him again.

While Norman was wheeling his handsome truck from studio to studio he conceived, with the aid of his astral mathematics, a wonderful idea for a movie.

To a few dozen confidants on the movie lots he blurted:

"The numbers told me. A great historical movie should be made about wounded soldiers. I can sit down and write it in ten minutes if I have the time. It's about the Order of the Purple Heart, founded by George Washington and revived after the World War. I'm going to tell Jack Warner and Zanuck and Sam Goldwyn and make some dough for myself. We'll beat *The Fighting Sixty-ninth* at the box office because we'll have more wars."

Norman went racing over to the Warner studio and breathlessly unfolded his idea, which production officials agreed had merit.

[*Continued on page* 63]

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss the announcement of the prize winners in the Silly-Dilly Contest. A full list of the clever people who are getting the handsome prizes will be printed in September Hollywood. On the stands August 10.



Says VIRGINIA YOUMANS, SOPHOMORE AT VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

That modern natural look is what men like!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

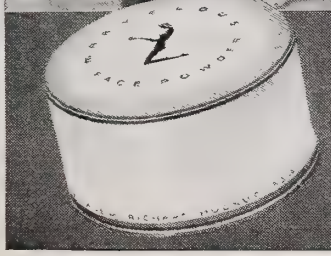
The glorious *naturalness* of gay, young "collegiennes"—that's the *modern* trend in makeup! And Richard Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder, the exciting new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

For eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin and to the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that appealing *natural* look men so admire!

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, it's easy now to find the shade that's *right* for you! Just ask for Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder that you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

You'll love the way Marvelous Face Powder goes on smoothly . . . the way it clings for *hours* . . . agrees so well with even the most sensitive skin! Try this wonderful face powder today! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)



HUDNUT MARVELOUS FACE POWDER AND MATCHED MAKEUP

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. *I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.*

Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

(Good only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where legally prohibited.) FW-840

Close-Up of a Candidate

With campaign speeches bursting from every radio, Brian Donlevy's screen electioneering in the film, *Down Went McGinty*, has a very timely quality



McGinty, the ladies' choice





McGinty, the spell-binder



McGinty, victim of fate



"I'll fight to the end!"



"Oh, this IS the end?"



"Well, only one can win"



"Didn't want the job, anyway"



The loser . . . even the mustache is gone!



Love Begins at 40

Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, with his mother just after her arrival from France just a few weeks ago

Charles Boyer discusses the differences of love at the ages of twenty and thirty, and concludes that forty has the best of all the chances

By WILSON DODD

■ Soldiers returned from the mud and blood of the battlefield will tell you, if they'll talk about it at all, that in the anguishing hours before an assault, a man facing the rawest of realities will modify most of his old concepts, reconstruct his notion of vital values.

Armies in array change not only the geography books of men but also their doctrines of daily conduct.

War has left an indelible imprint on Charles Boyer, the first actor to return to Hollywood from the arena where Europe's latest tragedy is being unraveled.

Charles Boyer was in no battle. He was forced to burrow for safety in no bombed city, nor was he a passenger in peril on any sunken ship. And his service in uniform, as a poilu in the French army, was limited to three months far from the field of fighting.

But in those three months of blackouts and blockades, and in the nerve-drawn weeks that pre- [*Continued on page* 64]

Flaming silks flashing against blue sky and green turf! Men born with a zest for danger and the right to worship beautiful women! Headstrong young love! Fierce family pride! Romance! Beauty! Courage! *Again a great picture has captured a great tradition!*



Greater than "Kentucky"

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

MARYLAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with

Walter Brennan *"Kentucky's" great star* · **Fay Bainter** · **Brenda Joyce** · **John Payne** · **Charlie Ruggles** · **Marjorie Weaver** · **Hattie McDaniel** *of "Gone With The Wind" fame*





Directed by **HENRY KING**

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



Inside Report on

The Dictator



Jack Oakie who burlesques a dictator in Charlie Chaplin's film, discusses the comedy

By
CHARLES DARNTON

Oakie had his chin out for days as he practised his comic version of the salute used by "Benzino Gasolini" in the film

■ For several years Charlie Chaplin has been feverishly at work upon the most daring motion picture thus far ventured in a hair-trigger era. All Hollywood has been making all sorts of guesses about it. Would Charlie actually hit off Hitler? Would he speak at last on the screen and if so in German dialect? Would he step out of his humble shuffle into a cocky strut? Would—?

And now, for the first time, the answers can be told. Authentically, they can be given by a fellow comedian who was not only behind the scenes but in them, as a comic dictator himself.

Jack Oakie was discovered on the *Young People* set playing pappy to Shirley Temple and looking up to the stratospheric Charlotte Greenwood who will be seen in that film as his wife and vaudeville sidekick. Dapper in a light double-breasted suit and sporting a flower in his buttonhole, the irrepressible funster who had made a rushing come-back, via his part of Benzino Gasolini in the Chaplin picture, swung out of the American scene and, flipping off a gray soft hat and indicating the initials "W B" stamped on its sweatband, cracked, "See—Warner Baxter—I wear all his old clothes."

But only recently he had been wearing a uniform and with it no doubt a mighty air. And how had he felt about it?

"Thrilled," was [*Continued on page 57*]



EDITOR'S NOTE

Nearly three years ago, when Charlie Chaplin began to make plans for his film burlesquing dictators, very few people dreamed that the time ever would come when there would be serious discussion of the complete cancellation of the picture. Some of the aspects of Hitler's enterprises still had a wryly comic overtone. But, just before this magazine went to press, so many people were asking "Can Charlie Chaplin make anything about Hitler seem funny now?" that the rumor of the shelving of the entire picture spread through the papers. So much credence was given the rumor that Charlie Chaplin denied it in these words: "The report that I have withdrawn my film is entirely without foundation. More than ever, now, the world needs to laugh. At a time like this, laughter is a safety valve for our sanity."

Fawcett photo by Charles Rhodes

Drawing by Llewellyn Miller

Touchdown For O'Brien

Pat O'Brien says frankly that his part as the great football coach in *The Life of Knute Rockne* wins over all his roles

By
CHARLES DAGGETT



Left, Pat O'Brien in the astonishing make-up that makes him look so much like the great Knute Rockne in his new football picture



Gale Page plays the part of Mrs. Knute Rockne (center) who acted as technical advisor. With them is Mrs. Pat O'Brien, snapped on location

■ Sometimes something happens on a movie set to make you realize that all the drama and poignancy in a motion picture isn't confined to the screen. Sometimes you see a moment of quiet heroism that is hard to forget. I saw such a touching scene recently at Warner Brothers when Knute Rockne's widow, Bonnie Rockne, watched one of the most vital moments in her dead husband's life re-enacted before her eyes.

The scene was set in the chemistry department at Notre Dame. Rockne, played by Pat O'Brien, was called to the telephone.

"Yes, this is Ka-nute Rockne," Pat said. "What do you want? What! I'll be right there!"

Pat dropped the telephone and raced for the door, shouting to a startled chemistry professor.

"It's Bonnie! The baby! It's come!"

Save for a faint shadow, moving swiftly across her face, Bonnie Rockne showed no pain as she watched this dramatic chapter in her life with Knute Rockne unfold before the cameras.

"That will do," Director Lloyd Bacon said softly.

He was satisfied with that "take," and many others which followed. Pat was satisfied, too. It isn't every actor who can have such an audience. There may be some carping critics, when *The Life of Knute Rockne* comes to the screen, who will say that O'Brien doesn't do justice to the part. But they'd better not say it while Bonnie Rockne is within hearing.

If Pat could make the brave little widow of one of America's greatest men of sport feel the living presence of her famous husband ten years after his death, it is because he has taken infinite pains to recreate the character of Knute Rockne. He has discarded the O'Brien mannerisms. He speaks in the sharp staccato "Rock" used. He walks, holds a football, clamps a cigar into his teeth, gestures just as the great Notre Dame coach once did.



When Knute Rockne worked as a lifeguard in 1913, bathing suits such as these were the latest thing in dashing beach wear. You'll see them in the film



Jim Thorpe, greatest football player of all, is in the film, and spent spare time giving young players pointers on the art of punting

His is the same broken face, gentle and charming. The make-up, which takes one hour and thirty minutes to put on, is a tribute to the science and the magic of Percy Westmore. It is no wonder that Bonnie Rockne gasped when she first saw Pat, that friends of Rockne—great coaches who once pitted their teams against Notre Dame—also thrilled to see their beloved enemy again.

Pat has never been so happy in a role before, not even that of Father Duffy in *The Fighting 69th* he says.

"A man can't tell you the name of his Congressman in 1928," Pat said, "but he certainly can tell you who was coach at Notre Dame. The thing I like about this part is that Rockne was one of the greatest men in America—the finest coach in college football.

"Football rules and plays have changed, maybe, but the things 'Rock' taught his boys at Notre Dame never will change. He taught 'em sportsmanship, clean playing. Best of all, he taught 'em that you should always look good even if you lose.

"Notre Dame never was accused of dirty playing. Rockne believed that the essence of sportsmanship was for one boy to see another boy's point of view. He believed that the players must be a credit to Notre Dame and a credit to their parents. If one of his men forgot those teachings Rockne yanked him off the field, sometimes off the squad.

"He was fine. Fine all through. But he wasn't soft. He was very, very tough. He was a man. A lot of the things he believed in might sound as though he had read them in copy books. Maybe he did, first. But he found 'em out in life, too. Just because they sound so sweet when you talk about 'em doesn't make 'em any less wise and sincere."

Gale Page plays the part of Bonnie Rockne in the picture. She has the only important feminine role. There are seventeen men (not counting the football players and the hundreds of students) in the cast.

From the standpoint of athletics *The Life of Knute Rockne* is All-American. Fourteen of the seventeen men went either to college or prep school. Twelve won letters at college football, including Pat.

O'Brien has one very painful memory connected with Rockne, Notre Dame and his own college football days as a substitute quarterback at Marquette.

Several years ago a publicity man, who had less honesty than imagination, wrote a story about Pat's football exploits. The story, which was printed in a great many newspapers, told how Pat ran something like seventy yards to a touchdown against Notre Dame. Pat never authorized that story and denied it vehemently when he saw it in print.

"I had forgotten all about it," Pat told me, "until I started working on this picture. I remember [*Continued on page* 45]



Bill Marshall plays the part of Don Miller, one of the "Four Horsemen." He trains for the movie on ice cream

Pat O'Brien, in the make-up that takes an hour and a half to apply, shown with Gale Page

Hollywood's Family Album

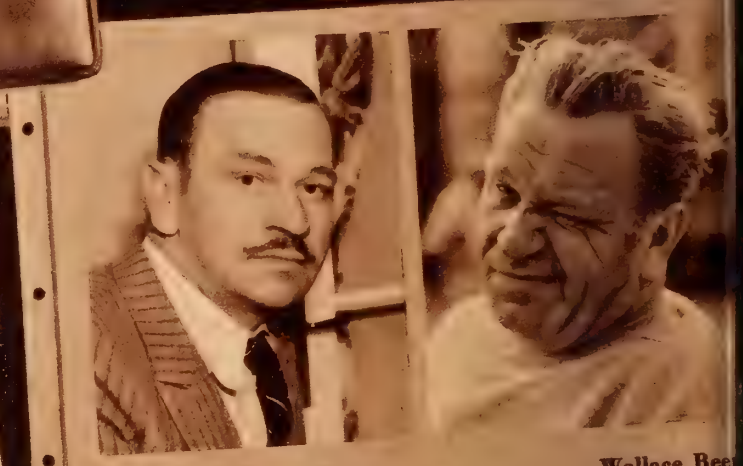
Ten years ago the talkies were still new, stars already established were hastily taking voice lessons, and many favorites of today were getting their starts. Hair and hats were worn well over the ears, and the methods of make-up made most players look older than they do now. But don't forget that you looked funny ten years ago, too. Look in *your* album!



Loretta Young



Norma Shearer



Wallace Bee



Gary Cooper



Bette Davis



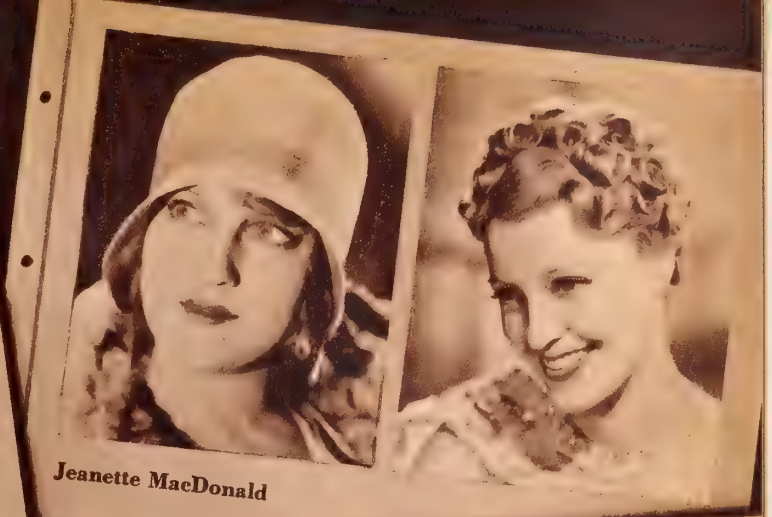
Constance Bennett



Melvyn Douglas



Adolphe Menjou



Jeanette MacDonald



Joan Crawford



Basil Rathbon



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Myrna Loy



Jean Arthur



Irene Dunne

Star of Many Talents



In a studio in the garden of her home, Ginger Rogers becomes a sculptress and makes a portrait in stone of her mother

Ginger Rogers utilizes spare moments between takes at the studio for rapid charcoal sketches

Above, Ginger's charcoal drawing of ballad-composer, Irving Berlin

You know her as a charming dancer, a clever songstress, a versatile actress. But did you know that she has three other well-developed talents?

By
DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Heaven forbid that Ginger Rogers ever develops a streak of covetousness. If she did there would be no security for you or me or the United States Treasury. More than anybody in public life, Miss Rogers is the girl who gets what she goes after.

Ask anyone who has ever competed with her at any sport, no matter how exacting in the way of special skill or strength. Ginger eventually gets the upper hand and having got it never relinquishes it by so much as the flex of a muscle.

Around Hollywood they regard her as the gal who doesn't belong to any fixed group or set or movement. She has no pet charities to promote, no packaged products to testimonialize, no new geniuses to thrust on the world.

This in itself is enough to mark her eccentric in a town that takes its fun before the flashbulbs and regards a dinner party for sixty as delightfully cosy and intimate.

When a new project suggests itself to Ginger, she submits two questions to herself: "Is it worth doing?" and "Can I visualize myself doing it?"

If the answer is "yes" to both, you can bet the rent that Ginger will throw herself into the new undertaking with the celebrated Rogers verve and emerge with pennants flying.

Primrose Path presented a Ginger that was not neces- [*Continued on page* 50]

Kibbee's Search For Beauty

In the movies, a man has to keep up his appearance, guard his looks, make a fine view of himself, and here is the sad tale of how Guy Kibbee, after making *Street of Memory*, conducted his own personal beauty campaign

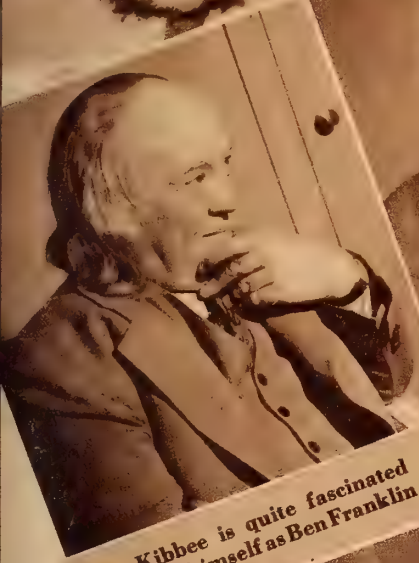


—Fawcett photos by Charles Rivoux



"Can't wait for hair-tonic to work" says Kibbee to Jane Grant, salesgirl at Max Factor's. "I want a wig! Today!"

Miss Grant obligingly brings out a selection of wigs. "Let's try this on for Mood," she says



Kibbee is quite fascinated with himself as Ben Franklin



But he also feels Napoleon coming out with great ease



Horrified at his criminal aspects, Kibbee feels guilty



He is ready to sentence himself in this justice's wig



What's Harpo Marx got?



This is it. Glamour boy!



Never mind, Guy! Everybody knows smart men always come out on top!

The Sea Hawk

They built an ocean and two full-rigged ships for a production that had plenty of excitement during the filming as well as on the screen

By JESSIE HENDERSON



Flora Robson once more plays Good Queen Bess. Here she is in one of her magnificent costumes knitting a British War Relief sweater



There is plenty of fast action when Errol Flynn fights his way through the corridors of the palace against his enemies in the Queen's own guard



Errol Flynn, as the gallant captain, during the evil days of his capture by the enemy serves his time at the sweeps deep in the hold of the ship



Brenda Marshall had her troubles with "Professor," the acting monkey, when they had a difference of ideas about her gros point chair covering

■ Slowly the great ship rolled, beneath a cloud of canvas, through a smother of angry foam. Then, with a majestic swoop, it curtseyed till the horizon reeled and the toughest Elizabethan sailor aboard said, "Gosh!" And gulped uneasily. Half of the sixteenth century buckaroos were seasick the first day.

As a matter of fact, the only two privateers who didn't grow queasy once in the course of the voyage were Errol Flynn and Alan Hale. They sail boats, themselves. But not across oceans like this.

For all that deep sea stuff was proceeding merrily upon an indoors ocean with a roof over it. A life on the rolling wave, with plenty of wave, had been concocted at the Warner studio inside the world's largest sound stage. The billows heaved exclusively and expensively on behalf of *The Sea Hawk,* that romantic tale of derring-do in the England of 1585. And where the indoor briny had it over the outdoor kind—they could turn off the weather whenever Director Mike Curtiz told them to cut out the mechanism.

He told them. The roll stopped. In a jiffy, or as soon as the camera could be set up at a new angle, the ship came quietly to dock in the English harbor of Dover. Boy, what a trip! And there on the high, carved quarterdeck stood the hero of it.

He was Francis Thorpe, played by Errol Flynn, a gallant figure in green and russet velvet, with a sword that glittered in the sun and a cape that flung out jauntily at each impatient gesture. He was impatient for the sight of a pair of dark Spanish eyes . . . for little Maria, proud and alien among the ladies of the English court. . . .

Meanwhile, on the roofs and quays the whole town crowded, roaring with excitement. It waited the arrival of Good Queen Bess (Flora Robson) who was coming to reward young Thorpe with knighthood.

The character of Francis Thorpe was patterned after that of Admiral Sir Francis Drake. It's worthy of note in passing that Drake cruised along the California coast only twenty miles and four hundred years from the spot where Warner's were now filming exploits based upon his.

Like Drake, the gentleman-adventurer of *The Sea Hawk* had plagued the treasure ship of King Philip of Spain, England's bitter enemy, from South America to the Bay of Cadiz. He stood ready this moment at the drop of a hat—one of those curly-plumed, swashbuckling hats in which Errol looks so well—to sail against Philip's armada which was heading toward the English shore. He paused only for the Queen's godspeed.

A sudden hush gripped the throng of townspeople. The hush was followed by a shout of welcome, and a shuffle to make room before the levelled pikes and glinting breastplates of the guard.

The Queen! She moved majestic as a galleon herself, resplendent in gold and emerald brocade, and behind her came the shining wake of gentlemen in rich purples and tawnies and blues, the maids of honor in wide farthingales and jewelled stomachers. Among the court guests, in a gown of garnet silk, came Maria (Brenda Marshall), whose lips had once hardened with scorn for the English "buccaneer," but whose Castilian heart and pride had melted fast enough when Thorpe made love to her.

On shipboard a crimson canopy had been stretched above the chair of State to which they escorted the Queen. The royal group blazed [*Continued on page* 52]

Double Trouble



Joe Penner, Allan Jones, Martha Raye, Irene Hervey and what's this? Allan Jones again and Joe Penner! All having double trouble in *The Boys From Syracuse* with the aid of the trick camera's double exposure

By E. J. (The Greeks Have a Name For Me) SMITHSON

Our favorite extra thought he would double in brass and get a double pay check, but decided that the single life on the screen is the best

DEAR EDITOR:

Come time to review what I've been through the past five days trying to earn an honest penny as an extra good extra, and I find myself astraddle the well-known fence when I struggle to decide whether I want to continue my (ahem) career in such pictures as *The Real Glory, Gunga Din, 20 Mule Team,* and *The Grapes of Wrath* (in which I got myself battered from pillar to post as well as from head to foot, as you may recall) or whether I shall look around and finagle myself into future pictures like this here Universal production called *The Boys From Syracuse* in which I found myself dressed up in clothes that were quite the fashion 1,000 years ago when a gent by the name of Ephesus, a Mr. Big of ancient Greece, had just about rendered *hors de combat* another gent by the name of Antipholus who happened to be another Mr. Big with a great big army.

I wish you could have seen me during those five days. I was a sight for sore eyes. There I was, dolled up in a knee-length skirt (sort of a gentian blue in color and pleated in design), a pair of sandals on my number eleven tootsies, and a white blouse. Topping this ensemble off was a two-inch gold band around my head. When I wasn't wearing this nifty outfit, I was wearing a toga. At this point I might mention that if you've never worn a toga you really ain't wore anything yet. A toga, in case you're interested, is an oversize bedsheet that you wrap around weary bones and then, when you've got all the various and sundry exposed places covered, you try to walk—and one will get you ten if you strut six feet without falling down flat on your sweet puss! Five days I put in wearing these kinda duds, and after falling down and getting kicked in the togas I longed for the wide open spaces I used to complain about in *Gunga Din* and so on.

Before I tell you about me and my part I've got to straighten you and your readers

on what this picture is. So here goes.

The Boys From Syracuse is the first of the Mayfair Productions for Universal release. The film is based on the stage success of the same name. The play was produced, directed, and written by George Abbott with music by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Opening in 1938, the show played 235 performances. (Dave Lipton, Universal demon publicity director, gave me the dope so take his word for it, not mine.)

The play and picture, said Dave, are based in part on Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors*. According to Abbott (said Dave) the idea for the musical comedy (I guess I didn't mention this before) came from Hart who suggested it as a vehicle for his brother, Teddy Hart. In the motion picture script, there are exactly two direct lines from Shakespeare. One of them is a "gag" in which Joe Penner (he's a lackey lacking acumen and is called Dromio) quotes the line, then turns to the audience and says, "that's Shakespeare." The other line—well, I wish I could give it to you, but it was blue-penciled by the Hays Office. (I'll tell it to you sometime when you're out here on a visit!)

The picture was six weeks in production. Practically every phase of the making of it was a compromise—just enough Greek to lend atmosphere and enough modern to be attractive. Costumes and hair-dos were also a compromise. The gals' gowns are along Greek lines with concessions to the respective figures and demands of modern audiences. The film is full of what Director Sutherland told me were "purposeful anachronisms." Several of the characters smoke ceegars; a checkered chariot represents a taxicab. There is a "Toonerville Trolley" chariot with a dozen seats and facilities for strap-hangers; there are cops, Good Humor men and so on and so on.

Now for me.

The first day was a cinch. All I had to do was walk up and down the street of an ancient Grecian city. It wasn't hard work except I felt like a sissy minus my pants and plus that blue knee-length skirt. During this first day the good old California sun beat down (it was 96° in the shade, when you found it) like a blow-torch, and all the boys from Syracuse who were out in it wearing sandals with those criss-crossed lacings found out, when quitting time came at five o'clock, that their legs had received a good dose of striped sunburn. We certainly looked like so many animated barber poles. This particular Greek street, by the way is the largest outdoor setting ever erected on the studio property. It was more than 250 feet long with buildings on [*Continued on page* 47]

Allan Jones and Rosemary Lane look handsome in Greek costumes as they prepare to run through the song hit, *This Can't be Love*, a feature number





Eric Blore, Alan Mowbray, Allan Jones and Joe Penner show what usually happens when Greek meets Greek



Allan Jones as one of *The Boys From Syracuse* gets ready for a duet with Martha Raye



Right, soulful Miss Raye taking her art very seriously in a vocal number with the chorus

Jane Withers Entertains the Club

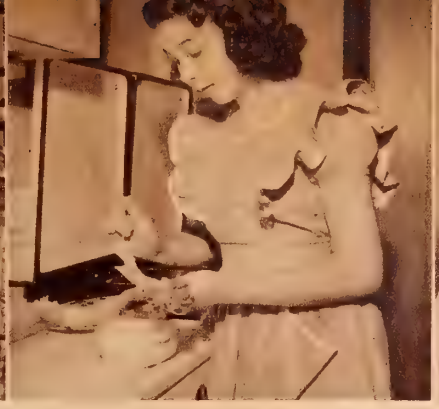
The first party that Jane Withers gave in her new playroom was in honor of the initiation of a new member of "The Gay Teens" Club



The whole party started when Jane Withers, as chairman of "The Gay Teens" Club, told Jackie Hughes that he had been elected to its select membership. Jackie seems delighted, but Jane is giving him the warning, "Wait until you've had the initiation . . . it's tough!"



First move was to plan the menu, Jane curled up in one of the comfortable chairs, upholstered in red and white silk gingham, which are scattered all over the playroom. The mural was designed and painted by Alice Daley



The party was set for Friday from 4:30 to 8. Jane had lessons until noon. Right after luncheon, she went to her own kitchenette and started on all of the goodies that could be stored away for a couple of hours



The eggs were boiling while Jane was stuffing the celery with a mixture of cream and pimiento cheese, grated parsley and salt and pepper. Next she creamed the egg yolks with mayonnaise, mustard and sweet pickles



The main dish was Hot Dogs De Luxe, made by slicing juicy wieners along one side, inserting a narrow slice of American cheese, wrapping in bacon, held in place with toothpicks, and baking for thirty minutes until crisp



Like all good cooks, Jane gets hungry in the middle of things, so she fixes hamburgers on her own grill for her mother, herself and her best friend, Jeanne Howlett, who promised to come early and help in preparations



Having eaten the hamburgers and changed into a printed silk dress, Jane and Jeanne move over to the ice-cream bar were Mama Withers is ready for them with chocolate sodas. The bar has red and white decorations



As soon as guests begin to arrive, Jane dons an apron and takes over the bar. Left to right, her happy audience includes Buddy McAllister, Don Brown and Jeanne, all ready for refills on those double-choc sodas which start the fun



Potato chips add zest to a game of monopoly. Seated, left to right, are Buddy, Joe Brown, Jeanne and Mary McCarthy. All act in the movies with the exception of Jeanne. Joe played opposite Jane recently in *High School*



The initiation gets under way! Most of the ceremony is secret, and cannot be shown, but Jackie's howls were so loud that there could be no secret about it. Besides, what's an initiation without a good paddling?



The end of the initiation! Jackie kneels on a cushion before Chairman Jane who hands him a membership card and prepares for the reasonably gentle tap on the head which makes him a full member



Supper is served on two card tables drawn up to one of the corner seats. Jane is helping herself to the tuna salad. The boy with the curly hair is Johnny Pironne. Notice Jane's big collection of dolls on the shelves



Second helpings come in conveniently placed on a tea wagon. Jane knows that it is always wise to have more salad, sandwiches, eggs, potato chips. Dessert is an old-fashioned pineapple feather cake, a big one



What to do after supper is no problem at "The Gay Teens" Club. All like to dance so they put records on the victrola or get a favorite band on the radio and stage a jitterbug contest until the dolls jiggle on the walls



As always, the club meeting ended with a jam session at Jane's real but miniature piano. Current among favorites for harmonizing is *The Woodpecker's Song*. In spite of the stiff initiation, Jackie is happy



The end of a perfect party, the start of a perfect weekend. Jane's tremendous over-sized bed holds three comfortably so Jeanne, Jane and Mary finish the day with a box of candy and a new book in Jane's fluffy organdie and satin bedroom, her favorite room next to her kitchen

Personal History of a Foreign Correspondent

By DENNIS MORTELINE



Robert Benchley wrote such funny dialogue that he could not resist playing the dyspeptic bureau chief



Charles Waggenheim as a spy, Joel McCrea and Albert Basserman who plays a Dutch Cabinet Minister before the war actually starts



McCrea, as the foreign correspondent, discovers the minister who has been imprisoned by the gang of ruthless war mongers



One of the most dramatic scenes in the film is the shooting of the blameless foreign minister in the middle of a busy street



Joel McCrea, in the part of the American reporter, hears the plotters plan death and destruction for him and his bold friends

Four different times a script was prepared for *Personal History*. Four different times it was abandoned. Here is why they finally changed the title also, and why they call it *Foreign Correspondent*

■ In *Foreign Correspondent*, Joel McCrea admits that he has the most exciting role of his career. He plays the part that John Gunther, Pierre Van Paassen, Leland Stowe, Jay Allen, Ernest Hemingway, Vincent Sheean and a lot of other swell reporters, who go poking about the world where trouble is the hottest, play in real life.

Sheean, as a matter of fact, is responsible for the whole thing. He wrote the book called *Personal History*, which Walter Wanger bought over three years ago, and which he has been trying to make into a movie ever since.

The book is the story of Sheean's own adventures as a journalist in a world that has been preparing for Armageddon ever since the Versailles treaty.

Fresh out of college he was sent by an American news syndicate, the Newspaper Enterprise Association, to Europe. His job was to go where world history was being made, watch it and tell about it for the folks back home.

In Spain a censor who didn't like his cables threw him into jail. In Morocco he traveled with Abd El Krim's guerrillas as they battled with Spanish troops. He dressed as a Riffian soldier, dodged rifle bullets and bombing planes and sent back some exciting dispatches to the United States.

Later he went to Corsica, Egypt, Persia, Russia, China, Palestine—wherever history was being made. He saw it all and he saw what was coming, too. His book is packed with the living history of the '30's . . . the prelude to the war now raging in Europe.

Wanger knew he had something when he bought *Personal History*. The book was a notable best-seller. But by the time the first treatment was prepared, it was out-of-date. War in Spain had broken out. That was the logical background for a film about a foreign correspondent. A new script was ordered.

That script, also, was out-of-date almost as soon as it was finished. The war in Spain ended. Conditions in France and Germany changed. A third script had to be discarded when Germany took Austria and Czechoslovakia.

■ Sheean's adventures in wars he had witnessed suggested a fourth treatment. He came to Hollywood and offered Producer Wanger valuable suggestions and constructive criticism.

You know what happened then:

The Hitler Blitzkrieg drove through Poland. England and France declared war on Germany. Russian soldiers trampled Finland. The fourth script found the wastebasket.

About that time Director Alfred Hitchcock came to Wanger with an entirely new idea.

New alliances form swiftly in war time. Shrapnel and shells that explode into curious bouquets of dust and stones incessantly find fresh victims. People like you and me cower in cellars or run wildly through broken streets and open fields for shelter in holes and ditches while incendiary bombs go on falling, falling . . .

Hitchcock's idea was simple. Maps go out-of-date overnight. But the old scheming and plotting—the intrigue of politicians and the makers of wars—don't change. They, like the poor, are always with us . . . and that's what *Foreign Correspondent* will show.

There have been other instances when a best-seller was rewritten entirely for the screen, but I don't believe there's ever been one hammered out of shape four times by the big guns of Europe.

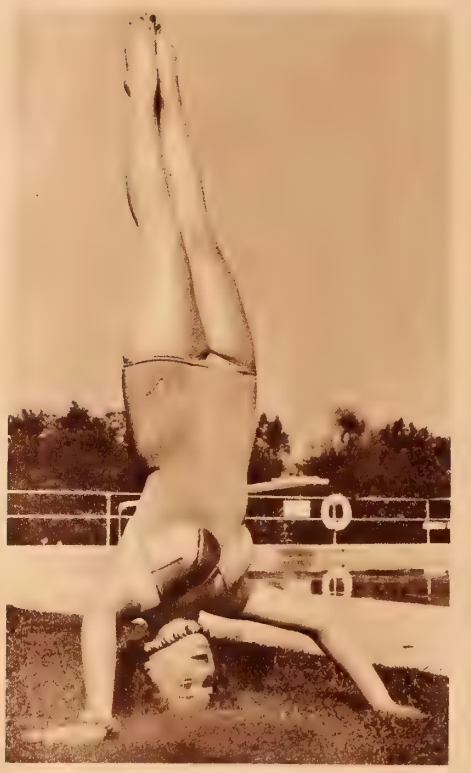
After such drastic changes, Wanger refused to capitalize on the title, *Personal History*. The book gave him the main idea, but the title, *Foreign Correspondent* fits in better now. So Wanger courageously forgot the $100,000 he had invested in the book title and went on from there.

The day I talked with Wanger a couple of the best scenes in *Foreign Correspondent* were being shot. McCrea, in Holland, on the track of a gang of secret agents, got into a tight spot and had to climb out of his hotel room dressed only in a pair of shorts.

He also had to scale the building and hoist himself into a room just one floor above his own where Laraine Day was entertaining a couple of dowagers.

Joel gets in through the bathroom window, opens the door and peers out. At that precise moment one of the dowagers looks up from her teacup.

The man in shorts was too much for her, too much for her companion; and for that



Rosemary Lane considers a head-stand just the start of the day's exercise which usually ends with a dip in the pool at her valley home. You'll see her very soon in *An Angel From Texas*

matter, too much for Laraine. Her visitors hadn't thought she was that kind of girl. They were out of Laraine's room in a flash. To them a strange man hiding in a nice girl's bathroom was worse than death.

You will see by this episode that the reporter, was, indeed, in a tough spot. The killers' guns were almost easier to face than the situation compromising to a young girl he'd met only once before.

Besides McCrea, who plays the part of the American correspondent, there's Miss Day, Herbert Marshall, Eduardo Cianelli, Robert Benchley, Albert Basserman, Edmund Gwenn and several hundred others in the cast.

Marshall plays Stephen Fisher, the head of an international peace movement trying to stem the tide of blood in Europe. Laraine is his daughter, Carol. Benchley is Stebbins, the head of the Globe Syndicate news bureau in London. McCrea works for the Globe Syndicate, too, on a roving assignment.

Cianelli (as you might have guessed) is Krug, sinister, deadly leader of the gang that is promoting war. Albert Basserman, the great German stage actor who made his film debut in *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, plays Van Meer, Dutch minister and ardent pacifist.

Benchley literally wrote himself right into *Foreign Correspondent*. Hired to write some humor into the otherwise grim script, Benchley made an elegant character out of Stebbins.

When he finished creating the droll, neurotic news bureau manager there was only one man in Hollywood who could play the part. Hitchcock read the script, telephoned Benchley and put him to work as an actor. You've seen him before on the screen, but not in such a side-splitting role.

■ Laraine was about the busiest person on the set. Every time she had a few minutes between scenes she dashed for the telephone. Once she made connections she engaged in the most baffling conversation I've ever heard, mixing screams and sobs and laughter into her talk. You couldn't help listening.

After a telephone session that lasted twenty minutes she explained that she was rehearsing her part for a play that will be produced by the Wilshire Group Theatre, which is sponsored by the Mormon Church. She is one of the little theatre group's stars, but she can't take time out from *Foreign Correspondent* to attend rehearsals with the rest of the cast, so she had to do it by telephone. While the others were on the stage across town she was reading her lines over the wire.

Around the adventures of Bill Jones, a man whose knowledge of inside intrigue makes him a likely target for Gestapo gunmen, are scenes filled with excitement and suspense. The chase, the developing love story and the parade of living history moves all over the map. The action takes place in New York, England, Holland, the Atlantic and the North Sea.

■ Hitchock is the screen's unchallenged master of mystery. He directed *The Man Who Knew Too Much, Secret Agent, The 39 Steps* and a couple of other blood-chilling pictures in England. Over here he recently finished *Rebecca* for David O. Selznick.

For such a mild-mannered, fat man, Hitchcock is an amazing person. He says he likes to make the audience suffer. He does, too, but never from dullness. He builds suspense that puts you on the edge of your seat. Part of his technique is to disarm the audience and then, suddenly have that innocent-looking man (the one you wouldn't give a second glance) turn into a cold-blooded, deliberate killer.

To watch him on the set you'd get him mixed up with one of his own villains. His large ears, mild blue eyes, double chin and pink, well-scrubbed cheeks give him a jolly, innocent look. He invariably goes

[*Continued on page* 63]

"Some Girls look Older in Summer - & GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!"

says Lady Esther

1. Day by day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You *should* look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true, says Lady Esther, that many girls *look older*. The reason may be a shade of powder that was all right for March but all wrong for July—or it may be a face powder that is wrong in texture—a face powder that contains GRIT.





2. Yes, grit in your powder can give your skin a "grainy" look, a "powdery" look . . . often mistaken for an *aged* look and much more noticeable in summer! So beware of gritty powder—test the powder you are using, and do it *right now!*



3. Make my famous "Bite Test!" Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—now bite hard and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit—***for impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many expensive face powders...powders that cost $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.***



4. But you'll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. My powder is so smooth it clings 4 long hours. Put it on say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you *seem older.*

Are you using the WRONG SHADE *for Summer?*

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today.*

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (58)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont

Looking Over the Field

Outstanding among the new screen players is lovely, little Betty Field. Here is the story of how she worked to be a star

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

■ At Broadway and Forty-fifth Street, where the hustling hordes of Times Square push one another for pavement room, there is a bright, shiny drug store that has become the unofficial headquarters of that brave little army of stage-struck youngsters who are laying siege to the managers' offices clustered in the heart of the theatrical district.

The Penn-Astor it is called, and it is the Stork Club of the unemployed juvenile and ingenue, the Algonquin of the aspiring but unproduced playwright, the Sardi's of the summer stock company graduate. Here, where Coca-Colas substitute for cocktails and a toasted cheese sandwich serves as luncheon or dinner (or sometimes both), the young hopefuls of tomorrow's headlines in the drama sections gather to exchange dreams and gossip of the casting offices.

From this Lambs Club of the poor actor have come many of the figures whom fame has touched. Tall, lanky Jim Stewart once was a familiar sight at the soda fountain. So were Hank Fonda and Maggie Sullavan and others who fought the battle of Broadway before they were decorated with Hollywood honors.

About six years ago, there drifted into this garrulous group of The Bit Players Cafe Society, a quiet-eyed, modestly dressed girl who looked even younger than the sixteen years she claimed. Her name, she said, was Betty Field, and she had been hammering at the office doors of Broadway managers for a month, seeking a chance to get her fingers into a pot of make-up backstage in any Manhattan theatre.

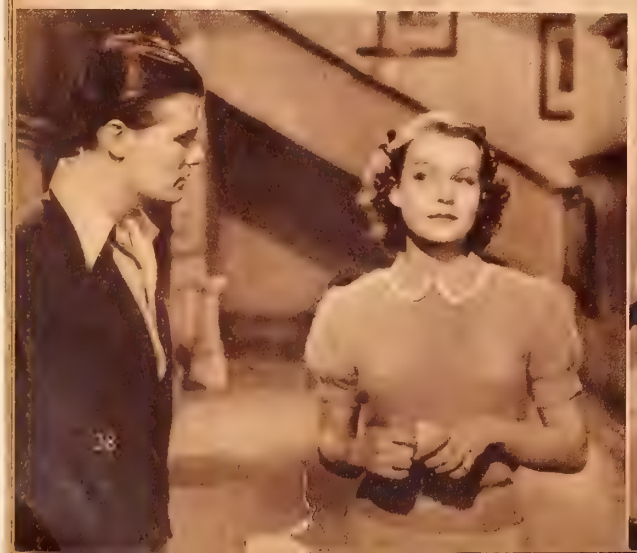
Today Betty Field is one of the Penn-Astor's most illustrious alumnae Down the street at the Hudson Theatre her name is up in lights on the marquee as one of the three stars of Elmer Rice's engaging play *Two On An Island,* and three times during the past season the billboards of the great Broadway first run movie houses have been splashed with her featured billing in *What a Life, Seventeen* and *Of Mice and Men.*

At 22, Betty Field is a brisk little bundle of documentary proof that the *Bethel Merridays* of fiction have equally colorful



Right, Betty Field as she appears without make-up

Below, Betty in her role of high-school flirt in *What a Life*



A very different Betty emerged for the role of the bored farm wife in *Of Mice and Men*



The lady in blue was a mystery...



She was a dream of loveliness in clouds of blue chiffon. Music below—the captain's ball—and yet she stood alone at the rail. Then she sighed—and because I'm the cruise nurse, I asked her what was wrong. The poor thing was having one of her "difficult days." She felt so chafed she didn't dare dance, So . . .



I sped her to the ship's hospital and reached for my box of Miracle Modess. "Feel this, and stop your sighing," I told her as I snipped into a pad and showed her the soft, downy filler. "Modess is made of fluff—not papery folds. Fluff so wonderfully soft it brings glorious new comfort!" Well . . .



The lady in blue went to the ball—and danced every dance till the last "good night" waltz. This morning I got a tiny gift package and a note: "This perfume is a gift from the lady in blue, to thank you for a very happy evening! I'll never forget this cruise—thanks to you and Miracle Modess."

Cut a "layer-type" napkin—then cut a Modess pad. Feel the difference! Modess is made of fluff—not close-packed papery folds. Soft, gentle fluff . . . a miracle of comfort! And thanks to "moisture-zoning," Modess *stays* softer!



Press the fluff in a Modess pad—see how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so smoothly without bulk or bunching . . . why it stays flat where you want flatness! Modess' moisture-resistant backing makes it safer, too!

Get curious! Get comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!

counterparts in fact. For Betty Field is the perfect example of the small town girl who wanted to be an actress and by sheer persistency pushed her way from a balcony seat to the center of the stage.

Broadway has been applauding Betty Field's talents for considerably longer than Hollywood, which just this year added her profile to its special ballyhoo book of fresh faces. So it was appropriate that it was to the dressing room of a Times Square theatre, and not a Beverly Hills bungalow, that I turned my footsteps in search of a background story on this lively new screen personality.

Her celluloid portraits of the irrepressible Barbara Pearson in *What a Life,* the loquacious Lola of *Seventeen* and the provocative Mae in *Of Mice And Men,* had prepared me for a somewhat flighty little miss whose conversation would be cushioned with soft endearments, the kind of a girl who calls everyone "Darling" to save the bother of remembering their names, and quotes freely from barroom Boswells like Winchell.

Instead Betty Field proved to be a modest, serious young lady whose all consuming ambition to climb to the top of the theatrical ladder has left her no time to acquire any artificialities on any of the rungs. She has the direct manner of a bright, successful young career woman in a *Ladies' Home Journal* serial. When she is thirty she'll do all the proper things about diet and exercise.

As she sat at her dressing table and wiped away the make-up of that afternoon's matinee, there emerged from under the layers of footlight filigree a pretty, personable, self-assured young lady with a good complexion of her own, friendly grey eyes and soft, light brown almost blond hair that photographs much darker than it really is. Her most arresting feature is her wide, humorous mouth. Her figure is worthy of a Petty poster. When she stands on a weighing machine the little white ticket that plops out at her reads 110 pounds and, to complete the records, let it be added that she is five feet five inches tall.

Between pats of cold cream, Betty dabbed at her memory, too, and revealed a biography brilliant for the very simplicity of its singleness of purpose. In a year when so many other cinematic discoveries were Cinderellas "found" over a chocolate nut sundae in an ice cream parlor, or lured away from a typewriter by a talent scout, it is reassuring to realize that an arduous apprenticeship in the theatre itself is still one of the open roads to film fame.

Betty was born in Boston, February 8, 1918, daughter of George and Katherine Kearney Field. On her father's side, her ancestry runs far back into New England history to the Priscilla Brewster who advised John Alden to speak for himself, a positive trait Betty was to borrow at the outset of her own career. Another distinguished photo in her family album is that of Cyrus Field, the man who laid the transatlantic cable. Her inheritance from her mother is Irish, and it was from her mother, too, that Betty absorbed her love for things theatric.

"In a way, I have been acting ever since I can remember," declared Betty. "When I was eight or nine, I used to stop people on the street and pretend I was somebody else. I would watch to see if they believed me, because if they did, I knew the pretending was good. My hair was cut in a boyish bob so one day I dressed up in boy's clothes, walked the way I had seen boys walk, and told people I was a boy. But I could see they didn't believe me and I was awfully disappointed and puzzled." It was, perhaps, the only time in her life Betty Field was to fail to give a convincing performance.

After a childhood in Newton, Massachusetts, Betty moved to Morristown, New Jersey, about the time she was ready to enter high school and it was during her senior year there that Betty, following several triumphant ventures in school plays, decided to chart the course of her life by the lights from the footlight troughs of the professional stage.



Joan Crawford, in ermine for a chilly summer evening, wears the brightest smile in months. Reason? The baby girl she adopted on her last trip to New York and named Cristina Crawford

That decision made, Betty moved promptly to carry it out. Her first step was to see as many plays as possible and the Saturday matinees of the Rowland G. Edwards stock company in Newark became her hunting ground.

"I loved everything about the theatre," Betty continued, "and after every show would go home and recite as many of the lines as I could remember. It seemed to me that the theatre was the only place in the world that was really exciting and to be a part of it, no matter how small, the most desirable career imaginable.

"Often, after the matinees, I used to stand outside the stage door and watch the company come out. They seemed like magical people leaving a fairyland. Florence Reed was one of the visiting stars and Bert Lytell another. They were wonderful creatures to me, not quite human. I used to ask them for their autographs and then, if they'd stop and talk for a minute, inquire if there wasn't a chance for me in the company.

"Finally, one day, someone told me that Mr. Edwards' secretary lived in the hotel next to the theatre and that if I wrote her a letter it might lead to an opening. So I wrote, not one letter, but two or three."

That she was something more than just a stagestruck schoolgirl must have shone through the lines of her letters, the earnestness of her ambition, and her tenacity, must have touched the imagination of that Newark repertory company manager for one day there came a telephone call to the Field house from the theatre.

"What a moment that was!" Betty recalled. "They said they could use me as an extra in the next week's play. It was *Shanghai Gesture,* with Florence Reed. All I did was sit behind some lattice work, made up as a Chinese sing-song girl but I could not have been more thrilled if I had been ensconced on a throne playing *Mary, Queen of Scots.*

"After that, they let me work in other plays as an extra and the last week I was with them, I had quite a lot to do. I was a maid who ran into a room and discovered that someone was lying there murdered, and screamed!"

■ In view of the fact that her first movie role was that of the vocally vigorous high school cheer leader in *What a Life,* it is pertinent to note that Betty literally yelled her way right out of her own high school career.

That one week of making a dramatic entrance and screaming, in the stock company mystery shocker, convinced Betty that she was wasting precious time thumbing books on biology or chemistry. Where she belonged was in New York reciting to producers the story of her record in Newark, pressing for a test on Broadway.

Her campaign of propaganda for parental permission to quit high school would have sold a Vermont Republican on a third term for a Democratic President. So Betty, full of confidence, and with a handful of clippings showing her name in the Newark casts, crossed the Hudson in her march on Manhattan's citadels of the stage.

It was Spring. She was sixteen. And New York was just waiting for her to knock, she was sure. She knocked for a month with no response.

"There's one thing I can say, I certainly had nerve," Betty picked up the tale again. "I would breeze blithely into a producer's

[*Continued on page* 60]



It's really a treat for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

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12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES



Who Is That Knocking?

Opportunity may knock once, but the unexpected is forever rapping at the doors of Hollywood's stars

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ "Who's that knocking at my door? Who's that knocking . . .??"

It all depends on whose door. Hollywood is a place where most of the doors are pretty well guarded, if not actually barricaded. And no wonder! Why, one of the last times Wallace Beery opened his own front door, do you know what happened? A seedy looking guy sold him a coyote. The man and the beast both looked hungry and the purchase presumably solved that difficulty. But then—there Wally was with the coyote on his hands—in a house which is equipped primarily for the accommodation of two pretty little girls, and which really has no proper quarters for wild beasts, however hungry. Experiences like that teach a man caution . . . sometimes.

But if you are a motion picture star and open your own door, you just never know.

Take Ann Sheridan who moved to San Fernando Valley only recently and was simply basking in the informal neighborliness and rural atmosphere and everything. Ann dashed to the front door when she heard a tap one morning, hoping that the dear old lady across the way wanted to borrow a cup of sugar . . . just to make the whole thing perfect. On the front step stood a young woman wearing a snood. At first glimpse of Ann's shining morning face she unfastened something and announced, solemnly, "I've brought you my hair!" Whereupon her hair tumbled down—a veritable cascade of auburn tresses which rippled from her scalp to her heels.

"I read that you were going to do another 'Gay Nineties' picture and that you would have to have long hair," she went on. "So I've brought you mine. All the way from Iowa." She produced a prodigious pair of shears and began to snip industriously at her spectacular locks.

Ann shrieked, "Stop! Oh, don't! Somebody come!" and some more things like that. People scurried around and the solemn lady was finally persuaded to go away, leaving only a yard or two of her tresses on the front stoop. But Ann thinks twice now before she trills, "Come in!" at the most innocent sounding knock.

Then there was Bette Davis on—of all things—moving day. Bette was wearing a gingham pinafore and a bandana, and was bustling about no end, telling people where to put things, when she heard a confident feminine voice asking for her. "I'm Miss Davis," Bette sang over her shoulder. "Just put whatever-it-is down for a minute and I'll be there."

The voice, sounding appalled, said, flatly, "You're *not* Bette Davis! I'd know her anywhere. Miss Davis asked me to come to see her when I came to Hollywood. Please tell her I'm here."

It turned out to be a fan from 'way off somewhere whose letters Bette had been answering for some time. The fan just couldn't believe that this object with a smudge on its nose was her idol. "She was so dreadfully disappointed that I couldn't bear it," Bette relates. "I dropped everything, put on make-up and my best hat and took her to the studio for lunch. She seemed to have a nice time but she was *very* condescending to me. I have a suspicion even now that she thinks a stand-in or a double or someone took her around. She simply couldn't believe that an actress ever wore a gingham frock and had a dirty face!"

■ Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino didn't hear any knocks—at least the first time. They simply awoke one morning at their beach house to find that every stick and wisp of their garden furniture had disappeared. They would have called the police if there had been any police to call and if they'd had a telephone. But since there weren't and they hadn't, they just sat down with pieces of paper and pencils and tried to figure out how much they'd have to spend for new furniture and how they could fasten it down after they got it. Before this question had been settled, they awoke bright and early one noon to find that all the furniture had been replaced, gay and shining with new paint and canvas. Just as they were exulting that it was all true—there *were* good fairies at the bottom of the garden—the knock came. It was a dour neighbor, announcing, "The man took *your* furniture and put *our* paint and canvas on it. What are you going to do about it?"

I don't know the end of this story. The last I heard, *everyone* was putting down figures on pieces of paper and I don't know whether the Lupino's, the neighbor or the man who fixed the furniture came out winner.

■ Now! Can you bear a sad story? Well, it seems that Greer Garson, still feeling a stranger in these parts, watches eagerly for her mail each day, even as you and I. She used to run to meet the postman, a kindly chap with a red mustache who

greeted her gaily and always asked her how she felt. They used to have fine chats. She learned all about his family, and he showed her a picture of himself, playing the cornet in the postman's band.

One day he said, with the friendliest interest, "How is your Missus—this Greer Garson? Is she nice to work for? She's in the pictures, isn't she?" Greer, caught unawares, blurted, "Why, I'm Miss Garson . . .!" Whereupon the friendly mailman doffed his cap, muttered something and walked sternly away. He won't talk to her any more. Just nods and says, "How d'ye do?" Greer doesn't know whether he disapproves of movie actresses or is afraid of them. But she misses the chats and feels hurt to be dropped by an old friend, just like that, without any real explanation.

■ Basil Rathbone, I'm afraid, has lived in Hollywood long enough to expect the worst from rings at his doorbell. Anyhow, shortly after he moved to Bel Air, when he heard a commotion at the front door and glimpsed a red-faced man with his tie under one ear, his first impulse was to cry to the butler, "Don't let him in!" Second thought led him to investigate—and just as well, too. The red-faced man panted, "So sorry to trouble you, old man! But you see, I've got this appointment to speak at a banquet. My wife's away and my man has broken his wrist and, look here! You're awfully good at this sort of thing. Would you—would you be so kind as to tie my tie for me? Just as a neighborly gesture?"

Basil shouted, "Why, of-course, of-course!" and started right in to assist the distressed one. But it turned out that he had to call Ouida after all because he discovered that while he can certainly tie a perfect bow under his own personal chin, it's another matter entirely to approach the matter backward, as it were, and tie it under someone else's chin. By the time Ouida arrived the tie was in rags and they had to send upstairs for one of Basil's and by the time that was all attended to, the three of them were fast friends. And the red-faced gentleman turned out to be an important picture executive and everyone in Hollywood knows that it's a fine thing to be fast friends with an executive. There must be a moral somewhere in this.

■ But I don't know what to make of the stranger who accosted Bob Taylor as he left his front gate the other morning, studio bound. This gentleman spoke to Bob by name and said, "A friend of yours sent me. He said he knew you'd want to buy one of these!"

Bob eyed the object in question and asked, "What is it?"

"Why, it's a *snore preventer!* See? It works like this . . ." and the man proceeded to demonstrate. It was a curious object, resembling the nose guards that

Do this for Your Eyes



ONE—Just as Betty Grable does, blend eye shadow lightly over your eyelids, keeping it subdued above and slightly darker toward the lashline. Choose a shade to accent the color of your eyes.

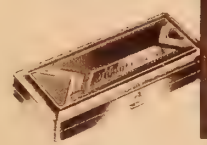


TWO—Taper your brows with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black or Brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.





THREE—Darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue. It goes on perfectly—is tear-proof, non-smarting. Solid-form in this stunning gold-colored vanity or Cream-form in smart zipper case is 75c.





BETTY GRABLE Appearing in B.G. Sylva's production *"Du Barry Was a Lady."*

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football players sometime wear and Bob bought one and was halfway to the studio before it occurred to him to wonder where the fellow got his address and how he knew what time he would be leaving for the studio . . . and who in the world would have dared suggest that he needed a snore preventer? He had thought when he bought it that he might get some laughs with it at the studio. But he thought better of it and the snore preventer is now resting deep in one of the pockets of his car.

■ But after all, it's reasonably easy to do a good deed for a neighbor or a peddler. Relatives are different. Even if they aren't your own! Otto Kruger and James Cagney have both had a bit of relative trouble in the past month. Otto trustingly opened his own front door on maid's day out and was confronted with a charming and dignified Scottish lady, accompanied by her son and daughter-in-law. She informed Otto, with suitable emotion, that he was her long-lost son and that she and her other two children had come all the way from Scotland to claim him.

Well, you can't keep your long-lost mother standing on your doorstep while you prove to her that she is no such thing, can you? Otto, who has rarely laid eyes on anything more Scotch than a scone, invited them all in and spent an exceedingly unhappy hour and a half serving tea and convincing them that while he was related to lots and lots of people, his guests didn't happen to be among them. "It's awfully difficult to turn a would-be mother away," Otto sighed. "And most exhausting!"

Cagney's relative was a "long-lost sister" who was pretty, persistent and weepy. Everyone but Jim was convinced at once that she was a smart young miss trying to put one over. But Jim is a soft-hearted Irishman and he kept thinking that she *might* believe that she really was his sister. And she cried. And he felt terrible.

■ Jeffrey Lynn found a sloe-eyed lady on his doorstep one morning who told him she was "a psychic" and that she had come to warn him that he "mu-st n-o-t l-e-a-v-e the house that day." Jeff laughed, gave her fifty cents and set off for the studio, feeling, if you must know, positively clammy with dread. And that was the day the studio chose to notify him that his option was to be taken up—with substantial salary raise.

■ Connie Bennett prides herself a good deal, you know, on being businesslike and efficient and all. She was supervising spring house-cleaning not long ago and had decided that all sorts of furniture must be cleaned and renovated. So when a burly man at the front door said that he had "come for the . . ," she nodded, brightly and told him to come in. He and his helper carefully removed a divan, three chairs and a small but valuable rug. And that's the last that was ever seen of the divan, the chairs and the rug. Connie still doesn't see how she allowed a thing like that to happen to her.

■ Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald didn't exactly open the door to their unexpected callers. They found them in a tree. In nice weather the Raymonds have their breakfast in a walled patio which is shaded by a huge tree whose branches extend outside the wall. Hearing a slight commotion one morning they looked up to discover two small boys in the tree, busily snapping candid camera shots of them.

"Come down from there at once!" Gene commanded, sounding frightfully stern and menacing (he says!). Which would have been all very well except that he startled them so that one of them slipped and a branch bent somehow and his pants caught and . . . well, I can't explain exactly what happened from this distance but anyhow the kids were stuck up there and neither of them could get down. Their stance—if you could call it that—looked so precarious that Gene didn't even dare take time to get a ladder. He scaled the wall, clambered into the tree, doing his own trousers no good in the ascent, and retrieved the youngsters, one by one. Feeling quite like Tarzan, he lowered them to Jeanette who had been frantically strewing cushions about on the ground to prevent possible concussions. And it was a good ten minutes before it occurred to anyone present that there had been anything funny about the performance.

■ Paul Muni acquired a permanent addition to his household when he opened his own back door one day. Paul was preparing for his role of a Mexican in *Bordertown* and when he found a distinctly prepossessing Mexican youth on his doorstep, seeking work, he asked him in at once. The young man was as astonished as anyone you ever saw when Muni, after asking him a score or so questions about himself and his native land and his language, wanted to know if he would like to be his guest for a week or so and answer a lot more questions!

The young man thought that would be pleasant work and so he stayed on and advised and assisted Muni all through the picture. That was several years ago and it isn't a bit surprising, if you know Paul, to learn that the young Mexican is still a member of the household. He looks after the cars and supervises the gardeners and goodness knows what. Anyhow, he is an indispensable member of the household and everyone is very happy about the whole thing.

■ Sometimes Hollywood doors are awfully exciting. But on the whole it is the people inside the doors who get the surprises, rather than the people who knock. Barbara Stanwyck went into her kitchen one day to find that a man had knocked at the door and the cook had given him one or two little jobs to do for a meal. He was just polishing off a huge sandwich and a glass of milk and Barbara, all sympathy for anyone who found himself in such straits, inquired, "Have you had all you want?"

The man looked at her appraisingly and then turned his attention to the bit of sandwich which was still on his plate. Deliberately he extracted a wisp of meat from the corner of it. "I still have some ham," he informed her, holding up the wisp. "It *would* seem sort of appropriate if I had a couple of fried eggs to go with it!" And Barbara who had never encountered quite such an appetite before, ordered the eggs and completely depleted the family larder, arranging for what she called "a slight snack" to take with him, in case he should get hungry before he got another job.

■ Glenda Farrell lives in one of the most confusing sections of the San Fernando Valley, so she is accustomed to knocks on her door at all hours of the day and night. People are always losing themselves and dropping in to find out where in the world they are and how can they get out of there. So she was all helpful sympathy one afternoon when a very flushed and obviously distressed young woman turned up in the front hallway, asking to use the telephone. "It's dreadfully urgent!" the girl said, in a tense voice.

So Glenda just couldn't resist listening just a little bit as her caller dialed a number, tapped her fingers impatiently while the connection was made. Then her voice rang out, clear and strong. "Can you tell me who won the third race at Santa Anita this afternoon?" she shrilled. "Oh! Oh, that's *swell!*" She returned to the hallway with a bounce, enveloped Glenda in a fervid embrace. "You'll never know what this meant to me!" she cried. "Now I can *do* it!"

And away she went, buckity-buckity, singing like everything and leaving Glenda wondering what in the world this project was which depended so definitely and so urgently on "the third at Santa Anita." Glenda thinks that maybe there is a start for a scenario there.

■ Warren William's experience was downright humiliating. Warren has a passion for boats and likes to hobnob with the old sailors who hang out around the docks at San Pedro. Some of them came to call upon him unexpectedly at his home one day and a jolly time was had by all until suddenly Warren, glancing at a clock, clapped a hand to his forehead and cried, "Omigosh! I've got an appointment for a wave!"

In his anxiety to apologize to his guests for darting off, he made the error of making it clear that it was a permanent wave in his *hair* that was agitating him. No explanations about the exigencies of picture work could ever make that right with the old tars. Warren is definitely in whatever the old sailors call their own particular brand of doghouse. And how he wishes he hadn't answered the door when they came to call that day! It's a fearsome thing to lose face with old sailors.

Whether it's a knocker, a doorbell, a telephone or a postman's whistle . . . the actor's life is fraught with something or other when he answers. Goodness, how fraught!

Touchdown for O'Brien

[*Continued from page 23*]

the game, all right. I may have moved seventy yards that day, but not on the field. I just squirmed around on the bench. I made my yardage sitting down."

Ronald Reagan plays George Gipp, the greatest backfield man ever seen at Notre Dame. Gipp was greater than any of the famous "Four Horsemen," one of the finest athletes ever to don moleskins. He died in 1919, at the end of the football season, of pneumonia contracted when he went into the game against Northwestern.

Reagan was a running guard and end at Eureka College in 1931. He was a sports broadcaster after leaving school. His voice, as well as his clean, athletic appearance, brought him to the attention of film talent scouts and he became an actor.

The picture is not a glorification of Notre Dame or of Rockne. It is the story of any team, any coach; the story of sportsmanship and an eulogy of American athletics.

Famous coaches, who would never consent to appear in a motion picture except as a tribute to the man they all knew, fought and loved, will be in the film.

These men include Howard Jones, now of the University of Iowa, who battled Rockne when he was coach at the University of Southern California; Alonzo Stagg, who fifteen years ago led the University of Chicago against Notre Dame, now the grand old man of college football at the College of the Pacific; Bill Spaulding, coach now at the University of California at Los Angeles, who was at the University of Minnesota against Rockne, and Glenn "Pop" Warner, who sent Stanford teams onto the field against Rockne. Warner is now an advisory coach at Temple and San Jose State.

Once again the letters worn by Notre Dame's greatest group of players—the thrilling "Four Horsemen"—make their appearance on the gridiron. These letters have never been worn since they were put aside by Harry Stuhldreher, "Sleepy" Jim Crowley, Elmer Layden and Don Miller.

Kane Richmond wears No. 5. He plays Layden, at fullback. Richmond played at St. Thomas College and the University of Minnesota, when he attended school, at center.

The part of Crowley, who was dubbed "Sleepy" for about the same reason that a bolt of lightning could be given that name, is taken by Billy Byrne. Billy is an assistant coach at Loyola University, at Los Angeles. He wears No. 18, Crowley at left half.

Bill Marshall dyed his light hair dark to play the role of Don Miller, No. 16, at right half. Marshall played at El Dorado College and was a school chum of Buddy Rogers. He was leader of a band that was started by Buddy.

No. 33, Stuldreher, the famous Notre Dame quarterback, is played by another Notre Dame star, Nick Lukats. Lukats played under Rockne at left half. He took the ball over for the touchdown which made the score Notre Dame, 27; U. S. C., 0, in 1930. That was the last touchdown ever made by a Rockne team. Lukats was All-American that year.

Nick, since leaving school, has been an actor and a newspaperman. He doesn't play Lukats in the picture. Maybe he wasn't the type! He does a first-rate job, though, as Stuhldreher and as coach for the "Four Horsemen" before they go before the cameras.

Lloyd Bacon, who directs the picture, played in the backfield at Santa Clara in 1906. Jesse Hibbs, his assistant director, was All-American tackle (U. S. C.) in 1929. Robert Buckner, who wrote the story, was a sports writer on the New York *World* and a football player at the University of Virginia. Bob Haas, the art director, played at the University of Pennsylvania.

■ Perhaps the greatest athlete of all time has a part in the picture. That man is Jim Thorpe, also an assistant director. Jim is an Indian, of the Sac and Fox tribe. He attended Carlisle, the Indian school, where he played at fullback. He has been on every sports authority's all-time, All-American team for three decades.

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In 1911, at Stockholm, Jim shattered every record in the Decathalon at the Olympic Games. The Decathalon is the gruelling all-around athletic test that is entered only by the best athletes.

Pat took off eighteen pounds for the picture. He and the men who play the "Four Horsemen" were trained down to fighting weight by Mushy Callahan, once junior welterweight champion of the world. Most of the training was on the handball court.

■ The story covers the life of Rockne from his birth in Voss, Norway, to his death in the airplane crash at Bazaar, Kansas. He died, incidentally, on a trip to Hollywood, where he was to discuss with Universal studio executives the making of a football motion picture. This picture, *The Spirit of Notre Dame,* was made, with J. Farrell McDonald playing the lead.

Knute's father, an expert carriage builder, first came to America in 1893, to bring one of his beautiful carriages as an exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. He loved the country and sent for his family. The father's part is played by John Qualen, who gave such an unforgettable performance in *The Grapes of Wrath.*

Qualen is a Norwegian. I asked Pat how he felt taking the part of a Norwegian.

"I feel fine about it," Pat replied. "They're great fighters, just like the Irish! Notre Dame teams were called 'the fighting Irish' and 'Rock' was often called the 'fighting Irishman.' "

Knute went to Northwest Division High School, now Tuley High, in Chicago. He learned his football and his baseball on the city's sandlots. One of the high points of the picture is a scene showing little Knute's broken nose, smashed with a baseball bat during a sandlot game. The injury, serious to his parents, is a badge of honor to the boy as he comes home.

"Now I am an American," he says.

Rockne went to Notre Dame after he finished high school. There he struck up a firm friendship with Gus Dorais, another great football player. Dorais is played by Owen Davis, Jr., in the picture.

It was Rockne and Dorais who brought the forward pass to full flower in football. In 1913 they won the game against Army with the brilliant passes from Dorais to Rockne. In the Army game scenes Pat refused a double. It is one of the most exciting moments in the picture when Owen heaves the ball and Pat grabs it out of the air to dash across Army's goal.

"I always did want to make a touchdown against Army," Pat grins. "I never had that chance at Marquette."

■ When you stand on the sidelines and watch these football scenes being filmed you feel as though you are watching a real game. Director Bacon hasn't made the mistake of charting out all the plays so that each player has to stand in just a certain place. The men go into their scrimmage as if the cameras were not there.

Pat, when he isn't before the camera, tosses the ball around with Thorpe, or Lukats, or anyone else who wants to play. You can see why he won his letter at Marquette as you watch the grace and speed with which he moves.

■ Lyle Reifsnyder, the Warner property man, was almost driven frantic when Pat's children, Mavourneen, six, and Sean, four, came out with their mother to the field to "watch Daddy play." The O'Brien youngsters systematically removed the footballs from the field and concealed them all in the O'Brien automobile. Pat incidentally, has already enrolled Sean at Notre Dame.

Rockne was an honor student in chemistry at Notre Dame. Albert Basserman plays Father Julius Niewland, who chose Rockne as his assistant in the school laboratory.

There were two great educators at Notre Dame during Rockne's career there, Father O'Donnell and Father Cavanaugh. These men served as models for Father Callahan, president of Notre Dame, in the picture. Donald Crisp plays this important part. He delivers the Rockne funeral eulogy in the Notre Dame Cathedral at South Bend. The Notre Dame choir also appears in these scenes.

Warners sent Pat, Crisp and most of the company back to South Bend for scenes on the campus. The students at the school were used in the picture.

In the picture Rockne's developing genius as a coach will be shown. He borrowed the idea of the Notre Dame shift from the chorus of a musical show. He realized, when he saw the dancers swinging their legs in concert, that rhythm and precision were important to football.

Every football season Rockne's name is heard by the boys who turn out for any squad, at any university in this country. His ideals of fair play will never die among the young men who love clean sport.

■ One story Pat told me illustrates how those who knew Rockne missed his presence from the living when that tragic plane crash came ten years ago. Standing in the rain, that morning, were a bunch of little boys at a small station near South Bend. They were waiting for the papers to come on the train. The bundles were hurled to the platform. One boy, about nine, saw the headline which told of Rockne's death. He picked up the top paper on his bundle and let the others fall into the rain-filled gutter. His tears splashed on the wet sidewalk.

"Gee," he sobbed, "I'm not going to deliver these papers to my customers. I don't want them to know about Rockne."

Double Trouble

[*Continued from page* 31]

both sides and at both ends. It was certainly a beehive of activity when Antipholus of Ephesus (he's played by Allan Jones) went hell-a-tearin' through it in his bouncing chariot, hotly pursued by his enemies in other bouncing chariots. I'll give you the details of this a few pages later.

That first day, as I say, was a cinch, if I skip the striped sunburn effect on my legs. It was also the most embarrassing day I ever had working in movies. You've heard about guys losing their shirts on account of one thing or another. Well, they're just also-rans when it comes to comparing 'em with me. For instance: There I was on this street, leaning against a lamppost. Right beside me, gabbing away as nonchalantly as you please was Eileen Brandes, an extra gal and a honey dressed up as a Greek cutie. We were having quite a time giving good old Hollywood the once over when all of a sudden along comes Antipholus of Ephesus (Allan Jones—he also plays Antipholus of Syracuse and sings a duet with himself), Luce (Martha Raye), Phyllis (Rosemary Lane), Adriana (Irene Hervey—she's Allan Jones' wife, and boy! did she look beautiful!) and last, but not least along comes Dromio (Joe Penner) and, when Dromio passes me and the Brandes gal, what should he do but ask me for four-bits for lunch, and to emphasize the "touch" he gave my skirt a pull.

And down it comes!

Yessir! Right there in that beautiful street with the sun shining, and with everybody looking and guffawing, and with me getting redder than the outside of a ripe tomato. Eileen saved the day by shoving me down an alley where I managed to hide my embarrassment by climbing into a vacant chariot and staying there until she got a prop boy to get me another skirt.

■ The morning of the second day almost started with a bang. Just when Director Edward Sutherland was about to start shooting, Allan Jones began bawling out his stand-in, Tony Beard, something awful. And in a minute or so, Tony began bawling out his boss. Pretty soon the two of 'em stood toe-to-toe ready to slam heck out of each other and me, being not only curious, but a good friend of Allan's, edged up close to Tony to maybe take a crack at him when and if he should start punching. The way those two men insulted each other was something awful. Each of them used fighting words and why they didn't tear into each other was more than I could figure out. Ditto for Joe Penner, Rosemary Lane and Martha Raye all of whom surrounded Allan, when he and Tony had cooled down, and begged him to hire a more courteous stand-in. Allan promised to do so, but I found out that afternoon from Tony that the arguing and fighting was an "act" the two of them always staged for each new troupe. Actually they've been together for four years and are the best of friends.

Samuel S. Hinds who plays the role of Aegeon (he gets himself executed during the Festival of Athena) got the surprise of his life that morning when the mailman from the studio came on the set and handed him a letter—a love letter written by the actor in 1893 to a childhood sweetheart. In 1893, so Hinds told me, he was a student at the Andover prep school in Massachusetts. It was there that he wrote the letter to Elizabeth Gair, a neighbor of his family in Brooklyn.

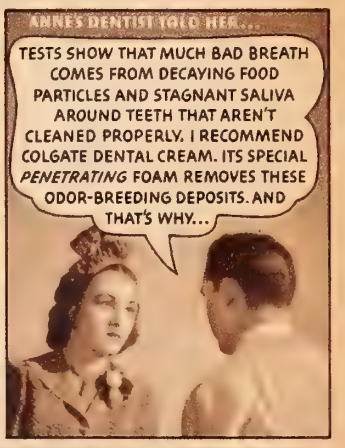
A letter from Miss Gair, which accompanied the love letter, explained that she had just seen a motion picture for the first time in five years. The film was Deanna Durbin's, *It's a Date*, in which Hinds had a leading role. Miss Gair guessed correctly that the Hinds whose name and face she saw on the screen was her former sweetheart. She immediately wrote to Hinds and sent him the love letter and an Andover pin which originally had accompanied it, because she, and we quote, "thought he would be interested." Unquote.

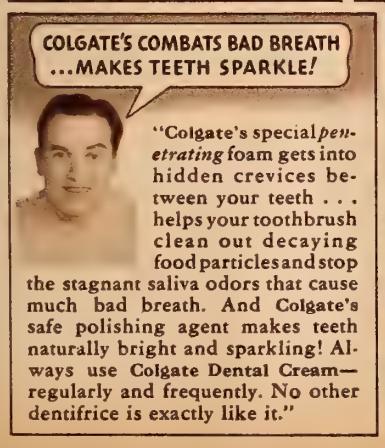
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■ All the morning was given over to rehearsals of a big and elaborate scene. When lunch time arrived Joe Penner announced that he was going to be host to the forty chorus girls used in the dancing scenes. While not begrudging the girls a full meal, Joe naturally thought that most of the dancers were watching their figures (I noticed that Joe was watching 'em, too!) and would therefore order sandwiches and other light fare. Instead, the gals ordered complete luncheons, the bill mounted sky-high and Joe, cheerfully, but somewhat thoughtfully, paid a check that included one $5 item—a special birthday cake for one of the dancers. What he doesn't know until he reads this—if he ever does read it—is that included among the forty girls was one E. J. Smithson who snuck in with his skirt, sandals, shirt, and headband and saved himself a $1.25 luncheon. Skirts have their value, after all.

It was this second day on the set that I had the good fortune to meet Greta, Myrna, Hedy, Lana and Carole. Five swell young ladies they were, too. But don't get me wrong. The last names of the quintette are not those normally associated with the given names. Greta, Myrna, Hedy, Lana, and Carole were the names of five maids in the movie.

■ I almost got bounced right out of my skirt and my job the third day and it all had to do with a couple of two-bit pieces and three little dimes I had tucked away inside my blouse for eating purposes come another lunch time.

The scene that was being shot called for Joe Penner and a couple of us boys from Syracuse to run around a Grecian house. We rehearsed it without trouble. Just when we thought Director Sutherland was going to start shooting, the sound man set up a loud squawk saying that the sound track was catching a strange tingling noise much like the tinkle of hard money. So we rehearsed it again—and with the same result—due, of course, to me because I'd forgotten all about the silver I had tucked away. Again the sound man squawked and Director Sutherland gave everybody a bawling out. But still the strange sound pursued him. Finally, Sutherland made us stand still and let Joe do his running alone. No tinkling. Then the same procedure with the other extra. No tinkling. Then me! And plenty of tinkle! And plenty of mule-skinner words directed at me by both the sound man and the director, all of which I deserved, I'm honest enough to admit. The sad and humiliating part of it all was that the director got a substitute for me, and I sat on the sidelines.

But thank goodness, there's always a bright side to everything. As a sort of recompense for my *faux pas* (Lookit! The guy has been acting in a Greek picture and has picked up French!) Allan Jones and his wife invited me that night to a Hollywood cafe to hear the orchestra's featured arrangement of one of Allan's songs in the film. A pleasant time was had by all, especially me. But the next morning was something different! Police officers arrived at the Jones' menage (there's another French word!) and accused Allan of driving a stolen car. The attendant at the cafe parking lot had given Allan a car of identical model, owned by Producer Joseph Mankiewicz and actress Rose Stradner. The latter couple had driven Allan's car home and had not discovered the mistake until they found a chair for the Jones baby in the back.

■ And while we're on the subject of "What's the Matter With the Jones Family?" we might as well tell this one. Both Allan and his wife Irene came on the set with the sorrowful tale of the stolen automobile. They had risen early, they said, had a fine big breakfast and were r'arin' to go. The first scene that morning was one in which the couple sat down together before another fine, big breakfast! And they sat there and ate and ate and ate until fifteen minutes to eleven before the director okays the scene!

And while we're still on the Jones family let's set this one down. Possibly the ultimate in "scene stealing" was achieved by Jones when he virtually stole a scene from himself. This occurred on the fourth day of shooting. Allan, as I've told you, plays a dual role, and in this particular scene was supposed to sing a duet with himself! Cameraman Joe Valentine and Joe Fulton, trick photographer, collaborated on a shot for the singing number. After one take, Valentine and Fulton reported to Director Sutherland that one of the Jones characters was holding his hand over the other Jones character's face! Thus Jones attained the dubious honor of trying to steal a scene from himself! You can't beat the movies for fun!

■ Well, since I'm running out of words, I might as well get right down to business and tell you what happened on the fifth day. Which was plenty, believe you me.

This day's work had to do with a very dangerous sequence that required Jones to drive onto a Grecian street hell-for-chariot-wheels and pull up at the other end of the street. To make the feat doubly difficult Jimmy Phillips, veteran studio horseman, reported that the four horses Jones would drive were the most spirited animals in Phillips' stables. Director Sutherland insisted on getting a double for this equine dido and there was more than quite a bit of bickering back and forth between the star and the director—with the star winning hands down. Jones, by the way, is one of Hollywood's most accomplished horsemen. He's co-partner with Robert Young in ownership and management of a riding stable for which Jones himself trains and "breaks" many of the horses. He really knows this horse business from giddap to whoa, and when he said "no" on the double trouble, the neighs had it.

During the first rehearsal, and just as Allan comes whirling into the street, one of the chariot wheels falls off and starts rolling all by its lonesome. I must have been talking to either Myrna, Carole,

Lana, Greta, or Hedy, and not looking at anything much—since it was merely a rehearsal—when all of a sudden this wheel came barging along unbeknownst to me, and when it went past like a bat out of the hot place my skirt caught in the spokes—and there I was, trying to do a balancing act like a seal on a rubber ball. Only I didn't quite cut the mustard. When I came to, I still had my fingers gripped around a couple of spokes and I could hear myself saying: "Hey, let me up and I'll murder th' guy!" I guess that's what comes of chinning with women when you should be keeping an eye on your work. Anyways, here I am today, with my back bound up in twenty yards of adhesive tape and my face looking like it had been shaved with sandpaper.

Well, they rehearsed that scene four times, so I learned later, and got an okay on the fifth, with Jones doing a masterful job of steering those four spirited hosses. What made the scene the more dangerous was that when he reached the end of the street going pell-mell he had to draw up his quartette of nags mighty fast and sharp because the end of the street was blocked off with another set. He just HAD to stop or go on right through a couple of buildings.

In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Joe Penner and Samuel Hinds, the cast includes Alan Mowbray, Charles Butterworth and Eric Blore—and if you don't think these three providers of screen guffaws don't provide 'em for *The Boys From Syracuse* in carload lots you're laughingly mistaken.

Of course I may be wrong about this Universal picture, but after looking, and listening and working on it for five days, reading the script, taking in the recording of the songs, keeping a couple of eyes on the dancing girls, talking with the director, principals and everyone connected with the making of it, I'm quite willing to get myself out on a limb with a prediction that *The Boys From Syracuse* are going to give you one of the best times you've ever had in a motion picture theatre. It's that good.

Maggie Ettinger, the hard-working, good-looking publicity lady just called up from the Brown Derby saying if I was smart I'd see Edward Small and ask him for a job in his *Kit Carson* production. The troupe is going on location somewhere beyond Flagstaff, Arizona, and I might, so Maggie, the Magnificent, said, hook on for a week's work including room and found. After swishing around in a blue skirt for five days and getting my share of kicks in the togas, I guess I'd be smart if I went back to playing one of those big he-men of the wide open spaces. I ain't no Gene Autry or Buck Jones or Roy Rogers or Tom Mix when it comes to wearing chaps and straddling a hoss, but I manage to stick on if I'm strapped in so. . . .

If you'll git me my Boots I'll Skeedaddle!

See you next month from the hurricane deck of a bucking broncho. I hope.



Sun on the smooth Pacific is Deanna Durbin's idea of a perfect background for relaxation after weeks of shooting on her new film, *Spring Parade*. Her sailor suit is of dark blue silk. The shoes are a platform-soled version of Mexican huaraches

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Just so that he would feel at home, Gene Autry borrowed a mount from one of the riders in *The American Jubilee*, spectacular review at the New York World's Fair

Star of Many Talents

[*Continued from page* 26]

sarily a new personality; merely a newly-exposed facet of a many-sided performer. The role was a challenge that met her two tests, and having determined that it was worth while and feasible she did it up to the hilt.

Smart alecks among the critics applauded her as a brave actress for deliberately deglamorizing herself.

"It takes courage for a leading lady to appear in fifty-cent costumes," they commented. "The little lady martyrized herself by wearing pigtales and sweaters."

"Bunk!" Miss Rogers retorts to this. "The *Primrose Path* character was one that simply had no relation to the ballroom slickies and society snips I've done in the past. The absence of make-up from my face was no affectation either; just an honest attempt to approximate the character."

The lady has no mannerisms because she doesn't remain static long enough to acquire them. The no-make-up appearance in *Primrose Path* was the outcome of some experimentation. A few days before the start of production she made the usual tests to determine hair-do, costumes and lighting. Director Gregory LaCava liked her features best in a certain scene.

"So be it," Ginger said. "That was the one with absolutely no make-up. I didn't want to tell you for fear you'd think I was going arty on you. But since it shapes up closest to the character, let's leave me that way."

And it was done.

The new Rogers hair color is a result of the same kind of empirical study. The best way to describe it, according to experts in such things, is "ash with a dash of brilliance." There was not a single adverse criticism of it in *Primrose Path*, and since her next role is also an "informal" Ginger retains the new shade for *Lucky Partners*, her latest picture at RKO.

Lucky Partners is high comedy. It also marks the first time Ronald Colman has shared star billing.

Once she has visualized herself in the part, Ginger will place all her talents unreservedly at the director's disposal and respond to his creative interpretation like a well-tuned musical instrument. Fred Astaire has described Ginger as just that, "an instrument always capable of virtuoso performance."

■ *Lucky Partners* was considerable adapted at the hands of American scenarists to naturalize its essentially Gallic humor. (It was written by Sacha Guitry, brilliant French playwright.) The first plan was to discover Ginger as a clerk in a rather shabby booknook in New York's Greenwich Village. Good fortune is brought to her by a chance acquaintance, a painter down on his luck who has been reduced to peddling portraits at thirty-five cents each. That would be Mr. Colman.

At Ginger's insistence, they each buy half a sweepstakes ticket. Their number draws an entry in the Grand National and each, out of consideration for the other, peddles his share to a speculator.

Lucky Partners isn't Ginger's first appearance opposite a mature star of great acting attainments. *Star of Midnight*, with William Powell, marked her debut in that league. Nor does it mean

that she has given up screen dancing forever. All it does mean is that this spring Miss Rogers is pitching into a new type of role.

Collaterally with her screen progression, the label-proof prodigy of Hollywood is usually carrying on a systematic campaign to polish up some corners of her private life.

As a vaudeville kid she learned jazz-piano by the pick-and-hunt method of chord manufacture, superimposed on a classical piano course. She concentrated so hard on the keyboard that she was able to turn out three songs acceptable to publishers. They were not record-smashing hits, but they earned a decent bit of money and are still occasionally revived. This was in the days when the name of Ginger Rogers meant nothing in Tin Pan Alley. The tunes and lyrics were bought on merit, not to cash in on a celebrity's reputation.

Oil painting was the next art to engage her talents. She labored lustily at it and some of her enthusiasm overflowed like lava and ignited the creative tinder in the soul of Janet Gaynor. Pretty soon both of them were knee-deep in palettes and pigments. With Ginger the painting phase dissolved into the Charcoal Period, but Janet kept on in the path of Rubens and Titian, and today her house is filled with canvases created by her own pretty hands.

When building was in progress at the Rogers home, Ginger's mother secretly gave orders for the construction of a mignon of a studio adjoining the cabanas beside the swimming pool. Here Ginger installed herself for a hand-to-hand struggle with the art and mystery of sculpture, an entirely new medium but one she felt confident she could lick.

The struggles in the tiny studio were titanic. Sometimes Ginger had two meals a day served at the ringside where she was going to the mat with shapeless and obstinate masses of clay. Sometimes servants took the meals away untouched.

The week before Christmas Ginger emerged from the art arena with a very creditable bust of her mother, done entirely from memory. It has since been cast in bronze and its creator feels that she has licked another medium.

This sort of limited monomania is distinctly not normal for Hollywood. The standard layoff pursuits of most stars run to dog-mothering, harpoon-throwing (with their fellow-stars as targets), and the great game of playing the three-horse parlay at the race tracks. In some quarters Ginger is thought to be positively unsocial because she chooses to lock herself into creative trances once a year or so.

When she is about to embark on a new part the symptoms are about the same. She becomes inaccessible to her volunteer advisers, locking herself up with her script and trying to get inside the author's mind. During these spells she has no odd moments for reading, radio, telephonitis and the normal pursuits of a successful and personable young actress.

Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother and for years the straw-boss of the family, has retired gracefully to the job of boss-emeritus. Ginger is a full-fledged star with a business brain made of Swedish steel and she now makes all the decisions, with Lela acting as a sort of sounding board and reflector for her daughter's opinions.

They make a redoubtable combination: mellowed experience and the full-grown kid who won't be stopped.

The movie community is faintly annoyed by the good taste the Rogerses display in everything, even in the matter of arranging Ginger's divorce from Lew Ayres. The whole affair was in very good taste.

Ginger's allegation was that Mr. Ayres deserted her four years ago and suggested she go home to Mother. Desertion is the daintiest grounds for divorce that has ever been conceived in California. The inexcusable thing about Ginger's charge was that it was literally true, as all literate Americans know by now.

What future is there for a girl with good taste, a restless talent that will still be unexplored ten years from now, and a determination never to come in second in anything? Write your own ticket, with stopover privileges for purposes of fun.



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The Sea Hawk

[*Continued from page 29*]

with color against a background of ropes and spars, green harbor water, and the quaint old eaves of Dover town. Thorpe approached the carpeted dais where he must kneel to receive the sword tap that would give him the title "Sir." Cameras turned, onlookers held their breath at the gorgeous spectacle . . .

And in that solemn moment Alan Hale tripped over Errol's sword, fell down boom, and slid across the resined deck on his tummy.

He stopped the show. "Ooops!" cried the Queen. And Flynn folded up on the dais step and howled.

Still, as it turned out, Alan wasn't by any means the only one who took a tumble before the production ended. Most of the others, however, fell into the "ocean"; intentionally or otherwise.

The studio built two full-sized sixteenth century craft on the enormous stage, and a brave sight they were with their painted armorials and gilded prows. One, of course, was Errol's; the second, the Madre di Dios, was his antagonist's. Into the two boats went enough lumber to build 250 four-room cottages. Each was about 180 feet over all, and together they cost $150,000 of the million and a half spent on the film.

Altogether, they merited the "lunching" held for them at a studio party where seven girls from seven lands gave Errol seven vials filled from the seven seas, to break on the bows of the vessels. The place was so full of pretty damsels that the name of the picture could well have been changed to "The Chicken Hawk."

The craft were practical, too, not merely for looks. Before certain sequences the stage was flooded to a considerable depth and the ships could actually sail for forty feet into a scene. Which, on a sound stage, is some feat.

But to get back to those people who fell into the "ocean," and did it so often that the production was dubbed "Webfooted" among its friends. The rival ships met in a whale of a battle when Errol captured the vessel on which were Maria and her uncle, the Spanish Ambassador to London. As is usual with the movies, the fight lasted for days, and the rival crews developed a humorous feud. Between takes they leaned from their adjacent riggings and sent one another kersplash. All in the interests of good, clean fun.

In the thick of this battle, while steel clashed and cannon thundered, Errol made a daring leap from his own deck to that of the enemy. Sword in hand, he fought his way to the hold to free the English prisoners chained as galley slaves. Then he raced to the upper deck to join in the fray again.

Here his attention was attracted by the leaded amber windows of an officer's cabin. He thrust open the door and stood amazed at the magnificence of the furnishings. The rare old pewter and silver, table and chairs in this scene, by the way, were insured for nearly $100,000. He saw a table set for dinner, the heavy silver platters and goblets twinkling in the light of candles burning in gold candlesticks.

And here he caught his first sight of Maria. Her yellow gown with its fine white ruff was in strong contrast with the dark panels of the wall against which she leaned. Maria was terrified, but defiant. He swept her a bow, with a grin of pure deviltry for her expression of an embattled kitten. Maria acknowledged this amenity with a look that said she'd like to kill him, and would try to, the instant an opportunity offered.

"Pirate!" she remarked.

He didn't, on the whole, make a good impression at this first meeting. But Maria did!

■ Long before noon on the first day's shooting of that sea fight, the combatants were half smothered by the smoke of their own cannon, and half starved after all the violent exercise. Came the lunch hour, but Director Curtiz made no move toward the commissary until Errol as a reminder adroitly slid a menu under the directorial arm.

It worked. But to safeguard the future, Errol conferred with an electrician. Next day on the stroke of twelve, in the middle of a dignified scene on the Madre di Dios with Spanish Ambassador Claude Rains . . . BONG-NG-NG-NG!! Curtiz nearly jumped overboard. The electrician had rigged up an alarm clock to the ship's bell. They ate on time that day, no foolin'.

But the scenario had things in store for Errol which made a delayed meal insignificant. Trouble followed him like a camera boom, for, as everybody is aware, in the life of a cinema hero the disasters come fast and plentiful as close-ups. First thing you knew, Thorpe was off to Panama to intercept King Philip's treasure caravan as it toiled across the Isthmus. And such was the web of treachery spun about Elizabeth's court by Philip's agents, that Thorpe suspected even Maria—and left in secret. He didn't receive her warning that the Spaniards knew of his plans.

■ For the Panama jungle scene, they assembled over 200 kinds of South American trees and shrubs and vines—$10,000 worth—on a foundation of ditches and water pipes. There were eight acres of it. The moist heat, the scent of leaves and flowers, were overpowering. It was



an area of dark, forbidding beauty.

Through this tangled maze crept Thorpe and his men, ready to pounce on the mule-drawn treasure wagons—while King Philip in faraway Spain chuckled over the counter-ambush his spies had engineered. Montagu Love, in the role of Philip, was ruling his twelfth kingdom. During the past thirty years he has played twelve kings, eight princes, five dukes, and three dictators. He holds the celluloid record for jobs of the sort.

Philip proved too crafty for Thorpe. A prisoner, the Englishman was brought back to Spain, but in a hairbreadth escape he reached London and met Maria—of all people—riding in a coach . . . Errol Flynn had been through a lot in the jungle and on the prison ship—but Brenda Marshall as Maria suffered more when she had to propose to him and make her offer good with a kiss.

■ Brenda—herself brought up romantically on her father's sugar plantation in the Philippines—had played only one important role previously on the screen. She had never kissed a man in front of the camera. And for the first one to be the famous Errol Flynn—! While she waited for the coach scene, she tried to conceal her nervousness. But Errol noticed the trembling hands.

"I believe you're the second shyest person in Hollywood," he said gently, "I'm the first . . . But don't be frightened, Brenda. Remember, I'm more scared of this scene than you are!"

That made her laugh. They climbed into the ornate coach. "I love you!" Maria said to Francis Thorpe without nervousness. She leaned forward, hesitated an instant, and kissed him on the lips—fervently. The very first take was okay.

■ Not so the first take of another scene they shared! Curtiz, whose wild Hungarian accent is a constant delight and puzzle, wanted a fanfare of trumpets to announce the entrance of Brenda and Errol at a certain point. He was understood to order it played "good and hot!" The trumpeters, surprised but obedient, played it good and hot; and before Curtiz recovered from his stupefaction, Brenda and Errol, getting into the spirit of the thing, entered with knees prancing, heads bobbing and fingers waggling, like a pair of snazzy jitterbugs.

Gilbert Roland (the Spanish Captain Lopez), Donald Crisp (Sir John Burleson) and Una O'Connor (Maria's duenna), broke into spontaneous applause from the sidelines. But it seems what Curtiz had said was "good and hard."

■ Despite these lighter moments, trouble continued to dog the hero. Hardly had he made good and returned to the comparative safety of London than he met traitorous Lord Wolfingham (Henry Daniell) in a corridor of Elizabeth's palace—and was *that* a duel! It lasted eight hours.

The duel took place on one of the finest sets of the picture—a truly splendid corridor flanked by sixty-foot columns. Between "takes" of the sword play, a man with a vacuum cleaner went over the vast red and orange rug before Elizabeth's throne (imagine!) which could be seen through an open door. Somebody else dusted the precious antiques.

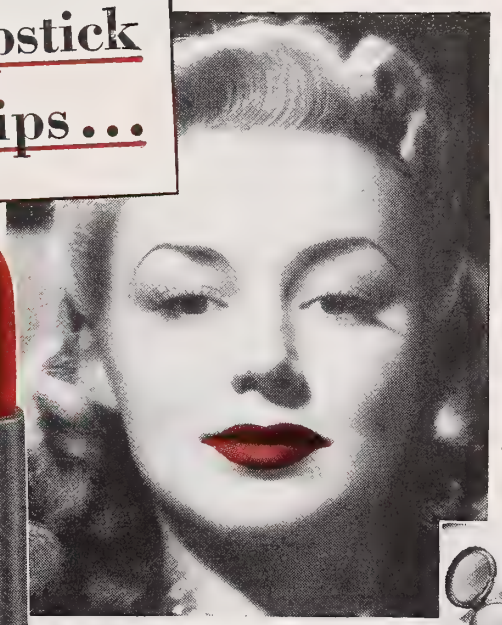
Yet what came in for the most exquisite care were not antiques, but the six hundred giant candles, of no remarkable value, which lighted the corridor. Sixteen men tended them. To preserve the candles in their half burned condition, they were checked and numbered and registered in a ledger before being placed tenderly one by one in slots provided in a cabinet. The cabinet was then locked by the head prop man, who put the key in a studio safe!

You see, there were to be additional scenes in the corridor with Maria and the Queen hurrying in as the duel ended. But the additional scenes were not to be shot until the following week. So Curtiz wanted the candles to match exactly.

While they were checking up on the candles, somebody else, who was checking up on other things, discovered Claude Rains pampering his pet superstition. For this, Curtiz presented him with the rubber

[*Continued on page* 56]

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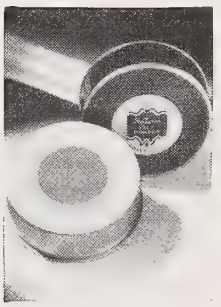


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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	
	AGE	





Grandma's Gift to Hollywood



Margaret Lindsay's Grandma is a famous cook and she guarded her recipes like state secrets until recently when her famous granddaughter persuaded her to give some choice ones to you

By BETTY CROCKER

■ At last Margaret Lindsay has prevailed on her grandmother to give us some of the recipes that made her the envy of all who came to her big home in Dubuque, Iowa—and here they are!



Only because Margaret is her favorite grand-daughter did Mrs. Margaret Kies, eighty-five years old and only now turning grey, consent to tell her precious secrets, and then only after much coaxing during Margaret's recent visit to her home city.

Among Margaret's most delightful memories of her childhood, are her visits to Grandmother Kies for some of the delicacies that were cooked in one of the two

kitchens in the Kies home. Yes, two kitchens—one for general cooking, and one for pastries! German and French foods were her specialty, and everyone in town looked forward to a dinner invitation at the Kies home because they knew from experience that the table would be loaded with unusual foods. The recipes were Grandma's secret. And Grandma Kies was just the one who wouldn't tell! At least, not until this last trip home.

Margaret visited her grandmother recently after completing *The House of Seven Gables* and they did a lot of reminiscing about Margaret's childhood—how Grandmother Kies taught her to speak French when she was six—how Margaret used to bring all her little playmates over for a "picnic lunch" in the backyard—and how the two of them spent hours playing rummy.

When guests arrived for dinner, the table literally groaned with platters and trays of good things. At least three kinds of meats were served at dinner time—leg of veal, roast beef and baked ham. Or there would be pork chops, steak and sauerbraten. If only two kinds of meat appeared for the entree, Grandmother Kies would apologize profusely.

Besides the entree, there would be trays of head cheese (named "Pig's Foot Jelly" by Grandmother Kies, because her recipe called for no "head"), tiny beets pickled with hard-boiled eggs, Koch Kaese.

In her soups, instead of rice or noodles, Grandmother Kies uses Reeblys (Egg Rivels), prepared as follows:

1 cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
1 egg

Sift flour and salt together. Break egg into the middle, working it into the flour until the mixture looks like coarse cornmeal. Drop into boiling soup. Cover and boil *gently* for about 10 minutes. Serve immediately.

LEBKUCHEN

½ cup honey
½ cup molasses
¾ cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
2¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. nutmeg
⅓ cup chopped citron
⅓ cup chopped nuts

Mix the honey and molasses and bring to a boil, then cool thoroughly. Add the brown sugar, well beaten egg, lemon juice and rind. Mix and sift the flour, soda, cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg and stir into the honey and sugar mixture. Add citron and nuts. Let stand overnight in refrigerator. In the morning roll out to ¼-inch thickness and cut with oblong cooky cutter, about 2½x4 inches. Place cookies very close together on greased heavy baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 400°, for 15 minutes. Immediately on removing from oven, spread icing over all the cookies before removing them from pan. This will make 5 dozen cookies.

Glazing Icing for Lebkuchen

Boil *1 cup sugar* and *½ cup water* until first indication of a thread appears, 230°. Remove from heat, stir in *¼ cup confectioners' sugar,* and use for glazing cookies. *Amounts:* Icing for 3 dozen cookies. *Notes:* If icing becomes stiff before cookies are all covered, reheat slightly, adding a bit of water, so that it can be spread easily with a brush.

SAUERBRATEN

Part 1
6 lb. beef rump roast
2 tbsp. salt, I tsp. pepper
2 cups vinegar
About 3 qt. cold water
6 bay leaves
6 whole cloves
1 tsp. peppercorns
1 large onion (sliced)

Part 2

3 carrots (cut in long strips)
2 large onions (sliced)
1 cup finely crushed gingersnaps
1 tbsp. sugar

Part 1

Wipe meat with damp cloth. (If meat seems extra fat, take off excess suet and save for searing.) Place meat in large enamel bowl or stone jar. (Do not use any metal affected by acid.) Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make a spiced vinegar by adding vinegar and enough cold water to cover the meat . . . then adding bay leaves, cloves, peppercorns, and the sliced onion. Cover, and let stand in a cold place 3 to 5 days . . . turning meat occasionally.

FREE

Pennsylvania Dutch Recipes

When we think of *Pennsylvania Dutch* we think of good food. One just naturally seems to mean the other. Betty Crocker has made a real study of the famous foods from different parts of the country—and she will be glad to send you a selection of these treasured old Pennsylvania Dutch recipes which have woven themselves into our American tradition.

Betty Crocker
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Dear Betty Crocker:

Please send me your selection of Pennsylvania Dutch recipes.

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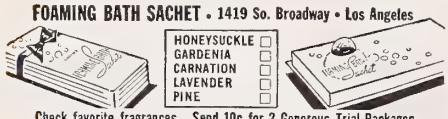




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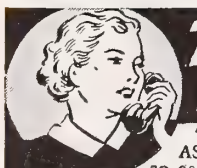
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Part 2

When ready to use, drain meat. Sear on all sides with suet in a roaster in a very hot oven (500°) or in a Dutch oven on top of the stove. (If cut of meat lacks fat, a little salt pork may be used to sear it.)

In the meantime, heat the spiced vinegar drained from the meat just to the boiling point. Strain through cheesecloth.

When meat is seared, add carrots, the 2 onions, and 1 cup of the hot spiced vinegar. Cover, and cook at low temperature (in slow oven, 300°, or on top of stove) until meat is tender (about 2½ to 3 hours). As meat cooks, add more spiced vinegar to keep plenty of liquor in bottom of pan (it will take 2 to 3 cups more).

When meat is tender, remove from roaster or Dutch oven. Strain the liquor to remove cooked vegetables. Remove excess fat which rises to top. Add enough spiced vinegar or water to the strained liquor to make 5 cups in all . . . and return to roasting pan. Place over low heat and slowly add the finely crushed gingersnaps and sugar . . . stirring constantly until gingersnaps dissolve and gravy becomes smooth. (If necessary, beat with rotary beater to smooth out lumps.) Return meat to roaster with gravy, cover, and cook gently (in a slow oven, 300°, or on top of stove) for 10 minutes longer.

Serve at once. Noodles or Potato Pancakes are the traditional accompaniment for this roast. Red Cabbage is an appropriate vegetable.

SUPREME DE VOLAILLE

(Breast of Chicken Under Bell)
(Individual Servings)

1 breast of spring chicken
2 mushrooms
1 round piece of toast
1 slice Virginia ham
1 cup brown chicken sauce
½ cup white wine
1 fine chopped shallot

Saute breast of chicken in butter about 15 minutes. Add shallots and a second later, add white wine. Let white wine evaporate. Now add brown gravy and piece of sweet butter. Cover up and let cook 5 minutes more. Put toast in casserole and on top of toast one slice baked Virginia ham. Now put breast of chicken on top of ham. Garnish with mushrooms, pour sauce over everything. Cover with bell. Put in hot oven until bell is crystal clear. If individual casseroles are not obtainable, this can be prepared in quantity in any ordinary casserole.

Movie Masquerade

Can you name the movie title suggested by each of the phrases given below? Remember that the phrase suggests only the title, not the subject matter or plot, of the picture. Example: The phrase "A one-eyed physician" would suggest the picture title *"Dr. Cyclops,"* although the picture itself does not concern a one-eyed physician. Par for the course is three out of five. Four is very good, five is excellent. Answers, page 58.

1. Little Sir Echo being paged by his ma.....
2. Low cards up high.....
3. Crusoe's friend in Technicolor.....
4. A one-man labor dispute.....
5. Why the fruit of the African palm tree isn't a lemon.....

The Sea Hawk

[*Continued from page* 53]

booby, a medal given to anyone who pulls a boner on the set. The recipient keeps it till a fellow player pulls a worse one.

Claude got the rubber booby for wearing his Spanish Ambassador trunks wrong side out. On purpose. He says it's lucky. And, right side or wrong, he didn't like the trunks. "These Elizabethan rompers!" he complained, "they don't even have a pocket to keep a rabbit's foot in!"

■ It wasn't long before the rest of the cast began to think that a rabbit's foot, and a big one, might be a darn good idea for each of them. Players in the jungle sequence had congratulated themselves at its end that no scene could be more arduous and hot and sticky. Whew! But a more arduous scene, more hot and more sticky, lay ahead.

On a morning when the mercury touched 91°, the principals of the cast had to climb into their sweltering sixteenth century duds and devour a feast of roast mutton and capon, veal and beef, coney and salted fish.

And—this is the pay-off—they had to devour it not only with their fingers, but with every sign of keen enjoyment and appetite, all the morning from eight o'clock on. Had to devour it *three times* . . .

They! Hollywood players, whose faces are their fortunes, whose figures are their careers, and whose ordinary breakfast is a sip of black coffee and a prayer that their hips will stay "down"!

Inside Report on *The Dictator*

[*Continued from page* 21]

his fervent reply "It was a great thrill to have a man like Chaplin say, 'You're the guy!' Charlie had seen me playing a wise guy," he explained, "and wanted a brash type for the part. I was so surprised that I asked him the same thing you're asking me. 'I saw you in *The Sap From Syracuse* twelve years ago', he told me, 'and you caught my eye.' All I could think of was that if I'd caught his eye and held it all that time I must be the champion endurance eye-catcher or else that he had the longest memory in Hollywood. But, then, Chaplin is full of surprises. I was knocked speechless—for once. It came like a shot out of a gun. I'd just got back from Europe when Charlie called me on the phone and said, 'Jack, how would you like to play Mussolini?' I thought he was kidding. 'No, I mean it,' he said. 'If you haven't anything better to do, come over and see me.' When I got to his studio, all out of breath, Charlie saluted me, and I played the old army game right back at him. Then I stood at attention in headquarters. 'Sit down,' said Charlie. I'd no sooner parked myself in the nearest chair—the old legs were wobbly—than he said, 'Stand up.' He ran his eyes over me and barked, 'You've gone thin on me!' "

Signor Oakie buttoned his coat and tried his best to look shriveled.

"You see, I'd lost sixty-two pounds on my European trip. In shedding them, it had never occurred to me that I might be throwing away the chance of a lifetime. I almost broke down and cried. 'Never mind,' said Charlie, 'go and put the clothes on for him.' When I came back in uniform, wearing my own hair under a military cap, he took one squint at me and shouted, 'Holy macaroni, you look just like him!' This was such a relief to me that I threw my arms around him and hugged him. Breaking the clinch, he said, 'Stick your chin out.' I gave him all the lip I had. 'That does it,' he decided. But, delighted as I was, I couldn't help feeling he ought to have an Italian for the part. 'What do I want a wop to play it for?' he asked. Then he inquired, 'What's your nationality?' 'Scotch-Irish,' I told him. 'Perfect!' he laughed."

It was all set, even without a test. For that matter, Oakie was sure no one had been tested for the part. It was simply dropped into his lap, a ripe plum that hadn't waited for the picking.

" 'There's only one thing you need to do to play Benzino Gasolini to my Adenoids Hinkle,' Charlie told me, 'and that's to fatten up. It won't take you long.' He seemed to think I had a natural talent for getting fat, while all I thought of was getting a fat part. Anyhow, I didn't lose any time. That night I went to an Italian restaurant for dinner and told the chef to spread the oil. When I weighed in for the picture, Chaplin insisted on my having two desserts for lunch every day. 'Just remember to stick out your chin, and



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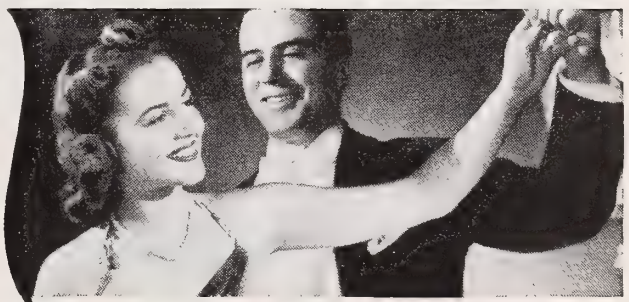
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Also, in September HOLLYWOOD, on the stands August 10, you will find the complete list of winners of beautiful prizes in the Silly-Dilly Contest!

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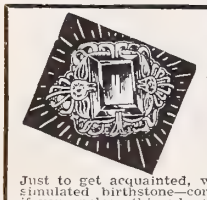


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Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

leave the rest to nature,' was the way he put it. 'And don't play to me, be just as you would with any other comic.'"

■ As to whether there were more than the two recognizable figures, Hinkle and Gasolini, in the picture, was learned: "There are five or six principals, including Goring and Goebbels, under other names. But Stalin isn't one of them. He has such a dead pan that it would be impossible to burlesque him. Paulette Goddard plays Hitler's girl, and I have a wife. Out of consideration for Chaplin, I don't want to give away the secrets of the plot, but Hitler (he kept getting back to real names) is a little envious of Mussolini. He spreads himself through Hitler's palace, and is so arrogant when they have their last get-together in that railway car—oh, yes, that's in the picture—that Hitler gets peeved and wants to know, 'Did *you* arrange this meeting?' It's a laugh."

■ Certainly the telling of it, in the inimitable Oakie manner, sounded funny. And, obviously, Chaplin was talking for the first time in pictures.

"Yes, with something like a German dialect. He sputters a lot and sounds like an asthmatic soda fountain when he isn't getting his own way. I've got a dialect, too, that's supposed to be Italian and it's very chesty. We're like a couple of uglies bouncing around to make out one is a bigger shot than the other. But the real idea back of Hitler and Mussolini is that they're just two ham actors trying to beat each other to the center of the stage."

Sounded like a good idea. But in the race did Charlie shuffle?

"No, he doesn't even walk, just struts. You'll swear it's Hitler when you see him. Only Charlie's mustache is the same as ever. Why not? He had it long before Hitler copped it as part of his make-up. That's what makes it a natural for Chaplin. When he isn't strutting he's saluting. He salutes everything and everybody in sight. It will make your arm ache to watch Charlie and your stomach ache from laughing at him. What you see and hear will be a new Charlie Chaplin, perhaps in his last picture. He told me, 'I'm trying to make it my biggest picture.' It is travesty based on truth. It doesn't take one side or the other. There is no propaganda in it. But it has one unmistakable meaning, one definite purpose. Charlie hates war. Not only does he see it as something ghastly and horrible, but needless and foolish. The fact that he himself is British doesn't affect his attitude in the least. It's simply that he is against war as destructive, inhuman and futile, and he is determined to do what he can to stop it."

■ Just here, Jack Oakie was not his usual bantering self. For once, he had turned serious. And earnestness marked his further words:

"Working with Chaplin convinced me beyond any personal doubt that he is a genius. There's no one in Hollywood like him. In the four months I was in the picture I learned more about acting than I had during all the years I'd put in at it. Without my even realizing it at first, he started right in making me over. In the nine years I'd been carrying that old football for Paramount the one thing hammered into me was speed. Everything I did had to be quick stuff, the fly guy who was too fast for anybody to catch up with him. Chaplin changed all that. He would stop me in a scene and suggest my doing it in another way. At the moment I didn't understand what he was after. But it was clear enough when I saw it on the screen in the projection room. A glance showed me how he got his effects. Then he would say, 'All you have to do, Jack, is to take your time. If, for example, you're soaking a guy over the head with a mallet don't do it bing, bing, bing, but bing—bing—bing. That gives the audience time to laugh between each sock.' His timing is wonderful. But when it comes to the clock, Chaplin has no sense of time. As a rule, it would be the middle of the day before we really started doing any work. Then Charlie would forget all about time. We were still at it one night when his assistant reminded him that it was nine o'clock. 'Good Lord,' said Chaplin, 'I thought it was about four in the afternoon!' All along he had been too busy thinking of the picture to think about anything else. He not only wrote it, but wrote the whole musical background for it. Then, as director, every decision was up to him."

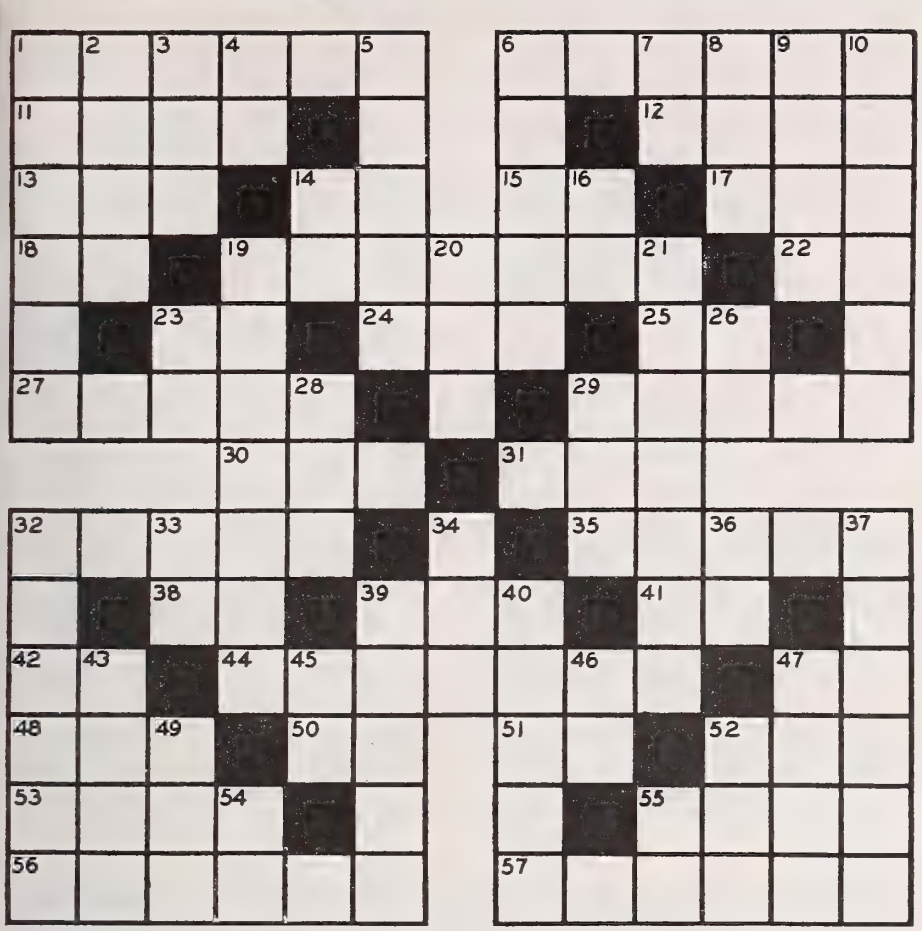
Had Chaplin decided to name his picture *The Dictator*?

"I think he'll call the picture *The Great Dictator*, but so far it still is call *Production No. 6*. You know, just playing Mussolini with him will mean seven years' insurance to me. When Charlie gave me the part, I said to him, 'I hope you do for me what you did for Jackie Coogan.' 'I'm already doing a lot more in the way of salary,' he said with a laugh. He paid Jackie the most he'd ever paid anybody in his company till I came along. So every day when we were ready to start work, Charlie would sing out to me, 'Come on, you high-priced actor!' Then he would add, 'Remember the chin.' Will I ever forget it? I'd start thinking about it while shaving in the morning, and talk to it, too, saying, 'Chin, you've got a hard day ahead of you, so do your stuff and don't do any receding.' Then I'd go to the studio and stick it out like a palooka asking for it in a preliminary fight. Even when I got through with my job at Chaplin's I wasn't through with the chin-work. Coming here to the Shirley Temple picture, I found I had to work just as hard to *forget* to stick it out! But I'm back to normal now."

Movie Masquerade Answers

1. My Son, My Son.
2. Flying Deuces.
3. Black Friday.
4. The Lone Wolf Strikes.
5. It's a Date.

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Paramount crooner.
6. She has title role in *Irene.*
11. Words of a part in a screenplay (sing.).
12. Betty in *Grandpa Goes to Town.*
13. Name of Hollywood's so-called "wonder dog."
14. Initials of Minerva Urecal.
15. ———, *He's Making Eyes at Me.*
17. Miss Lamour's nickname.
18. Miss Hervey's initials.
19. A star of *The House Across the Bay.*
22. Initials of Neil Hamilton.
23. What actor says while trying to remember lines.
24. *Tear* ——— *Squad.*
25. Pronoun used in Biblical films.
27. *The Biscuit* ———.
29. A weapon of *One Million B. C.*
30. Phoebe in *The House of Seven Gables.*
31. Exclamation to register contempt.
32. A star of *Saps at Sea.*
35. *Secrets of a* ———.
38. Pedro ——— Cordoba.
39. Cedric Hardwicke's title.
41. *For Love* ——— *Money.*
42. Mr. Bellamy's initials.
44. *Abe* ——— *in Illinois.*
47. Initials of Mary Nash.
48. Descriptive of meat preferred by 13 Across.
50. *Santa* ——— *Marshal.*
51. Birthplace of 32 Across (abbr.).
52. What Lewis Stone is to Mickey Rooney in Hardy series.
53. The girl in *Texas Stagecoach.*
55. Spencer Tracy likes this sport.
56. Olivia de Havilland's relationship to Mrs. Brian Aherne.
57. Marty Allen in *An Angel from Texas.*

DOWN

1. A star of *The Dark Command.*
2. She was Mrs. Leslie in *Everybody's Hobby.*
3. *And* ——— *Was Beautiful.*
4. Initials of Miss Eilers.
5. A star of *The Doctor Takes a Wife.*
6. *Women Without* ———.
7. His last name is Shean.
8. *Susan and* ———.
9. *The* ——— *Has Wings.*
10. Miss Brackett in *Convicted Woman.*
14. Birthplace of Gladys George (abbr.).
16. *Five Little Peppers* ——— *Home.*
19. He's a comedian.
20. Roscoe in *The Ghost Comes Home.*
21. Lamour-Preston screenplay.
23. "And" in French film titles.
26. Initials of Edward Ellis.
28. Another star of *The Doctor Takes a Wife.*
29. First name of Director Wood.
32. Orchestra leader of *Buck Benny Rides Again.*
33. Initials of Mr. Dix.
34. Short for first name of Mr. McLaglen.
36. ——— *Cyclops.*
37. Charlie Chaplin's birthplace.
39. Villain's contemptuous expression.
40. Dr. Tim Mason in *The Man with Nine Lives.*
43. Feminine lead in *City of Chance.*
45. ——— *I Had My Way.*
46. Rod ——— Rocque.
47. Eskimo actor.
49. Spencer Tracy's birthplace (abbr.).
52. Daisy, of Blondie series, is one.
54. Al ——— John.
55. Jed Prouty's role in Jones Family series.

(Solution on page 63)

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Looking Over the Field

[*Continued from page 40*]

office and start reeling off the titles of the plays I'd been in, in Newark, so that it sounded as if I'd had several seasons of experience. But they'd just look at me and say, 'Sorry, we haven't any children's parts!'

"I got to know every bench and chair in every manager's waiting room on Broadway. I even worked out my own schedule of calls so that I'd reach the offices where the furniture was the softest, at intervals when I'd most appreciate a rest."

■ It was inevitable that sooner or later Betty would learn of the young actors' hangout in the Penn-Astor and it was over a milkshake at this haven of hopefuls that she learned of a summer stock company being recruited for the season in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. She applied, was accepted and spent the summer playing a variety of bit parts.

Now the die was surely cast. She was in the theatre for keeps. But back on Broadway, in the fall, Betty once more found the managers' offices unimpressed by her added stock experience and to justify her staying on in New York, Betty persuaded her parents to enter her in the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

"I won quite a reputation at the school for working hard," Betty related. "I used to study my parts as if my life depended upon it."

The following spring she was on the list of graduates of the academy but when her name was read out at the commencement exercises, she did not step forward to receive her diploma.

"Miss Field cannot be here today," announced the officiating dignitary, "because she is rehearsing for a Broadway play." Betty's hard work had resulted in her being the first member of that graduating class to win an engagement.

The play was *Sing And Whistle*, starring Ernest Truex and was as short lived as a popular tune. "I can't call it my first New York appearance," said Betty, "for the simple reason I didn't appear. I was understudying. But I was luckier in my next job. I was cast as the debutante in the company that was taking *She Loves Me Not* to London, two days before the troupe was to sail, and we were on the boat before rehearsals started and they realized how young and inexperienced I was."

On her return from England, Betty again joined the parade through the anterooms of producers' offices, supporting herself by posing for fashion photographs until her next engagement, a small bit in *Page Miss Glory*, in which, incidentally, Jim Stewart had the romantic lead.

Page Miss Glory was directed by George Abbott, the sure handed play doctor who, as a producer, later was to have such a large share in building Betty to Broadway prominence. "My role in *Page Miss Glory* was so small, though," the actress admitted, "that Mr. Abbott didn't even bother to find out my name. He just called me 'the kid in the green dress.'"

Abbott soon was to be more impressed, when he started forming a Boston company to play the comedy smash *Three Men On a Horse*. Betty auditioned for a supporting role and was given instead the feminine lead. When Joyce Arling, who had created the role in New York left the Broadway cast, Betty was called in from Boston for her first conquest of Times Square.

After that she was in a succession of George Abbott hits. In fact no George Abbott production seemed complete without the sunny-faced Betty who had uncorked an amazing gift of comedy. *Room Service, Boy Meets Girl, Angel Island, What a Life* and *Primrose Path* each added to Betty Field's rapidly mounting reputation. Each season she was surer in her manner, increased in her dramatic stature. Few ingenues in recent years have had the advantage of passing from one hit into another with such an unbroken record of success. Few actresses have worked harder to deserve their good fortune.

When Paramount bought the screen rights to *What a Life*, a year ago, Betty was tested for her original role and offered the top feminine spot in the film production. It was not her first bid from Hollywood but all her previous offers from the film capital had provided for long term contracts. This was for a single picture.

"I'd fought shy of Hollywood because I wanted to establish myself securely on the stage before I did anything else," explained Betty. "But I was tired out after several seasons in New York with no real rest. I wanted a vacation and here seemed to be a way to get that vacation in California's famed balmy climate and be paid for it to boot.

■ "I arrived in Los Angeles in the middle of March. It was raining and cold and miserable and I had a cold and was sniffling when I got off the train to face a barrage of cameras and reporters. I knew I looked terrible and I was sure the press agents who met me must have taken one look and said: 'What in the world did they send her out here for?'

"It continued to be cold and mean and my whole first week in Hollywood I spent in bed, thinking bitterly of how smart I'd thought I was in getting a grand vacation in sunny California! I didn't know anyone on the Coast and I was miserable, so my first impression of Hollywood only served to strengthen my vows to shun the movies and stick to the stage.

"There was such a frightening impersonal air about Hollywood, at first. After the intimacy of a theatre production, where everyone knows everyone else, the huge movie lot was like a strange city.

"I shall never forget the first time I went into the make-up department. I walked in, full of confidence and feeling quite important for having the lead in my first picture. When I got in the big room, filled with barber chairs and dozens

of hairdressers and make-up men, someone came up and said: 'Who are you?' in a bored way.

" 'I'm Betty Field,' I replied and thought that was enough. But the woman just kept looking at me blankly and asked: 'What do you do?'

" 'I'm in *What a Life,*' I answered. 'What picture's that? Who's directing it?' the woman wanted to know. I couldn't tell her. 'What production number is it?' That was like asking me for the license number of a taxicab I'd just dismissed. I had no idea. "Finally, after a lot of telephoning and checking they established who I was. I felt like I'd been having my credit references looked up at a not too friendly department store!"

By the time she had done three films, in quick succession, however, Betty had revised her first impressions of the film colony, had compromised with her avowed intentions of single faithfulness to the stage, and signed a contract with Paramount which calls for her spending six months of every year before the cameras. At the present time she is playing opposite Fredric March in *Victory.*

■ Betty had timed her recountal of her career to match the ritual of removing her stage make-up and preparing for the street, and as she drew to the close of her story, she retired behind a screen to slip out of her kimono and into a dress. She reappeared, looking, in her smartly tailored severe black dress, anything but the languid Lola Pratt of *Seventeen.*

We walked out into Forty-fifth Street in the growing twilight, joining the stream of office workers and shop girls hurrying for their nightly subway. At Sixth Avenue, she waved goodbye and skipped across the street, dodged a taxicab and scrambled aboard a bus bound for her apartment.

She might have been a clerk in the book department at Sterns, or a typist in one of the tall office buildings that tower over Times Square, going home to her West Side boarding house after a day's work.

Instead, she was one of the most successful actresses in New York and the day's work she had just finished was a packed matinee of a Broadway hit, yet there was none of the swish of furs through a stage door to a waiting limousine with which reigning stage stars are usually associated.

■ And as I walked on up Fifth Avenue, and the lights of Radio City blinked on and turned the RCA building into a giant candle against the sky, I realized where lay one of the secrets of Betty Field's extraordinary success. All her professional life, each performance has been just a day's work to be well done and then left *in the theatre.* Let who would, wear the glamour of fame like a cloak to be proudly paraded in public. Betty would take her bus home, thank you, and study her lines for tomorrow.



Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, snapped leaving a preview, seem delighted about something. Maybe it is the striking portrait of Jeanette that you will see on next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Gene is now making *Highway to Romance* at RKO-Radio, and Jeanette will be seen soon in *New Moon* opposite Nelson Eddy



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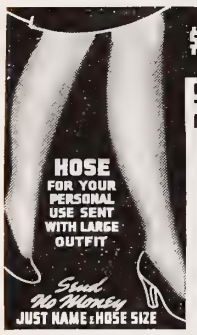
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Mad at Maxims

[*Continued from page* 10]

Life with Murphy from this point on was at sixes and sevens, you might say, until he bumped into Juliette Johnson on the street and discovered she had come to town to become a dancer. George was ready to do a polka with her right there on Madison Avenue.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. George will agree to that one. This same Juliette made a dancer out of George Murphy, something thuswise:

An apprenticeship at Ned Wayburn's dance studio and she was ready to try her wings. She caught on in no time at all, in such record time, in fact, that when she broke the news to George that she was off to Florida with a Ziegfeld show he was too numb for a moment to yell "Hooray!"

When his mind cleared he realized that he didn't want Juliette going off to Florida. He loved her. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," his friends taunted him. Suspicious, by this time of all such sayings, he determined to do something about it.

It suddenly dawned on George Murphy that he and Juliette Johnson, the best ballroom partner he had known in all his life, were a dance team.

"We could make twice as much money teaming up," he told her in an off-hand way, anything to stall her off.

"You mean if anyone would hire us," she said.

"Two can live cheaper than one."

"In the land of Oz, maybe."

"When are you going to Florida?"

"In three weeks. Of course, if you could get us something before I left . . ."

"I'll get us a spot. Don't worry."

"Not down at the Bowery, George. Please."

George looked the town over, picked out a nice cafe in the East sixties and approached the manager.

"We're a roaring success—just roared out of the West, as a matter of fact," he said. "We'll pull business into the place. Why do you know that the last place that hired us had to call out the riot squad . . .?"

The manager was too run down to protest and the dancing team of Murphy and Johnson moved in.

■ "Nothing succeeds like success." They were married at the Little Church Around the Corner. Then Juliette suggested that they try to make something really big out of their dancing. George was willing enough, but no one was more surprised than George that the team, what with him "holding back a truly great dancer," became an overnight sensation.

"I finally got going in the legitimate theatre—don't ask me how—and was playing in *Roberta* when Sam Goldwyn got excited about one of the girls in the cast and offered her a screen test. They needed a male stooge and someone happened to think of George Murphy, the cavalier. I was delighted, of course, to help out.

"Well, it happened that this particular test required music. So just for the hell of it I sang a little ditty. Then I wished the girl luck and went about my business."

■ What was that about the best laid plans of mice and men?

There was George making a name for himself as a hoofer in musical comedy when Sam Goldwyn sent for him. Mr. G., it seemed, was enchanted with the test. He wanted to hire the singer for his next picture. In vain was it pointed out that the beautiful young lady, formerly of *Roberta,* was the subject of the test.

"I gave in to the inevitable," George tells you, "and went to Hollywood, at Goldwyn's instructions, to croon in *Kid Millions* with Eddie Cantor."

Did someone say that it doesn't pay to change horses in mid-stream?

"Resigned to singing, I found myself signed, overnight virtually, by Columbia. And for what? For a parcel of gangster pictures! I was just about settled down in this groove when Universal hired me for a part in *Top of the Town*—a singing role.

"Well, there I was one day doing some trick steps off-set when up sidled the director.

" 'Good Lord, George, you're a dancer. Why didn't someone tell me?' Whereupon that worthy had the script-writer work up a dance sequence in a hurry."

When Sam Goldwyn saw *Top of the Town* he flew into a rage.

"So you're a dancer and I hire you for a singer," Mr. G. protested with righteous wrath.

George didn't have time to remember, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." He argued.

"Mr. Goldwyn, you've seen me dance many times in New York. We've even had some pleasant conversations together at some of the spots where you caught our act. Why you called us 'Colossal!' "

Mr. Goldwyn called the incident closed. But not until he had clarified the situation as follows: "When I hired you, George, I didn't have any idea you were the same fellow. Shakespeare was right: Haste makes waste—positively."

After that, Mike Murphy's boy didn't know what he was until Metro finally recast him, after assigning him supporting roles, as a dance man. He's been doing *Broadway Melodies* for three years, but the biggest kick he ever got out of those pictures was the *Broadway Melody of 1940.*

"Dancing with Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell was so much fun that it was a crime to take M-G-M's money, which all of us did, nevertheless. But cheerfully. We danced for our own amusement practically all day. One afternoon Toscanini paid us a visit and we put on a hot jam session for him. He seemed to like it. Speaking of Hollywood, kind of wish I was back there right now," he wound up wistfully.

"You can't have your cake and eat it," we sparkled.

"What cake?" Mr. Murphy demanded, bristling.

He reached for his hat. And he was gone.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

"Then you'll buy it?" Norman asked.

"We did buy it," he was told. "We bought it last week from Kay King, a producer's secretary who works right here on the lot."

"But I just had the idea today," Norman protested. "It was strictly for me— from numerology."

"Kay King wrote it a month ago," came the further information. "So the money is strictly for her— from the cashier's office."

Norman looks faintly wounded as he ferries his fruit around the lots these days. "It can't be the numbers were wrong," he muses. "Maybe my receiving set is getting fuzzy."

Penny Singleton, strictly no dope in the key of B-flat, tripped over what promises to be one of her softest sources of income in a music store.

Shopping around for some amusing recordings for her youngster, Penny found there was none on the racks that the kid would pay any attention to.

On the spot she was smitten with the idea to record some children's records herself— "As Told to Baby Dumpling," with words and effects by Mlle. Singleton herself.

A major record outfit signed her with no delay whatever to do a whole album of bedtime stories in wax. To celebrate the occasion Penny wrote an impromptu song entitled, "Shoot the checka to me, Decca."

Victor McLaglen is one of those physiological freaks that can recharge their batteries by falling asleep at will and waking refreshed and r'arin' to go.

Working in *South of Pago-Pago,* in which he plays a heavy for the first time in a couple of seasons, Vic was strapped, in a climactic scene, to the mainmast of a ship. Later he was to be shoved out to sea for an appointment with Davy Jones in the latter's locker.

After the lashings were affixed, McLaglen took advantage of a technical delay and nodded off into a snooze.

While he was corking off, the director changed his mind about shooting that particular scene and moved the company to another stage. Lashed to the mast and undisturbed for two hours, Vic woke up with multiple "charley horses" in his cramped muscles and no love for the double-crossing director, who left him roped up until he cooled off.

Personal History of a Foreign Correspondent

[*Continued from page* 36]

to sleep at Hollywood parties, sits with his hands folded over his paunch. Once his wife woke him up and gently suggested they might as well go home.

"Oh, no," he replied, "that would be rude."

It won't show on the screen, but one of the most exciting things that happened during the shooting of *Foreign Correspondent* was the adventure of Osmond Borradaile. Borradaile is a location cameraman. Wanger packed him off to Amsterdam, where a large part of the picture takes place, to get background shots.

The Nazis had not yet smashed through Denmark and Norway, but Holland was not exactly what you'd call a homey place when Borradaile arrived. Finally, though, he got all the shots he needed and boarded the *S. S. Rijnstroom,* a Dutch freighter, for his return.

The *Rijnstroom* was sunk by Nazi war planes. Borradaile escaped, but $16,000 worth of film went to the bottom of the North Sea. It's down there now.

Borradaile went back to Holland. People with cameras had grown less popular on that frontier. With great difficulty he obtained a permit. Suspicious police arrested him as soon as he began shooting. After his release and a lot of red tape he was guarded by a squad of soldiers and police. The guard attracted so much attention that crowds of curious Hollanders greatly hampered his work.

At last he finished, packed his film and took off for Bermuda. There he planned to ship the shots to the United States on the Atlantic Clipper, but the British censorship clamped down on the air mail and the film was blocked. It took Wanger weeks to get those scenes so vital to the picture.

There have been movies made before against tremendous technical odds, but I'm sure there's never been one before to come out of fabulous Hollywood like *Foreign Correspondent,* which has had to battle the most violent forces ever unleashed in the world.

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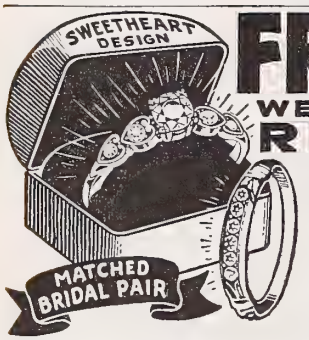
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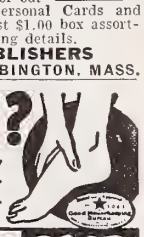
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Love Begins at Forty

[*Continued from page* 19]

ceded the actual outbreak of war, when Frenchmen saw all their hopes and dreams and plans of a prosperous peace shattered by the deepening shadow of a power-hungry Hitler, Charles Boyer, the acclaimed actor, the elegant intellectual, the suave sophisticate, added a new measure of mature dignity to his makeup, grasped a new meaning of the homely, human qualities of kindliness and simplicity.

Demobilized because of his age, Charles Boyer returned from his brief tour as a supporting trouper in the democratic company of Mars, a more mellow and contemplative citizen than when he was stripped of his immaculate Hollywood wardrobe and shoved into the baggy blue breeches of a French *artilleur*.

His arduous adventure has served to emphasize the character of Charles Boyer as a family man, a tender and attentive husband, a generous and devoted son.

It may be that in the unpredictable period when he was a part of a great army rising, stretching and shaking itself down for the rigors of a bitter war, Charles Boyer came to realize what an extended separation from his loved ones would mean in loneliness.

It may be that, as Boyer himself paraphrases Professor Pitkin, love, real love, the mature, lasting love of close companionship and understanding and mutual appreciation and gratitude, begins at forty.

For it is at forty, Charles Boyer believes, that love approaches its real fulfillment.

You might expect a man who had been known as a playboy of Paris in his twenties, to think of his salad days with the most romantic memories. But to Charles Boyer the most emotionally satisfying years of his life are just beginning.

It is perhaps because of his peculiar ability to project across the screen the more profound significances of love—the sort of love that glows and warms as opposed to the more explosive passion that detonates, throws off a glittering shower of sparks—and dies—that Charles Boyer has been able to entrench himself so impregnably in the hearts of women.

One expects, naturally, then, that Boyer has developed some very definite ideas of his own on the topic of love. One is not disappointed.

"Tell me," I said to him, "what is the difference between love at twenty, at thirty, and at forty?"

"Understand," he replied quickly, "that in answering your query I speak only for myself. Or, let us say, in generalities.

"Love at twenty? If it is the real thing it is the greatest thrill life has to offer.

"And it may well grow into the steadier, more serene and sure emotion that is part of every lasting love.

"At thirty? The thrill is still there but with it there is the satisfying sense of working toward something for someone else, for the essence of love is still sacrifice, a truth that the old-time sentimental novelists understood. And mature men have a need to care for, to protect those they love.

"At forty? Love then becomes a combination of these things with something more added. Now love is approaching its time of fulfillment—for the major concern of love and its greatest recompense is the succeeding generation."

"Suppose a man is happily married at thirty," I queried. "How does his love change at forty?"

Charles Boyer examined the idea with as much impersonal detachment as Einstein probing a mathematical theorem.

"If he were truly in love at thirty," answered Boyer, "he will be truly in love at forty. For true love does not wither or die. So at forty, it is not correct to say that love has changed, rather only that it has grown and deepened and become bulwarked by a profound mutual understanding that blesses the soul with a great serenity and peace. Men and women both change, but if they have spent the years between thirty and forty happily together, they have built an understanding and a trust in each other that is not frequently achieved at an earlier age."

Perhaps one reason Charles Boyer stresses the theme that love begins at forty, is that he is a Frenchman. For, if there is any one marked difference between the American and the French husband, in the actor's opinion, it is that the European is not as likely to let the little tendernesses of the honeymoon fade from his domestic manners with the passing of years.

"A French husband is just as courtly, as considerate, as much the cavalier, twenty years after he has been married, as in the days of his courtship," said Boyer. "A Frenchman never stops wooing his wife."

And, although Charles Boyer was discussing this whole subject of mature love in an impersonal way, it was impossible not to read into his answers the suggestion of how perfectly he has achieved happiness in his own life.

The love story of Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson is one of the most heart-warming sagas in the movies' book of memoirs.

Six years ago they were married, ten days after their first meeting in Hollywood; he newly arrived from France and not yet recognized as a film figure of great promise; she a bright, brisk little British actress just winning attention in the cinema capital.

There is a story that, after several dates together, the two appeared one evening, a little after curtain time, at the box-office of a Hollywood legitimate theatre, housing a current hit. The performance was sold out.

"What shall we do now?" queried Pat, blond, beautiful and devastatingly dressed for a gala evening.

"Well, we might get married," suggested

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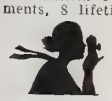


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Charles and half an hour later they started driving to Yuma, Arizona, the Gretna Green of film folk who wed on impulse.

Unlike most such elopements, the marriage of Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson has been a stunning success. The last year has drawn them more closely together than ever before, of course, but they have long been considered one of Hollywood's happiest and most compatible couples.

Charles is an artistic-minded gentleman of great charm, worldly and witty and at the same time he possesses an intellectual aloofness that gives him an intriguing air of mystery. Such a man demands of his mate an unselfish, sympathetic adoration and Pat Paterson has given it unstintingly.

A self-respecting Frenchman likes to regard his wife principally as a brilliant and beautiful background for his own achievements. Thus Pat has been content to submerge her own professional life completely in the pleasant fulfillment of her domestic duties. She occasionally accepts a picture role that attracts her, but only if Charles is working at the same time. No film role, however appealing in its possibilities, would tempt her if it meant being away from home when Charles was between pictures.

"We have too much fun together, to make a film job seem important if it meant working when Charles was free," Pat told me.

One of her latest screen assignments, before she went to Europe last year, was that of the newly-wed bride in *Idiot's Delight*. Thus far this year she has had no yen to pack up her makeup box and sally forth in search of billing as something else than Mrs. C. Boyer.

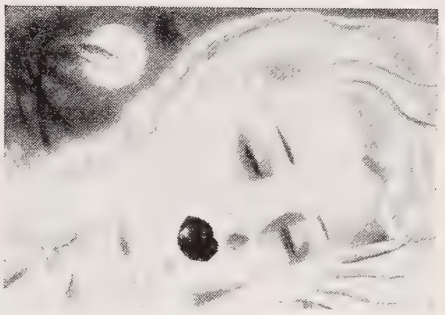
■ Charles and Pat live quietly but well.

Boyer is a connoisseur of fine food, a favorite dish being *pate de foie gras*, which comes from the neighborhood of Figeac, the little town in Southern France where he was born and where he lived until he was eighteen. He has a taste for rare French wines, especially champagne, and his wine cellar is the best stocked in Hollywood.

Books are his chief hobby, the walls of his circular shaped library (copied from the library he designed for himself in Paris) are lined with row on row of valuable first editions. He has, too, a beautifully bound copy of the script of every picture he has been in from the unhappy *Caravan*, his first important Hollywood film which sent him scrambling back to Paris, where his reputation had been established as a star of stage and screen for twelve years, through his early American successes in *Private Worlds, Conquest, Algiers* and the film which cemented his top ranking, *Love Affair*.

Seen infrequently at the night clubs of the film colony, the Boyers entertain only spasmodically. Their closest friends are Ronald and Benita Colman, Tyrone Power and Annabella, Norma Shearer and Anatole Litvak. Recently Charles and

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Pat were joined in their Hollywood home by Madame Louise Boyer, Charles' gracious and charming mother, who looks astonishingly like her famous son.

■ It was to meet his mother who arrived a few weeks ago on the President Washington from Genoa to stay in America for the duration of the war, that Boyer and Pat came East on the completion of his latest picture *All This, And Heaven Too.*

While he was in New York, from where he broadcast two of his weekly radio half-hour dramas, the actor was summoned by Warners to make a "retake" of dialogue that, if it had been completed, would have been unique in the history of film making.

With Boyer in New York and Bette Davis, his co-star in the film, vacationing in Honolulu, Anatole Litvak, the director of *All This, And Heaven Too,* found that he needed a new sound track for a scene which had been photographed already in Hollywood.

A three-way long distance hook-up was arranged, with Bette on one end of a telephone connection in Honolulu, Boyer at the other in New York, and the sound recorder cut in on the line at the studios in Burbank, outside Hollywood.

The afternoon I interviewed Boyer was the day arranged for the "retake" and with several telephone technicians and members of the publicity department and the trade press, I sat around Boyer's hotel suite, waiting for the jingle that would signal the first 6,000-mile retake in film history.

When, however, after a lengthy wait for the connection to be established, Bette Davis came on the wire from Honolulu, it was found that she and Charles had been sent different versions of the script and therefore could not re-enact the dialogue required for the sound retake.

The call, and an exchange of pleasantries with Bette, prompted Charles to tell me of his pleasure at having worked with Bette in the Rachel Field story, which Boyer believes is one of his best pictures to date.

"Ever since I saw Bette in *Of Human Bondage,*" declared Boyer, "I have hoped we would some day work together. She is a magnificent actress and has the same approach to a role that I try to follow. She thinks out her part very carefully in advance and goes on the set knowing exactly what she is going to do.

"Not only was I happy to be playing with Bette but I was immensely satisfied with the story of *All This, And Heaven Too.* In some ways it has the same qualities that marked *Mayerling.*

"The story has a most unusual appeal, for it shows a very tender love built between the Duc de Praslin and the little English governess of his tormented household, and yet not once in the whole film do they so much as touch one another."

Once more, we guess, the caressing voice, the intriguing eyes of Boyer will create a romantic mood more devastating than the wildest wrestling bouts of other, less subtle screen lovers.

■ Just as his experiences in the war have sharpened Boyer's personal integrity, so the actor has come back to Hollywood with a new perspective on motion pictures. Charles Boyer has become more exacting in his approval of the stories in which he will appear, for to him films now represent one of the chief means of entertainment to millions of men in uniform who look to the movies for an emotional outlet. Production in both France and England has been greatly curtailed and more than ever American studios will fill that need.

And Boyer is determined to appear only in films that supply either gayety or vital ideas to conjure with, and thus take the audience's mind off itself.

His new contracts, concluded when he returned to the film capital last winter, provide for two pictures with Paramount and a single production at Universal. All of them are subject to his approval of stories.

Later, Boyer would like to do a play in New York. Although he was a star of the Paris stage for a dozen years, he has never appeared in an English-speaking part. But he is a little hesitant in this ambition.

"My English is not yet adequate for a play," he declared. "I could not give a really free expression to a part in English. There are so many times when you must feel a line, really think it deep inside you, to give it its full meaning, and I am still merely reciting words in English."

NEXT MONTH

James Stewart runs his career beautifully, but his home is a mad-house according to usual standards. He lives by himself, but not alone. A steady stream of friends, relatives, friends of friends, field mice and uninvited guests moves through his Hollywood habitat. His methods of making them and himself comfortable are different, to say the very least. The story is in September HOLLYWOOD.

On the stands August 10

■ There is another reason Charles Boyer is not likely to do a Broadway play for some time to come. He is too contented to be back in Hollywood, to desert his pleasant California home for New York.

"I have been happy in Hollywood," Boyer declared, "how happy I never realized until this last year threatened to make my return problematical.

"I was at Nice making a French picture, *Le Corsaire,* when the situation became really disturbing. A few days before war broke out, production was halted because virtually all of the technical staff had been mobilized.

"I had taken Pat to Figeac to stay with my mother in the house where I was born. Figeac is a small town in the South of France and it was reasonable to suppose that in the event of war it would be far from the scene of hostilities.

"When the picture was stopped, I went back to Figeac and was there when war was declared. If I had been in America when the war broke out, I would not have been called, because the class to which I belong was not mobilized. But since I was home, it seemed that the only proper thing to do was to report to the authorities and offer my services.

"I was mustered in as a private, the day of the general mobilization."

Because of illness as a youth, Charles had never had the usual two years compulsory training and therefore it was as a simple poilu that he was enrolled in the artillery. He was sent to Agen, a larger town in the next province, about sixty-five miles from Figeac. Pat moved over to Agen and lived at a hotel to be near her husband when he was off duty.

Those duties, however, Boyer explained, were pretty prosaic. After the first month of routine training, he was given a clerical job as a telephone operator at the regional military headquarters and his entire three months of service were spent at Agen.

In November about 115,000 Frenchmen over 40, were demobilized, Boyer among them. He and Pat immediately left for Lisbon from where they took the first Clipper back to the States.

■ When it was reported that Boyer had been released from the Army and was returning to America, there were widespread rumors that he was to be pressed into service on some sort of propaganda mission in this country.

This, the actor explained, was quite untrue.

"I have no connection whatever with the government now," Boyer declared to me. "When I was demobilized I was told to go home, just like all the rest. For several years California has been my home and so naturally I came back here to pick up my career. I do not think it is likely I will be recalled."

His visit to the French Embassy, on his trip to New York this month, Boyer pointed out, was purely a social one and had no official significance at all.

"The Ambassador asked me to have luncheon with him on a day when he was entertaining an old friend of mine from Paris. That was all. The talk about my being back in America on an official mission is ridiculous."

And yet, I thought, as I watched five hundred women crowd into a broadcast studio that night to gaze dotingly at their hero and hang on his every word, the idea is not so ridiculous at that.

For France certainly won't be hurt any, in its campaign to keep the friendly interest of this country, by a million or more American women forming their impressions of a nation, crystalizing their reaction to a race, by delightedly drinking in the disarming charm of this debonair demobilized poilu with a profile!

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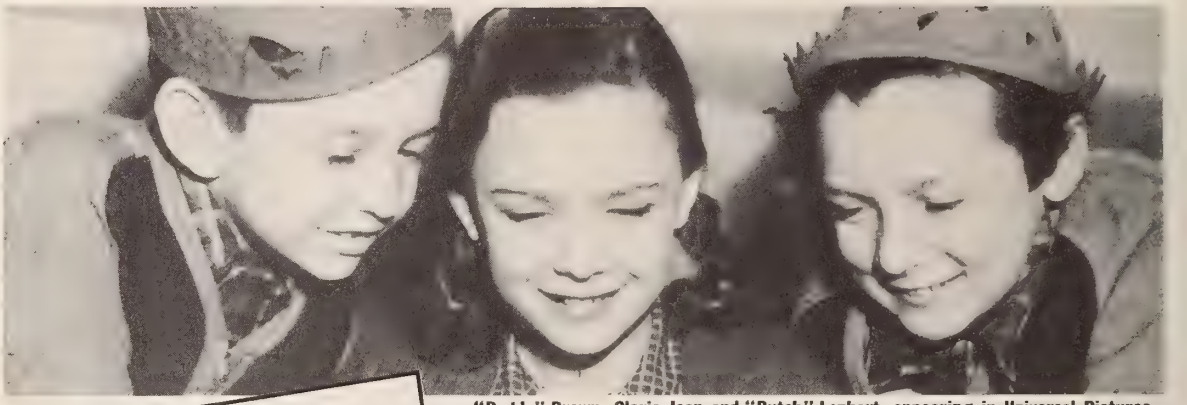
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JEANETTE MacDONALD

PRIVATE LETTERS OF JEANETTE MacDONALD

Salute TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA



"Buddy" Brown, Gloria Jean and "Butch" Lenhart, appearing in Universal Pictures

FROM cover to cover and coast to coast, America's boys and girls—and their parents, too—are reading WHIZ COMICS, the comics magazine that has everything: Clean, wholesome adventure stories illustrated in exciting, full-color drawings and told in giant type that's easy to read.

IN gratitude for the ever-growing popularity of WHIZ COMICS—here's a salute from CAPTAIN MARVEL, World's Mightiest Man; GOLDEN ARROW, Robin Hood of the West; LANCE O'CASEY, Sailor of Fortune; SPY SMASHER, Relentless Foe of Enemy Agents; DAN DARE, World's Cleverest Detective; DR. VOODOO, White Ruler of the Jungle, and IBIS THE INVINCIBLE, World's Greatest Magician—ALL WHIZ STARS.

IF you want to make a hit with the family, take home a copy of WHIZ COMICS tonight. You'll give the folks a million dollars' worth of clean, thrilling entertainment for only a dime.

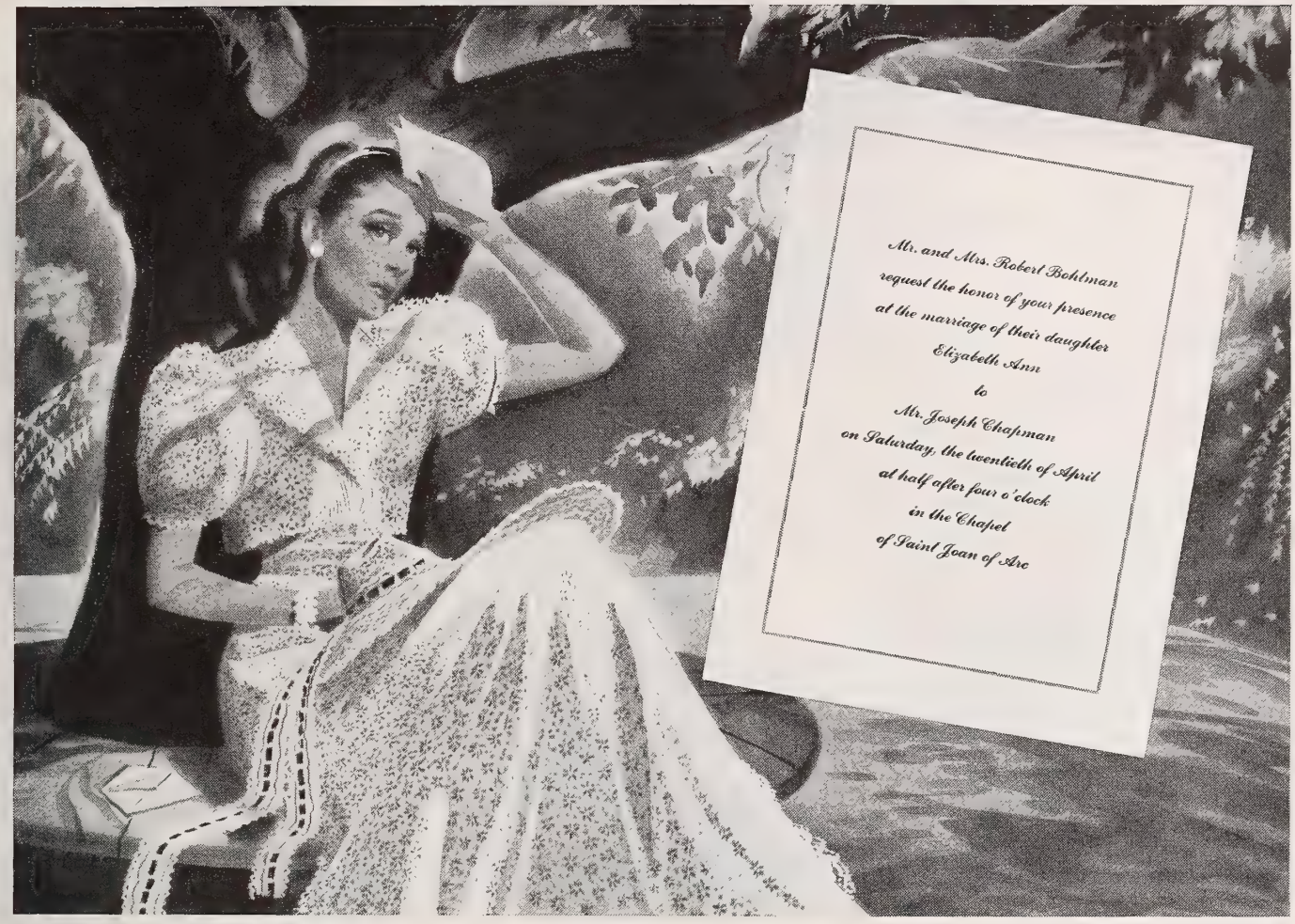


10c

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

WHIZ COMICS

It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!



Helen could win happiness — if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

ANOTHER WEDDING INVITATION! "So," thought Helen, "they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that *Helen* loved.

Yes—it happens! And it's so easy to blame *circumstances* for loneliness . . . so hard to admit that *you* may have been to blame. But a fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to keep you fresh all day! Bathing removes only *past* perspiration. *Future* odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum every day makes you *certain* you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so easy to use . . . so dependable . . . . that women find it a "must" for day-to-day charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! You're through in 30 seconds with Mum.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm fabrics—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you that. Use Mum even *after* you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES POPULARITY! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the *odor*. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. The daily Mum habit means that underarm odor can't spoil your charm!

* * *

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM—More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM







MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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Hollywood

SEPTEMBER, 1940 Vol. 29 No. 9

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President
LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Elliott Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Managing Editor; Al Allard, Art Director; E. J. Smithson, Western Manager. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; foreign subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issue five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood offices, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION SPOTLIGHT

By CANDIDA



■ **Candida, HOLLYWOOD'S new Fashion Editor, invites you to go star-gazing with her, and note fashions worn in Hollywood, style center of the country. Use this column as index, turn the pages with her, and adapt these starry clothes to your wardrobe.**

■ Pin a pinafore afore—and you'll look a cute trick this summer. Ann Sothern's on page 6, has eyelet embroidery on the ruffles, is equally good over dresses, or over shirts and shorts.

■ **Turbans go on and on, especially the hand-rolled ones. Anita Louise, page 6, twines her blond locks with the silk mesh, and ties it at the back for that new look.**

■ You can't have too much jewelry this summer or fall—as Dotty Lamour knows. Her multiple strand necklace and single hoop earring are as good with street or evening clothes as with her pirate costume. Page 8.

■ **Deanna Durbin's gaily embroidered apron, page 8, would look pert over a simple black dress—and so would a plain one of matching material. The short puffed sleeves and tucked neckline of her peasant blouse, and her fitted bodice are flattering to young figures.**

■ Catch your curls high, and pin them low, as Helen Parrish does, page 16, for a young yet formal coiffure. Her chiffon dress features soft Grecian drapery at shoulders—a style worth watching.

■ **Muriel Angelus, page 57, wears a tailored checked jacket over a simple brown dress. Contrasting tweed jackets are as smart over wool dresses now as they always are over sweaters and skirts . . . One added to your wardrobe will give you several new costumes.**

■ Gale Page models a Gibson Girl shirtwaist and skirt, page 21, and today's more feminine version with bodice-like blouse. Try reversing the colors, with white above, dark below, if your hips are too generously curved.

■ **Go the South American Way, as Joan Bennett does with her fruit-y turban, page 27. Fall hats sit back on the head, cover most of the ears—but leave plenty of room for dangling earrings that give the lavish touch.**

■ You don't have to be a bride or a gorgeous blonde like Anita Louise, page 40, to find new flattery in a frilly organdy collar and cuff set. Hers gives a fresh femininity to her polka-dotted dinner dress—but you'll find it equally becoming with your black daytime frock.

■ **Look for HOLLYWOOD'S Fashion Spotlight again next month. We'll be back for more star-worn styles for you.**



IMAGINE !

They're all in one picture and it's a sensation!

CLARK GABLE
SPENCER TRACY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEDY LAMARR

in

BOOM TOWN

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • *A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE*

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Latest Dorothy Parkerism specifically disowned by Miss Parker but successfully traced back to her:

"Hollywood is the hunting ground of the Cro-Magnon Man and the I. Magnin Woman."

■ Up to his eyes in conference with the Marx Brothers about their next picture, Director Eddie Buzzell completely forgot it was his birthday.

Devoted friends telephoned with greetings so persistently that Buzzell in desperation instructed his butler to choke off further interruptions.

The butler, Alex Christiansen, a former trooper in the Swedish Royal Guards, followed orders to the letter.

One of the incoming long distance calls Alex refused was from Buzzell's father, who was visiting the A. T. & T. exhibit at the New York World's Fair and was awarded a free call anywhere in the United States.

Buzzell, Sr., was pretty happy about the thing until the operator at the Fair informed him the call was rejected by Hollywood, no matter who was trying to get connected with Eddie Buzzell.

After dinner the senior Buzzell called again, this time from his own phone and at his own expense.

"Why wouldn't you answer earlier?" he demanded. "It's not the expense I care about, understand. But two hundred people were listening and they all thought I was a phony."



As soon as she finished filming *Gold Rush Maisie*, Ann Sothern took off for a vacation on Catalina Island with a complete wardrobe of pinafore dresses. She is shown with one of the rare birds in Catalina's big museum and park

■ Before actual shooting starts, Garson Kanin is putting the Lombard-Laughton company through two weeks of rehearsal on *They Knew What They Wanted.*

The sets aren't finished yet, but the script and cast sheets are complete and the actors are getting acquainted with each other and their surroundings.

On the sidelines Frank Fay and Harry Carey are coasting. They haven't a scene for the next hour. Fay tells his imaginary troubles to Bill Gargan, the second man in the plot's dramatic triangle.

"That Kanin is a fine director," he admits generously. "But he's a little narrow and unreceptive. Take this scene where Laughton is throwing a party for all his farmer neighbors. Well, Harry, here, and I, suggested it might be a good spot for us to do an adagio—you know, something a little classy—the old Fay finesse, the Carey class touch. Know what Kanin said when we suggested it?"

"No," Gargan replies.

"That's right," Fay admits. "He said no. Well, I've just talked to New York—to *New York*, mind you—and we're shooting the scene *both* ways. One way will be Kanin's way, the other the Carey-Fay touch. And you know what will happen when the exhibitors of America are given their choice. I'm sorry for Kanin, but we warned him. Here's the way our little business goes."

Fay springs to his feet, goes into an intricate, slyly clumsy dance terminating with a high kick aimed at Carey's chin. Then, like a vaudeville duo of the '90s, the two veterans dance off the set into purely imaginary wings.

Director Kanin, Miss Lombard and Laughton have stopped their rehearsal to watch the nutty by-play. Fay, perceiving his audience, suddenly goes coy.

"You don't give us business," he explains, "so we make it up. It's the artist in us."

"It's the ham in you," Kanin replies. "Vaudeville is dead—and I've just recognized the murderers."

■ Chris-Pin Martin, the rotund Yaqui Indian who commits daring deeds of banditry as Cesar Romero's side-kick in the *Cisco Kid*, finds himself in a legal jam for stealing land in the heart of Los Angeles.

Chris is the leading citizen of a quaint little Mexican neighborhood founded by himself thirty years ago. From time to time he erects another house on the Martin acres acquired with his first earnings as an extra.

After finishing his latest addition, he got a letter from one of the leading realty-owners of California setting forth the following complaints:

Chris had appropriated 1.83 feet of abutting property that didn't belong to him; he had had a road constructed over his neighbor's land; he had graded his neighbor's land without permission and contrary to his neighbor's artistic taste; he had been committing daily acts of trespass across such land, road and gradings.

The legal owner came to call on Chris, who happened to be wearing a three-day beard and a Mexican bandit costume at the time. Until he can think up some solution to the jam, the obese character actor is hiding behind a feigned inability to speak English. It looks as if the Cisco Kid will have to come to his aid with pistol and lariat.

■ Bing Crosby is a good patriot. But he doesn't relish the role pinned on him of key man in the air defense of the continent.

Every night for a week the crooner was waylaid at the Paramount studio gate by fiendishly persuasive promoters trying to sell him airplane motors, or to interest him in new plastic materials for making fuselages.

On arrival at his home in Toluca Lake he was accosted by a carburetor salesman lying in wait with blueprints and cost estimates. And when he turned up at a racetrack to watch the early morning workouts, lo, there was a peddler on hand ready to deliver a sales talk on new metal alloys.

The reason for all this furor in the crooner's life was that a gentleman named Harry Crosby has just filed incorporation papers at Sacramento for the Crosby Aircraft Company.

Bing is the leading earthworm of the Hollywood stars.

But he is guilty in the first degree of being Harry (Lillis) Crosby, and you can't cool off a promoter when he has that gleam in his eye.



Anita Louise picked the winner at the Will Rogers Memorial Handicap, and that accounts for the happy smile as she collects thirty-two dollars for her two dollar investment. Summer weight furs are much in evidence at the races

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

THE SHOW IMMENSE . . .

Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring Seven *(count 'em, folks)* Hit Tunes to make September a Month you'll Remember!



starring

BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN · BASIL RATHBONE

with

Oscar Levant · Lillian Cornell · Oscar Shaw · Charley Grapewin

Jean Cagney · William Frawley · John Scott Trotter

Directed by Victor Schertzinger • Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • Based on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery • A Paramount Picture

Errol Flynn, careering around South America on a pleasure tour, was vaguely slandered by a Hollywood publication that described him as a hokum hero, a Hollywood ham and an actor who wasn't worth his $4,000-a-week wage.

The studio sent Flynn the clipping and asked what action should be taken about it.

Errol radioed back that he was charmed to be called a ham and hokum hero, but insisted that a correction be printed about his salary.

"They're robbing me of $1,500 a week," he protested. "It's $5,500 a week I'm not worth, if I'm not worth it, not $4,000."

Too Many Girls is the title of the picture in which LeRoy Prinz is currently acting as dance director. And too many girls explains the constant outflow of money from the Prinz pockets.

The day he was interviewing applicants for dancing jobs in the current George Abbott picture, he got a special delivery letter, postmarked Long Island, and containing a money order for $12.50. The name of the remitter, a female, was unfamiliar to him.

A note accompanying the draft explained that a few girls working in a Long Island night club were exchanging Hollywood reminiscences. Prinz' name had got into the conversation.

"Gee, I owe him fifty cents," one girl suddenly remembered.

Others recalled that they owed him small sums. With commendable promptitude, they kicked in with the delinquent sums and made up the $12.50 money order.

Hardly had the draft got settled in Prinz' pocket, however, before the day's touches started

A frail-looking girl in a cheap print dress made the first approach. "I was locked out of my room last night. I know this dress isn't appropriate, but if I can get into my trunk I can make a much better appearance."

A Navajo girl asked Prinz to lend her a few dollars, and hold an Indian ceremonial doll as security. Hardly a working day goes by that Prinz doesn't undergo a touch of some sort.

"During nine years in Hollywood I've lent many hundreds of dollars to kids who really needed it," he calculates. "I'll say this for them: they paid it back if they could. I'm in a vulnerable spot, dealing with girls in wholesale lots. One girl in a hundred has the need or the nerve to ask for money. And they keep the bite down to an average of two dollars."



Hot dogs and root beer are standard refreshment from Coney Island all the way to Hollywood. Judy Garland shows approval at Jackie Cooper's party

Discord and halting rhythm were holding up the recording of a Bing Crosby song for *Rhythm on the River*. Finally, Wingy Mannone, the one-armed trumpeter whose hot-and-dirty band is a feature of the film, pounced on the culprit.

With Director Victor Schertzinger, a musician himself, Wingy pointed an accusing finger at the offender.

"Can't get in the groove," the poor guy explained sadly. "Had a hard season. This is my first job in five months. And the surroundings here are so familiar, they get me down."

Schertzinger ordered the depressed gentleman blindfolded so he couldn't see the set.

It's the interior of a pawnshop.

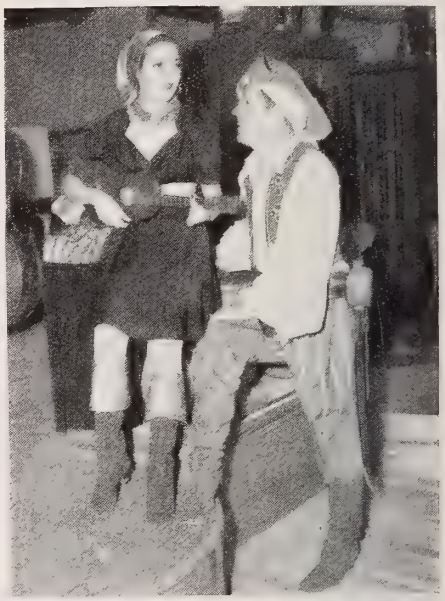
The Davenola, a piece of modern furniture that combines everything you need in one piece, is the latest plaything of Author-Director Preston Sturges, who has written a part for his contraption in his current film, *The New Yorkers*.

There are few dull moments in Preston's life. He is the owner of one of the handsomest restaurants in Hollywood, still unopened to the public because he wants to enjoy it for a while privately. He is the inventor of a steam-turbine with a new principle, an airplane Diesel motor, and an assortment of gadgets designed to make life easier or more complicated or both.

The Davenola appears to be an innocent-looking modernistic divan. But if you press the right buttons on it, a radio, a water carafe, a reading lamp, a dressing mirror and bedroom slippers emerge from its recesses.

Demonstrating it to open-mouthed colleagues, Sturges pressed the buttons and boasted, "This day-bed for day-dreaming and easy living, will do everything but shake itself out."

Just at that moment some signals got crossed in the mechanism and the whole apparatus began to shake convulsively.



Screen stars turned out in pirate costumes for the opening of the new cafe, The Pirates' Den. Rudy Vallee and Dorothy Lamour rule the high C's



A spirited peasant dance is given by Mischa Auer and Deanna Durbin in her new picture, *Spring Parade*

"Correction," Sturges remarked blandly. "This day-bed will do everything."

Among Hollywood scenario writers and their employers there is an understanding that when a writer concludes a job and leaves the studio he may take a reasonable amount of supplies along with him.

A ream of typewriter paper, a couple of ribbons, some letterheads, a box of pencils and a stray eraser or so, comprise the normal budget of swag for an employee departing from his cell in writer's row.

RKO studio lately has been getting pretty badly gouged by outward-bound writers, some of them having stocked up for six or seven years before checking out. Discreet warnings were sent around to cut the looting down to a reasonable haul.

A fellow checking off the lot last week rigidly restricted his petty pilfering to some paper and a few sheets of carbon

THIS

IS THE MATCHLESS ADVENTURE

THAT SETS A NEW EXCITEMENT-PEAK

FOR THE SCREEN!



ERROL

FLYNN

in the thrill-swept story of 'The Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New WARNER BROS. Success
With More than a Thousand Players, including

BRENDA MARSHALL

CLAUDE RAINS

DONALD CRISP • FLORA ROBSON

ALAN HALE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement •

paper. But his colleagues, having nothing to do at the moment except create masterful screenplays, worked up a cute gag on him.

While he was cleaning out his desk for the last time, the gay blades who had been his associates loaded up his roadster with enough supplies to stock a stationery store.

Into the capacious trunk compartment they stowed two typewriters, an adding machine, a desk set, a check protector, an electric fan, a clock and a filing cabinet.

Never suspecting that he had been jobbed, the outward-bound writer drove his car to the gate, where the guard on duty halted him.

"Checking off the lot today, aren't you, Mr. Scrivener?" the policeman asked, having been enlisted in the gag.

"Yeah," the scribe replied. "See you again soon, I hope."

"Have to check your car out," the cop said. "New rule on the lot. Been a lot of petty thievery."

Concealing his impatience like a gentleman, the writer consented to a search of his car. Like a terrier, the cop went right to the hidden office supplies.

"This ain't regular," the cop said. "I'll have to call my boss."

Surveying the miscellany planted on him by his friends, the writer knew at once he had been framed.

"Aw, this is only a gag," he protested. "I didn't put that stuff there. Unload it and let me go."

"Sorry," the cop said. "This looks like the kind of thing we've been ordered to guard against."

The boss cop came, looked grave, and got in touch with the studio manager, who called some associates. This silly business went on most of the afternoon, until a mob of fifty or sixty had assembled to enjoy the poor writer's discomfiture.

Guys checking off the RKO lot in future are warned to leave on foot, through the front door, or expose themselves to the caprices of the volunteer OGPU.

■ Now that he is well established as a movie character actor, Brandon Tynan feels it is safe to tell the yarn about how he successfully kidded the Warner Brothers in 1924.

David Belasco, the eminent Broadway impresario, sold two of his stage successes to the up-and-coming Warner boys. Harry Warner wanted to confer with the producer about the adaptations and accordingly called at the Belasco offices. He was told Belasco was suffering from neuralgia at his home.

That night Warner went to the Follies and was astonished when Will Rogers, the featured comic, announced that Belasco was in the audience and called on him to say a few words.

Somebody who looked enough like Belasco to get by took a bow and made a graceful little speech. Harry Warner sent Belasco a night letter congratulating him on his quick recovery and on his nifty appearance at the Follies.

Belasco, still at home, was perplexed about the mystery. That night he dosed himself heavily with restoratives and went to the Follies to see what was going on.

Again Rogers introduced Belasco and again the guy in the audience got up and made a speech. At the end of it, Rogers said, "Excuse me, but if I didn't know you so well, Dave, I'd have said that gentleman in the aisle seat was David Belasco."

The impersonator, Brandon Tynan, turned on the genuine Belasco, shouting, "Get up, Brandon Tynan, I know you!"

Belasco tottered to his feet and faced the phony. The audience, thoroughly bewildered, couldn't tell which was the right guy.

His voice trembling with emotion, Tynan said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I taught this young man to act. And such has been his appreciation that he is going around giving impersonations of me in clubs, theatres and heaven knows where else. I understand he gives a very good imitation behind my back. Now I challenge him to give it to my face."

Belasco smiled and bowed. The audience applauded, insisting that he speak. Finally he shrugged and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have avoided this ordeal for years, but it appears that I am trapped at last."

With a great show of generosity, Tynan said, "I don't want anybody to feel that I hold a grudge against this poor fellow. I am very happy to have been the means by which he makes such a good living."

The audience was taken in by the act until Belasco, apparently endeavoring to reach Tynan to shake hands with him, hastily snatched off the white wig the actor had worn to achieve the Belasco aspect of saintliness. Tynan left the theatre amid applause and hisses.

The next day he got a wire from the producer saying:

YOUR IMPERSONATION WAS TOO GOOD. BUT IT HAS ITS ADVANTAGES FOR ME. IF I EVER GET IN TROUBLE I SHALL TELL THEM IT WAS YOU.

Warners never did discover why Belasco gave them the runaround. They can find out now by inquiring of Brandon Tynan, who is working with Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers in *Lucky Partners* at RKO.



Paulette Goddard, in make-up as the half-caste girl in *Northwest Mounted Police*, with one of the handsome big Malemutes imported from Alaska





Bette Davis broke a habit of ten years when she attended the Hollywood premiere of her film, *All This, And Heaven Too*. On the left, she is shown with her mother entering the theatre. On the right, as they appeared ten years ago when they attended the opening of *Seed*, the last formal opening at which the star appeared


SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO...
Where People are Ruled by LOVE!
Jon ("Hurricane") Hall making love to Shanghai Ruby (Frances Farmer) beneath those South Seas stars...Lovely Malia (Olympe Bradna), fighting for her man . . . Bucko Larson (Victor McLaglen), vicious captain of a pearl-greedy crew . . . Island girls dancing to the pulsing throb of native drums. It's primitive! It's exciting! It's "South of Pago-Pago"!
Edward Small presents
"SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO"
starring
VICTOR McLAGLEN • JON HALL • FRANCES FARMER
star of "The Hurricane"
with Olympe Bradna • Gene Lockhart • Douglas Dumbrille
Screenplay by George Bruce • Directed by Alfred E. Green
Released Thru United Artists

The Show Goes On

By LLEWELLYN MILLER



Elsie gets some lipstick



Elsie gets some powder

A GOOD GIRL GETS HER REWARD

Hollywood careers sometimes depend on the strangest of happenstances. There was the waitress who caught the eye of a casting director when she spilled a bowl of soup on him. Cream of mushroom, it was. And the delivery boy whose motorcycle skidded and flung him unconscious, but still mighty handsome, at the feet of an executive who applied bandages and contract in rapid succession. And the gas station attendant who smiled so engagingly as he wiped off the windshield that he found himself a star almost before he could bring back the change.

Just a few weeks ago, the careless flick of a magazine page was responsible for the start of a sensational new career.

It all began when Gene Towne and Graham Baker were deep in worried conference on the casting of their new picture, *Little Men*. They were very happy over their choice of Kay Francis for the part of Jo, and of Charles Winninger for Professor Baer. You remember that the story is a sequel to Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women*, and deals with the life of Jo after she married the professor and they started a boys' school. They had signed Jack Oakie and Charles Esmond for other important roles, and also young Jimmy Lydon who made such a pleasant impression in *Tom Brown's School Days*.

But one vitally important spot in the cast remained to be filled. The producers had searched for weeks, but without success, and they were at a standstill. Without just the right personality, the picture could not proceed, and they did not know where to turn next.

"Did you see the last test?" asked Towne as he flipped the pages of a magazine with a worried hand.

"She's out," said Baker firmly. "Knock-kneed. How about the one before the last?"

"Out," said Towne. "Hips too wide."

"But she has nice eyes," argued Baker. "And I'm beginning to feel that we shall have to make a compromise with our ideals."



Above, Gene Towne persuading Elsie to put her hoof-marks on a contract for an important part in the feature picture which he and Graham Baker are making

"But she has no temperament, no fire, no verve!" complained Towne, and he flipped another page of his magazine. Then he stopped, caught his breath, stared in growing excitement at the face that looked up at him from an advertisement.

His dazzled eyes noted with the picture producer's rapid awareness of detail that the face had everything that the camera likes best . . . the large, glowing wide-set eyes with irises partially covered by the lower lid and a generous amount of white showing; the slightly tip-tilted nose; the delicacy of modeling about the chin and jaws; the flaring nostrils associated with the artistic temperament. Above all, that indefinable something that we call personality radiated from the printed page.

"I've found her!" breathed Towne.

"Eureka!" cried Baker. "Our troubles are over!"

And that is how Elsie, the Borden cow, went into the movies.

At least that was the start. The partners wasted no time in sending a wire to Borden's offering Elsie a contract to play the part of Buttercup.

An answer came back promptly: "Elsie is complimented by your offer, but she is

Below, Elsie, the Borden cow, in her boudoir at the New York World's Fair where she was signed to appear as Buttercup in the new picture, *Little Men*



Test director Harold Hendee introduces the editor of *Hollywood* Magazine and Elsie just before the newsreels were made of Elsie's voice and mood test





Take Hollywood's tip—try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS *for 30 days*

HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for *your* skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, *thorough* care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly* from the skin —does a *perfect* job. Try Hollywood's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. You'll find they really *work*—help keep skin smooth, attractive.



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

in an interesting condition. When do you need her and for how long?"

Wires flew back and forth. Finally A. W. Ramsdell, vice-president of Borden's Milk Company, and Gene Towne waived all thoughts of the expense and conferred at length on the trans-continental telephone.

Elsie's veterinarian had informed the milk company executive that Elsie's calf was expected on August 8. That meant that Elsie would be free to accept a contract in the early part of July, but Borden's insisted that she return to the New York World's Fair, where she is Queen of the Borden's exhibit, in time to have her calf in familiar surroundings. Towne and Baker were in despair. They were convinced that they had found the dream cow. They were positive that no one else could play the part of Buttercup so well as Elsie. But their shooting schedule was from the middle of July well into August. It would cost $50,000 to rearrange it. But Borden's officials were adamant. They insisted that Elsie must be back by August 1.

For three days, the picture producers argued and cajoled over the long distance wires. Finally Towne, persistent perfectionist that he is, impetuously boarded a plane, flew to New York to handle the matter in person. After he had pointed out with all of the eloquence at his command how much the part meant to Elsie, the Borden officials generously gave way, and, rather than spoil Elsie's chances at a screen career, agreed to allow her little one to be born in Hollywood.

Perhaps they realized that some personalities are destined for greatness, that Fate marks some individuals for fame, that none can stem the tide of a truly great career, once it is under way. "We are grateful," they are reported to have said, "that we have been able to aid Elsie in the start of her career before the public, and we feel that we must not selfishly stand in her way, now that fortune calls her to wider horizons. We feel that we would be breaking the faith with the public were we to deny Elsie the opportunity to add thousands of friends to the thousands she already has made. After all, she will return to us shortly."

Elsie has a long line of distinguished ancestors, emigrants from the Isle of Jersey, behind her, but she is entirely a self-made cow so far as her career goes, and owes the extraordinary position she occupies today entirely to her own determination to make good in a highly competitive field.

Of course, the beauty with which Nature endowed her, and her own ability to grasp opportunity when it passed, have been of great aid.

Opportunity first passed when Elsie was working as just one of the ensemble on the Rotolactor at the New York World's Fair. Elsie did not notice that a little group of spectators was giving each cow especially close scrutiny as she passed on the revolving milker. She just behaved with the natural dignity and unaffected charm which are among her greatest assets.

The spectators were executives of the milk company, and they were at the Fair for more than idle pleasure. They were gathered in solemn conclave to select the glamour cow of the year to represent them in all of their advertisements. When Elsie's half ton of bovine beauty swung into view, as one man they voted for her.

Elsie's career might have stopped right there, had she not accepted her good fortune with pride in her new responsibilities, rather than conceit. She was impressed, quite naturally, but she was also touched and grateful when she was led



Maureen O'Sullivan likes a gaily striped cotton skirt for the last warm days of summer idleness before she starts her next film at M-G-M, *One Came Home*, which co-stars Robert Young

out of the dormitory that she had shared with her fellow performers, and saw the lavishly decorated boudoir that had been prepared for her.

This boudoir, incidentally, is being duplicated exactly in Hollywood so that she will feel at home while she is at the studio. Her stall is a Colonial four-poster with gay red and white flouncing. On the walls hang family portraits . . . grandmother Buxom Bess Lobelia, painted in her bridal veil, and great-uncle Maldemer, the Admiral, in full rig.

Elsie's likeness to her grandmother is striking. Both have the same look of being almost too aesthetic to chew the cud, but Elsie has something of the swagger of the Admiral about her, too. Probably it is from that rakish fellow that she inherits her fire and readiness for any new adventure.

She had that fiery temperament under firm control on the day of her screen test. She was nervous. Who wouldn't be? But, when Director Hendee called "Camera," she betrayed her feelings by no more than a certain widening of the eyes. She swallowed, laid back one pink ear, flicked the skin under the wreath of black-eyed Susans around her neck, and went through the ordeal with flying colors.

By the time she took her screen test, Elsie had had wide experience before the public. More than 8,000,000 people have visited her at the Fair, she has entertained the New York press at the Waldorf-Astoria, and was hostess at the Seventh Regiment Ball last winter. So many were the friends and well-wishers who wished to attend her wedding that it was held in the vast plaza known as "The Court of Peace" at the Fair.

Elsie is the mother of five, grandmother of two. She is eight years old, but does not look a day over six. Her Hollywood engagement will not disrupt the life of her family which will not accompany her. Dr. Adrian Mills, her veterinarian; Lee Boyce, who supervised her early training; and Charles N. Bayer, her personal publicity man, are considered sufficient protection.

For the journey, she wore a rich but quiet outfit of dark-blue tailored horse blanket, piped in yellow, with costume jewelry of yellow and white patent leather daisies.

Her evening costumes are carried in a custom-made traveling case, and include a green corduroy wrap appliqued in gold and a more elaborate get-up, embroidered in sequins, for very formal wear. With this, she will wear her cloisonne and garnet halter, and use gold polish on her horns and hoofs.

Ordinarily, Elsie chooses no more than the high luster of careful grooming on her hoofs, though she does like a little mimeograph ink rubbed in to give them an added lustrous darkness.

Elsie is looking forward with unconcealed pleasure to the cocktail party which is planned for her at Ciro's in Hollywood, where she will meet the western press and the stars of her picture. After that, she will leave her hoof-prints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese theatre, and then proceed to the studio which she will enter under a welcoming sign, "Through this portal passes the most beautiful cow in the world."

When asked to what she attributed her outstanding success, Elsie contented herself with a casual wave of her tail toward the diploma that hangs on the wall of her boudoir.

ELSIE IS A GOOD GIRL.

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Alameda, Cal. "New Camay is so amazingly mild!" says Mrs. Richardson. "My skin is rather delicate—but new Camay is so gentle that it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses!"

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

EVERYWHERE women are talking about this wonderful new Camay... finding in new Camay the beauty soap to help them in their search for greater loveliness!

And no wonder—for tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them... gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive try this wonderful new Camay... see for yourself how much its extra mildness... its more gentle, thorough cleansing... can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!



Mrs. G. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."

"I don't know what delighted me most about new Camay—that lovely new fragrance or its wonderful mildness. Every woman who has sensitive skin ought to try Camay!"

Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.





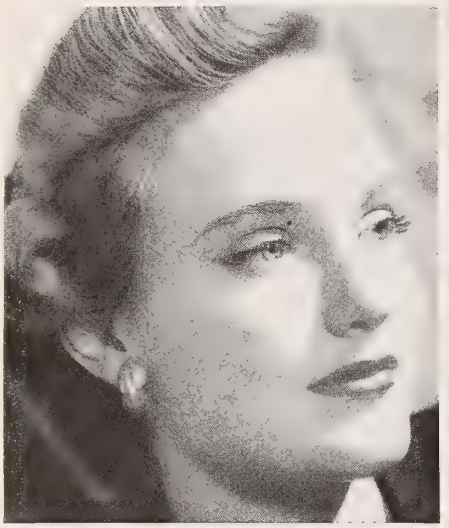
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

At your dealer's now—no change in wrapper.

MIXED-UP BY MAKE-UP? . . JUST

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



ARE you going wild trying to find YOUR OWN shade of lipstick among the thousands of shades on the market? Use TANGEE NATURAL...actually the lipstick of a thousand shades...for Tangee changes as you apply it to your lips, from orange in the stick, to the ONE shade of red JUST RIGHT for your skin-coloring! And for perfect make-up harmony, match your lips with Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Creme or Compact Rouge.

You'll find Tangee ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK. And, once you've applied Tangee, the special cream base will keep your lips smooth and soft for hours and hours!



TANGEE Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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Beauty Full Teens

The teen years are full of possibilities for beauty, and Helen Parrish, in spite of the fact that she is playing in the picture called *I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now*, tells you how she keeps herself looking like a sweetheart

By ANN VERNON

The teens can be just as beautiful as they're supposed to be terrible. I discovered that the day I lunched with Helen Parrish in a famous Broadway hotel. Helen is one of the freshest, sweetest, most poised youngsters I've yet seen come out of Hollywood, but she claims to have her full share of troubles.

She's just seventeen, and, under California law, she has to go to school even as you and your pal next door. Helen's school means three hours a day spent with her teacher—which doesn't sound like much, I'll admit, but she found it a great bother here in New York. She wanted to do the night clubs and theatres like any other grown up movie star—and teacher wouldn't let her! Not on a school night anyway, because the next day she'd be wanting to sleep late instead of getting up and studying!

Helen claims she has her beauty troubles like any other girl her age, too, but you'd

ASK ME ANOTHER

Ann Vernon can help solve all the skin, hair and make-up questions that puzzle the teens, and tell you how to be fresh and beautiful. Write her today about *your* problem, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. The address: Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

never know it to look at her. That's because she's learned how to correct them. Naturally her young skin has the same tendencies to over-oiliness as yours (that's a sign of the age) and when she's indulged in too many double chocolate sundaes, out will pop a bothersome blossom. But a shiny nose is just a good reason to take time out to wash her face thoroughly with a mild soap and warm water, before repowdering, and she dries up those blemishes, with a medicated healing lotion.

Of course Helen wears a lot more make-up during the day, when she's on the set, than most of you will ever wear. And if you think that make-up ruins skin, you should see Helen's. It's dewy soft, and fine textured as anyone could wish. That's because she uses just loads of soap and water and cream, too! She always applies plenty of cold cream to remove the heavy studio make-up, then takes soap, warm water and a soft bristled complexion brush to work up a thick cleansing lather. She always rinses twice with cool water.

Because most young skins do tend to oiliness and large pores, it's a good idea to use an astringent or mild skin tonic after washing, and always after creaming your face. Saturate a square of cotton with lotion, then pat it gently all over your face and throat, paying particular attention, please, to the corners of your nose, your chin, and forehead where the oil glands are thickest and busiest. Don't ever try to make up right away; let your skin rest for about ten minutes while the astringent takes hold, and shrinks warm-water enlarged pores back to normal size.

For daytime make-up when she's not working, Helen likes just a light dusting of powder on her pert little nose, and a touch of lipstick. But in the evening she wants to be just as glamorous as any other movie star, so she adds the faintest hint of blue eyeshadow, and a bit of black mascara, oh so skillfully applied, to darken her reddish lashes . . . Helen uses a lip brush to paint on her lipstick so that she gets the curves of her mouth just right! And you can bet your allowance that she picks a lipstick with a creamy base to keep her lips soft and smooth.

■ That's a lovely evening hair-do Helen is wearing in this photograph, but ordinarily she does her own hair, chooses a much simpler style so that she can do it up on bob pins quickly. She has discovered that hair dries much faster when moistened with light curling lotion, or scented cologne—and she likes cologne better because it smells so nice!

I suppose most of you would like me to get right down to cases and tell you about special toiletries that will help you be just as lovely at seventeen as Helen Parrish is, so here goes. First, I do want to tell you about the soap she uses not once but several times a day. It's a bland white cake that froths into myriad bubbles practically as soon as it hits water—but doesn't get smudgy in the process. It seems to get right to work and remove all stale make-up, dirt and excess oils—without irritating your skin in the process. You'll like its faint and delicate

[*Continued on page* 57]



Be a Woman Desired

with this Fragrance Men Love

The costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its appealing fragrance, is the dainty way to combat body staleness.

YOU'RE doubly enchanting, young lady, when your skin suggests a breath of romance. For no man wants his idol to have "feet of clay." And you can be ever so perfect in make-up, hair-do, and costume—but if the scent from your skin is not delicate, and lady-like, then BOOM! The romance is off!

Instinctively, you will prefer this costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

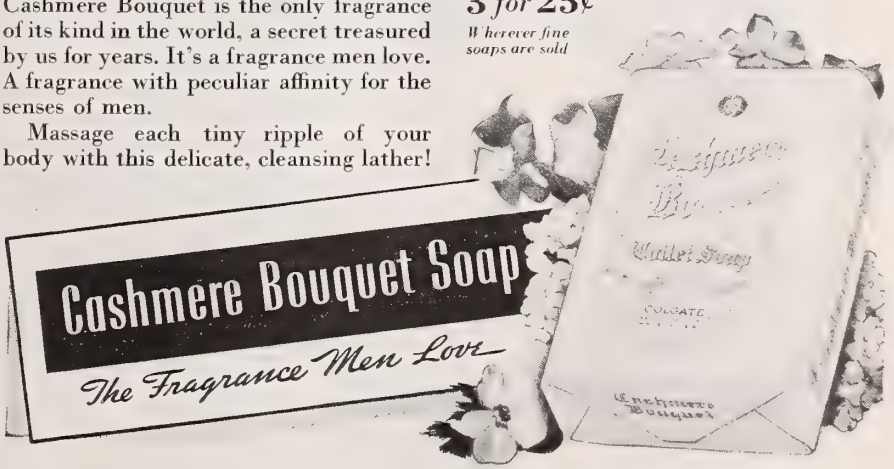
Massage each tiny ripple of your body with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body staleness. Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight! Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢

Wherever fine soaps are sold



Enhance your allure with these complementary Cashmere Bouquet beauty aids:
Cashmere Bouquet Cleansing Cream . . . Face Powder . . . Lotion . . . Talc Powder . . . Lipstick



DURA-GLOSS

Choose your color by the Fingernail Cap

Lovely, expressive, provocative—every motion of your hands, their creamy loveliness accentuated by the flame-red, exciting brilliance of **Dura-Gloss**, the new, the different nail polish created specially to make your fingernails the most beautiful fingernails in the world! **Dura-Gloss** has swept America, has risen to unbelievable heights of popularity—yes, especially among women who willingly spent a dollar for nail polish before! Yet **Dura-Gloss** awaits you now, in twenty fashion-approved colors at every cosmetic counter, and costs only that tiniest silver coin—a dime! For the sake of new loveliness for your fingernails—change to **Dura-Gloss**, before sun sets today!

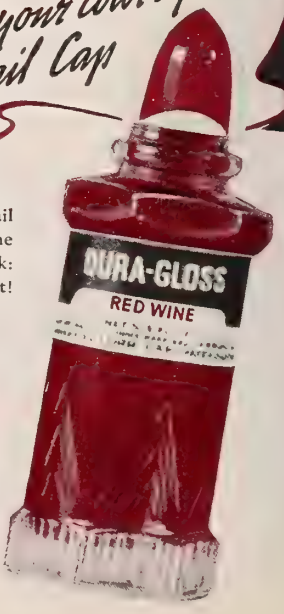
The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

For your smart fall ensembles you'll need:

True Red *Red Wine*
Tropical *Pink Lady*



Lorr Laboratories
Paterson. N. J.
FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS

Actor At Armageddon



Robert Montgomery behind the wheel of the ambulance which he drove for heartbreaking days at the front under German fire

Robert Montgomery has played a hero in countless films but now he has won the title in real life by four weeks' service in the American Red Cross at the war front

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.



■ Back from a battered, bleeding, bewildered France, where for more than a month he drove an ambulance under fire at the front, Robert Montgomery arrived in New York on a transatlantic Clipper, a few weeks ago, to give a graphic picture of the brutal blitzkrieg of Hitler's hordes.

"It was a living hell! . . . It was more horrible than any words can describe. Whole towns in the beautiful, peaceful countryside of France were literally blown to pieces . . . A gallant army was butchered in its retreat . . . No one was spared . . . Millions of homeless, impoverished refugees pushed on, ever southward, like droves of frightened animals, until they fell asleep, exhausted, by the roadside, or were bombed or strafed . . . Even ambulances, with their cargoes of helpless, shattered souls, were a target for the death-dealing Nazi planes."

Montgomery left for America just as France sued for peace; left because the German air raids which had so effectively prepared the way for a smashing invasion had also taken toll of the Red Cross machines of mercy. With the chief ambulance factories blown up in the first bombing of Paris, and half the ambulances in service wrecked on the road, there simply weren't enough machines for the drivers.

Montgomery, Red Cross officials felt, would be more useful in the campaign to raise funds back in America, telling first hand of the urgent needs for relief, recounting his own harrowing experiences, than sitting idly in an ambulance garage, emptied by German shells.

And the tales Bob had to tell were both harrowing and heartrending.

He had seen Paris, glittering in the springtime splendor of its broad boulevards, canopied by chestnut trees, bombed and then surrendered. He had been in the thickest of the Battle of France, the fierce fighting around Amiens, and the terrible retreat from the Somme. His own ambulance had been bombed and he had seen the Red Cross, heretofore a symbol of safe conduct for the wounded, mercilessly machine-gunned.

The seared, sober-minded man who quietly recited experiences in war-ravaged Europe was a far different Bob Montgomery than the gay-minded, easy-mannered young actor who had sailed to England a year ago. His eyes were the eyes of a man who has seen death, destruction and despair.

There was nothing of the thrill-seeking adventurer in Montgomery's decision to offer his services to the Red Cross.

For the last year Bob had been in England, save for a short visit to Hollywood during the winter, making M-G-M [*Continued on page 53*]

Thinner than when he left, tired and care-worn, Montgomery waves to friends as he leaves the Clipper which brought him to New York



"Jesse James was shot in the back! If the law won't take care of his murderers, I will—*or my name's not Frank James!*"

THE SPECTACULAR CLIMAX TO THE DARING EXPLOITS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS OUTLAWS!

HENRY FONDA

in

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES

in TECHNICOLOR

with

GENE TIERNEY · JACKIE COOPER · HENRY HULL

John Carradine · J. Edward Bromberg

Donald Meek · Eddie Collins · George Barbier

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Directed by Fritz Lang

Original Screen Play by Sam Hellman

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

MORE EXCITING AND COLORFUL THAN THE UNFORGETTABLE "JESSE JAMES"!

Gale Page's Reducing Diet





Above and center, Gale Page was photographed behind a door or a Lane sister all through *Four Wives*. Above, after dieting for four weeks

Gale Page loves to eat, but she found out that "spreads" spread it on, and so found a diet for quick reduction. Here is how she lost 38 pounds in three months

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

■ "In our family we celebrate everything from Tabby presenting us with a new batch of kittens to my getting a hoped-for movie role, with a 'spread.' A 'spread' in our household means good eats, not a coverlet.

"My earliest memory of a 'spread' in my honor was in celebration of my first trip to the dentist. I was five. I still act as though I were five whenever I have to go to the dentist. And mother still gives me a 'spread' whenever I screw up enough courage to do so. That is she used to. In the future, I guess 'spreads' are tabu, since they have almost been my downfall."

Gale Page, trim and wispy, glanced dubiously at a large plate of green salad the waitress in Warner Brothers' commissary, placed on the table before her. Thirty-eight pounds lighter since I had seen her a little over three months before, Gale had consented to tell the readers of HOLLYWOOD, how she got that way. "However, she cautioned, any person who wants to lose weight must first consult a [*Continued on page* 46]



Gale Page, 38 pounds lighter, as she appears in *Knute Rockne—All American*. Pat O'Brien is shown in astonishing make-up as the great coach

Somebody Ought To Tell Her!

James Stewart lives by himself, but not alone. Wonderful and fearful are the emergencies and the surprises that hospitable Jimmy encounters in his home life from his strangely assorted house guests

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ As this is written, both Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart deny at the top of their lungs—even *before* you ask them—that they will be married soon or even ever. The Wise People at the corner tables in Ciro's look knowingly and admonish, "Don't let 'em fool you!"

My hunch is—But why should I stick my pretty neck out and reveal any hunches about Hollywood marriages? After what I've let myself in for recently at the races?

But it does seem that if Olivia—or any other lovely — contemplates matrimony with this most, oh, most attractive and eligible gentleman, there are a few little



Left, James Stewart with Olivia de Havilland, who, according to the rumors, may have a good deal to say soon about his home

It *looks* comfortable, but the only trouble is that James, the cordial host, has more guests than beds

things she really should know. In all likelihood Jimmy would take her right home to his house which is furnished and staffed and has iceboxes and fireplaces and—nice bowls for salad—but—Well, do you think it would startle a prospective bride too much if you told her why her husband-to-be snatches the trade papers so eagerly every morning, and bends almost agonized attention to the notices of departures of friends from points East for the Coast? Last time we noticed him, he was muttering, "Hmm-mm! Burgess Meredith planning to come out. Last time he said he didn't have enough blankets. Must remember to order more blankets! Doesn't say when he'll arrive. Blankets . . . blankets. . ." An hour or so later Jimmy was at the telephone, ordering three new deck chairs and a dozen bath towels. "What about the blankets—for Meredith?" we wanted to know. "Did I say blankets? Oh, gosh! Well, what did I order? Well I can't be bothered now. Meredith always takes my bed, anyhow, and *I* have enough blankets. What I should have ordered was a longer couch. That's where I'll have to sleep. . . ."

I mean—well, it isn't merely that Stewart is in chronic danger of finding dear old friends from somewhere occupying all of the beds in the house when he returns from an evening of dancing (or maybe, this time of getting married!) There are certain other idiosyncrasies of the Stewart manor which may need explaining and possible readjustment. Things seem to move along smoothly enough. But there is a certain lack of what I believe experts in domestic science call "direction and co-ordination" which might elicit a gasp or two from a wife.

One is a habit Jimmy has of inviting twelve or fifteen people to dinner, informing Daisy, the cook, and then cancelling the party and forgetting to inform her. Now, Daisy is not a temperamental soul but she is a woman. She takes pride in her cooking and any woman who has ever glazed a ham or molded a shimmering "company salad" will know that it is simply no laughing matter if no one turns up to admire and digest these masterpieces. Occasionally Jimmy does the trite masculine thing and invites people and forgets to inform Daisy. That is a mere challenge to her ingenuity and she surmounts these occasions with triumphant good nature. But Daisy is no patient Stella Dallas at heart and if she plans a party she wants the party to *happen*. I suspect that she'd mention this to an incoming Mrs. S.

There might be other problems anent Daisy, jewel though she is. Jimmy maintains that there is a faint aura of mystery about her at all times. He is certain that she is psychic. Else how can there always be enough food in the house for whatever number of people he brings home at odd hours—while the grocery bills never seem to bulge? Frankly, this scares Jimmy.

And Daisy has a certain horror of and violent aversion to the use of anything which she thinks of as "machinery." This quirk has saved her employer money on such things as exploding electric toasters and self-turning-over waffle irons. But this feeling of Daisy's extends to the telephone which she views with especially dark suspicion. On the rather rare occasion when she is obliged to answer it, she does it in so sepulchral a voice that more than one friend has jumped to the nervous conclusion that murder has just been done in the Stewart menage. Her remarks are confined to a low, "No!" This means that Mr. Stewart isn't in. Further inquiries elicit a mere, "I—don't—know!" delivered in a voice which could mean simply *anything*. And those are the absolute limits of Daisy's telephone vocabulary.

Malcolm, now, is different. Malcolm is a sort of houseboy valet who was left over among some other odds and ends one time when Burgess Meredith was suddenly called back to New York. Jimmy is devoted to him . . . and just let Meredith try to get him back! When Malcolm answers the phone and someone inquires for Mr. Stewart, Malcolm begins at the beginning—tells the [*Continued on page* 48]

James Stewart in the early morning leaving home for the studio, and shooting on his new film, *No Time for Comedy* at Warner Bros.

Evening, and thoughtful Jimmy builds up a fire, even if he has forgotten to order dinner for a score of his hungry house guests





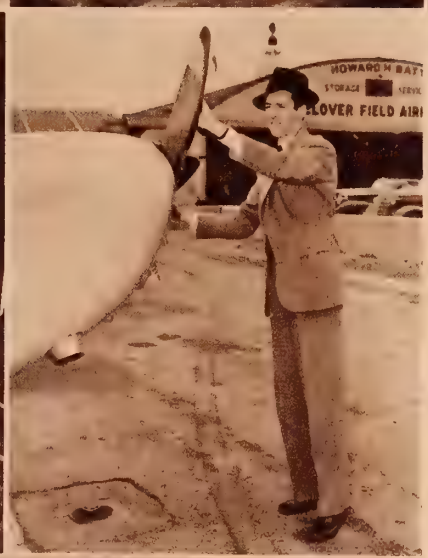




That worn expression is due to hours of waiting for the telephone. Jimmy's friends are many and they keep it busy for hours at a time

Another harried look because James, the good provider, just has realized that he had meant to buy blankets, not food supplies

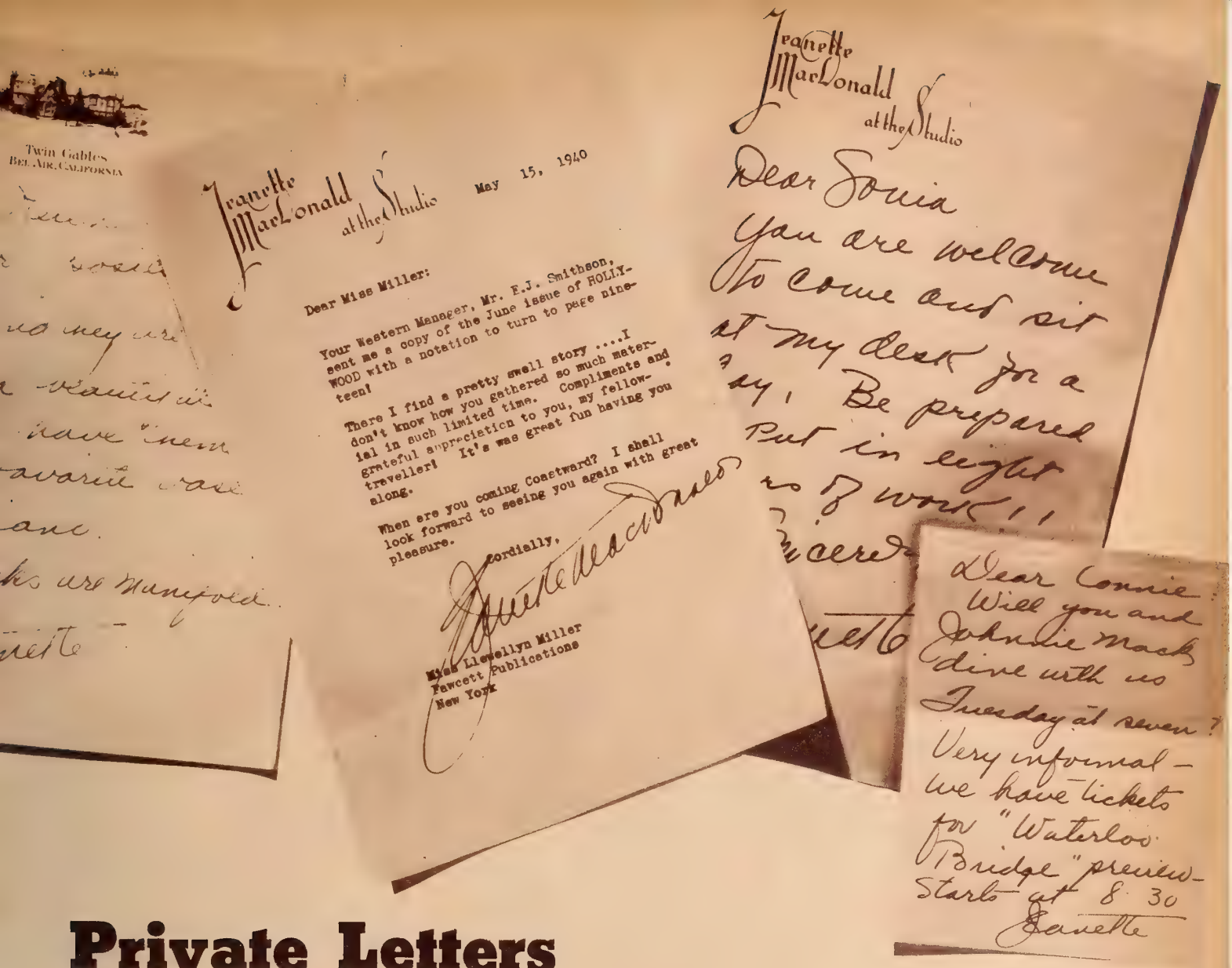




It keeps a man busy, just knowing what is in the icebox and trying to be ready for any number of callers

This is the answer to too much social life at home. Jimmy's own plane can get him far away from it all


"No Royal Road to Song"
By Jeanette
SATURDAY
THURSDAY
SATURDAY
8
JUNE 1940
SUNDAY
13
AUG. 1939
APPOINTMENTS
8 A.M.
9 A.M. Ride - meet
10 A.M. Allan's Irene -
11 A.M. at Stables
12 Noon Breakfast (Jean
1 P.M. at home
2 P.M. Gene's
3 P.M.
4 P.M. Birthday!
5 P.M.
6 P.M.
TUESDAY
28
NOV. 1939
TUESDAY
11
JULY 1939
APPOINTMENTS
THURSDAY
SATURDAY
15
JULY 1939
Hollywood
Stars Baseball
Game
Gene is
playing
Send gag wire
24



Private Letters of Jeanette MacDonald

The correspondence of a movie star covers dozens of different matters. Here is your chance to spend a day at Jeanette's desk and see how she deals with this important problem

By SONIA LEE

■ Jeanette MacDonald is a living proof of the saying, "The more you have to do, the more you can accomplish."

Even in the midst of picture production, when there seem to be a dozen different demands on every minute of the day, her desk remains reasonably clear, her correspondence is never neglected, even though her letters frequently number hundreds a week. Jeanette is an inveterate letter writer because she is a firm believer in putting things on paper. Once in a while things "carried in the head" are forgotten and produce hurt feelings or embarrassments, so a flurry of little notes about dozens of different matters leaves her studio dressing-room every day. Her calendar pad is crowded with jotted notes of reminders to herself and her secretary.

When she is busy at the studio, letters are dictated on the set between scenes, in her own quarters at noontime, and at any other moment she may find herself free. When she has the day at home, part of each morning, frequently a good part of the whole day, is spent at the dainty writing table in her sitting room.

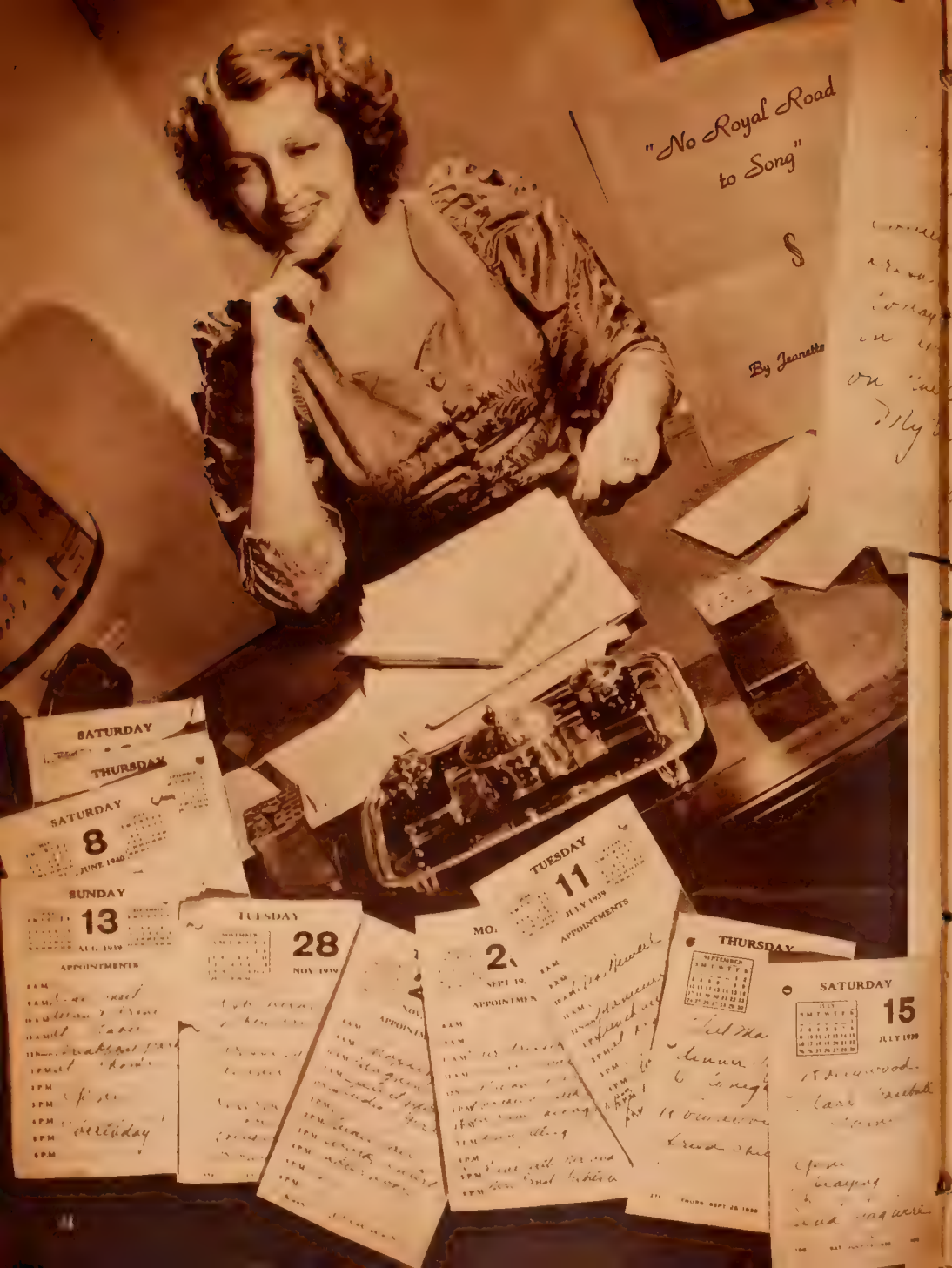
The first half hour always is devoted to letters to intimate friends . . . bread-and-butter notes, acceptances of invitations, thank-you notes and her own invitations. These she usually writes on double cards, the size of a calling card. "Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond" is engraved on the front, and her note, in long hand, of course, is jotted on the inside.

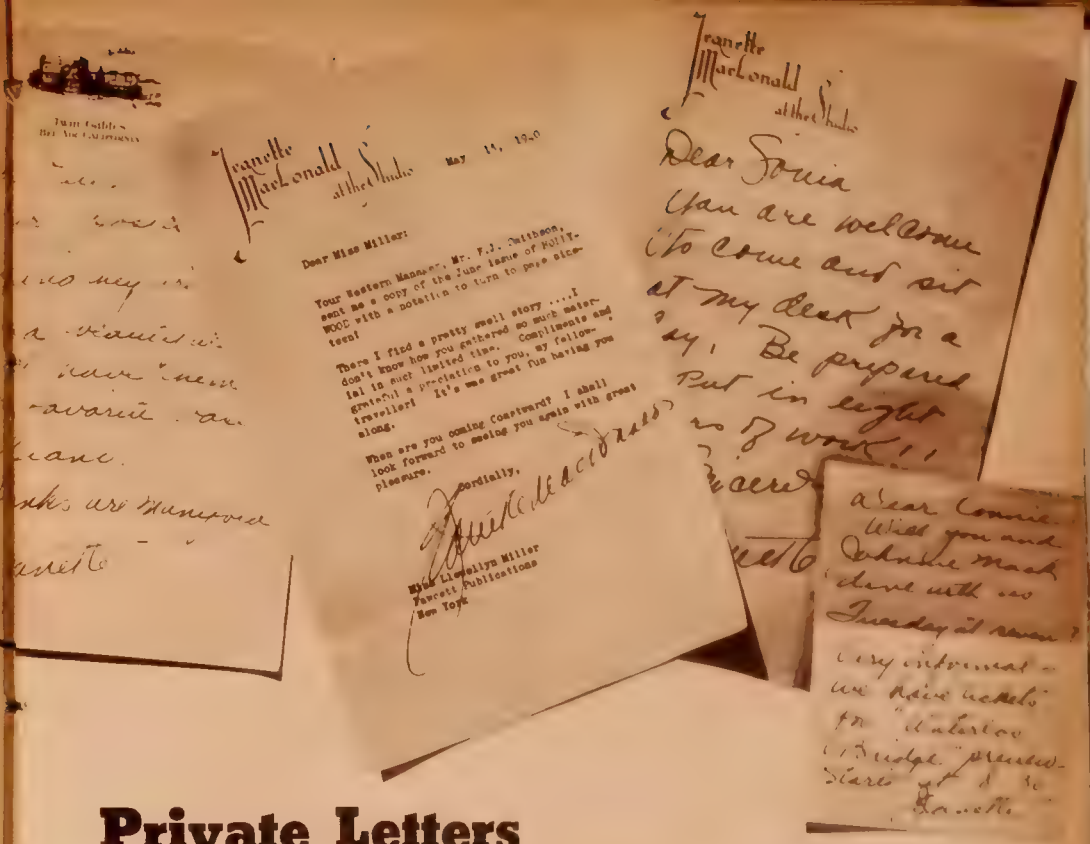
Notes to her associates at the studio regarding matters incident to work are dictated to her secretary who later types them.

Today there is a matter of wardrobe. Adrian had submitted sketches and samples. Jeanette writes:

"Dear Adrian: The sketches are divine! And I agree with you on the coloring. The blue bodice should be a trifle deeper than the skirt, blending the two [*Continued on page 58*]


Royal Road
8 A.M.
9 A.M.
10 A.M.
11 A.M.
12 Noon
1 P.M.
2 P.M.
3 P.M.
4 P.M.
5 P.M.
6 P.M.





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(Continued on page 34)

Remember?

If you are just a little bit tired of defending the head-gear of 1940, turn back with us through Hollywood's files and see if you don't find a few kind words to be said for today's giddy hat



1920. Aileen Pringle



1921. Gladys George



1926. Greta Garbo



1927. Loretta Young



1928. Fay Wray



1929. Constance Bennett



1934. Bette Davis



1935. Kay Francis



1936. Alice Faye



1937. Olivia de Havilland



1922. Billie Burke



1923. ZaSu Pitts



1924. Irene Rich



1925. Norma Shearer



1930. Hedda Hopper



1931. Irene Dunne



1932. Greta Garbo



1933. Jean Arthur



1938. Merle Oberon



1939. Sonja Henie



1940. Joan Bennett



Mischa Auer forecasts the future

"I'm Glad I Wasn't Married 100 Years Ago" Says Tyrone Power



His part in *Brigham Young* started a discussion about marriage and produced this provocative interview with the star

By KATE JOHNS





At the top, Tyrone Power and Jane Darwell in a scene from *Brigham Young* which illustrates very clearly the strenuous part pioneer women undertook in the work of the community. Right, another scene from the stirring tale of the brave souls who pushed the empire westward. Those were the days when women had to be nurses and cooks, fighters and peacemakers, teachers and seamstresses, explorers and home-builders all at once. Center, Power and his lovely wife, Annabella, who is all of those things and has time to be a good companion as well

There is a clean-cut directness about everything Tyrone Power says and does. So it happened he said:

"I'm glad I wasn't married in 1847."

There also is a clean-cut honesty in his thinking processes, so he added truthfully:

"I'm glad I wasn't *anything* a hundred years ago."

We were stumbling down a rough hillside, knee deep in wild oats, when he made the statement about 1847 marriage. It wasn't as irrelevant as it seems, for we were on location at Agoura, some forty miles from Hollywood, where a trek scene of *Brigham Young* was being filmed. Understandably enough, marriage and Brigham Young are synonomous in the average mind, since the great Mormon leader had twenty-seven legal wives.

Ty, incidentally, plays a Mormon in the picture. His role is that of Jonathan, a young adventurer who crossed the plains in that perilous pioneer trek of 1845-1847, and who served as a scout for Brigham Young. Woven into the story of hardship and danger is the love story of Jonathan and Zina, a young girl not of the Mormon faith who is orphaned during early persecutions of the Saints. Linda Darnell plays Zina.

It was natural many of the cast including Ty found themselves wondering about some of the phases of marriage in those early days among the Mormons. I thought he was referring to polygamy when he said he was glad he was not married in 1847.

He set me straight in a hurry. "I'm talking about marriage in general and looking at it in the broad social sense," he said. "Polygamy was part of the Mormon faith in those early days before the turn of the century, and, as such, I regard it as something which was their concern and nobody's business. But even if you want to argue that, you can't escape the recorded fact that a scant two per cent of the Mormon families practiced polygamy, and two per cent is a negligible figure in the consideration of any subject as a whole. No, I am referring to marriage as it was in New York, Chicago, or Podunk in 1847 as against 1940."

I liked the fairness of his attitude and the tolerance of his stand when he had a wide open chance to pop off with something sensational. That, too, is like him; he doesn't let an individual tree block his view of the forest. Incidentally we were enjoying a bit of forest just then; we found a cool spot in the shade of a big tree and rested in it while teamsters struggled to hitch some fractious oxen to several covered wagons perched precariously on the hillside above us. Ty watched the battle with interest until I pulled him back with a question about the chief advantage of 1940 marriage as he saw it.

"There are two people in it now, which makes it twice as good," he said promptly.

I suggested he was kidding, because marriage always has concerned two people.

"That's just it," he said. "It has *concerned* two people, but, until recent times, comparatively speaking, there has been only one person *in* it, the man. He was the dominant, the only force. The woman rated the importance of an afterthought. She was, in effect, just another possession. It always strikes me as a hangover from those days when I see a man sign a hotel register as John Jones *and wife*. Sounds like John Jones and car. John Jones and farm."

The male stranglehold on marriage was broken by women gradually emerging from the shadowy background of the relationship as individuals of equal importance and responsibility he thought. To a large extent, higher education for women was the underlying reason.

"Aside from the rather patronizing attitude of men that any education beyond the basic three R's was unnecessary for women, the physical drudgery in which the average woman was enslaved in running her household left no time for it," he said. "It wasn't so long ago, remember, that women ground their own flour, raised their own vegetables, even spun their own cloth for clothes. True, some were fortunate enough to be able to hire that work done for them, but such freedom was the exception, not the rule.

"With the coming of many inventions and the industrial progress of the last fifty years, those heavy tasks were taken from women's shoulders, leaving her time for higher education and the development of her individual talents. It's ridiculous to picture Frances Perkins over a Monday morning washtub or Dorothy Thompson weeding her potato patch. Yet the picture would not be far-fetched at all if women's economic status was today what it was in the 19th century."

[*Continued on page* 38]



Ox teams such as this were used in the painfully long trip across the vast plain to the promised land, Utah



Mary Astor plays one of the wives of Brigham Young and Dean Jagger is seen as the Mormon prophet, himself



Tyrone Power plays a young Mormon. Linda Darnell and little Ann Todd play members of the pioneer band



Let Your Heart Beat Quick

Why Madeleine Carroll flew to France when the surrender of Paris was inevitable is the story of a touching romance

By LUPTON A. WILKINSON

■ Unless war has terribly intervened, or armistice terms have worked to keep sweethearts apart, Madeleine Carroll will be married when this reaches you.

In that case you will know the name of her "mystery man"—a name she zealously guarded through many months, for reasons we will examine.

But you are not likely to know, till now, what manner of man this "Captain X" is—a man for whom one of the world's most beautiful women, with everything in the world to live for, took off, through lowering mists, to fly the Atlantic and try to beat Hitler to Paris. In this article we will look at that man. We will hear him speak. We will understand the terrific forces which combined with his appeal (what a man he must be!) to make a head-controlled young woman say, for the first time in her life, "Heart, take over!"

In New York, in June, I was doing a small job for Allied relief. Madeleine was doing a large one. It was my privilege to be with her part of each day—those last ten days before I handed her onto the Atlantic Clipper. I don't know which was the more stirring in drama, that period of terror, strain and longing before she flew or that other time of stress when her Fate, wearing a blue uniform with gold wings on his collar, walked into a Paris home. And she, with war about to tear these new-found acquaintances instantly apart, knew—in the catch of a breath—what had happened to her.

Maybe great love comes at great times. Maybe the *individual* is what counts most. You judge. I'll tell the events in the order they happened. It's a tale to make the heart beat quick.

On Sep- [*Continued on page* 60]

Net Profit for Lynn

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY



If it had not been for a tennis match, Jeffrey Lynn might never have courted fame in Hollywood

■ Funny thing what tennis can do.

If he had only been a slap-happy handball player or a badminton addict, that valuable property of the Warner Brothers known as Jeffrey Lynn might never have ended up as public idol number one to those who like their idols boyish, sensitive-looking and wearing an air of having negotiated the multiplication tables without mortal pain.

If he had been either of these he might be, even now, serving as a member of some high school faculty in Maine—or, maybe, an instructor at Bates College—worrying his head about whether to give the kids Hamlet or Macbeth to study next fall.

But no! He had to be a tennis player, so-so on forecourt play, an assassin on service.

He told us all about it not so long ago after a dazed waiter attached to a Manhattan tap-room took off in pursuit of a tall ginger ale for the identical Mr. Lynn who zoomed the country's ken in *Four Daughters* and was starred in *Money and the Woman* after he finished *My Love Came Back* opposite Olivia de Havilland.

Mr. Jeffrey Lynn is handsomer than he photographs on the screen, less grave-looking, and a miniature Mount Vesuvius of energy. Once he's started he's gone like the wind, displaying a talent for fooling, conversation and story-telling second-to-none, so definitely second-to-none that even the Warner attache who was there to inject a hypodermic in the conversation when it began to lag was thoroughly awed. A waggish West Coast Warner colleague had sent the news ahead that Lynn never smiled, talked only of Greek tragedy and communed with the spirits. And here was Mr. Lynn fairly going to town!

"Up until that moment when a passion for tennis changed my life, I was completely innocent of any such insane notion that one day a studio would be spoiling film on me. I was entrenched as the head of the English department of the Lisbon (Maine) High School. I was being of service to humanity. Of course, I was. Furthermore, I was enlightening the youth. That's how it is with apprentice educators. We're all noble and full of sacrifices."

The Warner man chuckled at Mr. Lynn's ironies. Mr. Lynn, all ablush, went on.

"I led a triple life back in Lisbon. Mornings, in my classes, I'd introduce my proteges to such sundry literary citizens as Old Scrooge and Pocahontas, Peter Pan and Barbara Fritchie.

"Afternoons I would round up a posse of the junior and senior boys and coach them, in season, in baseball, basketball and track. It so happens that track was my true love. As a laddie I had picked up a thing or two about running the half-mile—I ran the distance at Bates College—not to mention a drawer full of watches. Some of my boys began to look like junior meteors before long.

"Nights, when I wasn't busy at home correcting the masterpieces of my scholars, I would be listening to Amos and Andy or Ed Wynn over the radio. Those gentlemen haunted me. In fact, they virtually bunked with me. You see the landlady had a yen for both these worthies, and whenever they came on the air, she turned the radio on full blast, so as to share her joy. The old Fire Chief and the two Harlem glamour boys did everything but take their meals with us.

"It finally dawned on me that since I was already a martyr to education, I might extend myself and bring drama—of a sort—to Lisbon. So I rounded up the local stage-struck, and we went to work. I learned an awful lot about the stage from those kids. As a minor veteran of the Bates Players I had taken it for granted that I knew, at least, the bare fundamentals. But seeing plays from the other side of the footlights gave me the true perspective that was absent during my acting apprenticeship, when I was sporting the drama colors of the Brockton (Mass.) Y. M. C. A players.

"We had us a swell time making lights out of tin cans, reworking a discarded Victorian gown into a party dress for a Noel Coward smart-set comedy and putting on plays with maximum stealth so as not to attract

[*Continued on page* 50]

Lamour—Disaster Expert

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE



Delicate, dainty Dorothy Lamour is suffering another set of studio-contrived catastrophes all for the sake of her career and *Typhoon*

■ In the good old days, Pearl White was always being hurled over cliffs, fastened to railroad tracks, trapped in burning buildings, thrown under the stampeding hooves of wild cattle, swirled through South Sea Island floods, and all of us fortunate enough to remember the good old days marvelled at her. Remember the time she was towed through the briny deep by a speed boat that appeared to be doing a hundred miles an hour? A rope around her waist and the villain's fiendish speed combined to make her bounce like a cork from wave to smacking wave, which was hard on her anatomy, and almost caused the extinction of audiences from strangulation.

But all that is nothing, says Dorothy Lamour, compared with what *she* has gone through, and I'm inclined to agree with her, for the genius of Hollywood technical men for inventions of torture hadn't been developed, in the time of the shirt-waist serial, to its present exquisite perfection. Dorothy Lamour has been an expertly battered, tempest-tossed, drenched, scratched, bitten, drowned, whipped, hurricaned sacrifice on the altar of Hollywood art, and if you think she has fun wearing a sarong and having cinematic Acts of God aimed at her, think again. Hollywood can improve on any of nature's disasters, and the only virtue of the sarong is that Miss Lamour has not yet drowned because of the soggy weight of too many clothes.

She has been on the receiving end of more fury of the elements than any other star in Hollywood. The inventors of the whip-up-the-waves and the rain machines, and the man who thought of using airplane propellers to put the "gone" into wind, have tried hard to blow the gal down and, having failed so far, are probably even now working in devilish glee on a brand new instrument of torture. More fun, they think. I wonder how much our victim can take? Well, she hasn't been killed yet, but that's about the best that can be said. And Hollywood hasn't yet cast her in an ice-age picture, which is fortunate, for the studio's improvers-upon-nature would probably use dry ice.

Pearl White, petite and blond and physically hard as nails, had had long and arduous training for her cinemartyrdom. Dorothy Lamour, petite and brunette and having nothing at all in common with a nail, had had no training at all. Swimming was her only athletic accomplishment. By the time Pearl White was thirteen years of age, she had taught herself the uneasy art of trick bareback riding, and she was an expert flying trapeze artist at sixteen. Nothing could faze her; she had made her body an obedient instrument, and was known as an extraordinarily versatile athlete. She probably thought nothing of it as she dangled over a cliff with only a fingernail hold and the villain about to step on that. (To be continued next week.) The Serial Queen had been born to do daring stunts. Her early years had been spent preparing physically for them, and her friendship with the Ringling Brothers had put her in the proper frame of mind for any circus-like feat.

Not so Dorothy Lamour. She had been prepared for nothing more strenuous than verbal combats with Charlie McCarthy. Her years before the hazards of Hollywood were spent in school, entering beauty contests, and singing with Herbie Kay's orchestra





Limbering up her vocal chords was about her only exercise. And while Miss Lamour's chassis is a very nice assemblage indeed, and her measurements would stack up creditably against Miss White's, she came to Hollywood a veritable softie and expecting, if not absolute luxury, the reasonable care given to valuable picture property. She was totally unprepared for violence of any sort, and innocently imagined glittering night clubs, a steam-heated apartment, breakfast in bed, hot and cold running water, and a cherishing attitude on the part of the studio.

And what did she get? She got *The Jungle Princess,* construction-camp living quarters where 180 men also lived (this was "on location" about forty miles from Hollywood), bed at nine on an army cot in a tent, and a cold caused by being immersed over a period of eight days in a mountain stream composed of melted ice. A nice welcome to Hollywood!

"Every morning I got up at six o'clock and walked, climbed, fell and crawled for forty-five minutes over a path a mountain goat would have blanched at, to what was humorously called the set. This was a cave so inaccessible that no car or horse could get to it. Snakes could, though, and I'm not partial to them. We were there for three weeks," Miss Lamour told me, "and every day I had to wear grease paint all over my body to give me that nice sun-tanned appearance. Every evening a hundred people beat me back to camp. While I was getting the grease paint off with mineral oil, every one of those hundred people took showers, with the result that I never had a drop of hot water the whole time I was there. I acquired a terrible case of make-up poisoning, a cold, and a long sojourn in the hospital."

A howling mob manhandled her in *High, Wide and Handsome,* and left her black and blue; and while making *Jungle Love* she had to go in swimming when she had a temperature of 103 degrees. She almost died. She didn't really have to go in, but it would have meant holding up production and Miss Lamour is cursed with a conscience that will not allow her to waste the studio's money. During this picture she also suffered a severe case of sunburn and another cold.

In *Hurricane,* she was the target of thousands of gallons of water, whipped by wind machines and dumped down sixty-foot chutes. Of course she caught another cold, but that wasn't the worst of it. One day, while tied to the tree that saved her from being swept away by the wind into the swirling waters, she fainted. She had been having a continuous pain and didn't know that it was her appendix until the doctor examined her. She went on working for three more months with a doctor on the set every day, and then went to the hospital.

"Have you ever tried to keep your feet while standing in front of a single airplane propeller?" asked Miss Lamour. "Well, in *Hurricane* they turned thirty-five wind machines on me at once. It was fantastic—unbearable. It was like the end of the world. I couldn't think or feel—I almost lost my senses."

■ *Typhoon* handed her a lot of physicalamities. She had her usual cold from exposure, cut her feet badly running over stones, and was dunked by 25,000 gallons of water lashed into another fury by the same old wind machines, an outrigger canoe tipped over and eight people fell on top of her and nobody rescued her because they couldn't see her in the confusion of the storm; ten wind machines were set up on the wrong side of the little sail boat and instead of blowing the sail away from her, they blew the heavy boom right at her. It conked her on the bridge of the nose and the black eyes she sported for days were lulus. [*Continued on page* 56]

Fawcett Photos by Charles Rhodes

How To Win Confidence

"It's all the same to me," said Hugh Herbert. "Training goldfish or babies." To test his theory, we arranged a bout for him with Baby Sandy. Here are the results

By KAY PROCTOR

Sandy, it seems, doesn't like to eat her strawberries. "A simple matter to correct by proper training," claims Herbert. "The first thing to do is to win confidence"

I more or less expected to find assorted live stock around the place when I went out to visit Hugh Herbert at his Old English farmhouse just north of Hollywood proper, but by gosh! I wasn't prepared for Josephine.

Josephine is as buxom a bit of goldfish as ever you will see. That I can promise you. Her piscatorial pulchritude is to the fish world what Lillian Russell's ample glamour must have been to her era. From the tip of her snout to the end of her gently waving fantail, Josephine measures an incredible twenty-four inches or better, and every ounce of her five pounds is just one mass of glittering, golden loveliness! In addition, she has personality. That's obvious, the way she swishes around and absolutely lords it over the piscine hoi polloi who can do no better than a runty five or six inches.

Josephine lives in the great pool just in front of the house, and Hugh took me and my lugubrious partner, Mr. Charles Rhodes, to call on her the moment we arrived. Standing on the fancy arched bridge over the pond, he called to her in a dulcet whisper and she came swimming up as languidly as you please, oomph all over the place!

"World's largest goldfish in captivity," Hugh announced proudly. "No question about it."

"Looks like a carp to me," Mr. Rhodes commented. "Not good eating."

Hugh gave him a hurt look. Plainly it was a case of love me, love my goldfish. Then he turned to me with a cheery smile. "I call her Josephine," he said. I said "Why?"

"That's a silly question," he said. "Why did Napoleon?" He had me there, so I kept my mouth shut. After a gloomy silence, Hugh must have remembered he was my host, because he tried to patch things up. "She does tricks, too," he said. "I taught 'em to her. Look, I'll show you."

Word of honor, Josephine swam up when he whistled and went through an amazing routine of spins, backflops, belly-rolls, and nose-dives with no more than an occasional hand signal from Hugh.

"Astounding!" I said, and even Mr. Rhodes thought it was pretty good for a carp. "How did you ever train her?"

"I won her confidence," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "Learned a new method for it in my latest picture, *Slightly Tempted,* in which I play a super Confidence Man. Absolutely infallible, the system. Works like a charm. Can be applied to anything from ape to zebra."

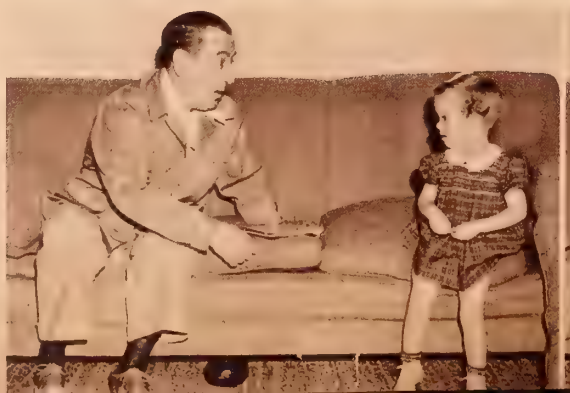
"How about a baby?" I asked.

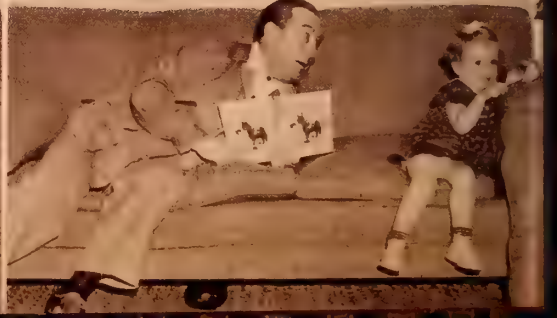
"Simplest thing in the world," he tossed off. "Bring one out some time and I'll show you."

I'm not one to kick an offer like that in the teeth, so I brought him a baby. I brought him Baby Sandy Henville with whom he co-starred in the Universal picture, *Little Accident.* I thought it was giving him an edge at the time, using a baby he knew, but I can see now it was something of a [*Continued on page* 44]

The clever confidence man never alarms subject. First he strikes up a friendship

Successful confidence man should be able to discuss victim's hobbies with authority







Success! Sandy's initial reserve is breaking down and she comes closer



Show babies that you take pleasure in play before you try any training



Children are quick to see through a disguise, and Sandy shows contempt



Flatter your subject by attention, says Herbert, and you can't fail



It is wise to fascinate the child by feats of strength and skill, too



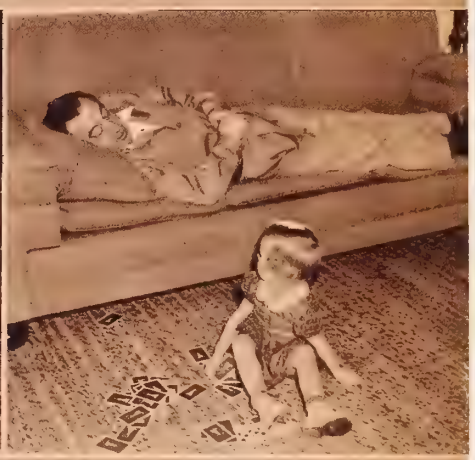
When you have the child crying for more tricks, the goal is in sight



Always let a baby take you at cards, says Herbert. It cements friendship



Show cooperation in playing new games, even if the stakes are low



If the child seems interested in stacking the deck, do not object

After all, your goal is to get the strawberries eaten. Set an example

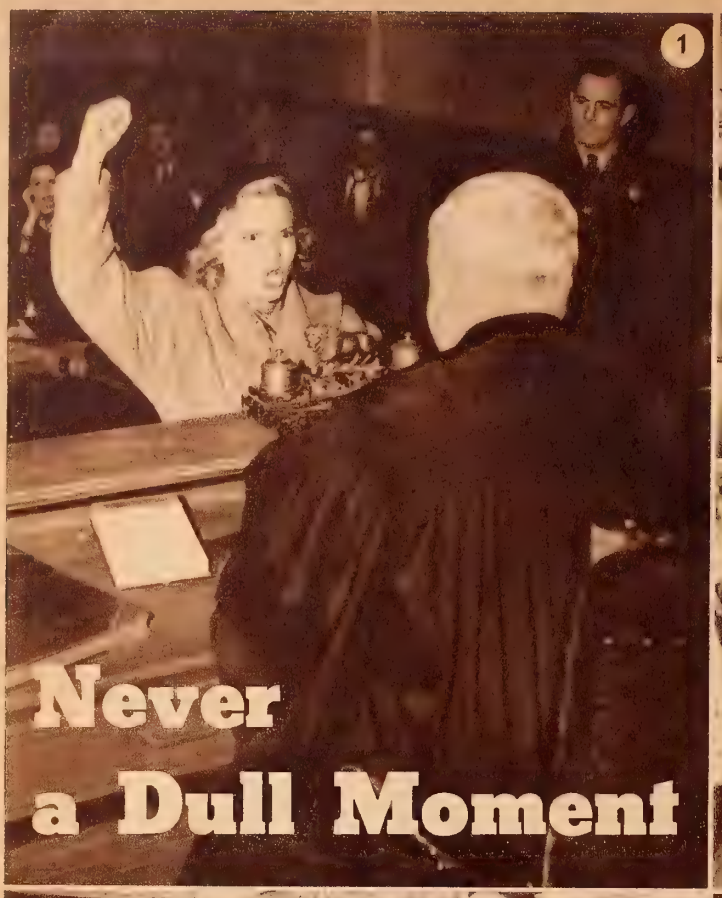
Even if you don't like strawberries either, you better see it through

Sandy, a quick study, tries a little confidence game on Hugh Herbert









Never a Dull Moment















They say that working in the movies is the life of Riley . . . just one gay round of fun, but Brenda Joyce is one young actress who will lift a rather exhausted voice in denial. On this page are just a few of the strenuous moments in her part in *Elsa Maxwell's Public Deb No. 1.* Top, she is telling it to the judge. 2. George Murphy carries her out of a night club. 3. Chained to a table. 4. Violent argument with Mischa Auer. 5. Fight with George Murphy. 6. A spanking . . . and real. 7. A jitterbug contest. 8. Looks as if she really means it!



Right, John Wayne, John Qualen and Thomas Mitchell, weak from thirst on the hulk of the *S. S. Glencairn*, look with longing at the promise of rain in the sky. Below, John Wayne with Carmen Morales in a scene from *The Long Voyage Home*, a film made from four one-act plays written by famous playwright Eugene O'Neill



The Long Voyage Home

Our favorite extra goes to sea, where he decides to become a cowboy the first minute he possibly can manage to do it

By E. J. (The Ancient Mariner) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

No two-dollar words of mine can tell you how sorry I am about grabbing off a few days' work on *The Long Voyage Home* instead of on *Kit Carson*. I'm not only sorry about making the switch, but I'm sore — and that goes physically and mentally. I can see—and feel—now, where I made my mistake. It all takes a lot of telling, but of one thing you can be sure. I'll never again be in such a hurry to jump from one extra job to another for the sake of grabbing off a day or two of work. It's too hard on the muscles and nerves.

If you've read this far and have a hunch that *The Long Voyage Home* isn't going to prove more than such-a-much picture and that I'm crabbing because I got mixed up in an unimportant production, you can kick THAT idea right out of your mind here and now. *The Long Voyage Home* is what we'uns loafing on Vine Street between jobs classify as a Triple-A humdinger. John Ford, the director, has done a superlative job; Gregg Toland, the cameraman, has accomplished a more artistic photography in this picture of the sea than he did in *Wuthering Heights*, which won for him a 1939 Academy Award; and Dudley Nichols, who won an Academy Award several years ago for his screenplay on *The Informer* (directed by John Ford), has taken the four one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill and fused them into a script worthy of another Academy Award. Yes'm, *The Long Voyage Home* has all the earmarks of a box office hit. It's a thriller from every camera angle and you're going to like it.

No, ma'am, I'm not squawking about the picture. It's just that after I got an extra job on it, I found myself in one difficulty after another.

For example:

I go to work the first day down at Wilmington where Director Ford is shooting some marine sequences and I get myself dollied up in a dirty sailor's outfit (maybe I should have said that in reverse) and no sooner do I step on deck than I find out that I'm going to [*Continued on page 62*]

"I'm Glad I Wasn't Married 100 Years Ago"

[*Continued from page 29*]

■ As result of women "coming of age" in marriage, there is now a mutuality of interests undreamed of in 1847, Ty went on, and the man is the richer for it, as well as the woman. There is a deep companionship between a husband and wife which once would have been believed impossible.

"Look at the many things husband and wife can do together which would have violated good taste and the social proprieties of 1847," he said. "Sports, for example. In the old days they were considered a vulgar business, beyond the pale of any nice woman's thoughts or interest. Something associated with saloons and high pockets. A session of lawn tennis or an hour's ice skating on a frozen pond was permissible but beyond that, feminine participation in sports was taboo. It was all right for the husband to indulge the interest, but the wife jolly well sat home and twiddled her thumbs while he was away. Now she may sit beside him at the prize fights, wrestling matches, football games, polo, baseball, track meets, races of all kinds, hockey and swimming meets. It's considered a natural and healthy interest for her to have, and she can yell as loud as she darned well pleases.

"She may drop in a cocktail bar with him for a friendly drink with friends. She may attend political meetings and even run for office if she chooses. She is expected to be versed in world affairs and is privileged to take an active part in them."

■ Gone forever, Ty said, are the days when a woman's sphere of interest and influence was limited to the home, and the man's to his business with the twain never meeting.

"Nowadays most wives know the ins and outs of their husband's business, and the difficult or harassing problems involved in running them," he said. "In consequence, they have more respect, more consideration, and more sympathy for him. They know the cost of each dollar earned and share with him the desire to make it go as far as possible. They are, in effect, silent partners.

"By the same token, most husbands now know more of their wives' difficulties and problems in running a home properly and appreciate the important part it plays in the success of the marriage. Just as the wife shares responsibility in financial matters, so the husband shares responsibility in home matters like training children. He has a real interest in the home itself, above and beyond a convenient or comfortable place to sleep and eat."

Ty stopped suddenly and grinned boyishly. "Stop me, if you have heard this speech before," he said. I said I had heard variations of it, but never from a husband like him.

"What do you mean, a husband like me?" he said, a trifle defensively. I said I meant a husband in his twenties, with more than an average share of worldly goods. Such young men, I had supposed, were rarely concerned with the sociological aspects of marriage.

"Maybe that used to be true," he answered, "but I think husbands of all ages and in all situations are waking up to a lot of things they have taken for granted for a long time. And about time! The wonder is that we got away with it as long as we did."

"You amaze me!" I kidded.

"I amaze myself!" he kidded back. "Ol' Granpappy Power in person! Champeen of the ladies! Can't you just see me 'stumping' the towns and villages? Ty Power, the Housewife's Friend!"

"With a brass band?" I asked.

"With a brass band, and kissing all the babies," he solemnly agreed. "But seriously, I do think modern marriage has it all over that of 1847, both from the man and the woman's point of view."



The camera caught this happy smile in Hollywood two weeks before the marriage of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping. It is Miss Henie's first marriage, Topping's third. Recently he was divorced from Arline Judge

Undoubtedly there was more obvious courtesy toward women—low bows and deferential tipping of the hat—in the old days than exists now, Ty admitted, but there is more tenderness and real affection shown now. That's another score for the present over the past.

"I don't know what caused the rather cold formality that so often existed between the two people in a marriage," he said. "Perhaps it was because any demonstration of affection was considered a weakness, in a man, and not quite 'ladylike,' in a woman.

"We used to hear a lot about a man 'respecting' his wife, and vice versa. Well we haven't lost any of that instinctive respect, but it's not moral turpitude, either, to *show* the tenderness and affection we feel."

■ It is laying the cards right on the table to say that 1940 marriage has more physical comforts, due to the higher standard of living, Ty said, and that, in many cases, that higher standard of living is due to the wife.

"It's true, so why play ostrich about it?" he said. "Back in 1847 it was considered a disgrace to the husband if his wife worked at some gainful occupation. Once in a while we still see a hangover of that attitude when we hear a man huff and puff about not *permitting* his wife to work! However, if women had not pitched in with a helping hand in those dark days of the depression which saw many a man's business swept away overnight, a lot of marriages which safely weathered the storm would have been stranded high and dry on the rocks of actual want. Oddly enough, too, the men who felt 'disgraced' by a wife working for a salary thought nothing of it if the situation demanded she drudge for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four around the house, or even in the fields. That's what has always seemed so contradictory to me.

"As for today's higher standard of living, the country is not yet out of the economic woods. Unemployment is still a major national problem. More often than not, therefore, it is the added help of the wife's earnings which make possible the owning of a home and many of the comforts and conveniences in it. Genteel poverty may be all right in theory, but decent living conditions are a lot better in practice."

■ Director Henry Hathaway called Ty back to the scene at that point. The oxen were hitched, ready to pull the heavy wagons up the rough ravine where Ty was to meet them after riding hell-for-leather over the hill. He jumped to his feet, brushing bits of leaves from his buckskin trousers.

"Well, there you have it," he told me. "That's why I'm glad I wasn't married in 1847. Wives are more interesting today. They have a broader vision and a wider range of interests. Although any standard of beauty must be judged in comparison to the age in which it exists, they are more beautiful today because they are allowed to develop their beauty. They are business partners and grand companions. They give as well as take. They are, in effect, the embodiment of all the qualities a man formerly had to seek in many women . . . sort of twenty-seven wives rolled into one."

Was I supposed to qualify it with the usual "generally speaking" I asked.

"Generally speaking, yes," he said with a quick smile. "And in particular, Annabella."



Babies take to Clapp's!



He's our first baby, so naturally my wife and I got worried when he didn't seem to care about some of his vegetables. Sometimes we begged and pleaded, and sometimes we'd play games and try to sneak a spoonful in while he wasn't looking. One night I got annoyed and tried to force it down him. In the scuffle, the whole dish landed upside down on the floor.



Just that minute in comes our neighbor, Mrs. Blake, and her little boy. "I don't know how it will work with you," she said, when she heard about our troubles, "but I always had very good luck with Clapp's. Richard seemed to take to Clapp's, right away, and just see how well he's grown and thrived. And when he outgrew Strained, he went on Clapp's Junior Foods as slick as a whistle."



"It's Clapp's textures that babies like, as well as flavors. They're not too coarse or thick, nor so thin a child doesn't learn to eat.

"You see, Clapp's don't make anything *but* baby foods. And my land! They've been making them most 20 years, lots longer than anyone else, and getting tips from doctors and mothers all the time—no wonder they know what will make a hit with babies!"

17 Strained Foods for Young Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.



12 Junior Foods for Toddlers

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Liver Soup • **Combination Dishes** Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

A Bride Entertains



Anita Louise is a June Bride who thinks one way to a man's heart is a clever menu

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Hollywood's new and lovely bride, Mrs. Maurice Adler, nee Anita Louise, who is ecstatically happy and very much in the mind these days for "Mr. and Mrs. entertains" ideas, gave us a simply grand menu for summer dinners. Anita and her husband are keeping house in a small apartment while their home in Beverly Hills is being completed.

Their dining room, which provides the setting for our dinner, is no larger and no more elaborate than many another young bride's. Anita believes it's wiser in the first year of marriage to entertain only small groups rather than to attempt elaborate dinners. Our dinner, therefore, is for four only.

Anita scoured through cook-book after cook-book (she has a desk full of them) and recipe indexes and particularly through the small black notebook of menus by her very efficient colored maid, Ella. She finally selected the following well-balanced dinner for four.

Melon Cocktail
Filet Mignon Thin Mushroom Sauce
Spanish Corn
Crescent Rolls Currant Jelly
Tossed Garden Salad
Peppermint Mousse Salted Nuts
Coffee

In a moment I shall give you her recipes, but first let me give you the few table tips which Anita believes are so important to the new lady of the house.

"Keep your centerpiece, if you use flowers, low," Anita said. "Nothing is so disconcerting as having to dodge back and forth around a bouquet in order to see the face of the person across from you." We agree with her there!

"Dress your table for the ladies, but plan your menu for the men," Anita continued. "Most women nowadays eat so daintily that there is simply no rhyme nor reason in trying to cater to them. So why not let them pick about at what they like in a dinner designed for a man?

"Don't serve too many different dishes—but serve a sufficient proportion."

"Accoutrements to the menu, such as celery, olives, radishes, pickles, jelly or jam are nice—but please use discretion. It's so easy sometimes to have so many side-dishes floating around the table that the guests' tastes become overindulged, and they fail to enjoy any part of your carefully prepared dinner."

Now for Anita's recipes, which we have kitchen tested and found to be excellent:

MELON COCKTAIL

Cut balls from watermelon and cantaloupe and use an equal number of each for each serving. Make a simple sugar syrup of 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water, with ¼ cup crushed mint leaves. Strain and pour over melon balls. Chill thoroughly, and when time to serve place in ice cold cocktail glasses and garnish with sprig of mint, or moisten the rim of each glass and dip into chopped mint before filling. This leaves a line of green adhering to the edge of the glass.

FILET MIGNON

Season a tenderloin of beef (2 or 3 lbs.). If tenderloin was not larded by butcher, place strips of bacon on top. Roast in very hot oven, 500° F., for 10 minutes to sear. Reduce heat to 400° F., hot oven, and roast 25 minutes. It may be cut in thick slices but long roll should be left together. Serve with thin Mushroom Sauce.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

1 lb. fresh mushrooms or
1 can mushrooms (8 oz. size)
½ cup butter
½ cup all-purpose flour
4 cups milk
Salt and pepper

Wash fresh mushrooms, remove stems and peel. Caps do not need to be peeled. Cut stems and caps in pieces. If canned mushrooms are used, drain well and slice thin. Cook gently in butter for 20 minutes. Blend in flour and stir in milk. Cook over hot water in double boiler until mixture thickens. Season carefully to taste.

SPANISH CORN

1 medium-sized green pepper
1½ tbsp. shortening
2 cups cooked corn cut from cob
½ tsp. salt

Remove seeds from green pepper, mince the green portion fine, and cook it in the shortening in a frying pan or skillet for 5 minutes. Add the corn and salt. Cook until tender and lightly browned—about 7 minutes.

TOSSED GARDEN SALAD

Crisp lettuce leaves
½ medium-sized cucumber (thinly sliced)
6 radishes (thinly sliced)
1 tbsp. chives (finely cut)
3 ripe tomatoes (cut in wedges)
French Dressing

Prepare, chill and dry the vegetables Pluck apart crisp, cold, well-dried leaves of lettuce. Place in salad bowl (previously rubbed with clove of garlic, if desired) Add crisp cucumber and radish slices and chives. Toss gently (with a fork and spoon) in a bowl, with just enough French Dressing to make the leaves of lettuce glisten and to impart an appetizing flavor Add tomato wedges just before serving (to prevent juice from spreading)

CRESCENT ROLLS

2 cakes compressed yeast
¾ cup milk (scalded and cooled to 80°)
½ cup sugar
½ cup shortening (part butter for flavor)
¾ tsp. salt
2 eggs (or 4 egg yolks plus 2 tbsp. water)
4 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Crumble the yeast into a bowl. Add ¼ cup of the lukewarm milk (80° F.). (If room and flour are cooler than 80° F., use milk a trifle warmer than 80° F. If room and flour are warmer, as in hot weather, use milk cooler than 80° F.). Add 1 tbsp. of the sugar, and stir to dissolve completely. Cream shortening, add remaining sugar and salt gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend well-beaten eggs (or egg yolks and water) into the yeast mixture. Blend egg-yeast mixture into creamed mixture. Add half the flour and the remaining milk and beat well. Beat in the remaining flour. Beat until the dough becomes smooth. (This dough is too soft to knead.)

When dough is well mixed, place it in a well-greased bowl. Cover with a damp cloth. Keep dough at 80 to 85° F. until double in bulk (about 1½ hours). (Dough should feel neither warm nor cool to the touch—just "in-between." Place it out of draft. If kitchen is cold, put dough in a closed cupboard with a pan of hot water beside it.) Remove dough from bowl. Round up on a lightly floured board. Cover with a damp cloth, and let stand 15 minutes (to loosen up). Divide dough into 2 equal parts. Roll out each half of dough ¼ inch thick into a large circular piece (16

FREE

First Aid to Brides and Beginning Cooks

It's a sad day when the bride discovers that the cherished recipes she'd collected from her friends and relatives aren't very helpful after all. They are vague about amounts, and frequently she finds herself with enough food for six instead of just enough for herself and her young husband.

Betty Crocker's *Kitchenette Recipes* and *Easy-to-Prepare Breakfasts and Dinner Menus* for the Bride will save this young cook a great deal of grief. These menus are planned especially so that the new cook won't have too much "last-minute" work in the kitchen. They are yours, absolutely without charge, if you will fill out and mail this coupon.

Betty Crocker
HOLLYWOOD Magazine
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me—without charge—your *Easy-to-Prepare Breakfast and Dinner Menus for the Bride* and *Kitchenette Recipes.*

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

"I lived in a haunted house..."



It was just like seeing a horrible ghost—everytime I opened that linen closet. There were my clothes all washed and ironed—and there was that dingy shadow of tattle-tale gray. It simply haunted me. I never dreamed my weak-kneed soap was to blame until...



The lady next door asked me to wash the Fels-Naptha way. "Try the *golden* bar or the *golden* chips," she told me. "Either way, Fels-Naptha Soap brings you richer, *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. And those two busy cleaners get the grimiest, tattle-tale gray dirt."



Well, I was so frantic I rushed to the grocer's for that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. And do I thank my lucky stars! My washes now look like a million—so sunny-white and sweet-smelling! I'm so proud of my curtains and clothes and linens, I just love to have folks come into the house. And, Jim...well...if you could see how he hugged me last night, you'd know *he's* proud of *me!*

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



P. S. Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for box-soap jobs. The crinkly flakes made of richer, *golden* soap and naptha. They're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders. Wonderfully sudsy, too—thanks to a new added suds-builder!

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HOW DO YOU RATE AS A "Lovely Menace?"



What every woman yearns to be! A lovely female menace! . . . an exciting threat to the most determined bachelor . . . and bad news to every other girl at the party. Do you qualify? Don't bother to search your wishful soul for the answer—here's a little chart that Tells All!

CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!

	(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)	YES	NO
1	Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?		
2	When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?		
3	Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?		
4	Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?		
5	Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?		
6	Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?		
7	Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?		
8	Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?		





SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR *Good Fair or Terrible* NEWS

inches in diameter). Cut each circle of dough into quarters (as you would cut a pie). Then cut each quarter again into 4 parts (like long narrow pieces of pie). Use scissors or a very sharp knife. This will make 16 triangular pieces in each circle. Roll up each piece, beginning at the wide end of the triangle. Holding one end in each hand, you can flip the long end around so it winds and rolls quickly. Be sure the roll is tight. Then pull each roll out longer by pulling the two ends, and bring around to form a crescent. Place rolls about an inch apart on lightly greased baking pan. Cover with a clean towel. Let rise until light, but not quite double in bulk (about ½ hour). Bake 12 to 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 400° F. After taking rolls from the oven, brush with soft butter.

PEPPERMINT MOUSSE

½ lb. peppermint (shiny brittle sticks or wheels)
1 cup plain cream
1 pint whipping cream (2 cups)

Crush peppermint candy in cloth bag. Partially dissolve candy in plain cream over hot water. While there are still some larger chunks apparent, remove from over the hot water. Chill. Whip cream until stiff and fold in syrup. Place in tray of mechanical refrigerator and freeze 3 to 4 hours, or freeze in equal parts of salt and ice.



Dona Dale takes time out for fun at the beach between scenes of *No Time for Comedy*. That bare midriff is popular this year on western sands

Winners in Ginger Rogers' Contest

The readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine are a brilliant lot. The judges of Ginger Rogers' Contest discovered that fact, somewhat to their despair, when they settled down to the task of selecting winners. It was not an easy task to pick the very best entries from the stacks and stacks of letters received in the office of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. There was much heavy debating over the cleverest, and many laughs over the funniest. But at last peace and serenity have smoothed the furrowed brows of the judges. After days of heated debate, they are agreed on the prize-winners, and they join the editors of HOLLYWOOD in the wish that there were thousands instead of dozens of awards. Here are the names of the clever people who are receiving the pieces of lovely costume jewelry selected by Ginger Rogers for prizes:

FIRST PRIZE—Bee Snyder, 3139 No. Camac St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—Rosalind Levor, Bon-Air Apts., Avondale, Cincinnati, O.

THIRD PRIZE—Enola Rohrey, 651 Crestview Ave., Akron, O.

FOURTH PRIZES—Roberta Kleiner, 781 Mt. Vernon Ave., Marion, O., Mrs. B. A. Battles, 2909 No. Military, Oklahoma City, Okla.

FIFTH PRIZES—Iris Scott, Box 253, Nocona, Tex. Mrs. Roman D. Gray, 1542 Orizaba Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

SIXTH PRIZES—Mrs. Evelyn Reedy, 1009 Garfield, Topeka, Kans. Daisy McCutcheon, 26 Oakland Ave., Dillon, S. C. Imogene E. Marks, 134 N. E. Fifth St., Miami, Fla.

SEVENTH PRIZES—Mrs. George E. Thompson, 888 Eighth Ave., W., Eugene, Ore. Mrs. Laura E. Bjork, 841 Millbury St., Worcester, Mass. Virginia Brooks, 745 E. Fifth St., Tucson, Ariz. Gertrude Anders Springer, Rural Route No. 1, Box 68, Cloverdale, Mich.

EIGHTH PRIZES—Mrs. Grace Tousley, 112 So. Fuller Ave., Independence, Mo. Helen Bassen, 207 W. Seventh St., Auburn, Ind. Margaret Metz, 630 Durest Ave. Ext., Route No. 2, Greenwood, S. C. Ruth S. Chamberlain, 6041 N. Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Ben Martin, 4731 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

NINTH PRIZES—Hilda Brady, 444 E. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill. Lon D. Powell, 989 Michigan Ave., San Jose, Calif. Alice Santmier, 425 Gamble St., Maryville, Tenn. Anita Alpert, 37 Kensington St., New Haven, Conn. Janet E. Thatcher, 505 Montana Ave., S. W., Huron, S. Dak.

TENTH PRIZES—Elsie Lau, 1539-B Young St., Honolulu, T. H. Mrs. M. Gimplowitz, 1426 Washington Ave., New York, N. Y. Flora Howard, 2815 Norman St., Saginaw, Mich. Gloria Holibaugh, 1138 So. 75th St., West Allis, Wis. Louise M. Ensworth, 6109 N. E. Seventh Ave., Portland, Ore. Mrs. Thelma Thweatt, 829 Fairview St., Shreveport, La.



HERE'S YOUR "Lovely Menace" RATING

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE		Your Score
1	Yes? Then you must have that radiant complexion men notice right away! If you must push your own doors, try daily Pond's treatments to soften blackheads, make pore openings less noticeable . . . give a fresh, glowing look!	20 for Yes 0 for No
2	Beware! That sales talk is used to flatter the not-so-young looking. Has dry, lined skin stolen your youthful sparkle? Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to soften skin, help postpone superficial lines.	10 for No 0 for Yes
3	We hope not! You should make such an indelible impression at the first meeting that the poor fellow can't get you out of his head. And here's a pointer—nothing about a girl makes such a thrilling, *lasting* impression as a lovely, fresh Pond's complexion.	10 for No 0 for Yes
4	If "yes," notice that end-of-date letdown is often the fate of the poor girl who looks "greasy" as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, *more absorbent!*	10 for No 0 for Yes
5	You're no smarter than you *look!* While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will "de-rough" your skin in a trice!	10 for Yes 0 for No
6	It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!	10 for No 0 for Yes
7	You're a silly girl if you do. That's the *worst* beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in gobs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.	20 for No 0 for Yes
8	Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd *like* to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, bear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!	10 for Yes 0 for No
		Your Total

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

If you made 80 or more—congratulations! You're a full-fledged menace to men. If you rated 60 to 80, you have possibilities—get to work and build your rating up. And if your total is under 60—you can't afford to wait another minute! Begin right now to give your skin the care that will spell SUCCESS.

Build up your Score!



CLIP THIS COUPON

POND'S, Dept. 6-CV J. Clinton, Conn.

Please send me—quickly—so I can begin at once to build up my "lovely-menace" rating—a Pond's Beauty Kit containing a generous 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream, special tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquefying Cream (quick-cleansing cream), and 7 shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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How To Win Confidence

[*Continued from page* 34]

mistake. Sandy and Hugh, it turned out, aren't exactly *sympatico*. He admits Sandy is a sweetheart, one of the cutest, most lovable kids in the world, but he'll still take Josephine. Josephine doesn't stab him in the back. She swims around and minds her own business.

"I pride myself on being something of a comedian," he explained. "I have devoted the greater part of my professional life to the art and flatter myself I know most of the tricks of my trade. But things have come to a pretty pass when I can deliver a perfectly magnificent line, only to find myself topped by a cherubic *Glub! Glub!* from a tot in swaddling clothes. It's bound to make a man a little bitter."

In this instance, however, he was willing to let bygones be bygones if Sandy would cooperate in the venture. In fact, he added, it might work out better if Sandy proved a trifle difficult, for it would prove the wonders which could be accomplished in training a baby through his system of winning confidence.

"A child's soul is a sensitive soul," he expounded. "We must remember that and deal gently with it, as we would with a butterfly wing. The first step in winning confidence is patience. If a child does not obey at first, it is not necessarily wilfulness or a stubborn determination to thwart you. The little angel probably does not understand your wishes. Therefore be patient with its little mistakes. Gently repeat your wishes, gently correct the errors. In the end, sweet success will reward you."

Unaccountably, Sandy said "Glub, glub, Hughbert."

Quickly he gave me a now-I'll-show-you-what-I-mean high sign. Gently folding Sandy's tiny hand in his, he said softly, "No, no, Sandy. My name is Hugh *and* Herbert, but not the two together that way."

"Hughbert," said Sandy.

"No, Sandy, dear," he said a shade more firmly. "That's still wrong, H e r b e r t. H-E-R-B-E-R-T. Catch on?"

Sandy gave him a cold stare and wriggled from his arms. Then she smiled sweetly and started across the room to Mama Henville, who, I might add, had been watching the proceedings with interest. And a funny little smile around the corners of her mouth.

"There, you see!" Hugh said in triumph. I said I hadn't seen anything. "Of course not," he said, "That's the sensitive soul I mentioned. But now she *knows* what's the right way to pronounce my name and next time you'll see the difference."

Across the room Sandy took his measure. "Hughbert!" she said distinctly.

■ Hugh chose to ignore that, and began a further explanation of his method. "A child's soul is a sensitive soul," he began.

"You said that once," I reminded him. This time he gave me the hurt look. "Remind me, also, to talk to you sometime about training *big* babies," he said. "Occasionally their manners are deplorable. Now as I was saying, my next step involves games. All babies love games."

"An interesting premise," I admitted. "What kind of games?"

For once I made the right answer, the one he had been waiting for. "Confidence games, of course," he said happily. "What else? Lovely little pastimes like Tin Box, Switch, Sucker Bait, Shovin The Queer, and Poke rackets. Great fun, and quite often, profitable too."

Now "poke" means purse or wallet in



George Raft puts on a strong man act between scenes of *They Drive By Night* but don't be too impressed. The tire is balsa wood and weighs only ten pounds, though it cost $135. The real thing would weigh 300 pounds, cost $60

plainer English, and instinctively Mr. Rhodes felt of his left hip pocket and I took a quick gander at the hall table where I'd left my black suede number. It wasn't that we didn't trust Hugh, you understand; after all, a mayor is a mayor, and as such is above suspicion. But there was a strange gleam in his eye and just a little too much enthusiasm in his voice for comfort. It doesn't hurt to be sure, is what I always say, even if it was the high Utah mountains rather than the flat plains of Missouri where I got my training.

■ Hugh didn't know it, but I was once a police reporter in my pre-Hollywood days, and I knew what he was talking about. The Tin Box is an old charity racket in which a couple of smart bimboes spot some sucker in a community and spin him a yarn about holding a lot of money in a trust fund which is to be distributed to charity. The confidence men tell him that, because he is known far and wide as an honest man, he has been selected to distribute the money, but to prove his integrity, he must deposit with them a similar amount. He puts it up, and you guess what happens. That's right! He winds up holding a nice, empty tin box in which supposedly rested his own and the charity dough.

The Switch game is played with gullible bozoes who are not above turning a shady dollar. A genuine $20 bill is exhibited as a swell piece of counterfeit money. To prove what an excellent job of counterfeiting it is, the victim is invited to have it inspected by a bank. Since it is genuine, the bank naturally passes it as okay. Thus assured, the dope coughs up 300 bucks of his own good money for $1000 of the alleged counterfeit, only to discover his new bankroll is a package of neatly cut-up newspaper.

Sucker Bait involves phony stock exchange deals and little items like selling the Brooklyn Bridge toll rights which, unbelievably enough, has been maneuvered successfully many a time. Shovin the Queer also has to do with counterfeiting, sometimes using the Green Linen Machine dodge for creating paper money. The machine looks something like a wringer on an ordinary washing machine but when a plain piece of paper is slipped between the rolls, magically enough, a beautiful $5 bill rolls out when the crank is turned. On the demonstrator machine the plain paper rolls up into a hidden canvas pocket while the planted five-spot rolls out of a second hidden pocket.

"Of course in *Slightly Tempted*, which soon will play your favorite theatre, I go in for the higher branches of the Confidence Game art," said Hugh.

"Plug," said Sandy.

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, young lady," Hugh snapped. "And speaking of thieves, I'm glad to say you were not in the picture. Talk about an iron fist in a velvet glove! You carry a pile driver in those little pink fingers of yours!"

■ I couldn't see the connection between the various rackets and winning a baby's confidence as the essential thing in baby training.

"Basically the same principle," he said impatiently. "That's quite obvious, I think. What is passing off spinach as an epicurean delight but a variation of the old goldbrick routine? What is putting a honey float on a dose of castor oil but Shovin the Queer? What is an assault on a penny bank but Pinchin The Poke? Same principle, absolutely."

I was pondering this sagacious observation when Sandy toddled toward me, and with an angelic smile, slipped something into my hand. "Woo! Woo!" she said, and ran back to resume her seat beside Hugh.

"How's *your* confidence now?" I asked.

"Fine, thank you," said Hugh. "Why do you ask?"

"Must be," I told him, "Sandy's got your watch!"

■ This, too, he chose to ignore and went on to talk about the importance of setting a good example in winning a baby's confidence. In essence it was the same technique he employed with dear Josephine. A child's soul is an imitative soul and therefore the behavior of the trainer must serve as the pattern for the trainee.

"For example," he said, "had I lost my temper when Mr. Rhodes so rudely referred to the world's largest goldfish in captivity as a carp, Sandy might have felt justified, had she heard him—"

"You're getting involved," Mr. Rhodes interrupted. "Besides, it IS a carp. A carp in goldfish scales."

"My dear sir," said Hugh with asperity, "I have no doubt you know your photography business, but when it comes to matters of pisciculture—"

"Carp!" yelled Mr. Rhodes.

"Goldfish!" screamed Hugh.

Sandy looked at me and shook her tiny head sadly. The poor dolts, she seemed to say, as if everyone didn't know that carp and goldfish belong to the same cyprinoid family.

Finally, Hugh said, you cannot win a baby's confidence if reward is unfairly withheld and punishment is unfairly administered.

"Let me illustrate," he offered. "Sandy has been a good little girl this morning. She deserves reward for that conduct, and since she loves chewing gum, her reward shall be a whole stick for herself. Come, Sandy dear, here's your gum."

Sandy held out her hand and said a polite "Ta." Then she took a second look at her reward and gave Hugh an accusing glare. "More," she demanded.

Hugh colored guiltily. "My mistake," he confessed. "Just a little oversight. So sorry." Surreptitiously he slipped the other half of the promised stick from his pocket and handed it over. "Ta," Sandy said contentedly, but her look plainly said "You rat!"

Somewhat abashed, Hugh continued. "Now let's just *suppose* Sandy had been a naughty little girl this morning. How would I handle that? Well, I would say something about people not caring to be around naughty little girls and that, as result, she must stay by herself in the room to think about it. Then I would walk out of the room like this."

With a dignified mien, Hugh walked through the nearest door and carefully closed it behind him. We all heard the click of the automatic lock and suddenly realized Hugh had locked himself in a small coat closet.

"Go home now?" said Sandy sweetly.

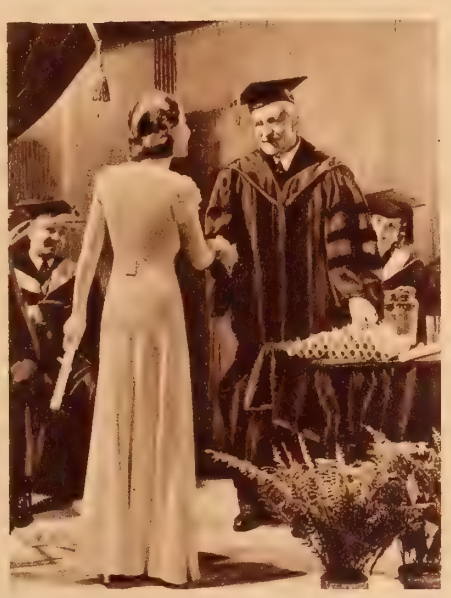
It was an excellent suggestion and we took it. Verily, out of the mouths of babes comes infinite wisdom.

"My Mother was a Flapper!"



But her daughter is a "glamour girl"! Not for her those big, flapping galoshes . . . and shapeless dresses of 1920! Modern girls like streamlined, figure-fitting things . . .

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And with this extra protection goes the blessed knowledge that Kotex ends are invisible! Flat, form-fitting ends (patented by Kotex) never make tell-tale outlines... never reveal your secret . . . the way "stubby-end" napkins do!



Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes — *Super* — *Regular* — *Junior.* (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

Try all 3 sizes and learn what real comfort means! All 3 have soft, folded centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

Feel its new softness . . . Prove its new safety . . . Compare its new flatter ends

IT'S THRIFTY to get this 30-napkin box. More convenient, too!



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Yes, my GRIT-FREE powder clings 4 full hours!"

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Lady Esther asks—Won't you please try my face powder? Mail the coupon and I will send you my 10 perfect shades. Find the *one lucky shade for you!*

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FREE Please send me POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (59)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Gale Page's Reducing Diet

[*Continued from page* 21]

physician. Do not try any diet without talking to your doctor! Wrong diets may prove exceedingly harmful."

■ It had been a little over three months since Gale had been given leave of absence from Warners', ostensibly to do a radio broadcast. However, Gale knew that if she reported back to the studio still overweight, her reception might not be too cordial.

"I simple can't lose weight," said Gale to me that day three months ago. "I thought I had found the perfect diet when I lost ten pounds on the milk and banana schedule. A glass of milk and two bananas three times a day. Then my sister came down from Seattle for a visit and the 'spreads' mother put on were classics. During the three weeks she was with us I not only put back those ten pounds, but added four more.

"I was working in *Four Wives* at that time. Whenever there was a "close-up," the cameraman carefully arranged to have me standing behind a chair or hidden from the waist down by a grouping of the Lane sisters. Those "spreads" had wrought an alarming *spread* along my hip line.

"Every day Lola Lane, who has more will power where diet is concerned than anyone I know, would get me off in a corner and give me a fight talk on reducing. She made dieting sound so simple. Each day I would resolve to follow the menu Lola had worked out for me. But when I got home at night, hot and tired, I would pull my chair up to the dinner table and promptly forget all about my good resolutions.

"As soon as *Four Wives* was finished, I was sent up to a sanatorium in Santa Barbara with orders to 'get that weight off.' There in the cafeteria, a tray marked 'Gale Page' awaited me each meal time. Between meals I was kept busy with a schedule of massage, walking, horseback riding, lectures on food and body care.

"I hate being away from my family. I always get homesick. Mother, Pat, my cousin, and my small son Fritz, didn't like the idea of my being up there any better than I did. It didn't take me long to act upon their suggestion when they telephoned me to come home for the week-end.

"When I told mother about the trays and the food allowed me each meal, she said there was no reason why I couldn't have the same service at home. It wasn't hard to persuade me that I could carry out the same schedule at home as in Santa Barbara. My luggage was sent for. Contented and happy I relaxed in the shelter of the family circle."

That was the month when Gale's friends thought she was out of town. Telephone calls to her home brought vague answers, such as "Gale's not in—didn't you know she went up north—"

This was the season when swimming pools in Hollywood become warm and inviting under the soft rays of the early summer sun. At Gale's a swim always called for a "spread" beside the pool. So did a midnight plunge in the moonlight. Fried chicken and potato salad served on the terrace afterward couldn't be turned down.

"Thinking of it now, I really am ashamed of my lack of will power," said Gale. "I got the shock of my life three weeks after my return from Santa Barbara, when I stepped on the scales and discovered I was within four pounds of my old weight. 'That just can't be,' I wailed. 'I eat that horrid food on my tray up in my room each meal time. I walk miles. I swim by the hour.'"

"Yes, and steal down to the icebox at night and over to the 'Drive-in' for a chocolate soda," said Pat with an infuriating smile.

"That was almost too much. Pat, who was having as hard a time losing weight as I was, spying on me."

■ That was the time Gale told me that she should never have left radio for pictures. It was Gale's fine dramatic work coming over a National Broadcast that caught the attention of a Warner Brothers' talent scout that led to her movie contract.

"I love radio work," she said at that time. "There are no kleig lights or camera to pick up your bad points. Hours are easier, too. I sometimes wonder if it would have been wiser to stick to radio exclusively."

Looking off into the distance she spoke soberly and haltingly that day. Not at all like Gale, whose direct, steady gaze and ready smile, immediately wins your confidence. But she wasn't fooling me or herself either. Anyone who has seen Gale before her make-up mirror, getting ready to go on the set or in front of the camera, knows that literally speaking, Gale would rather act than eat.

"Pat, I found later," explained Gale, "was feeling quite superior and virtuous when she called me for cheating on my diet. The week before she had gotten a new reducing diet. Secretly she was all set to embark upon a stream-lining course that would put me to shame.

"How I discovered her plan is still a secret. Anyway, I did find out and promptly 'borrowed' her instructions and copied them. My doctor said it was all right for me, so swearing our cook to secrecy, I had my tray served in my room with the same food Pat was eating. The fact that Pat was trying to put something over on me spurred me to stick to that diet as nothing else had. For two weeks Pat and I eyed each other suspiciously as each turned down all 'spreads.'

"Secretly competing with Pat was fun enough to make me forget the 'spreads' and other goodies. However, the fact that her diet was more than generous as far as quantity was concerned, made it easier to follow. As this is the diet that actually did the trick of removing some thirty-eight pounds from me in ten weeks, I feel that at last I have hit upon the ideal reducing menu for me.

"However, allow me to repeat, that anyone who wishes to follow it, should first consult a doctor."

Below in her own words is Gale's diet, as she gave it to me while lunching on salad in Warner's commissary. Let me add that she has never looked more attractive or felt better. The studio must have been pleased with the result of her diet for as I write this she is working in two pictures, *Knute Rockne-All American* and *They Drive By Night.*

GALE PAGE'S DIET

No salt in any food.

No liquids, including water, except when indicated in diet.

One hour before breakfast: The juice of one lemon in two glasses of water. Fifteen minutes of setting up exercises, "which I didn't take," laughs Gale. "I loathe routine exercise. I took mine out in swimming and horseback riding."

11 A. M.—1 glass water; 2 whole oranges —that means orange eaten whole, with *white* skin; 1 pear, with skin.

1 P. M.—1 large cup of strained vegetable soup made of carrots, onions, celery, tomatoes, cabbage, string beans, peas and summer squash. Vary amount of vegetables according to taste—more celery and less cabbage, for example. Salad—½ head of lettuce, 1 tomato with skin, 1 finely chopped carrot dressed with mineral oil dressing. 2 whole oranges—"Sometimes I ordered these cut up and added to the salad," says Gale. 1 glass water.

3 P. M.—1 large glass tomato juice; 2 whole oranges; 1 apple with skin; 1 glass water.

6 P. M.—1 cup strained vegetable soup; Salad: ½ head lettuce, 1 tomato with skin, 6 stalks celery, 1 whole grape fruit—dressed with mineral oil dressing.

Before going to bed—Cup of hot vegetable broth or 1 whole orange.

"You will notice there is no protein and no fat in this diet" explained Gale. "While I missed them, there was so much to eat and drink I never felt hungry. In fact, it was hard for me to take everything on the list, as I was supposed to do.

"At the end of two weeks on this diet I found I had lost ten pounds and felt fine. Dieting always has agreed with me. Losing weight peps me up and makes my mind click. Like a hungry head waiter," she laughed.

When I asked what she meant by that Gale said. "When I did my first professional work singing with the orchestra at the Chicago Palmer House, I learned that head waiters are not permitted to eat until after the dinner hour—along about ten o'clock at night. Not having eaten, their appetites are on edge. Consequently they take a much livelier interest in the preparation and service of the food, than had they eaten a big meal before coming to work.

"Beginning the third week my doctor agreed with my suggestion that a bit of protein and starch wouldn't upset the apple cart. I chose for my treat one of my favorite midnight snacks. As all snacks are tabu, it was served at dinner along with the vegetable soup and salad. It was my special onion sandwich made as follows:

Gale Page's Onion Sandwich

"Butter two slices of fresh bread (no butter if dieting) and place in a hot waffle iron until nicely brown. Remove and spread with mayonnaise (no mayonnaise when dieting). Lay a slice of snappy cheese on toasted bread. Cover this with thinly sliced sweet onions. Salt and pepper well." Gale says, "I like to grind whole black pepper in a little pepper mill I have, directly on to the onions." Cover with the other slice of toast and according to Gale this is food fit for the gods. "Two of these eaten before going to bed is guaranteed to cure the worst case of insomnia," says Gale.

"The third week the onion sandwich was the only change in the diet. The fourth week the sandwich was replaced with a choice of a broiled steak or lamb chop. I expect to keep pretty much to this diet as long as I remain in pictures," said Gale.

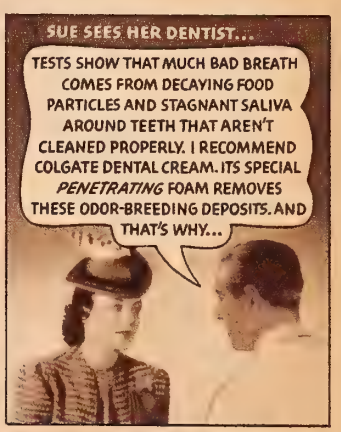
"I never will get over liking good things to eat—but, if it is a choice between eating and acting—I'd rather act!"

SUE SANG BEFORE SEVEN BUT CRIED BEFORE ELEVEN!









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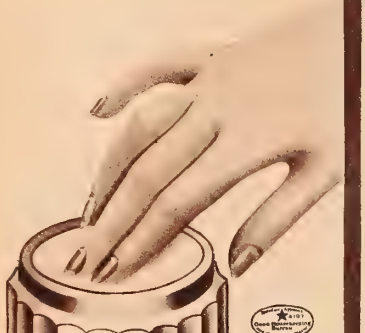


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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Somebody Ought To Tell Her!

[*Continued from page 23*]

inquiring one what time Mr. Stewart got up, what he had for breakfast and goes through a cheerful resume of Mr. Stewart's plans for the day, as far as he knows.

"He tries to be so helpful," Jimmy says. "But somehow, there is *something*—about this telling the lovely lady who is expecting me to dinner that I've gone to the chiropodist. No harm in it, of course. But it's sort of unromantic—having your toes tidied up!"

Maybe a brief history of Stewart's domestic arrangements would be illuminating. He rented the house, furnished, a few years ago because he liked it and it wasn't far from his home studio, M-G-M. He bought it later. A gregarious soul, the first thing he thought of after renting the place was a party—a dinner party in his own house with his own cook—a gala housewarming, surrounded with fond friends and all that stuff. The cook was installed, the food ordered, the wood laid in the fireplace. All day, on a frigid "location" in the hills, Jimmy thought about his party. "How's dinner?" he bleated happily to Daisy as he crossed his new threshold at dusk.

Daisy was as frigid as the Hollywood hills had been. "There isn't any dinner. You didn't have the gas turned on. The gas company said it has to have your signature and a deposit—I couldn't reach you at the studio—There isn't any dinner!" So poor Jimmy's house was "warmed" at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. I don't know whether Olivia was invited to that party or not but if she was, it should have given her an idea.

Just to show you how efficiently Jimmy has planned his life, he took this house, as I said above, chiefly because it was near his studio. He overlooked the fact that it wasn't at all near anything else. So now—s' help me!—he's bought a plane which he keeps at a neighboring private airport, and, when he sets out for a gay evening, he *flies* to the Burbank airport, which isn't so darned close to things, either, and takes a taxi from there. Incidentally, he's so infatuated with the plane that he positively pats it, and he's bought as many gadgets for it as Jackie Cooper has for his car. "Can't think of anything she lacks now," he drawls. "Except maybe a set of antimacassars."

Another transportation difficulty arises from his driveway. It's a winding driveway, picturesque as the dickens, and he's very proud of it. But he can't drive round it. Other people negotiate it with no difficulty at all. But Jimmy swears that he has never been able to round that curve without pausing for minutes and minutes of what he calls "backing and filling." "I can walk around it," he assures you. "But I doubt whether I could make it at the first try on a bicycle. When I see furniture vans—or Malcolm—or guests who come for the first time—whiz round in fine shape and draw up at the door with a flourish, I feel downright frustrated!" Many a girl has turned into a virulent backseat driver with less cause!

There is another thing which gives Jimmy's menage a rather eerie aspect to the casual visitor. Every now and then you observe that the place seems to be teeming with young men whom Jimmy apparently has never seen before. They're always telephoning. Occasionally one looks up as Jimmy goes by and says, "Hello! D'you want to use the phone? Through in a minute . . ." The ones who aren't phoning just sit. Mostly on landings.

This is no doubt due to the occasional presence of John Swope, the eminent photographer, who lives with Jimmy when he can be said to live anywhere at all. At least he has a room there. But since he is constantly darting over the landscape to photograph strikes or earthquakes or erupting volcanoes, he makes only rare appearances at the home base. But his newspaper and photographer friends drop in. Aside from phoning and sitting they seem to cause scarcely a ripple. Some

Movie Masquerade

Can you name the movie title suggested by each of the phrases given below? Remember that the phrase suggests only the title, not the subject matter or plot of the picture. For example, the phrase "Many clubs have these to raise money" would suggest the picture title *Raffles* although the picture itself is about a gentleman whose name is Raffles, and doesn't concern the type of raffles used to raise money. Par for the course is three out of five. Four is very good, five is excellent. Answers will be found on page 51.

1. Big dramatic scene from Little Red Riding Hood. .....
2. Twice two and a baker's dozen. .....
3. Invoice from a Reno attorney. .....
4. Phantom waves at the seashore. .....
5. According to the old adage, this is fair play. .....

times they all disappear completely for weeks—sort of like locusts. If Jimmy does marry suddenly I hope he'll warn his bride of these visitations.

While Stewart and Swope meet only once in two or three weeks, they are very congenial. They often sit for an hour or two, cracking nuts and eating them in front of the fire, neither of them saying a word. "Men have to be *good* friends to enjoy things like that," Jimmy says.

Now perhaps a really tolerant woman could take such cozy evenings at home in her stride, but there is one more thing. . . . "Having Swope around is interesting," Jimmy says, "if only because you find out how you look in your informal moments. He has one of those dinky little cameras and he's always practicing his photography when he isn't actually working. He takes what he calls 'sneak shots' and then he makes enlargements and leaves collections of them around where I'll find them. I found an appalling pile of pictures he'd taken of me while I was asleep at different times. No one should be asked to look at pictures of himself taken while he is asleep! He caught me getting out of the shower, too . . . and brushing my teeth . . . and eating a piece of cheese I'd found in the icebox. Sometimes I think there really are limits to good nature. . . ."

■ Probably Olivia should be told about "Aunt Rosie," too. "Aunt Rosie" is a plump lady, addicted to pink dresses with ruffles and bows, who ensconces herself on the front stoop every week or two with a palm leaf fan and a box lunch and waits for Jimmy to come home so that she can inform him for the forty-fifth time that she is his long-lost relative from Australia, come to make him a nice long visit. Jimmy is used to it and simply calls a taxi (all the drivers know "Aunt Rosie" by now) and sends the lady on her way. But I think a new wife ought to be warned.

Then there are the termites. Jimmy hasn't actually *seen* any termites but he belongs to their club. It was like this. He saw some little holes somewhere, so he immediately called up a man who was recommended as a termite-exterminator. The first thing he was asked was, "Do you belong to the club?" Well, it seems that there really is a club. If you join it and pay a monthly fee a man comes round regularly and inspects your premises for subversive insects and takes steps about them if he finds any. (Jimmy was a leetle mite worried for fear they'd want him to wear a club button!) What's more, this remarkable organization does things about the health and happiness of your trees and shrubs. They take it seriously.

So far, they have performed surgery on several trees, administered euthanasia to two and injected vitamins into several others. "They've made the trees flourish so that they've all put out new branches and completely obliterated my beautiful view," Jimmy sighs. "But they talk about the trees as if they were starving refugees and I just wouldn't have the heart to deprive the things of any of these benefits!"

■ There are mice, too, Olivia. A whole family of little field mice who moved in last autumn. Jimmy likes them and doesn't see why they shouldn't be around, since there is always plenty to eat. Daisy didn't agree with him and she introduced a cat, named Elmer, into the household. But Elmer, too, found plenty to eat and seemed to have no greater objection to the mice than the master. So they all get along nicely and the mice, what with Spring and all, seem to be greatly on the increase.

And I should think that right now, even before they are married, a foresighted fiancee should do something about Jimmy's habits with the telephone. He has a private number, of course—only his is one of the *most* private numbers in these exclusive parts. He is always having it changed and giving the strictest orders that no one—*no* one—is to have it except himself. Then he loses it. And can't even reach his own house from the studio except by telegraph. Why, there are points in the Arctic which are more accessible than Jimmy's house for several days after he changes his phone number!

But withal, it's a jolly house and people have fun there and after all, if Olivia should be married to him by the time you read this—remember that she did spend her early years in the Orient and was probably aware of and unabashed by numbers of quaint customs while she was still a lisper.



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Net Profit for Lynn

[*Continued from page* 31]

the notice of those never-sleeping Hawkshaws attached to publishing houses who are always on the alert to collect play royalties. By the time spring came, and with it the end of our local Renaissance, some of my students were prancing around town looking like junior Spencer Tracys and Bette Davises.

"Came summer and I was at loose ends. Some good soul offered me a job as counselor at a boys' camp. I snapped it up. All through the middle of August I served as a rustic Lone Ranger, showing the kids how to tie knots, whittle an Abraham Lincoln head out of a block of oak, open a can of beans, and read a compass in case they were ever stranded in the Gobi desert and wanted to hit the main line again.

"When that stint was over late in August, I returned to my native Auburn, Massachusetts for a much-needed rest before resuming my teaching job. Mornings I would get a lot of reading done. Afternoons I would lie around in the sun hoarding violet rays.

"This routine got me down in three days. My program was wrong. School teacher or not I needed exercise."

■ Which is where tennis comes in. And which is where we take over for Mr. Lynn.

That very morning young Jeffrey Lynn, Number Four, or something, on the seeded list at Bates, got out his paraphernalia and pondered the question of where to play. He was speedily stymied. He dropped around at the public courts. They were packed and booked-up solid for the day. He called around at a pair of private courts owned by older citizens of Auburn, no longer active in tennis. Maybe he'd do better here. He did—in a way. The courts were empty. But batting the white pellets around by yourself didn't intrigue him. Finally he decided to drop by the swank Auburn Tennis Club. Maybe one of his friends would invite him to play.

He was sitting there on a bench whistling a Bates pep song and trying not to look too eager when he heard his name called. It was Margaret Parsons, literary editor of the Worcester *Telegram-Gazette* and a life-long friend of his.

"I'm stuck for a partner. Do you play?" the lady fired at him.

"You have you an opponent," Mr. Lynn said jauntier than Jimminy Cricket.

They batted them around until lunch time. He disremembers, gallantly enough, who won the three sets. But what he does remember is Miss Parsons' invitation for him to join the club. He snapped it up in a hurry.

Some weeks of "out-of-the-world tennis" had gone by the boards, when Miss Parsons (happily married) suddenly flipped a question at him. Had he ever done any acting? He had. What had he played? His big roles had been Ernest in Mr. Oscar Wilde's play *The Importance of Being Earnest.*

Miss Parsons recalls that day with high glee.

"This was wonderful news. I interrupted the doubles on the court we were waiting for. 'Say,' I yelled out, 'do you know that Jeff not only plays tennis but likes to act?' There was general rejoicing.

"The excitement can be explained easily," Miss Parsons goes on. "This astonishing tennis club of ours went in heavily for dramatics during the fall and winter. Our director, a retired actress who had been on the stage for thirty years—used to threaten to come up to Auburn one summer to see if we ever did play tennis at all. We used to put on Broadway successes and then go on tour.

"Jeff showed up good in try-outs, so we gave him the lead in our next show, *Her Temporary Husband,* a nice part in which a jaunty young man masquerades as an old cripple."

The play was, to put it freshly, a colossal success. As Lynn sat there backstage removing the grease paint, he found himself harboring a growing conviction. He would leave this business of educating the young to Nicholas Murray Butler. He would become an actor.

He talked it over with Miss Parsons. Was he really an actor? Did he have a chance on Broadway, even one in a million?

"I don't think you'll stand New York on its head yet," she said, "but this experience will come in time."

It was enough for Lynn. He dashed on home, wrote the school board at Lisbon that he wasn't returning and began shopping around for a wardrobe (one suit) with which he would take Broadway like the Yankees took the 1939 pennant.

■ Jeffrey Lynn prodded into drama by a tennis club, came to Manhattan looking for a lordly dwelling place worthy of his new career. He was completely ignorant of the ways of the big city and doubly ignorant of prices. He discovered, to his consternation, that penthouse rents sound like telephone numbers. Even the dinky hotels that hug Broadway and Times Square, he learned, were beyond his purse. He ended up in a $4.00 a week room with assorted trapeze artists, nautch dancers and pitch men as fellow lodgers.

It was a dreary business getting started on Broadway. He hunted up the names of the great producers in the telephone book—Brock Pemberton, George Abbott, Gilbert Miller and the rest—and dropped around to let them know he was in town and ready to help out just in case they needed a leading man for their new shows. Or even a supporting player—he wasn't proud! It took him about two days to find out that all producing minds travel in the same channels. Meaning that everyone asked him: "What plays have you done ON BROADWAY?" He started to tell them about Brockton and Worcester

but mostly they yawned. Mr. Pemberton was kind enough to say, "Get a little experience and drop by again."

■ When his money ran out, he parted company with his ambition and bestirred himself into getting a job. Perhaps the theatre would muddle through without him—for a while, at least.

Through an ad in the Help Wanted columns he was steered into an employment agency where a gum-chewing girl sized him up and said, "Naw. You won't do."

"What's the job all about? I might fool you," Lynn said.

"They like big bruisers, these clients do. It's a barker's job—for the Embassy Newsreel Theatre. Ever done any barking?"

"Of course I have. Back at Bates they used to call me Rin-Tin-Tin Lynn," he lied.

He set off for the Embassy with the lackadaisical lady's good wishes and her "pleased to meetchoo." At the theatre the manager looked him over and said, "I'm sorry."

"But I'm a college man," Lynn volleyed. "I'll bark with a British accent."

The manager roared and said, "You're hired."

He wore a monstrous overcoat that must have weighed twenty pounds and he used to stand in front of the theatre gazing sadly across the street as he lifted his pleasant baritone in praise of the gelatin merchandise the Embassy was exhibiting. There in plain view was Land of Heart's Desire, Broadway. And here he was, an actor, snaring passers-by to come in and see the latest newsreel, "all about the Italian campaign in Ethiopia."

What tennis can do to you!

It looked pretty hopeless for his art until he snagged a scholarship at a drama workshop run by a Lady Bountiful named Theodora Irvine. At the Irvine School he played everything from the lead in *Springtime for Henry* to the melancholy Dane called Hamlet. This he did nighttimes, after his barking chores.

About this time an agent caught one of Lynn's workshop performances, saw a rainbow in the tea leaves, and decided to take him on as a client. He worked like sixty and finally landed him a spot in summer stock.

The company was the Barter Theatre down in Virginia.

"Barter is right," Lynn will tell you today. "The drama-lovers showered us with vegetables—mostly sweet potatoes—in exchange for their seats. No one seemed anxious to Barter a mess of fowl or a suckling pig or two. It got so that I yearned for the Manhattan hot dog."

■ In the fall he was back in town. A lad he met down South gave him a hot tip on an acting job. He followed it up and roped the part, an insignificant connection with a something called *A Slight Case of Murder*.

But at last he was on Broadway. He wrote five hundred postal cards telling his friends about it.

The play was anything but a smash. Came Christmas and he was selling sporting goods in Macy's. He got to loathe the sight of a harmless tennis racket. Finally, he got to brooding and reading Schopenhauer.

After the Christmas rush things were at a sad pass, indeed, when he stumbled upon a princely job. He became a wrecker, venting his fury at life by demolishing—and getting paid for it—the Italian Embassy. He was busy disengaging brick from brick when the call came from his agent. His talents were needed for a Chinese whimsey called *Lady Precious Stream*.

"I played a multitude of parts including a pillar in a pagoda," he chuckles about it today. "But this was the play that took the Indian sign off me."

So it would seem, at least. When *Lady Precious Stream* went the way of all flops, George Abbott got one of his inspirations and picked him out of a whole posse of applicants for the role of the prissy cadet in *Brother Rat* for the road company version.

An M-G-M scout put him under option but Leo the Lion's masters let it lapse. Then Warners perked up interest. Likewise Bette Davis, always the one to give a nobody a boost. She tried in vain to get him cast in *Jezebel* with her in the identical role Hank Fonda eventually played. It all ended up with a term contract. And Jeffrey Lynn playing doubles with Cagney under the California sun.

There is no telling what would have happened if Errol Flynn hadn't got lost in the Caribbean somewhere and the movers and shakers hadn't begun quaking in their boots, what with *Four Daughters* ready for shooting and no Flynn. As life insurance, the big boys began looking around for alternatives. They had practically settled on Dick Foran, when someone said, "Why not try the Lynn kid?" They tested him for the part. Director Mike Curtiz, dead set on Foran, glimpsed the rushes just out of politeness. Once outside the projection room he told Jack Warner:

"This man Lynn IS Fritz Dietz. He's got all the part needs, good looks, sensitiveness and the quiet charm that the script calls for."

"Why don't you use him?" Warner said.

Curtiz did. To the accompaniment of a tornado of fan letters from movie patrons demanding to know where had Lynn been all their lives, and threatening reprisals if Lynn wasn't unveiled again soon.

Which is where we came in.

Tennis—it's wonderful.

Movie Masquerade Answers

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2. Seventeen
3. A Bill of Divorcement
4. Ghost Breakers
5. Turnabout



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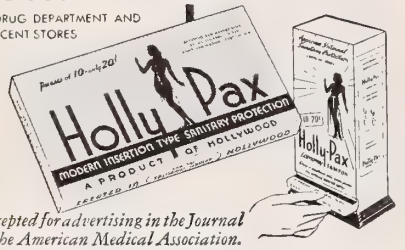
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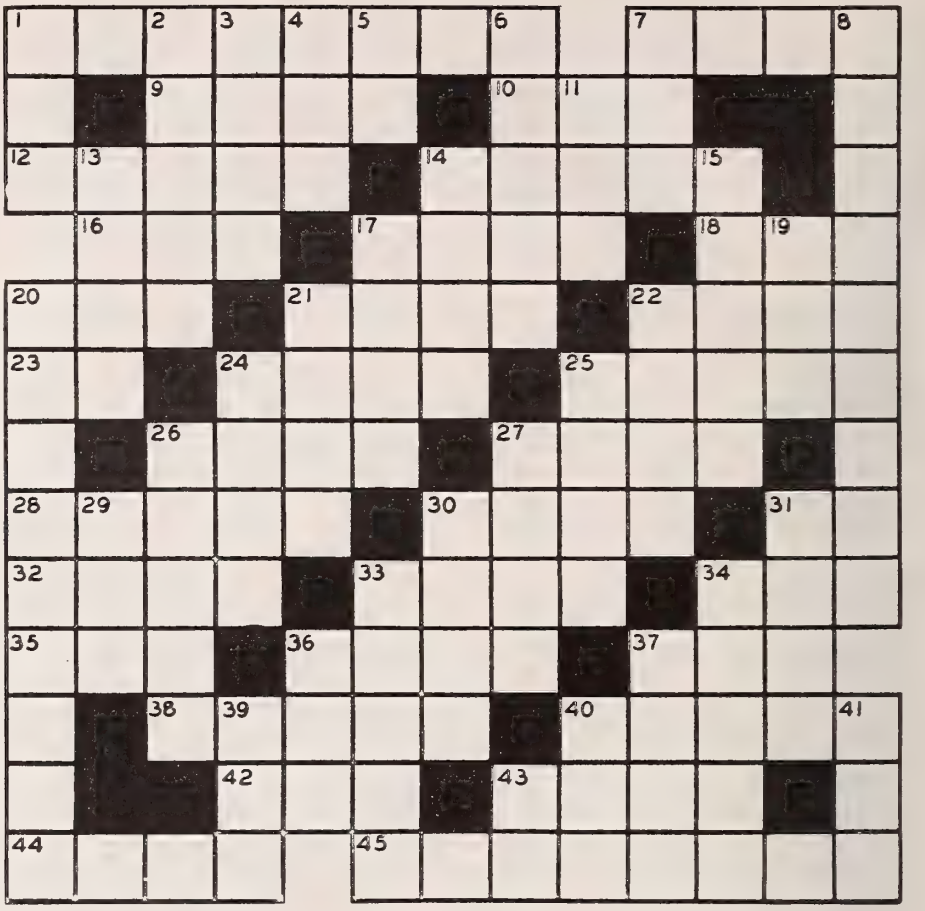
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Susan and God.*
7. Mrs. Artie Shaw.
9. Principal role in a screenplay.
10. ——— *Lincoln in Illinois.*
12. Baby Dumpling's dog.
14. Star of *Bad Man from Red Butte.*
16. Krazy ———.
17. Star of *The Westerner.*
18. You've seen him with Chic Johnson.
20. ——— *Girl Friday.*
21. Principal male in a screenplay.
22. *The Saint Takes* ———.
23. *Here I* ——— *a Stranger.*
24. Henry Fonda's nickname.
25. Remember Blanche ———?
26. Dr. Brown in *Johnny Apollo.*
27. A star of *Primrose Path.*
28. ——— *of Fu Manchu.*
30. Rosalind Russell's birthplace (abbr.).
31. Reginald Owen's initials.
32. *Women in* ——— (pl.).
33. *21* ——— *Together.*
34. George O'Brien was born in ——— Francisco.
35. ——— *a Date.*
36. Part of a movie camera.
37. M-G-M feminine star.
38. ——— *Were the Days.*
40. *The* ——— *Across the Bay.*
42. ——— *West With the Peppers.*
43. Actor wed to Gladys George.
44. Way out of a theatre.
45. Henry Adams in *Dr. Kildare's Strange Case.*

DOWN

1. Worthless villain.
2. ——— *the Deacon.*
3. She was recently co-starred with W. C. Fields.
4. Mrs. Gibbs in *Our Town.*
5. Initials of Owen Davis.
6. He had lead in *Irish Luck.*
7. Dr. Kildare in person.
8. The reporter in *Framed.*
11. *Bad* ———.
13. Paul in *The Way of All Flesh.*
14. Speaking voice of 12 Across.
15. *The Mortal Storm* is based on one by Phyllis Bottome.
17. Star of *Gaucho Serenade.*
19. Patsy in *Gaucho Serenade.*
20. British character actor.
21. First name of director and producer of *Turnabout* (poss.).
22. Muggsy in *Grandpa Goes to Town.*
24. Slang term for stupid actors.
25. *Four* ———.
26. Daniels in *Torrid Zone.*
27. First name of Miss Hodges (poss.).
29. *Brother* ——— *and a Baby.*
30. What Chaplin carries in comedies.
31. Whose role is that opposite Anna Neagle in *Irene?*
33. Feminine lead in *Ski Patrol.*
34. Modern theatres are wired for this.
36. Ann Sheridan was formerly called Clara ———Sheridan.
37. *The* ——— *Wolf Meets a Lady.*
39. *Some Like It* ———.
40. *The Villain Still Pursued* ———.
41. First name of Miss Arden.
43. Initials of male lead in *Ski Patrol.*

(Solution on page 56)

Actor at Armageddon

[*Continued from page 19*]

pictures in the British capital. In that year he had fallen easily into the way of English country life. He had taken a lovely old home in Buckingham, outside London, and with his wife, Betty, and their two children, Elizabeth, 7, and Robert, Jr., 4, had settled into the life of an English squire.

He had learned to play cricket, gone shooting in Scotland, danced in Mayfair and had luncheon on the Member's Terrace of the House of Parliament. His friends were the young Englishmen who soon were to go out to Flanders and his interests and his sympathies lay with these defenders of democratic ideals.

It was natural that Bob, on the scene of black-outs and rationings, should have felt a keener, more personal response to the bugles that were blaring with increasing significance in Europe, than any of his Hollywood colleagues.

When Hitler hurled his brutal blitzkrieg against the Low Countries, Bob was stirred into action. Sitting with his wife, listening to the radio, in the library of their home outside London (they had brought the children home to California during the winter), Bob heard the news report of the lightning drive on Holland and Belgium.

"I've got to get into this," Bob told Betty. "We've all got to help in any way we can. I'm not a soldier, but I can drive an ambulance. I'm going to offer my services to the Red Cross."

Betty Montgomery is a wise woman. She had watched Bob, his sensibilities stung by the injustices suffered by Hollywood extras, once before rise in defense of an underdog. Then, risking his own security and status as a star, Bob had led the battle of the Screen Actors' Guild against the producers.

Once more, the sorry picture of oppressed, bullied people touched his heart. You just had to pitch in and do your part toward winning justice, Bob told Betty, and Betty, understanding the crusader that lay under Bob's surface mask of sophistication, agreed that he must go.

Three days later Bob finished his last English film, *Busman's Honeymoon,* and the next day offered his services to the American Field Service of the Red Cross in London. Betty made plans to take the *President Roosevelt* home to America, and two days later Bob flew to Paris to report for duty. He neither saw nor heard from Betty again until two days before he left Lisbon on his flight home.

■ It was when the Clipper landed at La Guardia Field that this reporter learned direct from Bob the story of his service in France.

"On arrival in Paris," narrated Bob, "I was assigned to what was called Section Two of the American Field Service. There were about forty of us, all Americans, who had volunteered to drive ambulances: business men, a banker, several doctors, a couple of writers, and men from every sort of background, every sort of job.

"It took about two days to get outfitted and then I was given an ambulance and assigned to Amiens.

"I reached Amiens just two days before it fell. The fighting was terrible. The bombardment kept up for twenty-four hours a day and the whole countryside was literally blown to bits. Every morning and evening the Germans would stage an air attack.

"At the end of several days we fell back to Beauvais, and there again we had bombs for breakfast, the scream of strafing Stukas for supper. Twice a day, at dawn and at twilight, the Germans would come over in an air raid.

"There was no question about it. The Germans held command of the air. Flights of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred German planes were common and in the entire first ten days that I was at the front, I didn't see a single Allied plane."

There was a note of grudging respect for the German war machine in Montgomery's account of the blood-bath he witnessed in his first week on the Somme.

"This is a 'total war,' all right," continued Bob. "They (the Nazis) are not kidding. They're really tough. They're not playing for marbles. They're playing for keeps. And their program of utter destruction was horrible to see.

"As I say, they kept up a continuous bombardment twenty-four hours a day. And in the morning and nightly air raids they had another diabolical device that served to add to the terror of their onslaught. They have sirens hooked on to the Stuka dive bombers and as they swoop low over the towns on a raid, these sirens set up a blood-curdling scream.

"You ought to see what that does to the civilians . . . to the soldiers, too, for that matter. A good share of the casualties we transported were men suffering from shock.

"It was a living hell at Beauvais. The German planes were bombing our hospital and our ambulances were being strafed. While I was still in England I had read stories about the deliberate machine gunning of ambulances, but I had thought they were just samples of the sort of propaganda we had known in the last war.

"When I got to France I found they were true . . . and only half the truth. The Nazis not only were including ambulances in their bombing of the roads, they were deliberately seeking them out. It got so bad that we had to ask permission to take the red crosses off our ambulances. These crosses made perfect targets and they'd pick us out and chase us until they got us. I was lucky."

■ "What was your closest escape?" Montgomery was asked. "Did you ever have your ambulance blown out from under you?"

"It wasn't a case of having your ambulance blown out from under you, but blown from over you," Bob responded. "For when your ambulance was empty, and a raid was on, the thing to do was to



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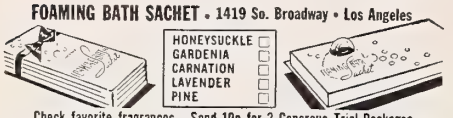


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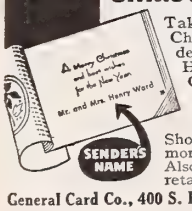
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hop out and scramble under the machine.

"The trouble was, you never had any warning when a strafing would start. For the tops of the ambulances were so designed that you couldn't see above you, of course, and the only way you could tell when enemy airplanes were in the vicinity was to keep watching the civilians on the road. When the civilians looked up, and darted for cover, we'd hit a ditch or get out and get under!"

His closest escape from death, the actor reported, came the last week, when he was driving out of Corbeil-Cerf, to where the unit had retired from Beauvais.

"I was driving along a peaceful country road through a field of wheat," Bob recounted. "There was nothing on the road except another American ambulance, driven by John Thorenson, directly ahead of me. There were no troops nor trucks nor machines of any sort. In fact, just two French civilians were the only other living things in sight.

"Suddenly we saw the civilians make for the ditch, so we stopped our machines and took cover. Fourteen Nazi bombers were flying over us at about 1,500 feet. They dropped two 'eggs' on us and then circled around, came back and dropped six more.

"None of the bombs made a direct hit but Thorenson's ambulance was pushed over on its side by the terrific explosions. And what explosions they were! Those bombs, dropped from 1,500 feet, would dig a hole about 35 feet wide. One moment the scene had been a quiet, peaceful country road, with no sign of the war around. The next it was like the crater of an active volcano.

"We left Thorenson's ambulance, the one that had been up-ended, and proceeded on in mine."

■ It was a day or two later that Montgomery experienced the adventure that he said would remain his most vivid impression of the war . . . a sickening scene he would remember until the day he died.

"Thorenson and I were driving along in my ambulance when we picked up a French commander, who had been wounded in the leg," began Bob. "We drove him back to a field hospital at Corbeil-Cerf and there, after his wounds had been dressed, instead of remaining to be invalided back to a base hospital, the French officer insisted that we carry him back with us in the ambulance so that he might rejoin his command at the front.

"We were starting up a winding hillside road when I saw a French ambulance, with its great Red Cross painted on the top, turned over at the side of the road. Thinking it might have been in an accident, we stopped and approached. There were six men in the machine, only one, the driver, was still alive. From him we learned what had happened.

"A German squadron, flying low, had come over just as the ambulance started up the hill. They had dropped two bombs, which had wrecked the machine and killed the French captain who had been sitting beside the driver.

"In the back of the ambulance were four *blesses,* four wounded French soldiers. These men were trying to crawl to safety when the squadron wheeled back, and one Nazi plane dropped out of formation and dove down to skim along just above the road. As it zoomed above the road, the plane machine-gunned the ambulance, killing the four French soldiers and wounding the driver.

"We had come along only a few minutes after it had happened. We took the wounded driver in our ambulance and returned to the field hospital, but I don't think he lived."

■ Somehow, this brutal strafing of the French ambulance had made more of an impression on Bob than the bombing of his own machine. His eyes, as he told the story, took on a hard look. Though he never gave expression to it, you could tell the actor felt as bitter a hate for the Germans as any Poilu in the firing line.

There had been other scenes of chaos and confusion, of terror and misery, Bob had witnessed, that had given to his ordinarily light and cheerful manner the tired, haggard air of a man who has lived too close to horror.

More pitiful even than the retreat of a gallant but defeated army, Montgomery said, was the plight of the great hordes of refugees from the Low Countries and Northern France, an army of human misery, walking, walking, trudging ever southward, pathetically pushing along baby carriages filled with a few precious personal possessions.

"There were between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 refugees crowded in the area between Tours and Bordeaux," estimated Bob, "where ordinarily only 500,000 or 600,000 dwelt. Refugees who had fled from Flanders, refugees who had walked all the way from Paris, and refugees from all the other towns in the path of the invader.

"People were sleeping in the streets. There was a shortage of food and water and danger of epidemics. The need for relief is going to be immediate and great."

The people of Paris had fled in every sort of conveyance imaginable. Taxis, buses, bicycles, horse carts and baby carriages crowded ordinary cars for space on the roads. Gasoline was at a premium, and when a car ran out of fuel it was abandoned by the roadside.

"It was as if the entire city of New York had taken flight and tried to push into Miami," said Bob.

And ever following them, sometimes



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overtaking them and passing them, pausing to shower down a rain of death, came the Germans.

■ Bob had watched Paris bombed from the outskirts. He had been in the thickest of the fighting at Amiens. Tours had been bombed while he was there and later he had been in Bordeaux when that temporary capital was the target for the terror dealing armies of the air, loosing a last deluge of destruction, as the French sued for peace, as if to emphasize the futility of further resistance.

But through all the havoc and horror, the French had remained a brave and courageous people. "They're the bravest, most gallant bunch I've ever known," Montgomery declared eagerly. Informed, as he landed on the Clipper, that the French were accepting the armistice terms, Bob found it hard to believe.

"I'll be very surprised if they don't carry on, somehow," Bob said. "The government may have lost hope, but the men of the army were still eager to keep up the fight when I left less than a week ago. I have never seen anything so magnificent as the spirit of the French army.

"They were outnumbered, driven back, weary and worn. They were without proper equipment, munitions or supplies, but still their morale was high. Never did I hear the word 'surrender' from the French soldier.

"An example of their courage and their desire to fight on to the last ditch was the way the men who were only slightly wounded would plead to be taken back to the front as soon as they had had their wounds dressed."

■ Bob's own decision to come back to America was prompted by two things, he said. First, following the German bombing of Paris, during which the factories that turned out the bodies for the ambulances were destroyed, the Field Service found itself with about three times as many drivers as there were ambulances.

"We had the chassis but no bodies for them," reported Bob. "In my unit, there were forty drivers and only eighteen machines, and there was no telling when we could get more.

"It was simply a case of there not being anything for some of us to do."

Under these circumstances, Red Cross leaders in France decided that Montgomery could be of more help raising funds back in America, telling from personal observation the desperate needs of the refugees and retreating armies.

A second reason that brought the actor's service with the ambulance unit to an end was that he had been granted only ten weeks' leave of absence from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Six of them he had spent with the American Field Service, four at the front.

Seeing that there was really nothing more he could do, Bob left France for Lisbon, where he boarded the first available Clipper back to the United States.

When he arrived in New York, he was unaware, of course, of just what plans the studio had in mind for him. There had been talk of his playing opposite Katherine Hepburn in *Philadelphia Story*. Another report was that a story was being rushed through, built around Bob's own experiences at the front.

Whatever his next Hollywood assignment, whether Bob returns to the role of a flip playboy, or the somber type he portrayed in *Night Must Fall*, regardless of what his screen characterization may be, Robert Montgomery has proved on the blood-drenched fields of France that, for the rest of his life, he has earned the right to the label of hero.

Victor McLaglen's nineteen-year-old son, Andy, hit a gambling parlay this week that should set him for life.

During his midwinter college vacation, the kid, who is six feet five inches tall, got himself engaged to a Pasadena debutante, Ann Ralston Page, and simultaneously was stricken with an urge to get himself a job and start a career.

Vic set the hard McLaglen jaw and delivered an ultimatum: "Okay, if you can get a job in six months. If you muff it, back to school you go."

Andy connected as an actor at Republic, going immediately into a series called, appropriately, *Superman*.



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Lamour—Disaster Expert

[*Continued from page* 33]

It is unnecessary to mention the raging forest fire or the tidal wave—she took those in her stride.

"I had the most frightening experience of my life while making *Typhoon*," Miss Lamour told me. "I was standing in a clearing when the chimpanzee who worked with me in that certain scene became suddenly enraged. He launched himself out of a tree where he was sitting about thirty feet above the ground and landed on my back like a thunderbolt. The thud I made as I hit the ground shook the earth for miles around. He dug his feet into my waist, doubled up his fists, and began punching me in the back. He threw three vertebrae out and pushed one in. To this day, I can't take a deep breath without its hurting my heart. Nobody could do a thing to help me. The trainer was standing right there with a gun, but he was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting me. For a second, I considered squirming over on my back and trying to punch or kick the animal off me, but I decided that I would rather be confined to the hospital for a year with a broken back than have my face all torn up and my picture career ruined. So I just practiced passive resistance until he got bored and ambled off. The chimp weighed 250 pounds and his hand spread was eleven inches. Just for the record, this chimpanzee was *not* Jiggs. Jiggs was always an angel. He would fight for me, and not even my hair-dresser could get near me when he was on the set."

■ There was a second near-fatal accident in *Typhoon*. Miss Lamour was sitting up in the tree-house waiting for the cameras to be set up, when 1,500 tons of water were accidentally let through a chute that pointed right at her. She was almost knocked out of the tree house by the avalanche, but managed to grab a limb of the tree and pull herself up out of the torrent.

The studio physician's report on Miss Lamour is a dilly: major sunburn, bites by chimpanzees on five different occasions, displaced vertebrae, scratches by lions, leopards and tigers, three attacks of influenza, twenty-one common colds, three sprains, an appendectomy and a tonsilectomy. Also included is a grim little item: "treatment for burns caused by whip." Anthony Quinn lashed her in as gentlemanly a way as possible with a blacksnake whip in *Road to Singapore*, but a blacksnake is a blacksnake.

And there is more to come. Dorothy (She-Can-Take-It) Lamour is not through yet. "In my next picture, *Moon over Burma*, the only thing I have to do is kill a cobra," she said whimsically. "The script says that I am to take my skirt off and strangle it. I don't exactly know how I'm going to meet this problem. Maybe I'm supposed to rope and hog-tie the snake and squeeze the life out of it while it's knotted in my skirt. Sort of like the wringing-out-clothes technique. Oh, yes, and I have to ride an elephant. I only hope the howdah doesn't fall off or the animal take a pass at me with his trunk. I figure the only reason I'm alive today is that God has done an exceptionally good job of protecting me."

Miss Lamour says that she is not a courageous person at all, and offers as proof the fact that she completely emptied a cocktail bar the other night in two minutes flat by her screams. She saw a mouse. "I never was so scared in my life," she said. Outside of this hair-raising adventure no accident has befallen her without Paramount's cooperation except the time a canoe sank under her when she was in Hawaii on a vacation. "Talk about a postman on a holiday," she said, "the first thing I did when I reached the Islands was to get into my sa—bathing suit and hire a canoe!"

Although the name of Dorothy Lamour goes hand-in-hand with any elemental catastrophe, other stars in Hollywood have had to suffer for their art. Marlene Dietrich in *Destry Rides Again* had her hair pulled and water thrown on her; Myrna Loy was rained on to say the least in *When the Rains Came*; Alice Faye had to take pies in her face in *Hollywood Cavalcade*, and Gladys Swarthout received tomatoes in hers (this was cut out of the picture); Carole Lombard was spanked and cast into the river in *Nothing Sacred;* Annabella swallowed more sand than ever got on a hundred picnic lunches in *Suez;* Joan Crawford had to walk herself silly in *Strange Cargo;* and Irene Dunne was pushed into a pool for *My Favorite Wife*.

As a matter of fact, almost every star in Hollywood has at one time or another been the object of artistic violence for the benefit of you, who sit comfortably in an overstuffed theatre chair, assuring yourself that the whole thing is faked anyway, and if it isn't, *you* certainly could take it. It isn't faked in many cases and never in Lamour pictures. If there is any star on the screen today who deserves the admiration once given to the courageous Pearl White, it is Dorothy Lamour. At least, she gets my vote.

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Beauty Full Teens

[*Continued from page* 17]

bouquet scent (try keeping your extra cakes in the undie drawer to make them smell nice, too), and the fact that it is so good for your skin . . . If you're troubled with acne, that bane of teen age existence, this soap is a good one for you. Be sure to use a fresh wash cloth, or better still, a fresh wad of cotton so that nothing soiled will touch your skin to infect it. The soap costs only a few pennies practically everywhere—do send for its name.

Do blemishes always seem to crop out just the night before Junior Prom—or some highly important affair? Then do write me for the name of a refreshing, antiseptic liquid that cleanses and soothes the skin, and thereby helps hasten the healing process. Saturate a pad of cotton with the lotion, and use it several times a day to cleanse the affected areas, to loosen the dirt and oil that would otherwise clog the pores and aggravate the skin condition. The lotion seems to have some slight astringent action, and at the same time helps stimulate the circulation and retard the appearance of blackheads. It is greaseless and invisible, and can be used conveniently anywhere, anytime. Would you like to know more?

■ Yesterday I attended a party given by a deservedly famous lipstick manufacturer to introduce a new shade. And one of the most amusing features of the afternoon was an artist who painted each guest's portrait—using this new lipstick as a crayon! I know you can't all have your pretty pusses sketched as I did, but you *can* use the same lipstick shade and find it every bit as flattering as I do! It's one of the reddest reds I've seen in quite a time, a shade that's bound to be flattering to almost any girl, and with all the fall blacks and browns, and greens. And the lipstick itself is *so* smooth (it has a special cream base that's so kind to your lips you can wear it to bed, if you want). I wore my lipstick on the hottest day this summer, and never had any difficulty with its fuzzing at the edge, or smearing with coffee . . . If you think this red is too bright or too dark for you, and prefer a pinker lipstick, you can have that, too. It's a soft rose that changes to just the right shade for your particular coloring when you wear it. It, too, has the creamy protective base so good for sunburned or wind chapped lips (and that's something to think about now that fall is on its way). There's still another red, slightly on the yellow side, you might like for evening. Each shade comes in a trial lipstick at ten cents, and there are both cream and compact rouges to match. I'll be glad to tell you more about them, and to help you select shades of the same manufacturer's fine-textured powder.

Can you think of anything nicer than meeting an old friend, and finding it so smartly dressed that you like it twice as much? That's what happened to me the other day when I found one of my favorite cold creams all decked out in a new package to celebrate its fiftieth birthday! You'll like the cream, I'm sure, because it's done a fine job of cleansing and lubricating all sorts of skins for a long, long time. The Victorian femininity of its pretty new jar, and delicate pastel blue of its cap, make it nice enough, smart enough for any dressing table. There are other fine creams from the same manufacturer, and lotions, too, each in the same jar, each with a pastel cap of a different shade—pink for one, orchid for another. You can get ten-cent sizes of the cold cream, you'll be glad to know, and others, larger of course, from twenty-five cents to $1.50.

■ Stop-the-press news this month tells about a light-hearted new series of toiletries in some of the gayest packages you ever did see. Perfume, cologne, talc, water softener, and all the accessories you can name for luxuriously scented bathing—they're all available in this delicately fresh bouquet fragrance. And not the least nice thing about these sets is the price—they retail for as low as fifty cents and one dollar! I have a dollar one combining soap, dusting powder and cologne; another at fifty cents contains cologne and water softener. And you can get single items—a large bottle of cologne, or a huge box of dusting powder. The festive carnival-suggesting packages can be used, after the toiletries are gone, to hold candy, sewing, or even other cosmetics, because no name appears on the outside.

Write me before September 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Muriel Angelus, playing in *The Great McGinty*, applies a touch of an exciting new cologne to her ears and hair

NOW WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLONDE HAIR!



New Shampoo Method—Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the shampoo made specially for them. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing finer for children's hair. Get it today at any good store.

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

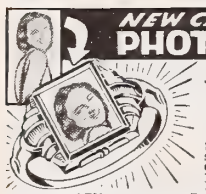
Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.




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Private Letters of Jeanette MacDonald

[*Continued from page* 25]

shades of blue at the waistline.

"The sample of the gray tulle is lovely. When will you need me for a fitting? Will Wednesday be convenient for you?" She signs it—"Sincerely, Jeanette"—the signature which goes on all her letters to coworkers at the studio, from executive to wardrobe girl.

The greatest letter-writing chore Jeanette MacDonald has is answering the numerous fan letters which come to her desk for personal attention and reply. These are letters segregated from the thousand she receives each week, by her secretaries. They include letters from fan correspondents of long standing; letters which definitely ask advice on a personal or a career problem; letters which ask for the intangible gift of courage.

If Jeanette is working, she reads these letters between scenes, makes memos in pencil which are the basis of a reply by her secretary, or later on for her dictated answer. Frequently, when there is long leisure between scenes, she dictates on the set.

On this day, as we sit at Jeanette's desk —a small battalion of human problems faces her.

There is the letter from Arva: "Dear Jeanette," she writes, "I'm twelve years old. At eleven my voice matured, but now something's happened. I can't hit those high notes at all. I'm sort of hoarse or something. Is my voice gone? Were you that way? Is there anything I can do? Anything I can gargle? I'm almost desperate . . . please help me. My voice is my whole life."

Jeanette makes a note on the back of the letter. She writes: "Answer this kid and tell her I lost my voice around the same age and had to stop singing for a year and a half. Tell her that frequently happens. By continuing to sing she may ruin her voice. She'll just have to be patient and trusting. Meanwhile she can study French and Italian."

From Helen: "I'm studying voice seriously, but I'm having teacher trouble. I have recently changed teachers and find myself singing flat and straining a great deal. You sing so easily. What should I do?"

Jeanette quiets Helen's fears. "All singers hit occasional snags. Don't try to rush," she writes.

Enclosed with this reply will be a little leaflet entitled, "No Royal Road to Song," which was written by Jeanette to serve more or less as a standard reply to aspiring young singers. It answers many of the usual questions asked her.

These young singers write her not only regarding training and the problems of a singer, but frequently ask advice on debut programs.

Recently a young singer was to have her first radio audition.

"What should I sing—an operatic aria? It is for a children's program."

"No," Jeanette had replied, "sing something simple—perhaps an American folksong. A Stephen Collins Foster ballad would be advisable."

Today there is a letter from the young aspirant, telling Jeanette of success and a radio contract.

Jeanette has close contact with the fans who have written her for years. In their letters they tell her much of their intimate lives, advise her of important events and the important things which have happened to them.

This morning there is such a note from Ethel. "I had hoped to have a daughter to name for the two women I admire most —my mother and you," she writes. "But it was a boy, so I named him for the person you love best—Gene. He's a handsome baby, perfect in every way. He weighed eight pounds, one ounce at birth. He has curly blond hair and blue eyes."

Jeanette sends thanks and congratulations—and in a day or so a small gift will go to Gene's namesake. (Jeanette makes a note on her pad.)

From England Clarice writes: "There is a war now, but I saw one of your pictures last night. You don't know what it did for me. It was like a tonic—a visit to another, happier world . . . a letter from you would mean so much. Would you write?"

From an ambulance driver in England—a girl who has written to Miss MacDonald for years, there is also a letter. "I'm so glad you were pleased with the little present. I have been on duty for forty-eight hours without a break . . . we are all tense, but calm and ready for any emergency . . . if anything happens to me, I want you to know how much all your kindnesses have meant to me." There is no return address. Jeanette's lips are held steady by effort as she finishes reading.

From a very old lady, eighty-four, there is a brief letter. "Thank you for the kind of pictures you make. There is tenderness in all the love scenes you play. I think that you make young people, no matter how modern and sophisticated they may be, feel that true and sincere love is the finest thing in life after all, and you help old people re-live their lost youth once again."

"Letters such as these," Jeanette comments, "make an actress feel her responsibility." She thanks her correspondent for her gratifying letter.

From fourteen-year-old Marie there is a letter:

"My father wrote you while I was in the hospital and you sent me a picture of yourself and wrote on it, 'Get well in a hurry', and signed your name. I was in an awful accident and came out of it with only one arm. I've been singing since I was a baby and ever since I can remember I went to see your pictures and tried to sing like you do. Do you think I can be happy without an arm?"

"A lot of famous people have been physically handicapped," Jeanette writes. (Aside to her secretary: "Find something about the life of Helen Keller and send it to Marie.")

Among Jeanette's regular correspondents is a bed-ridden old lady. To Jeanette come pages of the philosophy she has acquired in the many years of enforced inactivity. She is a gentle and a patient person. While she has only seen one of Jeanette's pictures, her music library contains all the records the star has made.

Today's letter says: "I always feel so grand when I receive a letter from you. I hold it and think about it before opening it. If I could only hear you speak—just once."

(Jeanette to her secretary: "Let's telephone her long-distance next Sunday afternoon.")

A young girl writes: "Since 1931 you have been my firm friend . . . You were responsible for my scholastic triumphs, and often the thought of you saved me from slacking. I always did my very best for you. Every time I made a grade, I felt you were proud of me, and when I failed you did your best to sympathize. It was your inspiration which has prompted me to success . . . I have just won a musical scholarship . . ."

"Your success has made me very happy," Jeanette replies. "And I'm humbly grateful for the part you feel I've played in it."

A mother wrote some months ago: "My little girl is a cripple . . . completely helpless . . . she has been talking about your scheduled concert in our city, and is heartbroken because she can't go. But she tires so quickly . . . I'd give anything in the world if we could bring her to your concert, but the doctor forbids it. I know this is presumptious . . . but would you say 'hello' to her, if we brought her to see you at your hotel? . . . her pleasures are so limited."

Jeanette had invited the child for tea. There was more than tea and Jeanette's presence waiting for Rhona when she had arrived—telegrams from Hollywood celebrities.

And the letter now on Jeanette's desk is the aftermath. "Rhona started mending from that day on . . . we pray for you every night."

From the time Gertrude A.'s children were in pinafores, she has written to Jeanette MacDonald her hopes and her ambitions for her two small daughters. Later, when neither one actively displayed the musical talent which the mother fondly suspected at first, she brought her disappointment to the singing star. "I had hoped," she wrote, "that they would realize the ambitions I, myself, always had, but wasn't able to do anything about . . . I feel so let down."

"Isn't there a youngster in your community with real talent who needs a little help? Why don't you interest yourself in the welfare of such a child? . . . It will give you immeasurable personal satisfaction . . ." Jeanette had written.

Gertrude A. did find a worthy, ambitious, talented girl and transferred her interest in music to her. She arranged for scholarships. She encouraged and helped financially. Through all this process of selection and progress, Gertrude A. reported regularly to Jeanette. When the girl won her first scholarship. When she had her first audition. When she made her concert debut.

"Marcia has a radio contract," Gertrude A.'s letter tells Jeanette this morning. "She owes it all to you."

"Not to me," Jeanette replies. "But to you who stood at her side all these years."

Jeanette frequently finds herself in the role of a guide to young girls.

This letter from Celeste, is an example: "Boys are attracted to me, but I cannot keep them as friends . . . When they find I have high ideals and won't pet, they drop me. I met a boy . . . I liked him . . . but he doesn't call me up any more . . . his grievance was that Mama made him bring me home at twelve. I've lost faith in men . . . It seems as if the modern generation has a scheme which I cannot fit."

Jeanette replies: "Don't lose faith. The things your parents have taught you are wise. As you get older you'll know it to be true. You'll find happiness . . . but be willing to wait for it."

Give me courage . . . give me hope . . . give me strength . . . give me faith . . . this is a never-ending refrain in the letters from the weak and the meek and the sick.

There is a little girl in a hospital near New York City. A picture of Jeanette MacDonald is on her bedside table. Periodically a new one arrives—one in the costume of her latest picture.

Months ago her guardian had written to Jeanette: "You are one person who has been the inspiration for all her courage . . . You have created in her the desire to walk and to dance, the one thing which has been declared impossible for her by all the doctors who ever examined her. But the miracle is happening . . . she is sitting up alone . . . she says she is going to walk soon . . . She keeps a scrap book about . . . she has read over and over again the story about the time when you were advised to forget your desire to sing, how you refused to give up. This has inspired her to accomplish the seemingly impossible."

And another letter about this child: "She is a lonely little soul . . . She has been cast aside by her parents because of her handicap, and you have helped fill that breach . . . When other children talk about home and parents she says she thinks of you and pretends that she has some one also who really cares for her . . . Often when I come home, I find she has her many scrap books about you spread out on her bed, your pictures and letters standing up around her, and she is living in a little make-believe world of her own . . ."

Letters from Jeanette arrive for this little girl with regularity. When steel braces are to be fitted, when painful treatments are in progress, the letters are timed to arrive at the psychological moment. "I'll be expecting to see you when I come East . . . You'll surely be walking by then," the letters will repeat.

For almost three years now, Jeanette has been writing this invalid. For three years she has been pouring courage into a child.

Today Jeanette writes an answer to a report of definite progress: "Hooray—for those first steps. I knew you could do it."

No wonder Jeanette MacDonald takes a day at her desk seriously!

MAUREEN O'HARA in "DANCE, GIRLS, DANCE"
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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFER *because easier to clean!*

Let Your Heart Beat Quick

[*Continued from page* 30]

tember 1, 1939, world-shaking war was two days away. War is not an impersonal thing, statistics—so many refugees, so many wounded, so many dead. It is a personal thing, that takes each life and does things to it. The shadow of war, the feel of it coming, does things.

Madeleine, about to sail for the United States, felt her whole spiritual world in a turmoil. She would have to leave her mother, who said, "You go where your job is. I'll stay where mine is." Madeleine felt danger to the civilization in which she believed—to all she loved. More than nations were at stake—a whole *way of life* was threatened. So she did what she, personally, could do before she left for the safety of this country.

She went to the poorest part of Paris. With the counsel of some nuns, who knew the needs there, she selected two hundred children. "Nearly half of them were orphans. The other half stood an excellent chance of becoming orphans." These helpless youngsters she installed in her home at Saudreville, twenty-six miles southwest of Paris. There were cots in the attic and cots in the dining room, and Saudreville's green acres and formal gardens were turned into a playground. In time of war, or any misery, helpless children tug most at the heart. Two hundred!

Those emotional last days of August had capped a summer of mental strain, self-examination. On June 24 Madeleine had divorced Captain Philip Astley. She had told him when she married him, at seventeen, that she had no right to; that she was set on a career, on "doing something in the world." But he had swept the objection aside; he would fix all that. Four years at the top of Europe's social whirl failed to change Madeleine. Career won. She never had anything but respect and liking for Captain Astley. The time came when she felt, in fairness, that she ought to free him. But don't think divorce was a light matter to this daughter of a stern, schoolteacher father and a sensitive, deeply religious mother. Religion is real with Madeleine, too. Loyalty is the keynote of her nature. Doing her part means merit to her. The actuality of that divorce shook her.

Divorce—its flat aftertaste. The shadow of war, close as a nightmare, climbing into bed with you. The faces of children, tear-stained, then happy. Necessity for leaving beloved France, because you can't feed and clothe two hundred children without earning a great deal of money — these things all were in Madeleine's mind the afternoon of September 1, 1939, when a friend telephoned and said, "Come to my house for a little while tonight. I'm having a few friends in. No one wants to feel gay —with what's coming. But we might as well act civilized. Some of the men who are going . . ."

■ Madeleine went — and Captain X walked in.

Six feet three inches tall. Blue eyes and brown hair. Lean and competent in his blue uniform. Face both sensitive and strong. A little of Ronald Colman and a trifle of Gary Cooper. A good mixture, this man—French father and Virginia mother.

The uniform was new. As Madeleine proudly puts it, "His profession had not been death." He had worked in a stockbroker's office (Madeleine never bothered to be curious whether he was rich or poor!), had seen what was coming, and had entered civil aviation. "He thought his country might need him."

That need had come. On the tall young captain's face shone the firm resolution, shadowed by inner shock, that mark a civilian, hating war, who has changed the stream of his life to meet duty.

There must be dash and fire in this man. Madeleine saw the strength and character in him; something in her own need responded to that, instantaneously. But what so suddenly changed her? All her life, every act and decision had been controlled by her head. This was different.

Dash and fire! What a courtship! Next morning they rode together to the famous Bois, the park rendezvous of all Paris sweethearts, rich or poor. They lunched at a sidewalk cafe. In the afternoon he was busy, preparing for duty, but that night, as lovers just before war have done through ages, they danced till nearly dawn. He didn't omit a sentence of what a man should say.

Madeleine answered, "I have no right to let you pledge yourself. This all might be due to the imminence of war. We must wait." But in her heart she knew—this time—she *had* the right. So she added, "In a few months I shall come back. We shall see. It's a promise."

The morning after *that*, they had only a few moments together—at Madeleine's boat-train. Captain X's superiors ordered other business for him than love-making.

Madeleine sailed. The war broke.

(What a thing to happen! All your life you use your head. You control your emotions. And then you find poetry, music, fire—conviction that you can be emotionally complete. And between you and the loved one widens war, a black gulf.)

■ Back in America, Madeleine went through the gestures of a screen star's life, but she confesses that she felt as if she were moving through a long, slow dream. She was numb. Captain X, he wrote, had been placed in command of a bomber. At night Madeleine, trying to sleep, could hear, in fancy, the chatter of machine guns, the whine-roar of diving Stukas. She could vision antiaircraft artillery, reaching long fingers into the sky —steel-jacketed bullets for claws.

France was on her heart, too, and that way of life that was at stake. And her mother, and the children at Saudreville.

Somehow she got through the filming of *My Son, My Son*. She got through *Safari*. She kept her own counsel. Many who didn't—couldn't—know, shook their heads over her. Madeleine scarcely re-

members what she said and did during those bleak five months.

Then in February she was free to go to France for a short visit between films. On that trip, Madeleine was in Paris five days. Captain X secured leave twice. Once for two hours. Once for only one hour. France's aviators were busy.

But the two had met again. He was still alive. She was there. They hadn't changed. But the only pledge she gave was, "I'll come back in the spring. Regardless of how the war goes, I'll come back."

■ In California, Madeleine, though living in extreme quiet—firmly turning down publicity dates and Hollywood parties—showed much change from her autumn self. She dieted—effectively. In *Northwest Mounted Police* she turned in the best acting of her career. Cecil B. DeMille says, "Technicolor brought out the marvelous warmth that the black and white camera didn't always catch."

Don't give Technicolor all the credit, C. B.!

I'll not forget a visit I paid to Madeleine early in May. She had a day off, during the latter part of *Northwest Mounted Police*, and I was invited for lunch. It was in a tiny house, set in a flare of flowers, on a street with no name sign, and no other dwelling in sight. Just the green mesas below Palos Verdes, and the blue Pacific. A strange retreat for a woman so sought after—if you didn't know the reason. (Madeleine told me with considerable satisfaction, she paid sixty dollars a month rent for that house. Caring for two hundred children *does* use up your funds.)

She told me a little that day about Captain X. "How can I let the publicity men use his name?" she asked. "We're not really engaged. My divorce won't be final till June 24. And it would sound like a Hollywood romance—tying my name to a hero's, to get in the paper. I couldn't. I'm superstitious, too. Suppose — something happened to him. How would I feel *then* if I had broadcast his name. Do you blame me?" I didn't.

Two weeks later, after fitting and testing in four days seventeen costumes for *Virginia* (so she'd be ready to shoot immediately on return) Madeleine—against the frantic urging of studio and friends—left for New York, intending to take the Clipper at once.

Life wasn't to be so simple. Winthrop W. Aldrich, Chairman of the Board of the Chase National Bank, and other business and social leaders, came to her and said, "You owe it to France to stay and help us interest people in the refugees and the stricken." That appeal nearly tore Madeleine's heart in two, but she said, "I'll stay —awhile." Without publicity, with complete selflessness, going where and doing what she was told, like a soldier, Madeleine put in three weeks of as hard work as I've ever known anyone to do.

That work was tremendously effective.

Seeing Madeleine every day I began to note signs under the radiance, the charm, the absorption in relief that she was presenting to the world as her whole preoccupation. "What is it?" I finally asked. "You're going to crack up if you go on like this."

Madeleine answered, in that soft voice and the simple, direct way she has, "I had a letter from my young man, written the night the German push toward Paris began. I haven't heard from him since. There's no reply to my cables."

Twenty-one days without a word. From the Captain of a French bomber, during the greatest battle in the history of the world. And people saying, all day, "You're so charming. You have such fine control in these trying times. You're so lovely."

I suggested, "Why don't you talk about him a little? It'll do you good."

She smiled — she can always do that. "I'll let him talk for himself. I'll read you what he said—about his work."

She took from a handbag a letter so crumpled that my face must have showed my thought. Madeleine smiled again. "It never leaves me a minute."

She read: "It's midnight and I'm deadly tired after a day of feverish activity that only the Army can give you, and tomorrow morning at six o'clock I'm flying to the front. I know that there's the possibility of these orders being changed—as to destination—for we are hardly yet experienced enough to be honored in this way."

A gallant and a modest soldier! It was here that Madeleine added, "His profession had not been death." She glanced down the letter, read on:

"I am so tired and tomorrow four men will rely on me to steer them straight. I must try to sleep. I may hold those lives in my hands."

She was into the next sentence before she quite realized its purport: "It may be that the fortune of war will prevent me from ever saying these things to you in person, so I say them now . . ." She stopped.

The rest of that letter remained, of course, sacred to her who received it. But everyone who has been a lover can guess—how heart spoke to heart.

And not another word, since that letter three weeks old! War, the black gulf.

Madeleine said, "I'm going to him. No



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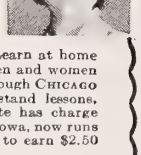


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one has the right to ask me to break that promise. I'm going."

She talked of other plans. She would put tents on the Saudreville acres—adopt another two hundred children, throw herself into relief work abroad, as she had been doing in New York.

Before she left, she received a blessed cable. Captain X was alive!

■ Hitler clanked and roared thirty-five miles from Paris the day the Atlantic Clipper took off. Madeleine was very gay and charming at the airport, chatting with Noel Coward, who was flying to report for duty, and with other friends. No one could have guessed she was in terror. Not of Hitler — she had an English-Frenchwoman's contempt for that person — but of the air trip! She'd had only two flights before, and flying the Atlantic — though the Clippers now run like sedate ferryboats—is a *little* different from a land hop —if you're scared.

It doesn't seem possible that Madeleine beat Hitler to Paris. As I write, the most recent word is from Biarritz—no longer a fashionable resort, but a churning center of refugees.

But everyone in the world who has ever been in love will hope that Captain X has weathered safely the hazards of war and the slow, perilous armistice. Hope that he will have been able to get from Paris, or Tours, or from Northern Africa, where the French air fleet seems now to be, and join Madeleine somewhere.

If that has come to pass, I think you'll have read in the newspapers by now that a great love story has had a happy *beginning.*

The Long Voyage Home

[*Continued from page* 37]

get mixed up in a storm. Well, having been in storms before on land and on sea, my noggin is minus any signs of worry. I say to myself, I need a bath anyways, so let the wild waves get wilder for all I care. John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, John Qualen, David Hughes, Joe Sawyer and some more of the principals are standing on deck and likewise looking as though they didn't give a hoot for all the water in the Pacific ocean, and I say to myself that if they can look so nonchalant why so can I and I do.

But not for long. Lady, I'm here to tell you. Not for long!

Director Ford says something about "All right, boys, we're turnin' 'em," and no sooner had he said it than it happens. Our old tramp steamer, the *Glencairn,* begins to teeter and toss like it has its hold full of African ants and I find myself sitting down on the seat of my sailor suit and sliding back and forth along the deck in perfect harmony with the teetering and tossing and gathering splinters in the southern exposure of my britches like I am set on establishing a record of some sort. I let loose a yell with every puncture but nobody pays any attention. Every guy on deck is busier than a one-armed paper hanger with the seven-year itch. All of 'em are hanging on for dear life. Every man for himself it is. But even that doesn't do much good. Not when the wild waves come poking over the side of the ship. Lady, I'm here to tell you that I've seen some wild waves in my time, but none half as wild as these water babies. Before I know it I have more salt water inside me than a pickle vat and I find myself being swept from starboard to larboard, fore to aft, not to mention hither to yon, and why I wasn't swept overboard is more than I know to this day. Finally I got my tootsies wrapped monkey-like around some shrouds, and there I stick five feet above deck, praying that I live to see another day.

My old friend, John Wayne, goes sweeping past, spouting water like a sperm whale and yelling something like "Pete's Sakes, get me outta here!" Another whopper of a wave picks him up and shoots him back from his starting point, which is just two points sou'east by nor'west from the companionway. No more does he get settled than away he goes again lickety-split. This time I think he's a goner for sure because this wave looks mountain-high and big and swift enough to carry the poor guy clear out into the middle of the Pacific. I begin to say to myself, "Well, he was a good egg while he lasted," and then, Wham! Bam! and Socko as the funnies have it!

This old wave put on an extra spurt of speed and I see Long John get slammed against what I learn later is a gadget called the foc's'le wench. Pardon me, I mean winch! This wench—I mean winch —is made of iron and it sure made an impression on Wayne. They picked him up unconscious when filming stopped, and they carted him off to the hospital, where the medicos put him under the X-ray machine. When they took a gander at the pictures they found that the victim had suffered three fractured ribs, one sprained wrist, six cuts on the face and scalp and a twisted ankle! Jack Pennick, who had also got himself mixed up in the watery melee, was picked up unconscious, too, and his X-ray pictures disclosed one busted rib. Joe Sawyer and Thomas Mitchell would have been rendered *hors de combat* except that Wayne and Pennick managed to shunt them clear of the winch a split second before they, themselves, cracked into it. The medicos said that only the exceptional physical fitness of the two six-footers, plus their ability to protect themselves in an emergency like the one I've described, prevented possible internal injuries. This Pennick chap, by the way, won the coveted Congressional Medal for valor in the first World War.

As for me, I didn't go to the hospital. All I know is I was so scared that it took three guys to pry my fingers loose from the ropes and I wouldn't have let loose then only some sailor gave me a barefoot hotfoot!

Funny thing about being frightened. I didn't feel those splinters in the seat of my pants until a full hour later! And I wouldn't have then, most likely, but I happened to sit myself down on a hard bench and so shoved my lumberyard another quarter of an inch deeper into my sitting room! It took six sailors with six pliers sixty minutes to do all necessary extractions with me yelling bloody murder every second! Life on the ocean wave may be okie dokie for some folks, but not for me. I'll do my extra-ing on terra firma from now on. John Qualen was the only one who offered me any sympathy during my travail. John played the flute once upon a time in a concert orchestra back East, and he plays it in *The Long Voyage Home,* and he played it for me and very well, too, even though the music he blew out of the wooden stick was definitely on the dirge side. But I got even with him on Father's Day and added a dozen telegrams to the 300 he received from ribbing friends. John, you may remember, once impersonated Papa Dionne, father of the famous quintuplets, on the screen, and we all remembered him with messages. In real life John is the proud father of three lovely daughters. Bet you didn't know that, smart as you are about Hollywood.

I'll also bet you never knew—till now, that Thomas Mitchell is one of the most thorough students of the theatre in pictures. In addition to being a stellar actor, Mitchell is also a playwright, and has been stage director and producer of several successful Broadway shows. Not only all this, mind you, but he's rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's leading art connoisseurs. Just recently he added to his art collection an original Rembrandt and two Picasso paintings.

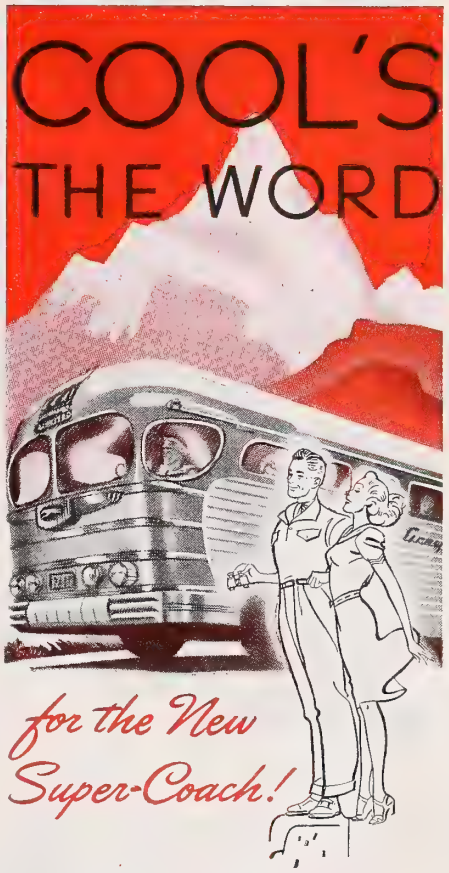
Well, to get on.

■ The filming, by the time Wayne got out of the hospital, had got around to the point where an enemy plane is swooping low over the good ship *S. S. Glencairn* (the bloomin' old tub is loaded to the gun'les with dynamite) and the director is all ready to shoot a sequence showing Wayne sound asleep on a hatch while the enemy plane sprays the deck with machine gun bullets. For some vague reason or other, Director Ford said he had to have a man fire actual bullets into the canvas-covered hatch-lid, all of which was no-never-mind with me until he came over and picked me out to sort of lay on the hatch, "just for size," as he so quaintly put it.

Well, you know me. Easy pickings for a Hollywood gag. So I hops up and I stretches myself comfortable on this hatch and pretend I'm sound asleep. Before I close my eyes, I take a peek and see a guy by the name of Sam Zavitz, a professional marksman and a mighty good one, and I also see him lugging a machine gun and I have a strange hunch that this Zavitz means business because he isn't smiling



Mr. and Mrs. Bill Powell snapped at the Hollywood Baseball Park during a game



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at all, but is sort of grim and determined looking. But, I says to myself, he's putting on that stern look to make the gag look good, and I close my eyes and pretty soon rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat goes the persuader. It seems to me I can hear a slight tearing of hatch-cloth at each "tat." I remain stiffer than a poker that's been out in sub-zero weather for a month and after Sam has cut loose with his 200 bullets I gradually open my eyes, and guess what I see! Neat, little, round bullet holes, scores and scores of 'em, not less than ten inches from my body. And from head to foot! Real bullets they were, Sam said then. What I said to that isn't fit to print! I said I was through for the day and I got up and got th' hell outta there.

John LeRoy Johnston, the Wanger publicity demon, told me that night over the phone that John Wayne was more frightened than I had been but that he went through with the sequence and that he, too, got up wobble-legged and said he was through for the day. Don't ever let me hear you say that it's a cinch to help make a movie! And another thing. Never again will I lay me down on a hatch cover while some sharpshooter measures me for size with a machine gun. Not while I'm of a sane mind.

■ With this sequence out of the way and okayed for the can, Director Ford goes back to the beginning of the story to do some shooting. According to the yarn, our British tramp steamer, the *S. S. Glencairn,* is deep in the tropical seas. It puts in at a Caribbean port and the skipper finds that there is no cargo available. The steamer has fought storms all the way from Buenos Aires and the sea-weary men are surly when the skipper refuses them shore leave. But Mike Driscoll (Thomas Mitchell) slips ashore and arranges for native "bumboat" women to bring liquor aboard. The skipper knows his men need relaxation but he also knows he must rule with an iron hand to win paying cargoes and deliver them safely in war time.

Well, when the bumboat women come aboard with baskets of fruit and souvenirs the skipper and his mates, being nice—and wise—guys, go to their cabins. Fights break out after a wild celebration and the officers come up, disperse the quarreling seamen, and send the women ashore. But, believe me, it was a wild and woolly affair while it lasted. In the excitement I grab myself a native gal and start mauling her around (according to the script, mind you) and she gets boiling mad, hauls off with her basket and conks me a good one on the noggin. It wouldn't have been so bad if the basket had contained nothing but fruit, but there happened to be a bottle of snake-bite in it and I happened to get a quick scalp massage with the butt end of it. But I kept right on mauling (according to the script). Lady, this girl was a wildcat if there ever was one! And so I says to myself, "Script or not, I'm not going to let this dame give me a going over for free!" So maybe I did smack her back. What I mean is, I gave her a couple of cuffs. But it was with the flat of my hand, no matter what she says.

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SELLING COLORED PEOPLE

■ My opponent's name is Carmen Morales and she is, unless my eyes deceive me, a very shapely and vivacious Latin beauty. She told me, after we had quit fighting and had shaken hands, that she has had stage, screen, and radio work and is known on four continents. Although she was born in the Canary Islands, Miss Morales is Mexican. Her daddy was a Mexican consul in the island and her mother is also Mexican. Shortly after leaving school she became a professional entertainer. Her first appearance was as a dancer in Mexico City. Later she sang, danced, and appeared on the radio in Rio de Janeiro. Her first motion picture work was in an Argentine film in Buenos Aires; her second was in a London studio, and her third and four pictures were filmed in Paris. Coming to Hollywood about a year ago, Miss Morales was a radio singer before playing a small part in one independent film and then her present role as a vixenish (I'll say she is!) "bumboat girl." She speaks five languages fluently. She cussed me in all of 'em during our fight!

■ I forgot to mention the excitement our Wilmington location work aroused among the crews of the foreign vessels in port.

With war going on in most of the world during the shooting, and with these foreign ships in the harbor, it was a foregone conclusion that anything out of the ordinary would be watched by many eyes.

The *S.S. Munami,* of the McCormick Line, which doubled for the *S.S. Glencairn,* was lying at Pier 178. Directly across the channel was a large Japanese boat taking on oil.

Shortly after we arrived at the harbor, painters were set to work blotting out the real name of the boat and substituting *Glencairn* of London instead of *Munami* of San Francisco.

Almost immediately, the railing of the Japanese boat was filled with men who trained glasses on the painting operation. There seemed to be considerable excitement aboard.

A little while later, when the American flag was replaced with the British flag, the excitement was renewed and there was a continuous watch kept upon our boat until the men finished work, repainted the proper name on the ship and replaced the American ensign.

It probably will always be a deep mystery to the sailors from Nippon unless they see *The Long Voyage Home.*

■ All of us got quite a laugh the day John Ford was directing Barry Fitzgerald, a well-known member of the famous Abbey Players.

With other members of the crew, Fitzgerald was lined up alongside a hold watching a big crane hoist ammunition boxes from the dock to the hold of the ship. The seamen were complaining about carrying such a dangerous cargo through the war zone.

"Load an old 'ooker like this full o' that bloomin' stuff an' wot is she?" Fitzgerald spluttered, in a Cockney accent. "Just a bum! A great, big dynamite bum!"

Everything was letter-perfect until he got to dynamite, which he pronounced "DOY-nee-mite." Ford protested.

"You're playing a Cockney, not an Irishman, Barry," he said. "Say dy-namite."

Fitzgerald repeated the word aloud several times, pronouncing it correctly, but every time in the excitement of the scene, he'd revert to the Irish "DOY-nee-mite."

"Okay," Ford said at last. "If anyone complains, we'll say you're a Cockney with an Irish mother!"

So much for that.

■ Having shipped so much water during my work in this picture I've been taking treatments for water on the brain and water on the knee and for the removal of permanent waves up and down my spinal cord, and I'm due right now for a medical going over.

But before I do, let me tip you off to a great treat.

During the filming of the picture, a group of our celebrated contemporary painters—Thomas Benton, Georges Schreiber, Raphael Soyer, Luis Quintanilla, James Chapin, Ernest Fiene, Robert Phillip and George Biddle—put on canvas their impressions of acts and actors in *The Long Voyage Home.* When their paintings are finished they will become part of an exhibit visiting more than twenty of our leading cities of America before being given permanent display in various museums. When these paintings reach YOUR city, be sure to see them. I'm no judge of paintings, but what I saw of these was more than enough to fascinate me, lowly lowbrow that I am. See 'em by all means.

And now I'm headed for the doctor's office. And after that, a long ride with Monsieur Murphy McHenry, publicity director of the Edward Small Productions, to a location spot eighty miles north of Flagstaff, Arizona, where I'm to do a bit of Indian scouting and hunting with the famous *Kit Carson.* I'll be seein' you in my buckskins and mocassins. Yes'm, I'm off to range them thar ranges far and wide and a-foot and a-horseback. If I don't bring me back a couple of Injun scalps for your souvenir chest I'm not the scout I think I am.

Fall Style Notes

Yoke Neckline, Pockets and Buttons, Three-quarter Sleeves and Pompadour Hair Style held neatly with



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Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable as a couple of tough oil field workers see each other for the first time. Each has paid 50 cents to walk the plank. Neither will give way



So each persuades the other to turn around



It is still a draw when a gun battle breaks out



Only one thing to do! Our heroes hit the dust



Only it isn't dust, as they've already noticed!

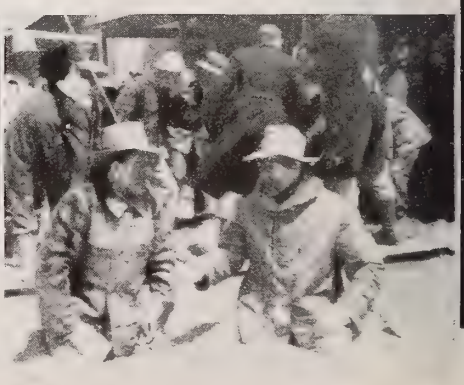
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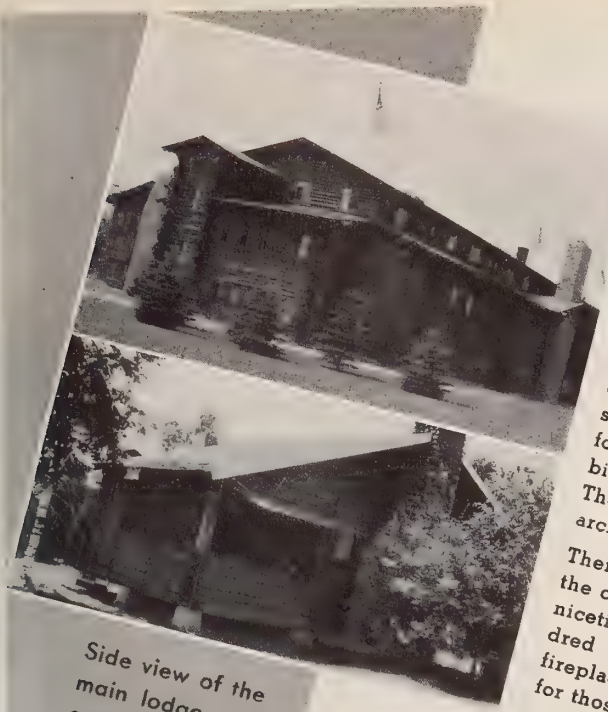
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Howdy, stranger!



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Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins

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● *Actual color photograph—Branch Bobbitt, tobacco warehouseman, admires a fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.*

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GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Let the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more sparkling smile!



And while you're at your druggist's get the new D.D. Tooth Brush, too! It's specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleaning and more effective gum massage.

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Hollywood

OCTOBER, 1940 Vol. 29 No. 10

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HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Eliott Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Managing Editor; Al Allard, Art Director; E. J. Smithson, Western Manager. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; Canadian subscriptions not accepted; foreign subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issue five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood offices, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION SPOTLIGHT

By CANDIDA



Watch this column each month. In it your Fashion Editor will point out, page for page, all the items of style significance as pictured in photos of your favorite movie stars. For instance . . .

Loretta Young (see page 6) drapes her tulle wedding veil to look like a mantilla. Mantillas and lace-edged veils inspired by *Juarez* and our fad for South American touches are new and romantic for fall. Float one over an off-faced bonnet to quicken heart interest.

Mary Martin (see page 6) wears a tailored suit with the new hip length jacket. Be sure your fall outfit has this torso fit. Carry a flat, soft, underarm pouch like Mary's, and wear a new puff-crown suit hat.

Martha Scott (see page 10) knows the value of lace this fall, though her costume for *The Howards of Virginia* is "period." Lacy shawls dress up last year's evening frock. If you're buying a new gown, consider the glamorous, non-crushable qualities of lace. *You* could wear Cary Grant's (same photo, page 10) fringed leather jerkin, just as it is, for sports, or take inspiration from the fringe, and add some of long silk to give a slim skirted look.

Ida Lupino (see page 16) goes over to the left side with the draping of her long sleeved lame dress. Side draped frocks (and side ornaments of all kinds) are good. Even your winter coat should be side-fastened.

Norma Shearer (see page 23) dresses up her simple black dress with a single bright ornament. A basic dress like this plus accessory collars, necklaces and clips means several costume changes. Norma's cluster ring follows the trend to larger, more massive looking jewelry. If you can't afford the real thing, buy costume rings and earrings as big as a quarter.

Olivia de Havilland (see page 32) brushes her hair up for a new pompadour hair-do. Pompadour curls are flattering, especially when waved in front of a calot, back-of-head pill-box or off-face turban.

Jon Hall's boots (see page 34) are the newest love of college girls. Rubber ones are grand for wet weather, and will be good, later in the winter, for plowing through snow drifts on the way to class.

Norma Shearer (see page 48) sets a cape on her shoulders, and a style for you. Capes, both short and long are smart for day or evening. You can make a wool dress into a fall costume by adding a hip length cape of matching or contrasting material, and topping it all off with a twisted turban or beret to match the cape!

MICKEY ROONEY

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ The atmosphere was charged with 2,000 volts as Bette Davis approached the key scene of *The Letter*. Haltingly she approached Gale Sondergaard, standing regal and inflexible, her gaudy Chinese robes making her an awesome figure.

Miss Sondergaard dropped a piece of paper. Bette knelt, picked it up reverently and scanned it. A silly grin spread over her face and then she fell forward, laughing uncontrollably.

The paper, theoretically an important prop in the plot, was actually a Bette Davis laundry bill. Across it Miss Sondergaard had written, in imitation Chinese lettering:

"Long time no see. You pay up now mebbe. No tickee, no washee. No money, no panty."

■ Who directs the direction when the director turns actor?

This delicate point came up on the set of *Too Many Girls* when Dewey Starkey, assistant director, called for a retake of a scene in which Director George Abbott had been the principal performer.

George Abbott fancies himself acting in the role of a drunken collegian. Twenty-eight years ago he played a drunken college boy in *Misleading Lady*. That was his first professional acting job on Broadway. In his own picture there was a spot for a drunken alumnus of Pottawatomie College in the rumba sequence celebrating a football victory. Abbott got the job by grabbing it.



Loretta Young leaving the Church of St. Paul on the arm of her husband, Thomas Lewis, after the marriage ceremony which attracted a thousand devoted fans

An expert hoofer, he put on a neat demonstration of his skill at the rumba, his knowledge of comedy and timing, and his talent as an actor, for he doesn't drink.

Starkey's call for a retake was strictly a rib on the boss. Abbott consulted the cameraman and the sound man and ordered the show to go on.

■ In addition to Abbott's trick rumba, the *Too Many Girls* company possesses another oddity: Marjorie Deanne, the fully-equipped chorus girl.

Marjorie isn't hungry or thirsty. She doesn't need stockings, a fur coat or an operation for her mother. She has a trust fund that will enable her to retire at forty. She saves sixteen dollars a week. She has a completely equipped house, right down to the electric toaster, all paid for. She has a wardrobe that many a star would envy. She has a piano teacher's certificate and has proved that she can make a living at that racket. She has a movie background that includes leads in Hal Roach comedies, and she's working all the time.

What's the catch? There is none. She wants to get married, but the boy must be as ambitious as she is. His goal should be the presidency of the United States, or a cabinet job at least. No triflers need apply.

Most girls who have done as well as Marjorie at twenty-three would be about ready for retirement. She is just getting set for bigger things ahead.

Her music teaching netted about eighteen dollars a week and was pretty boring. So she studied dancing and elementary voice and landed solidly in pictures. But the voice lessons go on, as they have for three years, three times a week. Marjorie is a torch balladist, about half-trained now, according to her own calculation.

In addition to a nice level head, her equipment consists of a nice instinct for mathematics, a well-rounded figure, a blond temperament, a silver fox coat, a blue fox cape, a silver fox muff, and an ermine muff-and-hat set. Her larder is full, her bills are paid up to yesterday, and there's a full season's work in prospect.

What's holding the boys back?

■ Miss Carole Lombard has become the Encino manager of the Just Stand There Club, which fills a long-felt want in our troubled republic. Some other members are A. J. Liebling, Paris correspondent of *The New Yorker;* Jim Hill, a writer at Metro; Jack Roche of N. W. Ayer & Son; Dick McDonough, Eddie Birnbryer and Harry Herrman of the National Broadcasting Company, Mabel Forrest of the Bromo-Quinine Co., St. Louis, and Jim Tierney of the Texas Company.

The circular letter circulated by Miss Lombard among her neighbors goes like this:

Dear Friend:

No doubt you will be eager to join a new group which has been formed in our set. It is called the Just Stand There Club.

You have heard the familiar expression, "Well, don't just stand there.

[*Continued on page* 65]



Merle Oberon, busy with commitments at three studios, with her husband, Alexander Korda, arrive at Mrs. Basil Rathbone's British Relief Ball



Mary Martin, recently married to the Paramount executive, Dick Halliday, looks very gay after the press preview showing of *The Great McGinty*

Fan QUIZ!

QUESTION

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?



ANSWER...

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.

3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.

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The Great Profile in action — Inspired — More hurt than angry — Plotting revenge



Resting — Amused — Annoyed — Suspicious

Side Glance At The Great Profile

John Barrymore, widely known as the greatest of the profiles, is making a film based, in part, on his own career and adventures

By
THOMAS NORD RILEY

Sprawled on a sofa in the blue polka-dotted dressing gown was John Barrymore, delivering a moan. Ann Baxter bent over him; so did Gregory Ratoff, the perpetually hysterical Russian. "Come, my little lady," said Mr. Barrymore, clasping the hand of the actress. "I'll make me vows."

"*Wows?*" exploded Mr. Ratoff in a Russian blitzkrieg upon our dainty American parlance. "*Wows?*"

Mr. Barrymore rose, stalked to a table and lay his hand on a quart of whiskey. "I, Evans Garrick," he intoned piously, "do solemnly swear to put such spiritous liquors from me lips forever."

Mr. Ratoff erupted with horror. "You takink da pledge?" he bawled. "You goink on da vagon now?"

"The very thought of tasting the vile stuff nauseates me."

"All right. You don't like da taste we give it to you eentraweenowsly (he means intravenously:—translator), by injections."

From there 20th Century-Fox's *The Great Profile,* starring John Barrymore with Mary Beth Hughes and John Payne, staggers away in its delirium, but we have had a clear squint at its central theme. When Mr. Barrymore swears "to put such spiritous liquors from me lips forever" he is ripping the sheets off the plot of this saga of an aging ham actor with rum in his veins. A good many aging hams have a similar liquid in their veins, but this Mr. Garrick is different. Properly plastered he is a smash stage hit; sober, he stinks. *The Great Profile* is a drama of two forces (wimmin—both of them) battling over a rumpot—one to keep him pie-eyed, the other to reform him.

All in all the plot certainly does bear a certain resemblance to Mr. Barrymore's



Offended — Heeding conscience's voice — Displeased — Accusing



SOON

Norman Reilly Raine's

'Tugboat Annie Sails Again



MARJORIE RAMBEAU
as Annie

ALAN HALE
as Bullwinkle

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!



own heroic exploits on the stage and with lively beverages. In his recent stage show, *My Dear Children,* Mr. Barrymore was a howling success when he ignored the play and captivated the audience with the spontaneous wit and eloquence of lines added as he went along. Sober, Mr. Barrymore was still the finest actor around, but sober he felt a moral obligation to speak the lines of the play and they smothered him.

What is more, Mr. Barrymore was looted for the title of the movie. He and the words, "great profile" have been synonomous for years. His phiz is as famed for the chiseled beauty of its side-view as the Leaning Tower for its lean. From all this one might conclude that *The Great Profile* is Mr. Barrymore's personal history. It isn't. "The script," Mr. Barrymore is reported to have said before we arrived, "is not at all biographical, but it is a characterization of a ham actor—a composite quintessence of all hams."

If you want to be a stickler there *are* some differences. Actually, Mr. Barrymore is no ham. He is probably the best actor in America. What is more, the guy in the story has only one wife and Mr. Barrymore has had a good many, though only one at a time.

To your correspondent Mr. Barrymore admitted there might be "elements of biography" in it. "Hell," he reflected, scratching his bared calf with Barrymoreian ferocity, "I might as well sell my life. It's better than being put in jail for it.

"Milton Sperling birthed the eerie tale without one tainted suggestion from me," Mr. Barrymore went on, warming up fast, still scratching his calf, "and he couldn't have done a more diabolically lifelike job if he had been sitting in my own pretty drawers when he wrote it. 'Tis weird," said Mr. Barrymore, "weird. Verily, I believe he knows me better than my wives."

Mr. Sperling's play is set first in Hollywood where Evans Garrick (John Barrymore), an old-time ham, is three days A. W. O. L. from a studio filming *Macbeth.* The whereabouts of the wayward Macbeth are not known, but it is agreed he is on a toot. Newshawks storm his home to find out what's become of him, but Garrick's wife, Sylvia, (Mary Beth Hughes) doesn't [*Continued on page* 60]



Cary Grant plays the dashing backwoodsman in *The Howards of Virginia* who pays court to the aristocratic daughter (Martha Scott) of a great family when he isn't helping Thomas Jefferson with the Declaration of Independence, fighting Indians and exploring the far western territory of Kentucky. The picture, filmed in large part in Williamsburg, Virginia, promises to be one of the most interesting of the fall


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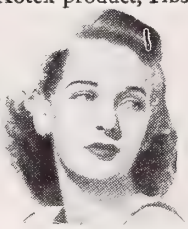
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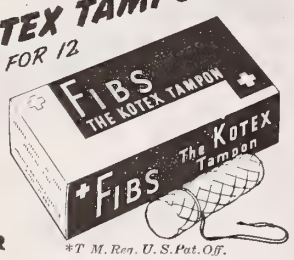


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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ On the night that *Spring Parade* opens, Deanna Durbin will receive an empty cigarette package, somewhat the worse for wear, as a present. And this remarkable gift undoubtedly will be reverently stored among her dearest treasures, because on it will be the original notes for the theme song of her new film.

Robert Stoltz, big, baldish, charming and sophisticated composer, has written 38 operettas, music for 52 films, 1,200 songs. Maybe one reason for his astounding output is that he never lets details get in his way. He had an idea for a song for Miss Durbin's colorature voice one morning at breakfast. There was no tablecloth to write on. The wrappers on the sugar cubes seemed a little small. So he smoothed out a cigarette package, jotted down the notes, and by the time the second pot of coffee was served, the song was finished.

Stoltz, who is Aryan, left his native Vienna as a way of expressing his complete distaste for the methods and manners of Herr Hitler, and, unable to speak our language, is making friends in his new home here with the universally understandable language of his songs, which are all he saved when he left Europe. Most of his possessions are in Vienna, and probably lost to him forever, but he shrugs, gives a broad smile, and confides that he saved 540 neckties . . . half of his collection . . . from the Nazis, and that he considers that a very fine start for his new life.

Stoltz is under contract to Universal and will have a new operetta on Broadway this fall. The operetta was written on regular paper, with the exception of one song, which was jotted on a fine large linen handkerchief while he was riding in a hack through Central Park. He says that he thinks it will be as successful as his *Two Hearts in Waltz Time,* which was written on a menu.

This man, one of the greatest of living composers of popular music, is one of the great new Americans. In an early issue we shall tell you more about him, and also about the courageous and brilliant Albert Basserman, another fine artist who left his homeland for ours.

■ Oscar Levant, the man who answers all those questions about music and everything else on *Information, Please* has just finished working in *Rhythm on the River* in Hollywood, where he succeeded in amazing that town as much as he does the whole nation. Don't miss the amusing tale of how the movie capital reacted to Levant's stinging tongue.

■ Exclusive! Ida Lupino introduces Hollywood's newest piece of costume jewelry in next month's issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Don't miss the first news of this gadget that all of us will be wearing before winter is well under way.



Very different are the parts Madeleine Carroll plays in *Virginia* and in *Northwest Mounted Police.* Here she is shown in a scene from the drama of the Canadian wilds. Mounties Robert Preston and Preston Foster disapprove as Gary Cooper gets the girl

Meet THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

LOVE . . . LAUGH AND WEEP WITH THEM!

Live their wondrously exciting romance! Let yourself be swept along by the relentless tide of a struggle so mighty the screen has never seen its equal...Created by Frank Lloyd, who gave you memorable "Cavalcade", "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Wells Fargo"!





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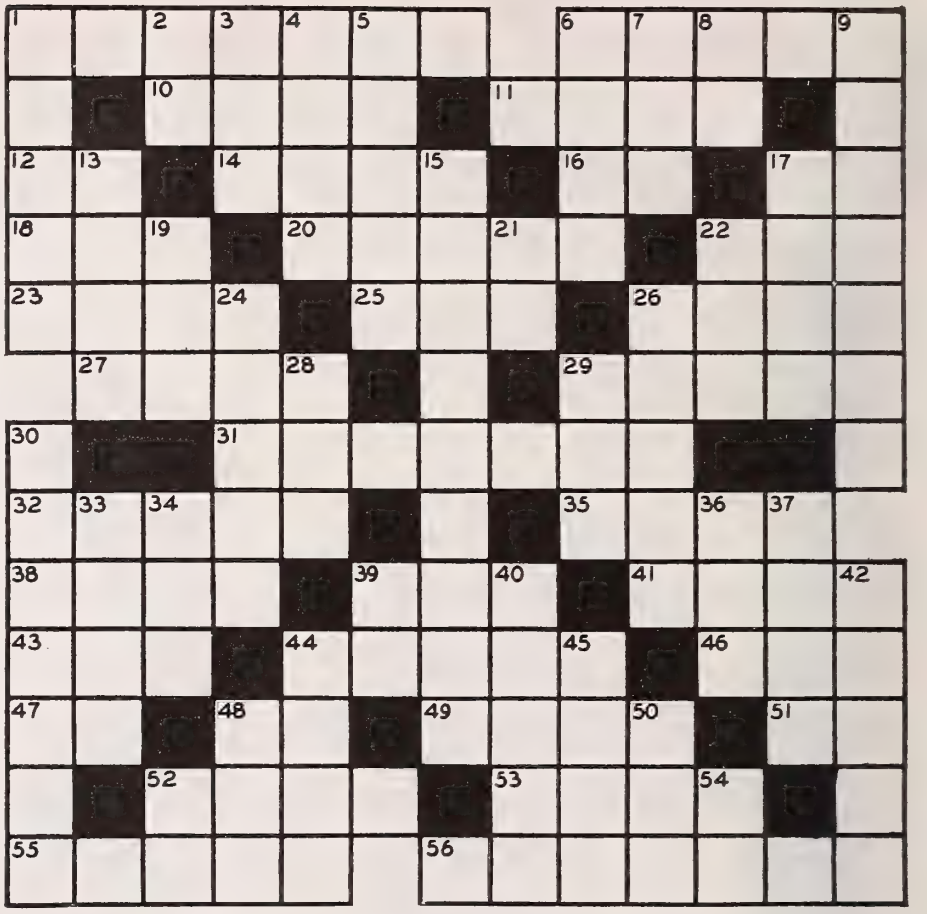
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Boom Town.*
6. Another star of that film.
10. Mrs. Humphrey Bogart.
11. *Too* ——— *Husbands.*
12. ——— *I Had My Way.*
14. One of Dead End Kids.
16. *Girl* ——— *313.*
17. *Dust* ——— *My Destiny.*
18. Movie studio and its adjoining territory.
20. He portrays mean boys in movies.
22. *The* ——— *Hawk.*
23. *The Stars Look* ———.
25. *The* ——— *Never Sets.*
26. *A Child is* ———.
27. *Stop* ——— *and Love.*
29. Lone Ranger's Indian pal.
31. Actor from Czechoslovakia.
32. His last name is Lane.
35. *Naughty But* ———.
38. One of Weaver Brothers; he's in *Grand Ole Opry.*
39. To perform in a screenplay.
41. Aunt Milly in *Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante.*
43. Brenda in *Buck Benny Rides Again.*
44. *Hot* ———.
46. ——— *We Meet Again.*
47. Birthplace of Phyllis Brooks (abbr.).
48. ——— *He's Making Eyes at Me.*
49. Walt Disney gave us ——— *White.*
51. Nora Lane's initials.
52. Descriptive of John Wayne.
53. Whose role is that of Julie in *Wagons Westward?*
55. Davis Lockwood in *Sporting Blood.*
56. He played opposite Dorothy Lamour in *Typhoon.*

DOWN

1. Billy Lee is one.
2. Leroy Mason's initials.
3. ——— *Man from Red Butte.*
4. Joan Crawford's are blue.
5. Assumed parts in screenplays.
6. Bianca in *My Favorite Wife.*
7. Robinson's girl friend in *Brother Orchid.*
8. *They Drive* ——— *Night.*
9. First name of a feminine dancing star.
13. *You Can't* ——— *Your Wife.*
15. A star of *Pride and Prejudice* (poss.).
17. Remember ——— Lytell?
19. ——— *Girls on Broadway.*
21. Mr. Novarro's initials.
22. ——— *of the Navy.*
24. He had lead in *Gangs of Chicago.*
26. Star of *The Man With Nine Lives.*
28. Star of *Lightning Strikes West.*
29. Date in October on which Helen Hayes celebrates birth.
30. Popular term for sound films.
33. One who plays a leading role.
34. M-G-M feminine star.
36. *The* ——— *and the Canary.*
37. Poetic name for Errol Flynn's native land.
39. *Saps* ——— *Sea.*
40. Singing voice of Allan Jones.
42. Gwen Porter in *Framed.*
44. *Babies for* ———.
45. *The* ——— *Wolf Meets a Lady.*
48. *The* ——— *Who Talked Too Much.*
50. *I* ——— *an Adventuress.*
52. *Passport* ——— *Alcatraz.*
54. Mr. Toler's initials.

(Solution on page 40)

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YOU will love the way a daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath delicately perfumes your skin—leaves it exquisitely fresh, *sweet!*

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily *bath* soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, *sure* way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you—leaves your skin delicately perfumed, *sweet.* Just try it!

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Lupino—Complete Redecoration

They called her "Hollywood's Dizziest Blonde" not so long ago. The story of how she made herself completely over is a record of courage

By LUPTON A. WILKINSON

■ "Wash your face. Stop curling your hair. Quit playing the night club baby. Don't be a perpetual Wampas star. Be a real human being."

That was Louis Hayward talking, in 1937—talking to Ida Lupino, who loved the brilliant, distinguished young actor.

Ida is the essence of independence and *fight*. No amount of love would have made her take that kind of talk—from anybody. *Except* that it ran parallel (and hurt!) with some look-in-your-own-soul thoughts that—in moments alone before her mirror—recently had streaked Ida's mascara. "Queen Of The Night Clubs." "Hollywood's Dizziest Blonde." "The Girl Who Could Act With A Flick Of Her Eyebrows." Those are the things Hollywood called her.



Above, this is how actress Lupino looks today off the screen. Very different from the cutie at the left

Below, Ida Lupino in the days when her looks and her behavior won the nickname, "Baby Doll"



Center, Hollywood's first glimpse of the new Lupino was her extraordinary job in *The Light That Failed* as the angry guttersnipe, Bessie

To that phony creation of beauty parlors, press agents, ego and love of pleasure, Louis Hayward spoke further:

"You're always asking, 'Why am I not a success?' Instead, why don't you stop trying to be a spectacular person and be a normal human being? *When you think the right way the right things will happen to you.*"

Ida told him the truth—not only about her own thoughts but about a letter she had received from her father, a man wise in the ways of theatre, screen and people. Mr. Lupino had written: "Don't ever think you are good, Ida, because the day you think you're good—get out of this profession." Ida told Louis this, and confided, "He was repeating something he'd said to me when I was a little girl. He knew I'd remember. And he'd said, way back then, 'Always go on striving and think you are bad. Go on trying to be a little less worse than your last performance.'"

Ida added: "What has happened



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to me, Louis? I got hold of several of my pictures the other day, and looked at them. I cried. I know what Daddy meant. And I look at *myself* and cry. I wasn't always like this. I feel sometimes that I ought to quit the screen entirely—quit everything —and re-make myself."

Louis Hayward, loving what he knew was under a surface that frankly repelled him, clinched Ida's plan by saying, "Gamble! Go on and do as you feel. Gamble that you will be able to come back a different kind of person."

So after *Artists and Models,* Ida Lupino quit the screen. She retired to a tiny house at the very point of Lookout Mountain, topmost peak overlooking Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the blue Pacific.

Eighteen months she put to the job of re-making a person and making herself an actress.

The first fruit of Ida's "re-making" was personal. Louis Hayward saw, before the public did, that the real Ida Lupino had emerged. An engagement that had dawdled three and a half years became a marriage.

Persons and actresses always will be closely mixed in Ida because her earliest memories are of the theatre. Here are her early days, in capsule: She was born of Stanley Lupino, writer, actor, producer, and Connie Emerald, one of England's best character actresses. In the garden of the house at Streatham, outside London, was built a fully equipped playhouse. Ida's first memory is of plays there, good professional work, respected by press and public. At thirteen, Ida, tall as she is now (five feet three) rebelled at school. "I want to train to be an actress." She said. Father said, "If you can get a job in one day, okay." Ida became movie extra, worked at it eighteen months, salary one pound a week. She traveled to work by bus or lived in cheap lodgings near whatever studio was using her. She acted without pay in repertory theatres for the experience. Finally Allan Dwan picked her out of a group, gave her a film lead. Hollywood saw that, and sent for her to play *Alice in Wonderland!*

Ida takes it from there:

"The Alice role fell through, because they decided to make me a baby vamp, a jitterbug de luxe, instead. I was willing. Hollywood looked like a cinch to me. It paid better money than I'd ever dreamed of. I must be good, I told myself, I really must."

She does not think the studios made a wrong guess in the parts they chose for her.

"How could I have played the good ones?" she asks. "When a girl finally learns something out here, everybody says, 'How could that other studio have passed her up?' That's foolish. If they'd given me real dramatic parts, I'd just have messed them up."

"But you thought you were a pretty good actress?"

"Thought! I was sure of it. That's why I played the night clubs and made hey-hey with the sunrise. I could walk on a set, I thought, and *walk through* any part. A flirt of the hand and a twitch of the eyebrow. That was acting for Ida Lupino."

"Did the wrong kind of beau, or cynicism about love, or disappointment, have anything to do with your—er, downgrade?"

"Love? I was in love with nobody—except myself. By the time I re-met Louis—I had known him in London at thirteen—I was a mess. How he saw anything in me, or stuck by me, heaven only knows!"

"And exactly what did you do in that historic eighteen months?"

"I threw away the blondine bottle.

"I took off pounds.

"I stopped smarming" (the word is Ida's) "my face with powder and paint till a shovel was needed to clean it for bed.

■ "As my appearance changed, I changed. I changed from a bold person to a nondescript one. I looked at my face and said, 'With you I never could have been a raving beauty, no matter how hard I tried. You're a funny face and a bit off the bias. Maybe I'd better put some *character* into you.'"

Her medium for doing that was hard work. Hard work and concentration on a plan for doing something for other people. Ida gathered around her a group of young folks. Some were working in pictures. Some were trying to. They sat around on the floor, without scenery or stage costumes, and read and discussed plays, hour after hour.

Louis Hayward had told her, "When you think the right way, the right things will happen to you."

It didn't look like a good prophecy to Ida when she came down off the hill and applied for a job. Who was this skinny, intense young woman? Where was Baby Doll, the Night Club Queen? "I couldn't even get in to see most producers. Hollywood moves fast. In those eighteen months I was completely forgotten.

At last she got in to see Harry Cohn, president of Columbia. What he gave her wasn't fancy—the lead with Warren William in *The Lone Wolf* and a part with Fay Wray in *Mrs. Leonard and Her Machine Guns,* but Ida's gratitude to Harry Cohn burns bright. "You don't know what it is," she shivers, "to prepare so hard for your profession and then find the whole world 'Not in.' And remember, I had put in seven years' honest, hard work before I hit Hollywood and went jitterbug."

Somebody at 20th Century-Fox heard Ida in a radio skit and offered her the feminine lead with Basil Rathbone in *The Return of Sherlock Holmes.* Then—nothing much. (Funny, how we get ready for the world—and the world yawns!)

■ Then came the chance that Ida wanted more than anything else in the world and she went after it.

Into Wild Bill Wellman's office at Paramount steamed a rather plain-looking young woman, with mouse-colored hair and features a bit off the bias. Her eyes

blazed blue and she talked a blue streak. Wild Bill, director of many fine pictures, listened and when he could get a word in edgewise, said, "I never saw you on the screen, and I've no idea whether you can act or not. But anybody who *wants* a part as badly as you want this one, *must* be able to play it."

So Ida got the part of Bessie in *The Light That Failed.*

They Drive by Night, with the great mad scene, and a swell Warners' contract grew out of that.

■ The Ida of today keeps the mouse-brown hair that Wild Bill Wellman saw. On her face, from which blue eyes truly blaze in intensity, she wears no make-up except a smear of scarlet on her lips, put there more for drama, one guesses, than for beauty. But all the determined "I-won't-be-pretty" look goes out of that off-the-bias face when she speaks of Louis Hayward and their life together. The eyes soften, the mouth smiles under the scarlet with a quality almost childlike, and both gay and lovely. Take it from a male reporter, the new Lupino has gained in Appeal. And here's a second tip: one Hollywood double-career marriage is doing very nicely, indeed!

The "second Bette Davis" talk disturbs this busy young actress. "I'm flattered," she said, when the subject was brought up, "as flattered as if someone had presented me a bouquet of diamonds. But it's a thoughtless and cruel tag to pin on me, isn't it? I'm not half clever enough to imitate Miss Davis, a great actress, if I tried. And what I do do"—she was fierce for a moment— "is *me.*"

She paused. "I hope nobody gets the idea that I think I'm an actress yet. All I've learned is to worry about doing the *next* part well. Just think—in *High Sierra,* I'll have to play a straight role, no mad scenes to help me. Just character to portray. That makes an actress work!"

I asked: "What sticks in your mind, most, about that historic eighteen months?"

Ida returned: "It sounds sort of silly. But most important is the realization that I didn't have to go up on a mountain to make myself over. I could have done it in a tent. In a hotel room. In the same house where I was living. The only dwelling in which you need to work—to change yourself—is the room of your own mind."

I think Ida's got something there!

One of the Hollywood gossip broadcasters frantically telephoned an actor's agent and asked if he could borrow the services of a star torch singer for his program.

"I've got just the girl for you," the agent reported. "She's positively the best singer in the United States. The Metropolitan and all the big networks and concert halls are after her."

"Haven't you got somebody a little worse than that?" the radio guy countered hopefully. "I'm afraid if your protegee is that terrific she will want money for singing."

S.O.S. — S.O.S.
Swell Music—but Wrong Girl



Stay popular! Every day..and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

IT WAS such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a *hint* of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice ... certain to disapprove!

To *stay* popular ... from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home ... smart girls make a *habit* of Mum. It's never wise to expect your *bath* to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be *near!*

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant ... and Mum makes new, delighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—

SPEED! Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor *for hours!*

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to *any* kind of fabric ... so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the *odor.* Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY



For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe ... guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!

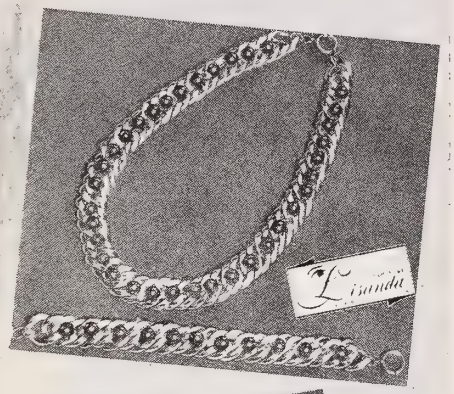
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TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



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B



A.-JUNIOR VOGUE fashions are adored by our very smartest young smoothies. A multi-colored striped bodice and solid flared skirt cleverly combine to create a spirited little wool jersey classic! Grey, Brown, Black, Green. Sizes 9 to 17. About $13.

B.-This necklace and bracelet set is the current darling of the LISANDA collection. A bright gold chain accented by jeweled beads in Topaz, Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, Amethyst. Attractively boxed. $2.

C.-The choice of Hollywood stars — Mam'selle, the new Yearounder, an all-occasion, all-season favorite. In favored shades to accent every ensemble in your wardrobe. Styled by Brae-Burn Hat Co., Inc. About $2.

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

BOOM TOWN—*M-G-M*

■ The picture starts and ends with a fight, and in between there is gunplay, love, double-dealing, a hair-raising oil-well fire, Hedy Lamarr and more fights. Almost everything happens in this picture except that neither one of the heroes gets killed in the last reel, which is customary in such tales of the love of two rough men for one good woman.

In spite of the fact that much of the plot is extremely familiar, *Boom Town* is splendid entertainment because of its background of rough life in the oil towns of the early part of this century, and because of the vigorous performances turned in by Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy.

They fight in the first scene. Then they become partners. That partnership is broken up over a woman, and the sound track reverberates with socks in the jaw administered for varying reasons by first one then the other throughout the rest of the film.

Claudette Colbert has a rather thankless job of looking adoringly at Clark Gable while he gets ready to paste Spencer Tracy again. Hedy Lamarr appears as an unprincipaled spy in the service of big business. Frank Morgan has a funny role as an harassed dealer in oil-well tools.

ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—*M-G-M*

■ No matter what he does, Mickey Rooney is funny. If he hasn't the opportunity to act funny, he looks funny, so there always is profit in his screen appearances. His newest in the Andy Hardy series is not so amusing as some of the others, but all of the fans of the family from Carvel will enjoy it just the same.

In this one, Andy's crush on New York's Number One debutante is discovered by jeering classmates and somehow Andy gives them the impression that he knows her well. Andy lied, of course, but it was the instinctive defensive action of the cornered animal fighting for its life. Unfortunately, Judge Hardy was called to New York, and decided to give the whole family a holiday in the big city. That put the luckless Andy in the wretched position of having to furnish proof of his intimacy with the glamour girl. He is a sadder and wiser boy by the time he has lost a $400 shirt stud, borrowed for an important meeting that never came off, and has tried, innocently, to dine for one dollar at an expensive night club.

Judy Garland again plays the adoring sub-deb, and the rest of the Hardy family behaves with its usual charm. Only Mickey is vile, and he really is a rather unadmirable youngster through most of the action. He probably will grow up to be a fine man, however.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—*Universal*

■ There is one line left of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* in its musical comedy adaptation, and you can't miss that, because Joe Penner stops being the twin Dromios long enough to tip you off to it.

For the rest, there are songs, swung by Martha Raye and Joe Penner, warbled feelingly by Rosemary Lane and Allan Jones, and comedy contributed by Charles Butterworth, Irene Hervey, Alan Mowbray, Eric Blore and Samuel S. Hinds. Scattered for extra laughs through the film are pretty fancies, like a checkered chariot complete with taxi-meter, a Good-Humor man in toga and sandals hawking his wares through the streets of ancient Greece, and other modern improvements such as night clubs and income tax departments.

Allan Jones plays Antipholus of Ephesus, the rather dull and pompous hero of the

Movie Masquerade

Can you name the movie titles suggested by each of the phrases given below? Remember that the phrase suggests only the title, not the subject matter or plot of the picture. For instance, "A cigarette lighter that ran dry" would suggest the picture title *The Light that Failed,* although the picture itself is not about that kind of "light." Par for the course is three out of five. Four is very good, five is excellent. Answers on page 64.

1. What an airplane is, if it runs out of gas. .....
2. Conceit and biased opinion, beginning with the same letter. .....
3. Canary suffering from acute melancholia. .....
4. What a faked income tax return can become. .....
5. Approximate date of the first mother-in-law joke. .....

war against Syracuse, and his own twin brother, Antipholus of Syracuse. Joe Penner plays both of the twin slaves. Since the twins are identical, the wives (Irene Hervey and Martha Raye) are convinced that their husbands have lost their minds through much of the action.

Not for lovers of Shakespeare, but fine for those who like hearty farce.

SOUTH OF PAGO PAGO—
United Artists

■ There is something about this picture that worries this department.

Not the plot. It is exactly what might be expected, with no surprises to irk or irritate the fan who always has liked that South Sea Island story. It is all there. Victor McLaglen plays bad old Bucko who is going to get the pearls, no matter how many men he has to kill. Frances Farmer plays Ruby, the hard dame who leaves the water front dive to go along on the expedition with the large assortment of villains.

Jon Hall plays the noble child of nature, chief of the happy natives whose life is an idyll until the white men come with their demoralizing cuckoo clocks, beads and rum.

The pearls lie in deep water, and the divers come up crippled or dying, but does Bucko care? Not he! He gets Ruby to go off on a honeymoon to another island with the chief, and forces the natives into the traitorous depths. It ends in the manner custom long since has established as the best one. Ruby makes two very noble sacrifices and the villains, every one, get what is coming to them. There is a great deal of beautiful photography and some exciting underwater scenes and fights, so nothing about the picture itself worries this department.

It is the title that bothers us.

Why do they spell it Pago Pago and pronounce it Pangopango?

PASTOR HALL—*United Artists*

■ This picture was made in England some time ago, and was considered so bitter an indictment of Nazi Germany that it was not released while there was still hope of a quick termination of the war, because it was considered best not to stir deeper the anger of the British people.

It is an exceptionally well done film about a good pastor in a small German town where life moved smoothly and kindly until the storm-troopers arrived to spread a new gospel of force.

Pastor Hall was a gentle soul and a diplomatic one, but he also was a man of honor. For his refusal to use his pulpit for the preaching of a doctrine of violence, he fell under suspicion. For his aid to the weak and the helpless, he was sent to a prison camp. For his denunciation of all that was brutal in the treatment of his fellow prisoners, he lost his life.

Some of the scenes in the concentration camp are so shocking that they are hard to believe, but so are the headlines in our newspapers during these awful days, and there can be no questioning of the authenticity of the reports we read each morning.

James Roosevelt is distributing *Pastor Hall*, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt introduces the film with a short talk, in which the warmth of her personality is seen to telling advantage.

I WANT A DIVORCE—*Paramount*

■ Love comes to two young people, and with love comes misunderstanding, and with misunderstanding comes a movie plot that bounces happily along in a comedy romance with a nice moral. Grandma made a success of her marriage because she couldn't get away from Grandpa, seems to be the conclusion. If modern wives didn't have jobs and had to depend on modern husbands for support, there would be less talk of unhappiness because there would be no way out of marriage, says Grandma. It seems a rather negative approach to the good life, but Joan Blondell, as the unhappy young wife, and Dick Powell, as the young husband who makes more than the natural amount of mistakes, end their quarrel when a desperate divorcee commits suicide. We felt like getting a divorce from the movies when Miss Blondell picked up the fried chicken in those suede gloves, but we, too, heeded Grandma's advice, and here we are, still on the job, trying to see the other fellow's side.

YVONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:



It invites Romance... that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

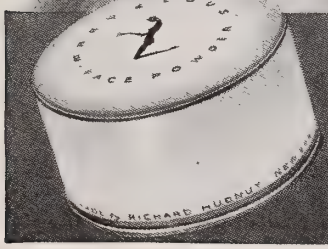
Follow the *modern* trend in makeup! Achieve the engaging *natural* look of gay, young "collegiennes." It's *easy* with Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the wonderful new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that match and glorify the beauty of your own coloring . . . give you that modern *natural* look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly *right* for you in Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder that you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

See how *smoothly* Marvelous Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



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FACE POWDER
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RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

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MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)

BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty." So you asserted pridefully—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin —joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. Games of Skill!

Play *your* part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and *spank* it forthrightly for 3 full minutes —yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's *mixes* with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. This spanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

Send for Trial Case. **Forward at once the coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 6-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a complete Pond's kit of the 3 Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.**

Name_____

Address_____

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WOMAN-SKIN

so different from a man's in its compelling softness . . . its ineffably tender look and feel. Instinct-wise, women since time began have nurtured and protected the priceless heritage of flower-fresh skin, made it a true and natural accent of their essential femininity.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care

Escape



The thrilling story of escape from Nazi Germany, which was a best seller during last year and this, promises to be an exceptionally exciting autumn screen offering

By TOM DeVANE

■ The *Countess von Trenck* stepped out of her portable dressing room, the largest and flossiest these eyes have ever seen in a good many years of movie-set wandering. For one fleeting moment she held her regal pose—then she wriggled her nose, twinkled her eyes, and became Hollywood's own Norma Shearer.

It was between scenes on M-G-M's *Escape,* and obviously there was something in the air. Nearly all the set workers had stopped their labors, waiting for a signal from Miss Shearer, who was carrying an elaborately-wrapped package. She asked someone, "Where is he?" and was assured that "he" was in a corner of the set. "All right," beamed Norma, "let's start it!"

The sound man started the huge "playback" machine. Immediately the stage was filled with the enthusiastic strains of "Happy Birthday to You." Miss Shearer, bearing her package, took the arm of Mervyn LeRoy, producer-director of *Escape*. Others followed. Soon there was a long procession daisy-chaining its way to the corner of the stage, where an embarrassed Bill Cotton (Le Roy's assistant) was wishing that such things as birthdays had never been thought of.

Norma said simply, "Happy birthday from all the gang, Bill!" embraced him warmly and handed him the package. The record (especially recorded by the whole troupe one day when Cotton was off the set) continued blaring forth its loving message, while everyone applauded.

That's Norma for you. In the midst of making one of the most important pictures of her career, in a role that would have most "serious" actresses who "live" their roles immersed in gloom (*Escape* is not the cheeriest story in the world) the star still finds time to have fun. What's more, she sets great store in birthdays.

Miss Shearer would have graced any party the day we visited M-G-M and *Escape*. To our masculine eyes, her heavy white wool cape, with gold scroll embroidery around [*Continued on page* 48]

Robert Taylor as the desperate man who tricks the Nazis into releasing his mother from prison camp. Norma Shearer as the courageous Countess who risks her life to help



THE GREATEST PICTURE 20th CENTURY-FOX HAS EVER MADE

. . . revealing the story behind the heroic Mormon trek westward! 20,000 people seeking a land where a man — wives and children—brave young lovers and a fighting leader — could find the freedom they were willing to die for!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

BRIGHAM YOUNG

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

starring **TYRONE POWER** · *with* **LINDA DARNELL**

Brian Donlevy · Jane Darwell · John Carradine
Mary Astor · Vincent Price · Jean Rogers · Ann Todd

and **DEAN JAGGER** as Brigham Young

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture

They Knew What They Wanted



Charles Laughton as Tony, the Italian winegrower, celebrates his marriage to the waitress he wooed by mail. Tony is a little drunk with joy and Dago red because Amy (Carole Lombard) is not angry that he sent her a portrait of his foreman instead of his own. William Gargan plays the young hired man

■ *They Knew What They Wanted* is a drama about the wine country of California. Because Director Garson Kanin is a stickler for correct atmospheric detail, he moved cast, crew and equipment to Napa, California, center of the western wine empire.

This explains the encounter between Mr. Charles Laughton and the lady tourist from Iowa who stared at him during his lunch hour. Mr. Laughton, wearing a curly black wig and a sinister black moustache, was in character as Tony the rancher. The scene was Mr. Nick Fagiani's ranch on the Silverado Trail north of Napa.

A rank of bystanders had drawn up respectfully to watch the camera proceedings, and they remained, mute and respectful, during the luncheon recess. Mr. Laughton, with a sandwich in one hand and a glass of diluted Napa-grown wine in the other, withdrew to a shady place.

The temperature was 115° but the cast had energy left over for practical jokes after the day's shooting was completed

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

The Iowa lady's eyes followed him and remained fixed on him, eventually causing some slight annoyance.

"Madame," Mr. Laughton remarked, pleasantly enough. "I'm sure I would not stare at you while you were eating."

"But, Mr. Laughton," the lady protested. "You're not eating. You're *drinking*."

Wine-drinking, indeed, was one of the important off-screen activities of the Hollywood troupe that invaded the Napa Valley to film the famous Sidney Howard triangle story about the rancher and his wife and the farmhand.

The three sides of the triangle are played, respectively, by Mr. Laughton, Miss Carole Lombard, and Mr. William Gargan. Two other players figure importantly in the action: Frank Fay in the character of a priest and Harry Carey as a doctor.

Despite a consistent midday temperature of 115 degrees, spectators were never lacking to gander at the maneuvers of the cast among the vineyards. A deputy sheriff equipped with two pistols, handcuffs and a billy dangling from his belt was supposed to preserve order on the sidelines, but he was as goggle-eyed as the veriest [*Continued on page* 46]



Take a girl at her word if she believes in equality



Comb and nail-file aren't part of the service, so bring your own

How To Be the Blight of the Party

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland give some forceful pointers on how to ruin any gathering, large or small. Read this story and become unpopular without loss of time. Act now! Don't delay! Do it today! Obey that impulse!

By KAY PROCTOR

■ This story started to be called "How NOT To Be the Blight of the Party." We thought that Mickey and Judy might have some cheering advice for the unhappy people who always manage to do the wrong thing.

But Mickey had other ideas.

"Prunes in buttermilk!" Mickey said violently, after contemplating the title mentioned. "If that isn't a woman for you! Always the negative attitude toward life!"

Judy Garland gave him an arch look.

"There are times when a negative attitude is indicated," she observed. "The word, 'No,' is a mighty handy little gadget. Every woman ought to carry one up her sleeve."

"Oh, so you'd carry concealed weapons, would you?" Mickey charged. "Well, young lady, let me tell you that's a serious offense in this state. There's a whole section in the Penal Code about it. Besides, think how silly you'd feel hearing a police broadcast some night with the guy at headquarters saying: 'Calling Car 61 in 71's district. Trouble on the front porch at 1035 Palooka Avenue. Judy Garland with a No up her sleeve.'"

"Pooh!" Judy countered. "Maybe I wasn't wearing sleeves. I'll bet I wasn't. I *know* I wasn't, because I'd been dancing at the Coconut Grove that night, and I had on that cute red and white gingham with reverse insets and just the faintest hint of a bustle made by the big sash tied in a bow. And if anybody felt silly, it was the policeman!"

"You see?" Mickey said. "The negative attitude again! Why don't you be positive and say *'How To BE the Blight of the Party'*? Then you'd have something! And think of the help it would be to all the people who want to go around blighting a party and can't because they don't know how."

Well, I faltered, when he put it like that, it did seem logical. Judy hesitated briefly and then swung her vote over to Mickey, too. So that's how we became a force for evil instead of for good.

First off, Mickey said, let's understand two things about the fine art of blighting. One is that the novice must know exactly what it is he is trying to accomplish. The other is that he must put his whole heart and soul in the work.

"The dictionary hits it right on the old noggin when it defines the word, 'Blight,' as to check, nip, destroy or frustrate," he said.

"It also says it's a disease in plants," Judy interrupted.

"Same thing," said Mickey. "The true Blighter is practically a disease, too. As for earnestness of purpose, the would-be Blighter must remember that half a blight is no blight at all, only a bore."

"Half a blight, half a blight, half a blight onward," Judy began chanting for no good reason but with wonderful rhythm.

"Please, Miss Garland, if you have no ideas to offer us, be so good. . . ."

"Oh, I have, lots of them," Judy said. "I've been around some of the best Blights in Hollywood."

"I think there's a little gravel in that remark, but let it go," Mickey said. "After all, time is valuable."

"Yeah," I interposed. "I've got a deadline to meet."

"So has Mickey," Judy chuckled. "Get it? Dead line."

"Pull—lease," I said. "I'm just a poor gal trying to earn an honest living. I've got a mother-in-law with a broken leg and an FHA payment due on the 15th. Give a gal a hand."

That got 'em. Actors are a pushover that way.

We decided the simplest way to elucidate this blight business was to break it up into the four situations which offered the greatest opportunity for effective action.

"Let's take the car first," Judy said. "After all, you have to get to a party before you can start blighting it."

In the event it is a formal party, always call for the young lady in a roadster with the top down. That makes a wonderful



Putting on a country-hick act is guaranteed to be very blighting



Manners mark the man, so forget yours to be a successful Blight



Be nonchalant! Show that you are used to forks. Be careless



Be informal. It shows that you've been asked to leave the best places



If you have nothing to say, get a little action into the occasion



Men like independence. Demonstrate that you are resourceful

mess of her hair, they said, and starts her off in an evil frame of mind.

"It helps, too, if the young man has every known kind of jazz horn on the car and drives up in front of your house with a raucous medley of *How Dry I Am, Sweet Adeline,* a couple of beeps and a Bronx cheer," Judy said. "That puts her parents in an ideal spot to give her a quick going-over, and a swell excuse to watch the clock to see that she's home on the dot of twelve as ordered, because her escort certainly can't be a very discriminating young man."

"I find it helps if the young lady turns the car radio on right away and refuses to dial anything but Jack the Bellboy records," Mickey said. "That blight has the grace of a stiletto stab, since all the pretty things the young man planned to say to her are drowned out in a blare of corny music and corny jokes."

Another neat piece of blighting is for the young man to open the car door for the girl and then jump in ahead of her as a "gag," they agreed. Such wit is doubly funny if there's another couple in the car to enjoy her discomfiture. And speaking of the other couple. . . .

"Here's a wonderful one," Mickey said. "First you talk another twosome into riding to the party with you because it's so cosy. Then you exile the other fellow to the rumble seat because it's too crowded up front. Then you make a play for his girl. Oh, boy! Does that blight things all around! Your girl gets mad, the other girl feels silly, and the poor dope in the rumble seat freezes his ears and does a burn at the same time. Everybody's ready for a good, clean hanging by the time you get to the party."

"I've got a dilly, too," Judy cut in. "One of my pet Blights is the date who always has to stop to get gas, or cash a check, or make an important telephone call en route. It's beautifully annoying at any time, but particularly so if you happen to be late for the party."

"Or the gent who feels he must show his driving prowess by cutting corners, jumping signals, and breaking every known speed law," Mickey amended.

"Right," said Judy. "Or the gal who screams at imaginary dangers or rides herd on every move he makes at the wheel."

■ There you have a few starting pointers in the pre-party blighting technique and under normal circumstances, enough to get by on. Variations and innovations may be added as the novice progresses to expert. Little things like turning the rear view mirror out of focus to use it for nose-powdering purposes or appropriating a fine, lace-trimmed handkerchief to wipe a foggy windshield.

The next situa- [*Continued on page* 56]



But don't work too hard at being a Blight—might bore yourself!

Hollywood Invades Virginia



Madeleine Carroll giving a lucky stone, found only in Virginia, to bring Llewellyn Miller back for another call



Lee McLaughlin, captain of the 1940 football team at U. of V., acted as stand-in for Fred MacMurray

Beautiful homes, over one hundred years old, brought the cast of *Virginia* and an enormous crew across the country for authentic backgrounds and the charm of southern summer

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

■ Director E. H. Griffith is a Virginian, so he knows all about invasions from tales heard as a small boy. Director Griffith is also a kindly man, and he was determined that the Hollywood invasion, which he headed for the filming of *Virginia,* should cause no bitter feelings, let alone bloodshed. But, before the company left the state, the carnage was terrible, thousands lost their lives. Perversely enough, the county blessed him for the destruction caused by his visit, and already the "Welcome" banners are being prepared for his return when the picture opens in Charlottesville. But more of Griffith's warfare later.

According to Griffith's reckoning, his is the fourth invasion of Virginia. The first was when the British harried that part of the country during the Revolutionary War. The second was when the Northern forces engaged the Confederate troops during the Civil War. The third is taking place right now, and it is



Louise Beavers and Leigh Whipper (in the white wig) pose with the quartette featured

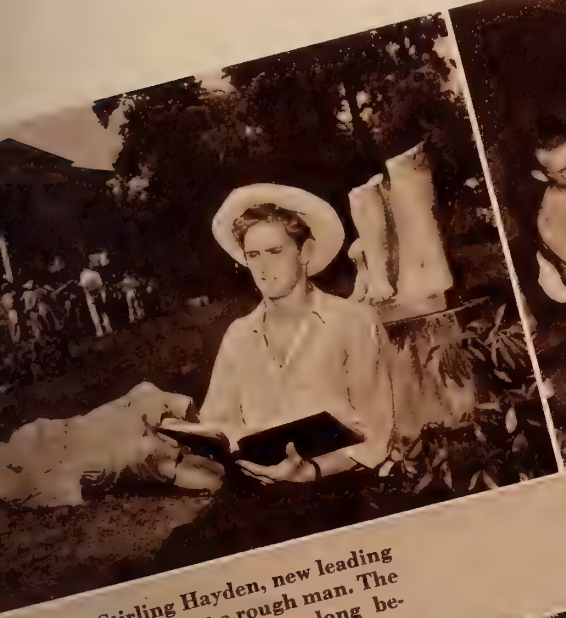
a story about that third invasion that brought the Paramount forces into the field, 3,000 miles from home base.

Before the Civil War, Virginia was a land of great fortunes. Vast plantations produced a life of leisurely, gracious charm for their owners who felt keenly their obligations to their country, their state and their dependents.

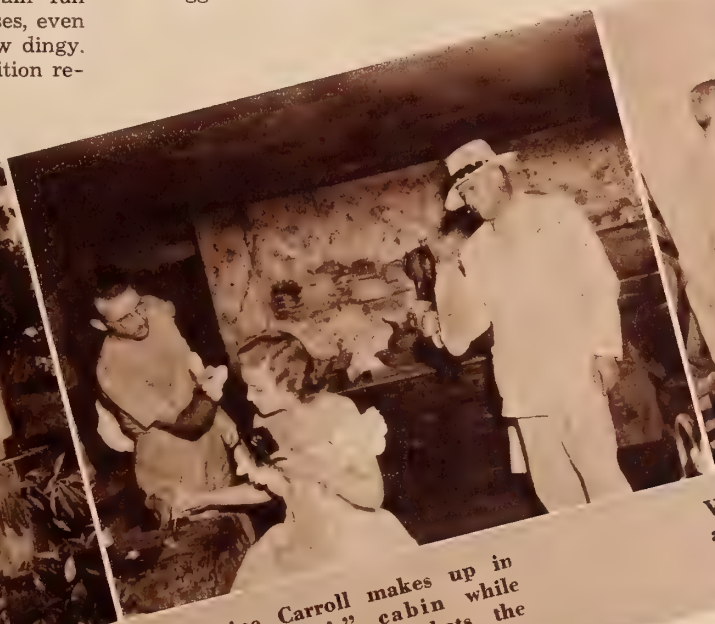
The twentieth century did not change the people, but it did affect the mode of life. The old Virginia families retained their manners, even when their money was gone. Even though the rain ran through the roofs of the big houses, even though the paint peeled and grew dingy, their pride in family and in tradition remained bright. Their bank accounts might be slim, but their taxes were low, and everybody had good horses and plenty of foxes to hunt. Life had plenty of compensations better than cash.

It was those low taxes and those swift little foxes that started the invasion of what the local gentry calls "carpetbaggers from Manhattan." New Yorkers started buying up old places for summer homes, pouring fortunes into the renovation of beautiful, dilapidated mansions, scouring the countryside for antiques. Some of the "foreigners" from the North were charming people, and were accepted . . . with reservations, of course, but still accepted . . . by Virginia society. But some were like the misguided ex-bootlegger who attempted to become a country squire in six months by the simple-hearted expedient of getting himself noticed. Not satisfied with one fox, he released a dozen at a time, and he and his friends demonstrated their really excellent marksmanship with sawed-off shotguns. The ex-bootlegger undoubtedly was an extremely good marksman and he did get himself talked about, but somehow, he wasn't successful at making friends in the South, and when he went away from there, nobody went down to the train to tell him goodbye.

[*Continued on page* 62]



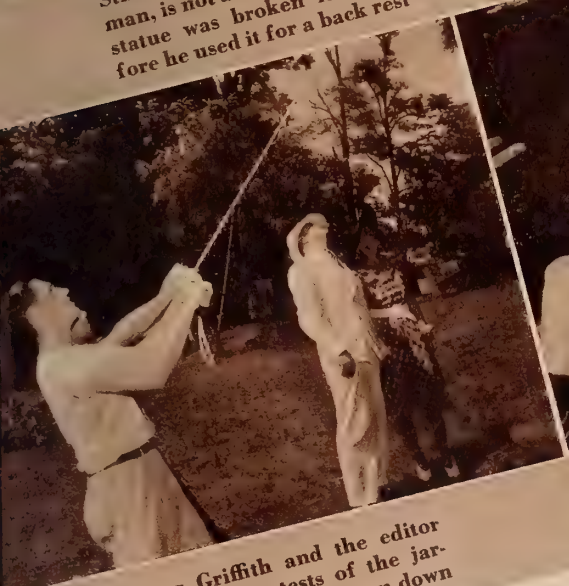
Stirling Hayden, new leading man, is not a rough man. The statue was broken long before he used it for a back rest



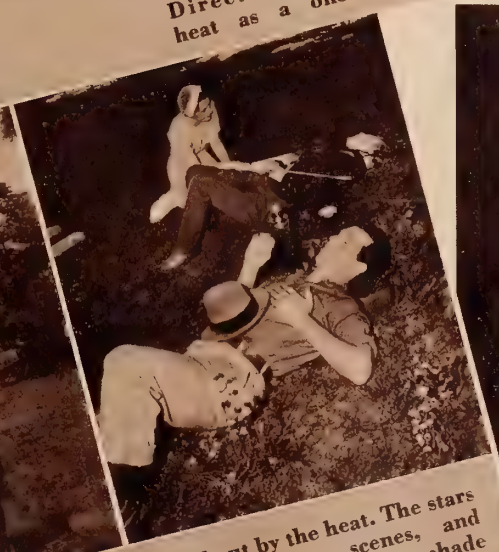
Madeleine Carroll makes up in "Aunt Ophelia's" cabin while Director Griffith combats the heat as a one man hurricane



Virginia's Governor, James H. Price, at a dinner honoring Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray at the smart Farmington Hunt Club



Director Griffith and the editor listen to the protests of the jar-flies as the boys shake them down



Laid out by the heat. The stars relax between scenes, and study their lines in the shade



Cold drinks were an essential part of everybody's equipment in the fierce heat

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(Continued on page 62)



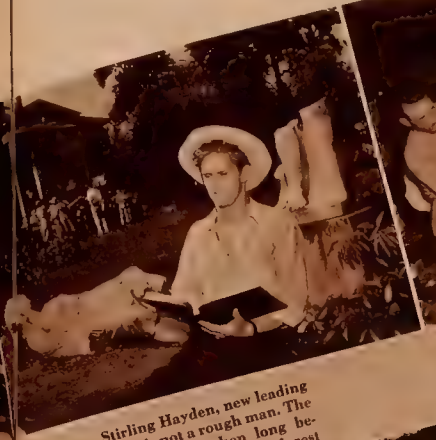
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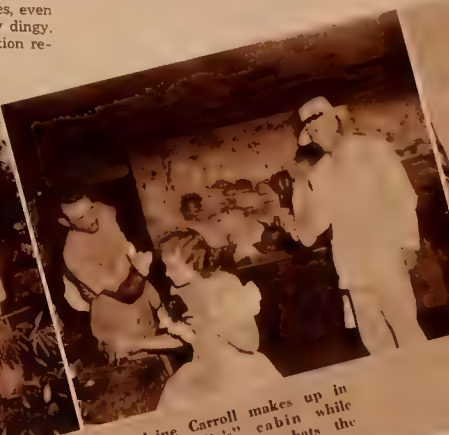
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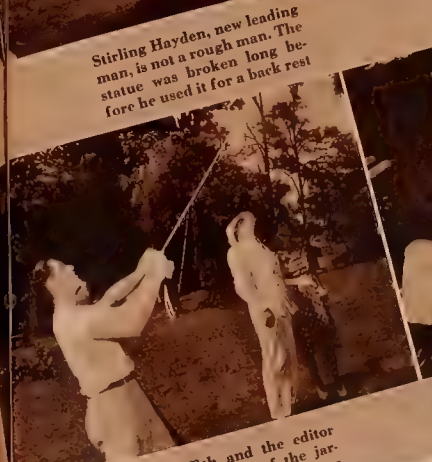
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All dressed up and somewhere to go. You and Martha Scott will look sweet in Judy 'n' Jill frock of beige velveteen. She's in Frank Lloyd's *The Howards of Virginia*. Note "frogs"





Let the wind blow! Martha is snug, and you'll be, too, in a Harris Game Coat of fleece pool cloth, with reversible gabardine lining. Patch pockets, hood are good

Seeing double! You can remove plaid cardigan of Gene Tierney's Babs Frock to show green wool dress, have two costumes. Gene's in 20th Century-Fox' *Return of Frank James*

Lining Up Fall Fashions

By CANDIDA

Write Candida for the names of stores where you can buy these smart, inexpensive clothes, and for further information on prices, colors, materials. Send your letter to Candida, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Accents count! Adola Do-Re-Mi Bras are scaled to small, average or full busts. Yearound Slip, guaranteed, is of shadowproof Star Dust Crepe. Ruffles and rosettes put frills on Van Raalte Gloves. Fri-Lo Personality Tag Bag is saddle style, for double room. New looking gold metal rings and topaz are features of Lisanda necklace and matching bracelet

You'll love Martha Scott's Shepherd Sweater. It's hand embroidered on shetland, with knit sleeves and back. Flared skirt and short or knee-high socks are in matching fall shades



Know your lines as well as Gene Tierney? You'll wear her buttoned up torso suit designed by Audrey Jane, and her new hip-length chenille cardigan with patch pockets from Rosanna



Grace McDonald is *Dancing on a Dime* in her Kitty Fisher dress, and so will you. Ruching, profile beret, look 1940



The Hazards of Home



Olivia de Havilland has hair-raising tales to tell about the wild excitements that beset the novice housekeeper

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Olivia de Havilland could keep house all right, if it weren't for the bees. Or the doves. And the ants don't help any, either. In fact, Olivia is very little help, herself.

But in spite of all this and that, Olivia de Havilland *is* keeping house with might and main in her kind-of-English domicile with the pink roses beside the path. These days, Olivia lives alone—and likes it elegant.

"It's perfectly frightening," she said the other noon, with a contented sigh, "to like to live alone, so much!" Olivia had just run to the Brown Derby from the Warner lot, during a pause in work on *Santa Fe Trail.* She was looking very snazzy indeed in a gray and white striped suit, and silver ear-clips that somehow brought out the velvety brown of those eyes.

You understand, Olivia hasn't always felt that way about living alone. With a mother and sister, she never thought she could stand a house without the whole family in it. She and her mother and sister took this house in the first place because it was near beautiful, big Griffith Park on the edge of Hollywood. Olivia and sister Joan Fontaine could plunge from their side yard into the park and hike for hours in the green wilderness. Mother could knit under that wistaria arbor, and the whole family could be together, as always.

Then one day Olivia looked around, and the family wasn't there. Mother had gone to Saratoga, Calif., on a prolonged trip to visit friends. Sister Joan had married Brian Aherne. Of course Olivia missed them something awful. But, do you know, the house seemed sort of quiet and peaceful and—and as if it *belonged* to Olivia? It was the first time, really, that she'd ever had a dwelling which was completely her own.

Olivia doesn't like to cook, and she would shy at a broom like a horse at a rattler (who doesn't?) . . . but, just the [*Continued on page* 50]

Olivia de Havilland, soon to be seen in *Santa Fe Trail,* thinks over a housekeeper's problems with a certain thoughtfulness

"A Miracle is happening to You right now

A 'NEW-BORN-SKIN'

for your OLDER Skin!" says Lady Esther



Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a *more glamorous* skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it *can!* If . . .

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should *any* woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes . . . and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away . . . your skin looks fresh as youth itself . . . so smooth that powder stays on *for hours!* Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so *thoroughly* and *so gently* that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition*, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See if it doesn't bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn't keep your *Accent on Youth!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



★ PLEASE TRY MY CREAM ★

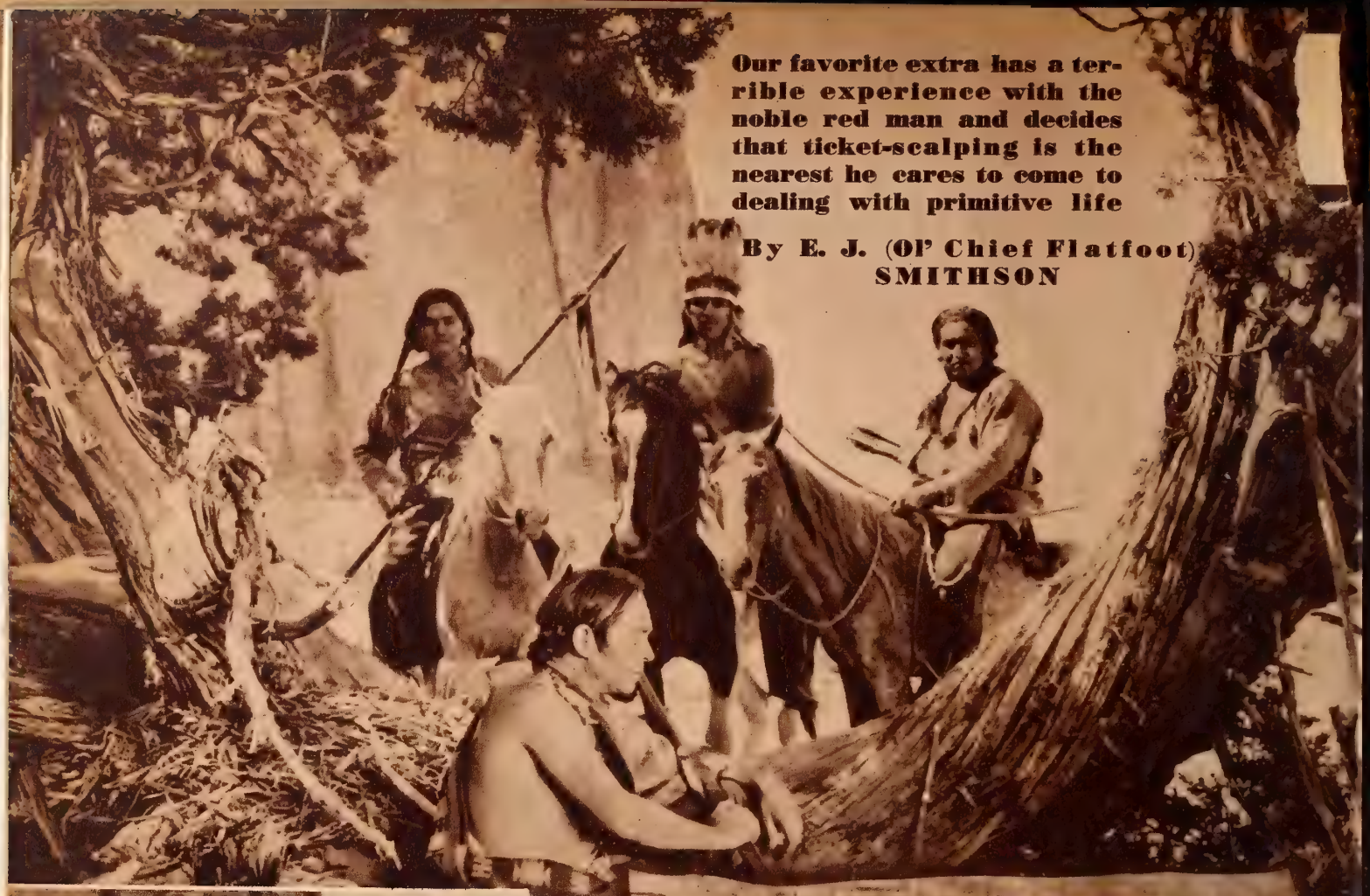
LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (60)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)



Our favorite extra has a terrible experience with the noble red man and decides that ticket-scalping is the nearest he cares to come to dealing with primitive life

By E. J. (Ol' Chief Flatfoot) SMITHSON

Injun Fighting In Hollywood

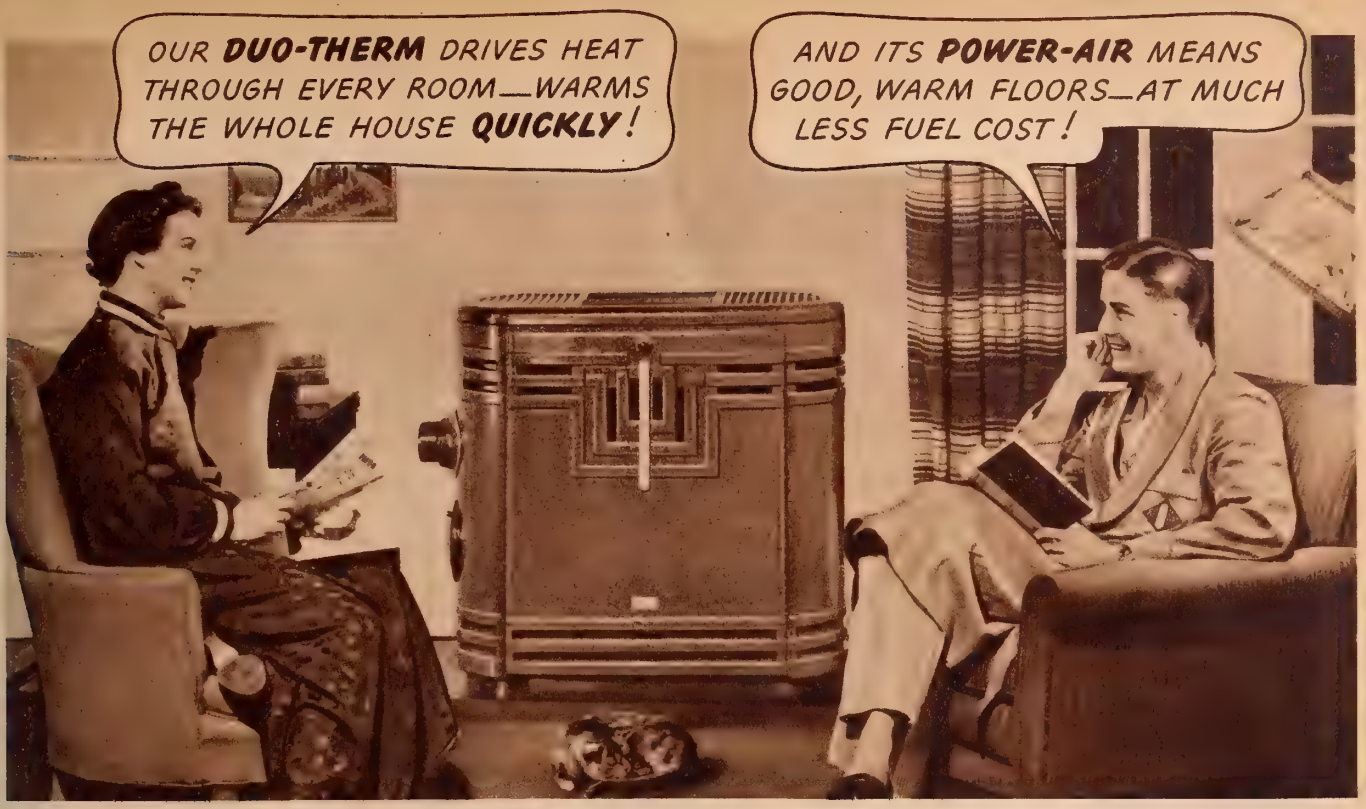


Jon Hall, who plays the fearless *Kit Carson*, with Lynn Bari who is seen as a frontier heroine

DEAR EDITOR:

Would you believe it if I told you that I'm up here at Kayenta, Arizona, and that less than five minutes ago I am squatting on my haunches around a huge bonfire chanting weird chants with a couple of hundred Navajo Indians? Nope, I guess you wouldn't. But, believing it or not, here's your extra boy friend, 300 miles from Hollywood on location with Edward Small's *Kit Carson* troupe and having the time of his life. I felt like sending you one of those "wish-you-were-here" postcards, but figured best not since you never did have a hankering for Injuns, desert, horses, rattlesnakes and so on.

Well, anyways, no sooner had I reached the end of the line on Walter Wanger's *The Long Voyage Home* and had removed all that sea water from my eyes, ears, nose, and throat (and those splinters from the seat of my sailor britches) than does Murphy McHenry, publicity director of Small Productions, give me a buzz and say he's got a week's chores for me to do on *Kit Carson*. The troupe, he said, would consist of about 300 people, principals and all, and the trek into Arizona would start that night via airplanes, automobiles, and train. So I signed up right then and there over the phone. [*Continued on page* 38]



This new kind of heater FLOODS your floors with warmth!

A *NEW* blessing comes with oil heat this winter—even more important than cleanliness and convenience!

Now you can enjoy heat that *floods* your floors with cheerful warmth—heat which is *forced* into far corners . . . into other rooms —heat that costs *less* than oil heat ever did before!

Forced circulation—with Power-Air* enables the Duo-Therm to heat better "from the ground up"! Heat is driven to the floors, and is kept in constant circulation at the living-level—instead of "loafing" at the ceiling. You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get something no fuel oil heater has ever given before: a *positive* forced circulation of heat like that of the latest basement furnaces! And Power-Air means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

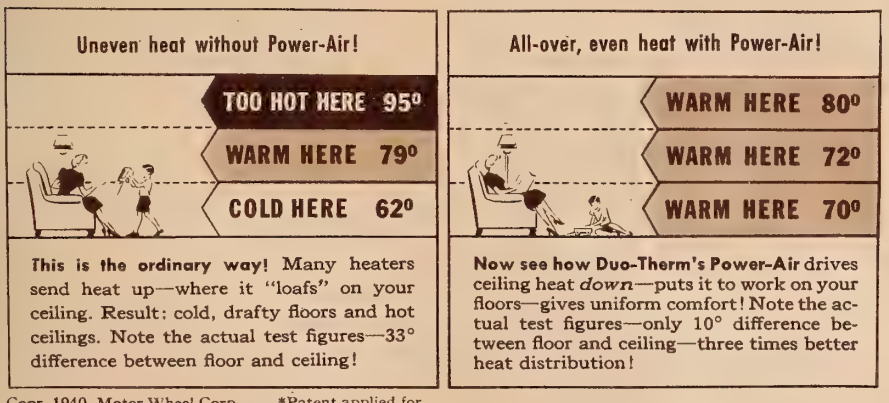
And—Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Has most efficient burner made! The handy front dial "tunes" your Duo-Therm to any heat! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner operates at *any* setting with equal efficiency, cleanliness and silence—gives more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! The special waste-stopper saves fuel! Another grand comfort is the radiant door—open it and you're warmed through in a jiffy! And a Duo-Therm is *safe*—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.



Keep cooler in summer, too! The same Power-Air blower that drives heat in the winter can be operated independently of the heater to give a cooling 27 mile-an-hour breeze in the summer!

Even with Power-Air, a Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Get immediate delivery now on the easy payment plan. Go to your Duo-Therm dealer today and see the 12 beautiful models. They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in the console or upright cabinet type. *All* can be equipped with Power-Air. For further details—mail the coupon now!



Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

New All-Weather DUO-THERM Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. H-30, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me, without obligation, your complete illustrated catalog.

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A Trio of Cinderellas

For eight long years the Andrews sisters sang for their suppers, but seldom made enough for breakfast and dinner, too. Now they are a hit on the air and are making a movie in Hollywood, but they still have an unfulfilled wish

By MATT WEINSTOCK





The three Ritz brothers and the three Andrews sisters join forces for fun in *Argentine Nights*. It is the Ritz' first film in two years. It is the first the Andrews have ever made

New songs, familiar harmony, and their own particular brand of clowning caused the studio to expand the parts of the Andrews sisters after their first day on the set

■ In the case of the Andrews sisters, three is never a crowd. They have been in perfect harmony now for ten years. When they don't like any ordinary harmony they make up their own.

They sang their way into a kiddies revue vaudeville act eight years ago and learned what it was to troupe—the hard way. They batted around the country for five years, unappreciated and frequently hungry. Today, they are the darlings of the jitterbugs.

Their success can be pinned down to a small-size hard rubber disc—a recording titled *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*. They sang it into a microphone nearly three years ago. It became a hit and sold 220,000 copies, starting them on the road to fame and three meals a day.

They followed through with records of *Hold Tight* and *Well, All Right*. But last year they really mowed down the nation with their tricky, infectious rendition of *Beer Barrel Polka*, which sold half a million copies. Inevitably the movies grabbed at them and now they are at Universal City, making *Argentine Nights* with the Ritz brothers.

The girls are LaVerne, twenty-four; Maxene, twenty-two, and Patty, twenty. They are amazed that Hollywood, reputedly so hardboiled, is so nice. Conversely, Hollywood is astonished that the girls are so young, so refreshing, so vivacious.

LaVerne is the balance wheel. She's as near to being serious as any of them ever get. Maxene is frivolous but surprises an interviewer with rare insight into human nature and good hard common sense. Patty—full name Patricia—is the fireball. In front of a microphone, an audience, a camera, or a luncheon companion, she is strictly a madcap.

When they were just kids, nine years ago in Minneapolis, the girls used to pick tunes off the radio after school. Then, before they forgot them, they rushed to the

piano. With LaVerne at the keyboard—she's the only one who reads music—they worked out their own arrangements.

Pretty soon they realized the biggest thing in life to them was singing. They practiced every day, devising original harmonies, hot licks and breaks.

One day they entered an amateur show and sang a few songs. The applause was heady wine. Amateur audiences heard more of them.

"Either we're good or we're not," said Patty, in her characteristic frank approach to any problem, "let's find out." She flipped a newspaper at her sisters. It had a story about Larry Rich, head of a vaudeville kiddie act, that was appearing in Minneapolis. He gave them an audition and thought they had something.

"Rehearse for two months and join the act in Atlanta," he said. They were there waiting for him. Thus was launched their professional career, if you count working hard for five years for practically no money "professional." Ill luck dogged the troupe, which finally stalled in Davenport, Iowa. Things looked black indeed, until a wire came telling of an engagement in White Plains, N. Y. The sixty members of the troupe were loaded into a passenger bus—capacity twenty-five. The trip, which should have been made easily in three days, required eight. They arrived in time, however, for a New Year's Eve date, though Maxene and Patty had a waffle effect on their southern exposures. They had slept in the baggage rack.

"You can't tell me the covered wagon pioneers suffered any more than we did," claims Patty.

After a couple of years with the troupe the girls tackled vaudeville on their own, and found it very rough going.

"What point do you consider rock bottom?" they were asked.

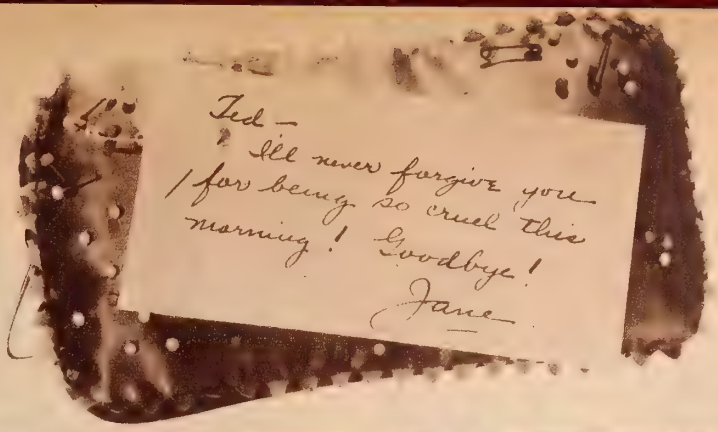
"Rock bottom any time is when you don't eat!" flashed back Patty with hearty conviction.

Their below sea level "low" had a Chicago locale. The girls had not eaten for two days. They were living in a big hotel, waiting for either the sheriff or manna from heaven.

In the basement was a ping-pong table. Patty, with nothing else to do between rehearsals, had become quite expert. One day a strange young man asked her to play a game and she agreed—for a twenty-five-cent wager. It was a tough game but Patty won. "I had to!" she exclaimed. "Twenty-five cents! A fortune!" The youth wanted to play another game but she said no. She could hardly wait to collect the quarter and get some food. Then she learned he was the city champion and almost fainted.

Another time the girls had used their last dime, awaiting a call from the agency. They were especially dispirited because they had been told, after an audition that looked like a job, "You girls ought to forget about singing. Go home and go back to school!"

They would have welcomed a good healthy wolf at the door for eating purposes. Perhaps LaVerne was out looking for one when she found an envelope in the





MATILDA: Oh me, oh my—read this. I knew there'd be trouble if Ted didn't stop picking on Jane.

SUSAN: The poor creature! He raised such a fuss about his shirts—she got desperate and left. Come along, Matilda—we'll fetch her back and show her how to keep the brute happy.



SUSAN: You heard me, young lady! He wouldn't be always storming about tattle-tale gray—if you'd stop using weak-kneed soaps that *can't* wash clean.

MATILDA: Change to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. Either way, you get richer, *golden* soap working with *gentle naptha!* That team sure makes dirt scat!



TED: Yep—the merry-go-round next! My shirts look so swell since you put that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha to work, I'm going to treat the three of you to everything in the park!

SUSAN: And take it from your wise old auntie, Jane, nothing beats Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for washing machines. *Huskier, golden* chips—they're not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders.

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



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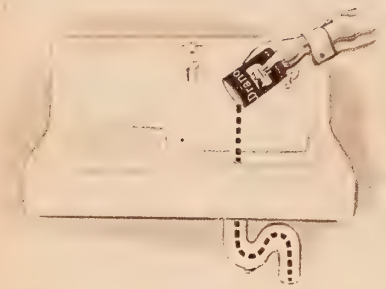
DRAIN CLOGGED? USE DRĀNO



1. "Football practice?" queries Jack's mother. "Not till he clears this drain!"



2. "Sa-ay, haven't you heard about Drāno?" marvels his pal "I'll get some."



3. "Now watch. Drāno's specially made to put the heat on down where the stoppage exists. Its churning, chemical boiling melts greasy muck. Soon, all's clear!"



4. "That Drāno's swell!" enthuses Jack, heading toward the field. "You say you can keep drains clear by using Drāno regularly? That's worth knowing!"

Drāno
CLEARS DRAINS



P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes *guards against* clogged drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

snow containing one ten-dollar bill and two fives.

"Boy, did we eat!" she exploded reminiscently. "I hope the loser didn't mind too much."

■ On the way up the girls were turned down by experts. Among those who said "No" after auditions were Fred Waring, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Ben Bernie and Abe Lyman. Since clicking, they've sung with Jimmy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Glen Gray, Gene Krupa, Bob Crosby, Johnny Davis, Woody Herman, Jan Savitt, Harry James, Johnny Richards, Benny Goodman and Glen Miller.

When their luck turned, there was no half-measure about it. Blase Broadway acclaimed them. They were a sensation at the Paramount theatre. In two years they made five record-breaking appearances at the theatre, receiving $1,750 for the last week.

■ Across the table at Universal's commissary, the girls seem somehow disassociated from the high geared structure of the entertainment world. They are frankly movie-struck and captivated by California's informality.

An interviewer trying to pry loose information on the care and training of swing singers has to hold still every few minutes for minor excitements.

One time it was Patty interrupting, "Ooo, could I go for him!" It was Brian Donlevy, in a western costume, passing by. Five minutes later it was Maxene exclaiming over Broderick Crawford.

The Andrews sisters' cinema debut finds them at the mercy of the irrepressible Ritz brothers, stars of the picture. Al, Jimmy and Harry Ritz have established themselves as the most diabolical ribbers in Hollywood.

The Ritz brothers wasted no time. The minute the sisters timidly entered the sound stage, each Ritz grabbed himself an Andrews, clasped her in a half-Nelson embrace and showered her with a burlesqued conception of torrid Latin kisses. It wasn't any use to fight. There was no place to run. The Ritz' were making so much noise it would have been useless to scream. They were just getting ready to faint, all at the same time, when Director Al Rogell called "cut!"

He had a camera on the whole business, and had made them a souvenir film!

■ At first it was planned that the girls would be largely atmosphere, as most singing groups are in the movies. But they proved to be such resourceful comediennes that the script was rewritten to give them enlarged parts.

"Well, all right, you Cinderellas," said the interviewer, "you're selling two million records a year, you've hit the top rung in the radio, vaudeville and now you're in the movies. If a fairy godmother gave you a wish, what have you left to ask for?"

"We've never been able to make any dent on the folks in our home town, Minneapolis," they confided. "If we had just one wish, we'd ask to have the picture premiered there, and maybe we could make a personal appearance!"

Injun Fighting in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 34]

Come evening and before I sit myself down on one of the choice seats of the iron horse I think it a smart idea to dig up some wampum and buy me a couple of bottles of Kickapoo Indian Sagwaw, the same being a sure-fire preventive against snakebite, ingrowing hair, carbuncles, mumps, measles and thrombosis, not to overlook sunburn, sunstroke, and eczema. No sooner do we get out of the station than about fifty guys begin suffering from various assorted afflictions and beg a nip of my Kickapoo remedy, so that when I arrive at this town of Kayenta, Arizona, I have left no more than three fingers and a snort of my liquid cure-all, and I save it until we get on location. But not for long. When I see all those Navajos, those teepees, those pretty squaws, and feel the desert cold creeping up my bones, I out with the medicine and down it all to keep my wigwam. Or something.

This Kayenta is located on the Navajo Indian Reservation and is (in case you want to visit it sometime) 160 miles north and east of Flagstaff. There are about 50,000 Navajos living on the reservation, and for the most part they adhere strictly to their old tribal rules and customs. I have no fancy for this as I think back and recall that an old Sioux once took out his scalping knife and sliced the hair off my great grandpappy's head. "I am more than somewhat allergic to these here redskins," I tell Murphy, "and if they are to clutter up this location I shall have to go back to Hollywood and find myself another extra job." But Murphy, being pretty persuasive with that Irish tongue of his, finally gets my promise to stay put until the next morning. "There is a tribal dance tonight," he tells me, "and the way those bucks and does can shuffle along is worth watching."

Well, all I can say, Miss Editor, is that I wish you could have been there. I would have enjoyed more than somewhat seeing you take part in what I learned was the



Betty Grable dances a speedy rhumba in Twentieth Century-Fox' lively new musical, *Down Argentine Way*

annual "squaw dance" of this Navajo tribe. The shindig lasted for three consecutive nights, with those Injun jitterbugs getting hotter and hotter all the time!

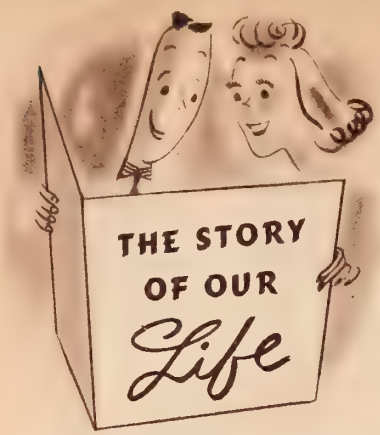
This squaw dance, just in case you're not up on your Indian customs, has always been regarded by the Navajos as the means by which unmarried braves get better acquainted with unmarried Indian gals. With a view of matrimony, of course. And equally old as the dance itself is the custom of a brave presenting his dancing partner with a small token when the redskin gets tired and wants to stop jigging. In recent years, the recognized token has been a small coin, usually five or ten cents. Also, in recent years, the Indian gals have taken to dancing with white visitors as well as with Indians, the general idea being that the white spectators are more generous with their coins. In fact, it is quite common for the Indian gal to approach a white onlooker and without any powwow whatever, take hold of him and force him into the dance, which he can only escape by paying the coin token.

Well, right here is where I come in.

I was sitting there, minding my own business and enjoying the show along with Jon Hall (He's Kit Carson), Clayton Moore, Dana Andrews, Lynn Bari, Raymond Hatton, Harold Huber, Ward Bond, and a number of others in the *Kit Carson* cast. And as I was sitting there, over comes a 250-pound squaw and picks me out for a dancing partner. Being, as you well know, a strict disciple of Emily Post, I accept the invitation and do my best with redskin dancing partner. She can speak fairly good English, I discover while I'm shoving her







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Morganton, North Carolina

around and around the bonfire, and she tries to give me an idea on how to make my feet behave, but it's no dice so far as I'm concerned. I can't savvy the Indian steps and when the jig is up (it lasted half an hour) I reached into my buckskin suit for a dime to signify that I don't want to dance with her no more. But woe is me! I haven't got a dime! Not even a nickel! Not even an Indian penny! So on and on and around and around I go with this 250-pound Indian belle. I spot Jon Hall hoofing it with another heavyweight. When we pass he says something like "For Cripes sake, Smithson, gimme a dime!" I say back something about "For Cripes sake YOU give ME a dime." And the Indians keeping right on chanting and the drums keep beating and Jon and me keep right on dancing. Three hours of it, Miss Editor. And do you suppose those guys sitting on the side lines would help Jon and me out of our predicament? Not on your life. They just sat there, grinned and applauded as we went by 'em and let us suffer. Director George Seitz finally had pity on us and bought our freedom for two bits each. Well, Jon and I went back the second and third night, but we kept ourselves locked up in a car and no Indian maiden got a chance to put the dancing bee on us. Honest, I was so tired the morning following that shindig that I couldn't do any scouting with Kit Carson and had to beg off from work!

I forgot to tell you that the squaw I danced with said she had added an English name to her Indian one. Ann Sheridan, she said she was!

■ So far as my work the next day and the five days that followed are concerned, about all I did was to trail behind Kit Carson while he was hot after a band of Navajos. I wore out two pairs of moccasins, my patience and all hankering for life on the wide open spaces. I got myself on the hurricane deck of a pinto pony, and got saddle sores, and once, during an Indian battle I got my hair parted by an arrow. This latter mishap was a slight miscue on the part of Mud-On-The-Feet, a big buck who'd been to Flagstaff the day before and got himself mixed up with a pint of firewater and so wasn't quite as steady with his bow and arrow as he should have been. As a matter of record, I wasn't quite as steady as I should have been after that, either. As a sort of reward for not making a fuss about the near-accident old Mud-On-The-Feet insisted on switching ponies for the rest of the day, which was a nice gesture of friendship on his part. The only trouble his pony wasn't in on the deal and when I climbed aboard and rode off to take part in a chase across the desert the pony suddenly decided to stop—and let me tell you when an Indian pony decides to stop—he STOPS. Me? Well, I was off the nag, high in the air, and flat on my back in less time than you can sing the first note of the Indian Love Song with variations. Mud-On-The-Feet's hoss and your humble servant parted company for good right then and there. I guess I ain't no Rider of the Purple Sage. Anyways, I re-boarded my own scrawny little pinto and from then on took my scouting assignments as easy as I could.

■ Do you know that Flagstaff missed being the world's motion picture capital just because, back in 1913, a rainstorm darkened the skies when Director Cecil B. DeMille landed there with Dustin Farnum and other actors to make *The Squaw Man*? DeMille, who was in business with Jesse L. Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn, left New York for Flagstaff to film the picture. But he was discouraged by the rainstorm and ordered his whole troupe back onto the train, determined to keep going until he found a place where the sun was shining.

The sun didn't shine until he reached Los Angeles, which also happened to be the end of the line. The next day DeMille, looking for a base of operations, found a barn in an orange grove suburb of Los Angeles known as Hollywood. The barn became the west's first studio and the suburb of Hollywood became the glamour city of the world. And that's what a rainstorm did to Flagstaff, Arizona!

■ Citizens of Kayenta got quite a kick out of the telephone conversations that went on between Jon Hall and his lovely wife, Frances Langford, noted radio singer. The reason was that the longest single telephone in the United States stretches from Kayenta to Flagstaff and the subscribers could listen in to every conversation carried on over the single wire.

The "listening-in" affair reached a comical climax the night Jon told his wife that he was suffering from a slight cold and asked her to send him a remedy from his home medicine chest. The next day he received six letters from subscribers along the line, each suggesting remedies they considered far superior to anything else obtainable, considering Kayenta's climate and altitude of 7,000 feet.

■ They used to say, back in Missouri and thereabouts, that no good would ever come of young Kit Carson. Yet here we find Edward Small turning out the story of the young man's eventful life. And believe me, it was eventful. Especially up around Kayenta and Flagstaff, where Carson used to battle Indians and forge trails

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to aid American civilization pursue its westward march.

But before his work as an Indian scout reached any degree of prominence, young Carson had been apprenticed to a saddle maker in Missouri. Apparently Carson did not relish his work, and as proof of same we submit the following legal document dug up by Small's research department:

> NOTICE: To Whom it May Concern: That Christopher Carson, a boy about sixteen years old, small of his age, but thickset, light hair, ran away from the subscriber, living in Franklin, Howard County, Mo., to whom he had been bound to learn the saddler's trade, on or about the first day of September last. He is supposed to have made his way toward the upper part of the state. All persons are notified not to harbor, support, or subsist said boy under penalty of the law. One cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back the said boy.
>
> (Signed) David Workman.
> Franklin, October 6, 1826.

It is a matter of history that young Carson, when he fled from his position as an apprentice, lost no time in scramming straight for the Injun country in the West, where he engaged for the next few years in trapping and keeping himself free from the famous Redskin Scalp Treatment.

■ News of the coming of the *Kit Carson* troupe spread like wildfire throughout the reservation and in no time members of the tribe were flocking into Kayenta on horseback, muleback and on foot. Working through four Navajo interpreters, approved by the council of elders, Director Seitz employed the Indians on a "first come first served" basis. They were hired at the rate of three dollars a day, plus food —and believe me, the white man's food made a big hit. After each meal, scores of Indians would assemble outside the kitchen in the rear of the mess hall. Here surplus food was given to all who wanted it—and all of them wanted it! Many who were on the pay roll would eat all they could at the tables within the mess halls, then go to the kitchen door and take victuals to their mud huts.

I got a big laugh out of this surplus food disposal routine. The Indians, being unacquainted with the various dishes, pulled off some mighty screwball stunts. For instance, there was custard pie. I saw an old buck pick up a slice, put it between two pieces of bread, and thoroughly enjoy the most novel sandwich ever concocted. When the cook came out with a panful of little pig sausages, imagine my surprise and amusement when the Indians stuck them in their mouths and tried to light them, thinking they were cigars!

Indians, like other Americans, are entitled to relief from Federal funds, if they need it, although not all Indians who really need relief are aware of the fact. When the *Kit Carson* company arrived at Kayenta there were 124 Indians on the local relief rolls. A week later the number, for the first time in years, was reduced to approximately twenty because of the work afforded in the picture. The tribe was so thankful for the unexpected work that they took Jon Hall, Lynn Bari, Raymond Hatton, and Clayton Moore into the tribe.

They didn't ask me to be an Indian, but I did take a chance on a blanket, and won it, and will be glad to send it on to you with no reservations (and I don't mean Indian!) in case you think you can use it. Lynn Bari also won a blanket but plans on hanging it up in her hubby's den.

As for *Kit Carson*, you don't need to exercise any critical qualms about it. The picture's going to be a ripper-dipper with plenty of emphasis on action. It's a supercolossal western and better than a snort of my favorite remedy, Kickapoo Indian Sagwaw, to drive dull care away.

I don't know about working next month. Central Casting is having strike trouble and unless it's ironed out quickly a lot of us extras are going to be biting our fingernails instead of beefsteak. But I'm not worrying much. I've got enough wampum cached away to take care of me for a while, and maybe when I'm through celebrating I won't care whether I work or not.

If the strike keeps up I'll ask Walt Disney if he uses extras in his animated cartoons!





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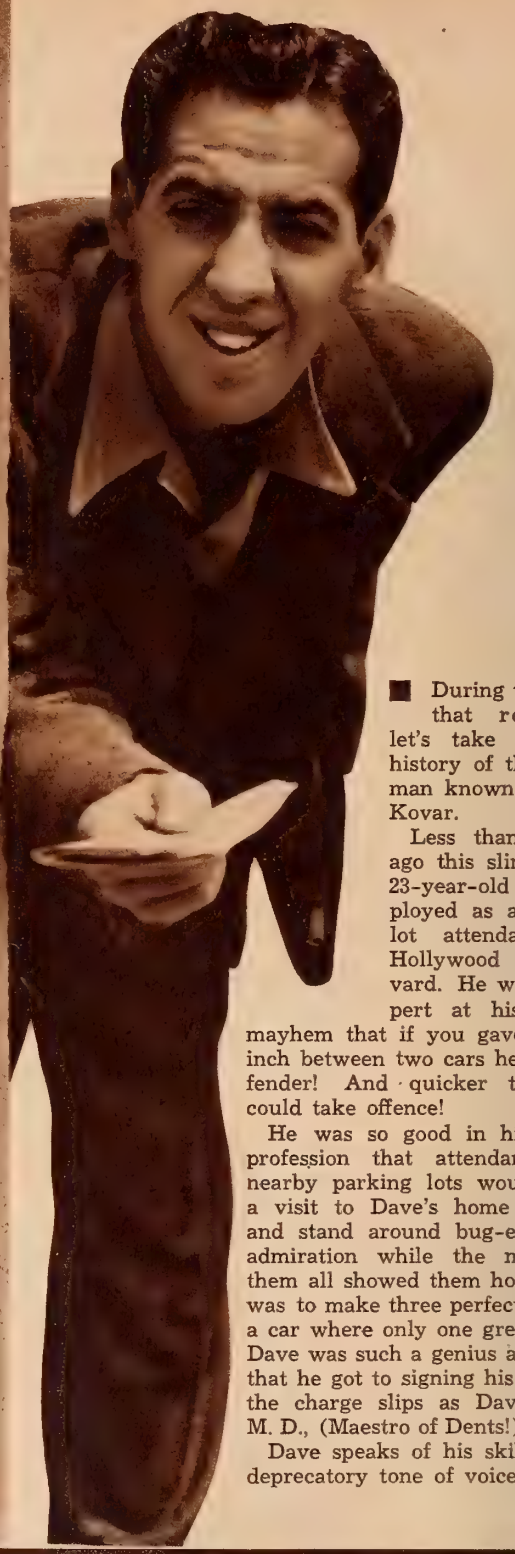
If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

HE CHASES THE STARS

By EDGAR SOUTHPAUGH



■ During the pause that refreshes let's take the case history of the young man known as Dave Kovar.

Less than a year ago this slim, nervy, 23-year-old was employed as a parking lot attendant near Hollywood Boulevard. He was so expert at his job of mayhem that if you gave him an inch between two cars he'd take a fender! And quicker than you could take offence!

He was so good in his chosen profession that attendants from nearby parking lots would sneak a visit to Dave's home grounds, and stand around bug-eyed with admiration while the master of them all showed them how easy it was to make three perfect dents in a car where only one grew before. Dave was such a genius at parking that he got to signing his name on the charge slips as Dave Kovar, M. D., (Maestro of Dents!)

Dave speaks of his skill in that deprecatory tone of voice so com-

Something about the adventures of a process server who chases the stars all over Hollywood for his living

mon among clever craftsmen. "It was a gift," he says modestly, but withal proudly. "But I guess anyone could get the *knick* of it with a little practice."

The use of the past tense in the above quote is entirely correct. Because David doesn't "park" there any more! For a year he took his bumps where he found them and then went on to bigger and better things. David is now known as the worst chaser in town! Worst, that is, if you care to take the word of the movie stars whom he diligently pursues far, far into the night. The best chaser, if you have faith in the word of scores of lawyers in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

David is a process server, now, and so good at getting his man — or woman — that lawyers in cities as far north as San Francisco employ him.

Now Dave didn't jump out of the frying pan of car-bumping into the fire of process-serving without giving the change lengthy consideration. Not Dave. He's too cagey for that. But in all likelihood he'd still be bumping them around save for the talks he used to have with the brother of his girl friend. This brother, now a full-fledged lawyer—and a good one—was once upon a time a process server himself, and the tales he used to tell Dave were thrillers.

"Car parking," says Dave, "got to be pretty prosaic stuff compared to what I'd hear about process serving. It sounded adventurous for one thing, and, for another, the pay was good. Always, in the back of my head, had been an idea that some day I would be an investigator. First for a group of lawyers and then maybe for the government. Process serving was the first step in training for my future job. So I quit parking cars. Just like that."

■ Now a process server, just in case you haven't met up with one of the bold gentry, is a guy who walks up to you unexpectedly, shoves a legal-looking document into your hand or smacks it into your astonished puss and presto, right away you find yourself compelled to go to court and tell it to the judge.

Dave's speciality is serving them thar papers on movie folk who, for one reason or another, have run afoul of the law; and since they happen to be harder to find than a needle in a haystack when they have a hunch that a process server is lurking in the offing, Dave knocks off anywhere from $2.50 to $50.00 a paper, this wide range in price being determined on what Dave describes as "the-time-it-takes-me-to-find-'em" basis.

"People avoid process servers like they do insurance salesmen and tax collectors —only more so," Dave says. "This is particularly true of movie stars who dread taking time out from picture making to go to court to settle legal differences. They certainly know how to devise ways and means to give me the well-known run-around—but I get 'em in the end. Take my game of hide-and-seek played with Irene Castle."

This service Dave regards as the toughest he's had so far and he talks about it with a deal of pardonable pride.

"Along about Christmas time last year

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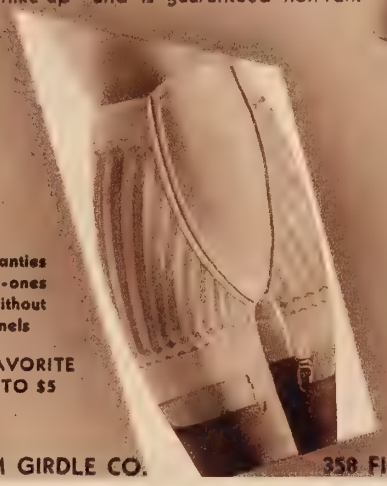
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Shirley Temple went visiting the other day, and Gloria Jean entertained her distinguished guest by getting out her looms for Indian bead-work and showing Shirley how to make a belt. Shirley's last picture, before her temporary retirement from the screen, is *Young People*. Gloria Jean is seen currently in *A Little Bit of Heaven*. She completed her intricate bead belt during waits between scenes at the studio

I got a paper to serve on Irene who was then working at the RKO studios as a technical advisor on the Castle picture. Some woman, claiming that Irene had slandered her was bringing suit, and the plaintiff's lawyer said that the paper had to be served at once or not at all since Irene might finish up her work at the studio and leave town. There was a good bonus in it for me, if I succeeded, so I got busy.

"First off, I had to find some way of entering the studio sort of unsight unseen because I knew, from past experiences, that if anyone employed by the studio knew what I was up to I'd get bounced out on my ear. I'd already learned that the boys inside those studio gates think it's always open season on process servers.

"Well, I knew it would be mighty foolish to tell anyone what my business was. I didn't have a pass, of course, and I didn't know a soul inside, and if I had it wouldn't have helped any. So, when the time came for me to do a little gate crashing I was a bit worried. After driving around the studio three or four times to sort of "case" it, as the burglars say, I found a spot to park my car near one of the main gates. I sat there for about fifteen minutes trying to figure out a way to get in. And then, all of a sudden I had it! Every so often workmen would go in carrying lumber so I took off my hat and coat, climbed out of the car, went down to where the lumber truck was, grabbed myself a stick of timber, balanced it on my shoulder—and walked in as easy as you please! I followed the guy ahead of me. After I'd gotten rid of the lumber I asked this guy where Irene Castle's office was. He said something about did I want to learn how to dance and I said no, I just wanted to get her autograph. On the way out he pointed to a row of buildings and said Irene was in the third one from the left. So I ducked this guy and went over as directed and opened up the door and walked in. A nice-looking secretary asked me what I wanted and I said I wanted to take some photographs of Miss Castle and she said, 'Yeah, where's your camera?' and I said it was in the car. Well, I stood there jabbering about something I knew nothing about and finally the secretary said she was interested in having some photographs made and what was the price? Seven dollars a dozen I told her and nothing would do but she had to give me the money to cinch the deal. She was quite surprised when I told her that I couldn't take any money until I delivered the pictures. Every once in a while, during our talk about photography (of which Dave says he knows absolutely nothing) I kept asking about Miss Castle and just when I was about ready to give up, in she comes. I recognized her from the pictures of herself she had hung up on the walls. Then I walked up to her, asked if she *was* Irene Castle and gave her the paper. And right away things began to happen.

"Both ladies called for help and I made a bolt for the door—and I don't mean an iron one, either! I hit the alley like Man 'O War leaving the barrier, ducked a swarm of excited workers converging toward the Castle office, ran through a vacant sound stage, hid behind some old props and half an hour later, when the excitement of the hunt had simmered down, managed to get back to my car."

But that isn't the whole story. Not by a long shot!

A week later Dave had to serve Irene with another paper connected with the same case. And at the studio! And in a hurry! A deposition it was, to compel Irene to appear at once in the office of the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I fooled the cop at the main gate," Dave reveals, "by going in dressed up as an actor. I passed a lot of people but no one recognized me with the make-up on my face. I asked some guy where the Castle set was. 'They're out on location,' this guy barked at me. 'Grab that bus over there and make it snappy!' So I made it snappy and got on. I didn't know where location was, but that didn't matter so long as I found Miss Castle. We finally stopped in front of a swanky home in the Bel Air district and I got off and sat down near the script girl hoping that I'd escape notice. When the director spotted me, I told him the studio had sent me out to work in the picture. He said something about somebody being screwy and told me to beat it back to the bus. Which was okay by me because the script girl had informed me that Miss Castle was at the studio. Well, it wasn't long before I walked into the Castle office. Pretty soon she comes in and I say: 'Miss Castle?' and hand her the paper. She recognizes me right away. And that time I didn't move fast enough, and pretty soon I was in the office of the Big Boss. He was swell. He laughed when I told him how I got in the first two times. Finally he asked me if I thought I could enter the joint again. 'Listen, Mister,' I told him, 'You invite me for lunch in your commissary at twelve-thirty tomorrow and I'll guarantee to be there on the dot.' Even Miss Castle had to laugh at that one. But no foolin', I'd have been there, only they didn't ask me."

■ Dave thought he had easy money in sight when he got a paper to serve on Francis Lederer, but he changed his mind after playing hide-and-seek with the famous star for more than a week. According to the paper, Francis had neglected to pay his agent the customary ten per cent for some time and the agent wanted to know why. Through the courts, of course. He not only wanted to know why, but he was determined to collect.

Francis lives high up in the mountain area of Conejo Park and as a preliminary to his main assault Dave drove up there to get the lay of the land. He drove up again the next morning and the next and the next without getting a nibble. Inquiry among the neighboring cliff dwellers revealed the fact that the star might possibly be at his other home located on an adjoining hill-top.

"I drove up along a narrow, one-way road that led to the house," says Dave, the demon process server, "arrived about five in the afternoon and knocked on the door. 'No,' said the secretary, 'Mr. Lederer isn't at home. He is in the city and won't be back until the following day. What did I want to see him for?' I answered that one by saying that I had organized a boy's club and wanted Mr. Lederer to be guest speaker at our next meeting. When the secretary took down my name, I glanced over toward the garage, the doors of which were partly closed. I recognized the actor's yellow speedster. All I needed from then on was a little patience and I had plenty of that. Telling the girl I'd be back in a few days for the actor's answer to my request, I got in my car and drove away—but not more than a quarter of a mile. I pulled over into a small orange grove that came up to the road and there I remained until I saw a figure cross from the house and enter the garage. Pretty soon I heard the roar of a motor, and then the yellow speedster backed out and made a quick turn out into the road.

So I just released my brakes, coasted into the middle of the road, and waited. I had him! I had the paper, too, and dropped it into his lap with a 'Good evening, Mr. Lederer.' He never batted an eye. Just smiled and took it. He's a swell guy. Whenever he sees me on the Boulevard he shakes my hand and wants to know how the town's worse chaser is."

■ Dave's most amusing experience centers around the time when he knocked on the door of a movie executive's home (we can't give you his name), was invited in, and, after sticking around until six-thirty was invited to dinner by the executive's lovely wife.

"It was kinda embarrassing," admits Dave, "but what could I do? I was hungry, the executive was still at the studio, the food looked extra good, and the wife was so kind and pleasant. She was curious, of course, as to the nature of my visit, but didn't pester me any after I'd convinced her that I had to give her husband a very secret message from another studio. Well, finally dessert arrived—and with it, the husband, and he certainly was surprised when he saw me sitting there at his table. 'Who is this man?' he asked his wife. 'What's he doing here?' That's about the time I got up, took the paper from my inside coat pocket and handed it to him. Boy, was he mad! Then his wife began to laugh at the deception I had played on her. Then he saw the joke of it and pretty soon we were all laughing."

■ Dave served Glenn Morris, the Olympic champion, by pretending that he wanted an autograph of the renowned athlete. Glenn was having divorce trouble, and the paper was concerned with that.

"I got a picture of him," reveals Dave, "and went down to the Athletic Club where he lived. He seemed quite pleased to think I wanted his autograph, but, boy, was he mad when, after he'd signed the photograph, I paid him back by handing him the paper! I thought at first he was going to beat me up, but he managed to cool off. He said it wasn't the paper so much, as the way I'd fooled him, that had made him so angry. I see him frequently on the Boulevard and he never fails to ask me if I want his autograph again."

■ Some of these days, Dave opines in a gloomy, prophetic voice, he's not going to be as lucky as he's been heretofore. A movie star is going to take a shot at the town's best process server—and it won't be a "process" shot, either!

"The luck can't always be on my side," he insists. "And if I ever do get bounced around, I'll do some bouncing myself. I'll go back to backing cars again."

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They Knew What They Wanted

[*Continued from page* 25]

schoolgirl, and the most persistent autograph-hunter in town.

The wine country is some fifty miles north of San Francisco, far enough away to be beyond the influence of metropolitan sophistication. The arrival of the RKO movie troupe was accordingly one of the big events of the area's history. The Napa Daily Register covered the company's routine activities blow-by-blow, as if they had been a blitzkrieg or a heavyweight championship fight.

The winegrowers and vintners of Napa —there are two huge wineries and a distillery in town—were particularly puffed up by the indirect advertising given their product by the glittering personalities of Hollywood. Mr. Clark Gable was in and out of town periodically visiting Miss Lombard and sometimes ferrying her back to Hollywood for rest and wardrobe replenishment.

The Plaza Hotel's fifty rooms were taken on a term lease for the use of the technical crew. The matter of housing the players was not so simple. Napa is in the neighborhood of the Mare Island Navy Yard, where activity has doubled in the past few months. Naval officers and their wives have snapped up most of the habitable dwellings in the vicinity, so Director Kanin and the stars and featured players had to range as far away as St. Helena to find suitable quarters.

Miss Lombard found accommodations with one of St. Helena's leading families, who entertained her like visiting royalty. On the evening of her third days' work she noticed that the upstairs and downstairs maids in her temporary home were not the same ones who had attended her on the second day. Then she recalled that the maids on the second day were not the same as those on the first.

Eventually it leaked out that a clique of the town's debutantes had drawn lots for the privilege of performing menial tasks for Carole Lombard in order to get intimate first-hand glimpses of a Hollywood star in the flesh, and to provide themselves with conversational fuel for the winter.

■ Miss Lombard in the wine belt proved little different from Miss Lombard on her home territory in Hollywood. Except during actual filming, she proved one of the busiest little gag-women at large.

Director Kanin, as most people realize by now, is something of a boy-phenomenon. At twenty-seven he is directing his sixth picture, all of them notably successful. A bit wearied of all the boy-wonder publicity Garson has been receiving, Miss Lombard bought him a Boy Scout suit, complete with accouterments and insignia. Like the good sport he is, the director wore the thing during an entire day's shooting, causing passersby to wonder if the proceedings were possibly an outing of madhouse trusties.

Another of Carole's diversions was a long-range squirt gun, capable of shooting a stinging jet of water thirty feet. Nobody in the company escaped getting doused with this cute little number at one time or another. When the water-pistol palled, Carole was bouncing around with her two-buck camera, taking shots of anybody who would stand still. She achieves amazingly good results with her drugstore lens.

■ The Lombard part in *They Knew What They Wanted* is that of a waitress who gets married via a matrimonial ad. The destruction of crockery, linens and costumes entailed in teaching La Petite Carole how to juggle a tray was something that still causes the cost accountants to shudder.

The spot selected to represent Laughton's ranch is the Fagiani vineyard, one of the show-places of the Napa Valley and typical of the best vineyards in the wine country. The only trouble with it, from the cinematic point of view, was that it did not match the script. Neither did any other ranch in the locality.

So, with characteristic Hollywood initiative, the RKO technicians applied make-up to the terrain so that it would conform to photographic requirements and also bear an exact likeness to the ranch described by Sidney Howard.

Some extensive camouflage of the existing buildings was required, and new construction proceeded on the scale of army cantonments going up in wartime. When finally dressed up for its camera debut, the rancho consisted of a main ranch house altered in many respects from its original design; a cluster of tenant houses, a blacksmith shop, a winery, a bell tower, a barn decorated with deer horns, and a huge yard.

Trees are plentiful in the script. Trees were not plentiful on the Fagiani Ranch. So trees in great numbers were dug up in the mountains of the coastal range, hauled fifty miles and transplanted at strategic points on the Laughton estate.

Tony's ranch, as it existed before the arrival of Kanin & Co., was devoted almost entirely to grape culture. Vines were everywhere. But the story demanded a gravel road where vines had been planted. So hundreds of the plants had to be dug up—at $20 per dig—and stuck somewhere else.

One of the big sock scenes in the script is a huge Italian fiesta held in



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Sabu, little East Indian boy, is studying his lessons against the spectacular background of the Grand Canyon with a teacher from the Los Angeles Public Schools, Austin Menzies. Sabu travelled half way around the world to appear in the Alexander Korda's Technicolor production, *The Thief of Bagdad*

the ranch courtyard. Laughton, as proprietor, plays host to the whole countryside and there is wine, dancing and assorted fun.

When the casting of a thoroughly English actor as an Italian-American farmer was announced, Hollywood let out a concerted gasp. Yet Laughton has turned out to be a singularly shrewd choice. He knows Italian dialect as well as any actor alive. For many years he spent his vacations in the wine countries of Europe—Italy, Spain, France and Portugal—and speaks the languages of all four. His ear is so delicately attuned that he can even identify the dozens of local dialects in use between the Adriatic and Bay of Biscay.

In the fiesta scene Laughton is required to sing an Italian song and rollick around in a community folk dance. The song was specially written for him by Nunzio Triangali, a barber on the RKO lot who has been knocking out lyrics for years and made no progress soever until the perfect spot for one of his compositions opened up in the present script.

Early in the shooting schedule Mr. Laughton showed some signs of taking on a dash of Latin temperament along with his Italian make-up and dialect. There were some tense moments when he stopped dead in the middle of important scenes.

"I don't feel it," he would complain. "I'm not being the essential Tony."

At other times he would hold up the shooting to comment on the director's youth and inexperience. But as soon as Kanin had demonstrated to him who was boss around the joint, the relationship smoothed out. During the last ten days of the sojourn in the wine belt the Englishman was a model of tractability and good humor, even when camera exigencies made it necessary for him to go through the same set of motions fifty times under a broiling sun.

In matters not likely to affect the quality or intent of his picture, Director Kanin was a lenient taskmaster and the butt of many good-natured ribs.

Shortly before starting *They Knew What They Wanted,* the young director was elected secretary of the Screen Directors' Guild. This is no mean honor for a kid who has been in town only two years, since the guild is the governing body of the whole directing craft.

But to some other guild member, President Frank Capra by report, Kanin's elevation to high office had a certain element of comedy. At any rate, every day since his installation in office he has received an unsigned telegram with the text:

HEY, SECRETARY, TAKE A LETTER.

Midway through the shooting schedule Garson was booked to appear on the Bing Crosby radio program. A reformed saxophonist, he volunteered to perform a sax solo that would be no worse than Jack Benny's fiddling.

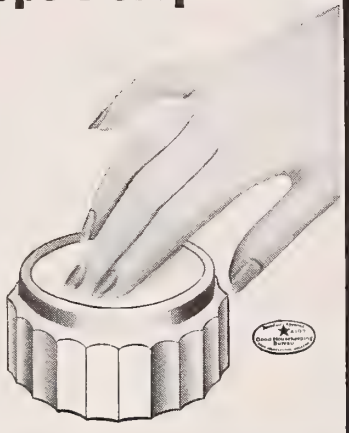
As the day of the radio appearance approached, Kanin lugged a borrowed sax onto the set every day with the idea of getting in a little practice tootling during the luncheon break. The minute he'd get the reed in his mouth and let out a few sample bleats, he would be distracted by extras, electricians, and miscellaneous company members strolling about nonchalantly before him sucking on lemons.

This caused a sympathetic flood of gastric juices, soured up Kanin's notes and discouraged him with the whole project. The instigator of this characteristic bit of sadism was, of course, Carole Lombard, the girl who never grew up.

They Knew What They Wanted has plenty of hilarity in its background. But the good folk of Napa will never think lightly of a troupe of show people who worked a full day in the movie vineyards, knocked themselves out in the evening appearing at a local benefit, and were back on the job at 3:30 a. m. to do a sunrise shot on "Tony" Laughton's ranch.



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Escape

[*Continued from page* 23]

its military collar—was stunning enough. But the lassie with us whispered excitedly, "See! It's a new trend! *Adrian is bringing back the cape!*" We were in the midst of an authentic style scoop, and didn't know it. The illustration on this page will give you an idea of what we mean. And how do you like Norma's new hair-do? She parts it in the center and wears it with two loose knots in the back. Bee-youtiful, we say.

Escape, as you probably know, is the famous Ethel Vance best seller in which M-G-M is presenting Miss Shearer with Robert Taylor as co-star and a distinguished cast headed by Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, Felix Bressart, Bonita Granville and Blanche Yurka. Mervyn LeRoy, that perennial boy-wonder of the cinema, is in charge of the works.

Although Miss Vance's novel naturally bears angry anti-Nazi sentiments, the studio is concentrating on the romantic and thrilling aspects of the plot. The romance between the Countess and young Mark Preysing (Robert Taylor) will be given more prominence in the screen version.

The main plot of *Escape*, however—the melodramatic and spine-tingling efforts of Emmy Ritter's son, Mark, and his friends to rescue the great actress from a concentration camp, remains just as thrilling as it was in the book.

Emmy Ritter, you see, was known as a great American actress, in spite of her German birth. Of recent years her home in New York had become a haven for refugees, all of whom she welcomed with open arms. She made the fatal mistake of returning to Germany to dispose of her property—eventually managing to smuggle the money out of the country. The Nazis no like—not for one minute. Emmy is thrown in the pokey and sentenced to hasty execution.

Before they have a chance to chop her head off, however, she gets appendicitis and has to have an operation. It is while she is lying between life and death, befriended only by the young doctor who performed the operation, that her son, Mark, arrives, searching for her. When his efforts to battle official Nazidom finally fail, he enlists the terrified aid of the American-born Countess, whom he had met romantically in New York.

In the role of Emmy Ritter, the great Alla Nazimova is making her "talkie" debut. The "talkie" should tip you off—Nazimova is known to movie fans of an earlier generation. She quit before the silver screen had a chance to talk back. Not that it mattered—the lady has starred with great success in Ibsen dramas all across the country for the past decade.

Nazimova giggles when she tells of her first day's work in pictures after all these years. "I knew what was going to happen," she told us, "but it was still a shock. They take me and put me in a coffin and nail the lid down!"

It was a very nice coffin, however—all done up for Nazimova—with extra heavy shoulder pads. And—of all things—a head rest, rather like the ones you see on barber chairs. Madame Nazimova didn't mind. "After all, Robert Taylor had to carry me to the coffin," she smiled. "Think how



Norma Shearer, in the dramatic cape which is expected to set a new vogue, meets Philip Dorn who plays an important role in *Escape*. In the background, Robert Taylor and producer-director Mervyn LeRoy look with admiration at her hair-do

many women would want the same experience!"

The interviewer interrupted to tell Nazimova that the great Sarah Bernhardt used a coffin as a bed for many years. Mme. Nazimova's fragile body shook with laughter. "I went to sleep in mine, too, one night at the studio. But I do not like coffins for all the time."

The M-G-M grapevine insists that Nazimova will give a spectacular performance in *Escape*.

■ "I am a lucky woman," she says, seriously, "to return to the screen in such a good part. I've had other offers, of course. This studio wanted me to play *Madame de Farge* in *A Tale of Two Cities*. I was interested until they tell me that I am to have a knock-down fight with Miss Edna May Oliver. I mentally compare my size with that of Miss Oliver and I say, 'Oh! No!'" (Nazimova is slightly over five feet tall and a bit over one hundred pounds.)

"So I say to them, you should get a tall woman for that part. Why not try Blanche Yurka, that great woman, who would be wonderful? And they did, and she *was*.

"Yurka plays my prison nurse in *Escape*, you know. And she is *so* wonderful, that one. As long as I'm helpless in bed, I won't have to wrestle with her!"

Also in this same prison sequence is a young actor that the studio thinks will prove to be a hit. Just because we didn't know an Adrian style scoop when we face it, we'll tip you off to this one.

Philip Dorn is his name. In his native Holland, a few short years ago, he was known as the Clark Gable of the Netherlands. He played all of the typical Gable movie roles on the stage. You know—*Men in White* and *Idiot's Delight*. He was brought to this country some time ago by Joe Pasternak, the Universal producer who discovered Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean. He was told to sit back in some cool dark spot and improve his English (it wasn't very bad when he arrived). So sit he did—and inside of six months his English was flawless. His screen debut was in *Ski Patrol*, and although the picture did not set box office fires, he made a personal hit.

■ Negotiations to borrow him from Universal proving unsuccessful M-G-M promptly pulled strings and bought his contract. And they have important plans for him. Dorn's no Arrow collar ad, but he has a lot of masculine oomph. Bet you'll like him.

In the role of the sinister *General* is the distinguished continental actor, Conrad Veidt. A star these many years (he was in the famous *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*), Veidt is a stunning figure in his uniforms.

Robert Taylor still has the moustache so many girls think attractive. His *Escape* role should do a great deal to further his growing reputation as an actor of real ability. Personally, we're glad that his studio has given up its strenuous campaign to put him over as a junior edition of Wally Beery in the he-man roles. He's much more suited to sensitive, dramatic roles such as the one he had in *Waterloo Bridge* and in *Escape*.



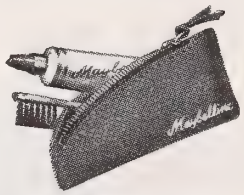
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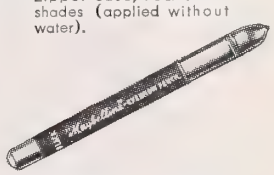
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The Hazards of Home

[*Continued from page* 32]

same, she began to like being an independent householder. In spite of everything—and everything certainly happened.

To start at the beginning, it's a putty-colored stucco house, a two-story affair, with brown half-timbering on it. There's a good, big yard full of flowers. The neighbors' houses are not near enough to bother, but not so far that you can't yell to them if yelling seems indicated.

In this house, which is rather small and simple, Olivia has a maid, Alma—a Swiss. When you say Olivia lives alone, you mean alone with Alma—and with the full responsibility of the house on Olivia's shoulders.

Alma, whose cooking is magnificent, watches over Livy like a hawk, and is always complaining about not having enough to do. Just to show you: every week Alma washes the windows and rearranges the cellar. But if the weather report predicts fair for tomorrow, and Livy plans to go on a picnic, then nothing on earth could induce Alma to wash the windows. If she did, sure as a gun, it would pour. Alma has become actually superstitious about it . . . and she's got Livy believing it, too.

Well, everything was going along perfectly dandy until Olivia heard two wild geese in the attic. Day and night, they honked and roared. Olivia didn't know how they got in, and couldn't imagine how to get them out, so she called the exterminator man.

The exterminator man said it wasn't geese at all. It was the largest swarm of bees west of the Mississippi, not only making a horrible noise, but making honey, too. There was honeycomb all through one side of the house, probably a couple of hundred pounds of it, the man said. Goodness knew how much it would cost to take it out. Meanwhile, Olivia is toying with the idea of using a gimlet on the dining room wall, and getting a fountain of honey for her breakfast waffles.

Despite the zizzy little bumbles, however, Olivia by now had grown enthusiastic about living by herself. Why? It's so good for the nerves, she says.

"In a business like acting," she explained, "that calls for such emotional strain—you *have* to have privacy. You *have* to be alone a lot. At least, I do. Until I was alone, I didn't realize that. The only trouble is, you're likely to grow introspective. Unless something like bees occurs. You wouldn't have time to grow introspective in that house of mine!

"Naturally, I don't think all girls should leave home at the age of twenty-one. But I know that living alone is a wonderful thing for me. Not that I'm very domestic, either. Well, I used to arrange the flowers. But Alma is so much better at it. . . ."

Olivia continued with a glow of pride. "Still, I do my own bookkeeping. And write the checks. And order the meals. I telephone to Alma every noon about the



Jean Arthur and William Holden spent three months on the desert near Tucson, Arizona, for the filming of *Arizona*. Here they are with a couple of new babies

menu for dinner—if I don't forget it. When I forget, we always have bacon and eggs."

■ Though Olivia is as much good around a cookstove as a rosebud around a steam roller, she and Alma entered into a conspiracy about desserts. "We're experts on the desserts men like," Olivia bragged. "We've done deep research on the subject. We craftily find out—for there's a streak of secret service in me—what dessert is preferred by tonight's dinner guest, and then we flash it on him. Naturally, he's stunned. Men are fussier about desserts than women are. Men pick and choose more."

She added that her research proved pie or cake to be a man's favorite dessert. If pie, generally apple—"though I've been *haunted* by men that clamor for lemon chiffon." If cake, generally cocoanut.

"For a change, I was suggesting banana cream cake for a man who was coming to dinner," Olivia proceeded, "when Alma began to shake her head. Alma has a strong streak of secret service, too. 'He likes cocoanut cake with chocolate ice cream,' Alma said. I asked how in the world she knew. 'He used to call on Miss So-and-so, where I worked,' Alma replied.

"We gave him cocoanut cake with chocolate ice cream. I think he recognized Alma, though he didn't say anything. But his face was a study when she put his favorite dessert of yesteryear in front of him!"

■ Things had no more settled down prettily into a routine—when the house caught fire. It was entirely due to Livy's cooking. She admits it. The one thing Olivia can cook well is a wiener on a long fork, in the fireplace. She had been cooking weiners all by herself in the upstairs sitting room, and she'd forgotten to put the fire screen in front of the hearth afterward. A spark must have flicked into the wastebasket.

Anyway, Olivia was reading in bed when she smelled smoke. Forth she rushed, and it looked as though the whole sitting room were ablaze. Olivia tackled the conflagration without a second thought; without any thought whatever, in fact. "It took five bath towels to put it out," she recalled, "the pink ones, with the monograms."

■ And then the doves took over. Hollywood is afflicted with savage gray doves that begin bellowing at one another among the hills at crack of dawn. They keep it up for hours. Olivia says six of them would arrange themselves symmetrically on the ridge-pole from 5 to 9 a. m. and from 12 to 3 p. m., and coo like six Great Danes very mad at somebody. The doves were broken of this nauseating practice because Olivia cast her bread upon the waters.

That is to say, she adopted a half grown kitten. This act of charity was, as a matter of fact, very much against her will.

"When a young man brought me home one evening, we discovered this kitten yowling on the doorstep. The man insisted that it was an orphan cat, with no brothers or sisters (if you can imagine such a thing!)—a poor, little, starved foundling. So I took it in and fed it and made it a bed in the kitchen. And it came upstairs in the middle of the night and jumped on my face and scared me half to death.

"I'd just gone to sleep again, when it screamed to go out. As I prowled downstairs and put it out, I realized that it wasn't a foundling at all, but the cat from next door. So I didn't let it in again.

"But would that cat take a hint? It would spring from behind trees. It ran in front of my car. It got into the car and waited for me. Really a problem cat.

"One night there was a man on the roof! A dreadful thud! Yes, you've guessed it. That cat had started imitating a man on the roof; that's how far it went to annoy me. I was reaching for the phone to call the police, when I realized it was only pussy up to more tricks. But she scared the doves away, anyhow. When pussy took to the roof, they left it."

There were ants, too. The ants wanted to get to a destination on the other

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Impassioned romance in the South American mood is contributed by Leonid Kinsky and Charlotte Greenwood in a rhumba scene in the musical, *Down Argentine Way*

side of the house. But would they walk around it? Oh, no. That would be too easy. So, ignoring the ant poison spread among the zinnias for them, they came under the front door in a wide ribbon, crossed the living room, went up the chimney, down the side of the house, and off to wherever they'd started for. It required half a day for the parade to pass, and Olivia thought it was easier to let them go than to try to interfere.

■ She paused to consider what other lessons living alone had taught. Well, she decided, for one thing she'd learned the wisdom of paying attention to bills. Not that she ever intended to disregard them—but there *was* the time she completely forgot the telephone company. The phone was cut off and the studio couldn't get calls through. Neither could anyone else. A nice kettle of fish.

■ "I learned self-reliance, too," Olivia observed, "I mean, about my latchkey. Locking myself out, you know. If there's anything more devastating than to realize that your latchkey's on the dresser in your room, and you're down in the yard, trying to figure a way. . . ."

At a late hour, Olivia and her escort came to the front door—and the latchkey wasn't in Olivia's little white moire purse. Alma had the evening out; wouldn't return till considerably later. The back door, like the front, was securely fastened. What to do, what to do?

"We didn't have a flash, but we went over the outside of the first floor with a cigarette lighter. No, not a window open. And when the windows are down, they lock with a patent fastener."

Suddenly Olivia remembered the rear window in her bedroom. It always remained open, to let in the fresh air from Griffith Park.

From the garage they got a ladder. The young man set it up and wanted to mount it. But Olivia demurred. It was her house. It was her problem. Olivia insisted on climbing the ladder herself.

She took off her shoes and stockings, but it proved slow work in her white evening gown. She got to the top at last, however. Because of the slope of the ground and the roof, they hadn't been able to place the ladder directly beneath the window. Olivia had to climb on the roof a little way, and pull herself around a corner beside the chimney. The young man kept saying, "Watch yourself!" in a tense whisper that Olivia felt sure would rouse the neighborhood. A lovely spectacle she'd be, crawling over the roof in an evening gown, without stockings or shoes!

She shushed him, crept round the chimney corner, and reached for the sill of that open window. The window was closed. And locked.

So Olivia climbed down the ladder. She conferred with her escort. Then they went back to the front door.

"We couldn't find a rock or anything," Olivia said, "but, do you know, he crashed his fist through the door panel!" Her voice took on a tinge of awe. "I knew they did it in the movies—but they

can do it in real life, too! I never was more surprised. And he mended the door afterward, with a board from the cellar—going the movies one better, h'm?"

■ Casting a glance back upon the varied adventures that have befallen since she began to live solo, Olivia picked as her greatest housekeeping triumph that lunch she cooked. It was a triumph of art over logic, of intuition over nutrition. And how.

As has been said, Olivia in the guise of cook is durn nigh a total loss. But, newly a householder and managing about menus and all, Livy couldn't help boasting a teeny bit. So the highly erroneous report flew through Warner Studio that Olivia was a chef of chefs. Far be it from Livy to deny this rumor. She fairly basked in it.

Came a noontide, though, when Olivia was hoist by her own petard, if you know Shakespeare. If you don't, she was dynamited by her own strawberry shortcake.

Shortly before noon of this fateful day, Olivia heard a certain lad sighing for strawberry shortcake. It may or may not have been Jimmy Stewart. Olivia didn't say. "Come on over for lunch in an hour, and we'll have some shortcake that'll melt in your mouth," Livy told him. The young man accepted instantly. It was all too obvious that he thought Livy would make the shortcake out of her own head, as the saying goes.

Livy rushed home—ten minutes from the studio—intending to get Alma to whip up a tasty snack during the long studio lunch hour. Entering the door with a clarion call for Alma, she remembered that the maid had gone marketing and wouldn't be back till about 12:45, the time at which the hungry young man was scheduled to appear. It looked as though Livy would *really* have to make that shortcake, and God bless us, every one.

At that, Livy had watched Alma make a shortcake. And once, on Alma's day out, Livy had been seized with a notion to attempt some biscuits made with prepared flour—but nothing came of the idea. But the unopened package of prepared flour stood on the pantry shelf; the directions said a child could do 'em, which encouraged Livy no end. In the refrigerator, she found a bowl of strawberries. These Livy doused with generous tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Alma arrived at the back door as the young man arrived at the front. Livy, triumphant over the pan of hot biscuits, was about to find herself in the tritest situation ever written into a domestic comedy.

While the biscuits were burning, Livy had even found time to make a salad. Into a bed of lettuce she discovered in the refrigerator, she put everything else that the refrigerator contained. Cooked carrots and potatoes, chicken, ham, radishes, a half bottle of capers, pickled beets, a saucer of sliced tomatoes, three hard-boiled eggs that were hanging around . . . There were additional items, but these were all Livy could remember. Into the conglomeration she emptied a whole bottle of French dressing and, for luck, tossed in a handful of grated cheese and a dollop of tomato ketchup.

It was a good thing Livy made that salad. Because the young man took one big mouthful of the shortcake and went, "Awrrgh!" and rushed from the room. Astounded, Livy delicately thrust a fork into her own serving. Well! It must have been flavored from the box of salt!

"But the salad was marvelous," Olivia concluded snugly, "it was superb! Unfortunately, I can never make it again, for in my frenzy I threw everything into it without exactly noticing. I think there was a dash of cucumber, too, and—I'm almost sure—a little bit of salmon. Good? We each ate three helpings!"

Olivia sighed. "A lucky thing I didn't have to work that afternoon. I was absolutely exhausted by that bout with the cookstove. After my guest left, I took a book and a wedge of Alma's cocoanut cake, and curled up in a chair in my room. Nobody to bother me, nobody to disturb the quiet or sidetrack my train of thought. Oh, I could change my mind tomorrow, or next week. But right now—"

Again Olivia sighed. Perfect contentment. What's this people say about *two* alone being paradise?

"I wouldn't know about that," Olivia answered, "but one alone is heaven."

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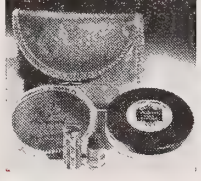
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All the world loves a barbecue when the crisp autumn days arrive. Otto Kruger, famous for his out-of-door suppers, lets you in on the secrets of brushing steaks with special sauces before cooking, and his methods of preparing special salads

Hollywood Barbecue

By BETTY CROCKER



If Otto Kruger should ever call you up and say, "C'mon over," you'd know—if you were one of the Hollywood colony—that it would be a barbecue supper in his back yard he had in mind. And knowing the Krugers, you'd save up for it all day, to be sure you brought a big appetite with you.

The Krugers, Otto and his charming wife, Sue, and little daughter, Ottilie, always entertain during the summer with an outdoor barbecue supper. That's partly because they have such a lovely yard, one of the most beautiful in all Hollywood. The specially built barbecue oven, where steaks, hamburgers, roasts, and hot dogs can be grilled to a state of succulent perfection, is surrounded by Otto's prize winning flowers. But mostly it's because Otto himself so enjoys playing the role of chef.

You don't go "just for dinner," though, in answer to a Kruger invitation. Or if you do, you'll make that mistake just once, and the next time you're asked, you'll go at least three hours ahead of time. For dinner is always preceded with beer, or a cocktail, if you prefer it, with hors d'oeuvres, and a great deal of fascinating conversation.

While the guests are idling about in the blue and white canopied lawn chairs and swings, playing badminton on the grassy court, or talking, the vegetables for the dinner are being prepared inside the house. Otto presides over the barbecue oven, letting the cook do the rest so that he can assist Mrs. Kruger with their guests.

Favored vegetables are string beans, sliced long and very thin with a sharp knife; pearled corn—that's corn cut off the cob after it's been simmered until tender, and whipped sweet potatoes.

The salad is an enormous bowl of fresh green vegetables, lettuce, watercress and endive, with a French dressing containing flakes of Roquefort cheese. There's also a plain salad of quartered head lettuce, freshly chilled, for which the highlight is a rare, extremely delicious and tantalizing dressing for which everyone always wants the recipe. To the Krugers, it's simply known as "Teddy's Dressing," because

they had it as a special favor from a Filipino waiter who had it from a Hollywood chef who had it from a famous French chef—you know the patter.

And, of course, there's the grilled meat—steak, wieners, thick lamb chops. Served to you hot and sizzling from the grill by Otto Kruger wearing a long white chef's apron, a tall white chef's hat, and a grin a yard wide. Otto Kruger brushes steaks with sauce combining olive oil, garlic and mustard, before they touch the rack for those few telling moments. Otto believes it's a crime to cook steaks beyond the point where a crispy brown searing over the outside covers a juicy red rareness within. Now for some of the recipes to help you with your own barbecues:

"TEDDY'S DRESSING"

1 cup oil
½ cup vinegar
1 small onion, grated fine
6 small cloves garlic, minced
Parsley, chopped fine
2 level teaspoons mustard
1 egg, beaten
Salt
Pepper

Makes one pint. Will keep for several days in icebox, and is really better the second or third day than when freshly made. Shake well before serving over crisp lettuce leaves.

SPECIALLY ARRANGED GARDEN SALADS

Tossed Salad Served in Bowl

Crisp lettuce leaves
½ medium-sized cucumber (thinly sliced)
6 radishes (thinly sliced)
1 tbsp. chives (finely cut)
3 ripe tomatoes (cut in wedges)
French Dressing.

Prepare, chill and dry vegetables. Pluck apart crisp, cold, well dried leaves of lettuce. Place in salad bowl (previously rubbed with clove of garlic, if desired). Add crisp cucumber and radish slices and chives. Toss gently (with fork and spoon) in just enough French Dressing to make the leaves of lettuce glisten. Add tomato wedges just before serving (to prevent juice from spreading).

Other Vegetables Can Be Used

Other raw vegetables commonly used in tossed salads are diced celery, little new onions, thinly sliced carrots (or thin carrot strips), flowerets of cauliflower, wafer-thin slices of turnips. Cooked vegetables commonly used are peas, green beans, beets, asparagus tips, artichoke hearts, cauliflower flowerets.

Platter of Salad Greens

Arrange a variety of different salad greens on a platter: such as curly endive around the outside, inner leaves of lettuce next, then watercress sprigs, and in the center artichoke hearts. Sprinkle sliced shallots and finely minced St. Mary's herbs over all. Pass French Dressing separately.

Platter of Contrasting Rows of Salad Vegetables

Arrange any desired cut-up vegetables (cold and crisp) in rows across a platter—with an eye to color and pattern. Or let the different rows of vegetables radiate from the center of a chop plate like the spokes of a wheel. (Tomato slices, cucumber slices, latticed carrots, asparagus stalks, etc.)

Individual Salads in Lettuce Cups

Prepare and crisp enough lettuce cups to serve number desired. Fill with any desired combination of vegetables mixed with just enough French Dressing to make glisten. Place on platter or tray and chill again. Serve on individual salad plates or pass platter for each guest to serve himself.

LITTLE MOLASSES CAKES

¾ cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
3¼ cups sifted cake flour
or 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. ginger
1 cup hot water
1 cup molasses.

Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually. Add the well beaten egg. Sift the flour, salt, soda and spices together. Add the hot water to the molasses and add this liquid alternately with the flour mixture. Fill 18 greased muffin or cup cake pans ⅔ full and bake for 15 minutes in a quick moderate oven, 375° F.

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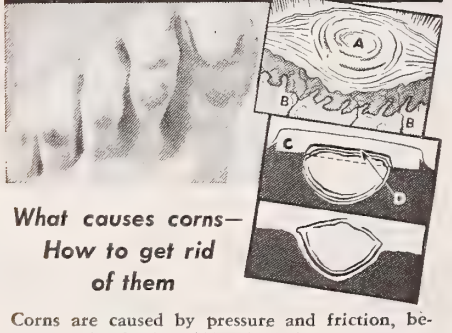
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How To Be the Blight of the Party

[*Continued from page 27*]

tion might be the dinner party, and the procedure here is not too complicated. The "Table Comic," they both agreed, makes an A-1 Blight and requires little in the way of imagination to counterbalance the drain on energy. This calls for various feats of juggling with silver, glassware and crockery; imitating an ambulance siren by rubbing the wet rims of glasses; playing xylophone solos on the assembled water glasses of each guest at the table, and such.

"Kindergarten stuff, really," Mickey snorted, "but good groundwork, and as such, of value. The higher forms of dinner table blighting, however, get into the deeper channels such as an acute case of presbyopia which, in Webster's words, is long-sightedness while near objects are indistinctly seen, the near object being the check."

"Or signing the check, only to have the management refuse to honor it," Judy said. "That makes the girls so comfortable and sets the stage for a fine scrambling match among the boys to see where and how they can dig up the necessary $8.90 indicated on the check."

"Or deliberately going under-heeled when it's a Dutch Treat party," Mickey elaborated. "You know the fellow who always says: 'Gee, fellows, I find I'm a little short. How's about loaning me a couple of bucks till Monday.' He's a great little Blight, he is!"

"And so's the girl who always orders the most expensive dish on the menu," said Judy.

"And then never eats half of it," Mickey added. "So's the gent who doesn't know his limitations and gets half-swacked."

"And the Giggler."

"And the Braggart."

"And the Tablehopper."

"And the Chronic Crabber."

"And the Cosmetic Cutie."

I don't remember who said which, but it doesn't really matter because every item is a "Must Do" on each of their *How To Be a Blight* list.

■ The third conceivable situation which offered blighting opportunities, they said, was the dance floor. Here it was the genuine Blight really could get in some first-class work, such as humming in the ear of the partner, whistling out of tune, chewing gum, and dancing the same one-two-three-and-a-glide to every tune, be it fox trot, waltz or rhumba.

"It's good blighting to be the first to leap out on the floor at the opening downbeat of the drum," Mickey said. "Since no nice girl likes to be made conspicuous, the embarrassing qualities of this move are at once obvious."

"And I recommend the blighting success of an offside tackle to the front of the bandstand, where one jiggles back and forth endlessly in hopes of a nod from the name band leader," Judy said. "Some one, say, like Paul Whiteman."

She was just a little too artless about it, and I accused her of plugging their new picture. "You mean, *Strike Up the Band*"?



Dick Powell makes an attempt at reconciliation while gentle Joan Blondell explains her reasons for saying "I Want a Divorce" in the film of the same name. Quiet discussion of any problem brings complete and beautiful understanding, claim the stars who are married in real life as well as in the new Paramount screen comedy

she said with widened eyes. "I didn't dream you knew he was in it!"

Well, so what's a plug for a new picture? It's a good picture and worth it. Mickey is seen as the leader of the high school orchestra which wins a national contest, and Judy does the vocals. It has some swell tunes, a lot of comedy, a little drama here and there, and a spectacular climax in which four massed bands give out with plenty of hot licks.

■ But back to blighting. The fourth average situation which offers a fertile field to the Blighter is the informal party in the home. Here both Mickey and Judy were most explicit.

"Start with the defeatist attitude that, willy nilly, the party's bound to be a bust," they advised. "Keep hammering away at the idea by carping and criticising at every chance. If your hostess suggests playing *Indications,* for instance, say you think it's a silly form of exhibitionism and count you out. If she plans something like *Anagrams,* firmly announce you think it a waste of mental effort. If she wants to pull back the rugs and dance, inform her you have had a hard day and are too tired to be bothered. If she turns on the radio, snoot the program. If she plays some Beethoven records, compare him unfavorably with Verdi."

In other words, crab the party and crab it good.

If, by accident, you find yourself actually enjoying things, all need not be lost, they went on. You still can get in an ace job of blighting things for the other fellow. You can be the unfunny comedian who insists on hogging the limelight. You can bang on the piano or go into a violent jitterbug routine at the first restful lull in activities. You can monopolize the other fellow's girl and offer to drive her home because it's handy for all concerned, or concentrate on the other girl's beau and drive him crazy with your devoted attentions. You can annoy the hostess by bringing several uninvited guests on the specious excuse they didn't have anything else to do, and upset the whole household by stubbornly overstaying the time limit set for festivities.

"To make it a complete triumph of blighting, you can give the mother of your hostess the screaming willies by talking about the war and the plan to draft men up to sixty, and sink her father with the latest pessimistic reports on the stock-market," Mickey said. "The whole point is to be thorough, and that, as I said, requires the positive attitude."

"Oh, positively," echoed Judy.

Just then Director Busby Berkeley hauled the kids off to work and I sat unhappily remembering that I was supposed to ask the questions about how NOT to be a Blight. It burned deep into my conscience, for I am an honest woman at heart, and one generally to be trusted.

Then it came to me! *How To Be the Blight of the Party* really was *How Not To Be the Blight of the Party* after all!



Betty Brewer was singing on a street corner in Hollywood at just the right moment. Director Sam Wood heard her, signed her for a part in *Rangers of Fortune.* Now she has a long contract



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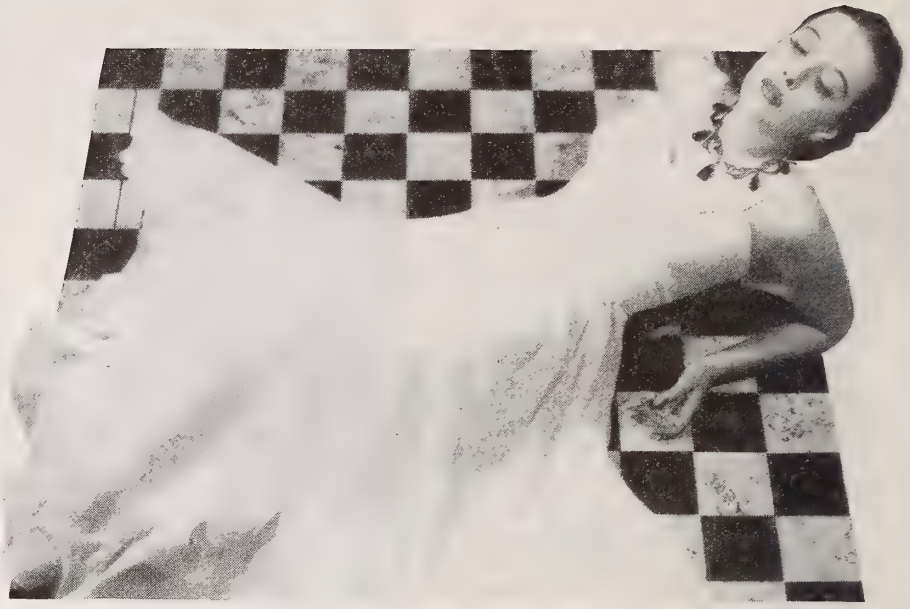
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Sleep, My Pretty One



Patricia Morison, next to be seen in *Rangers of Fortune*, knows that the bedtime beauty treatments give the best results and tells some of the secrets of her care of her beautiful skin

By ANN VERNON

How often do you take the words "Beauty Sleep" literally? You use them, I'll wager, every day, but are you remembering to make your eight hours of sleep each night a step forward in your beauty and popularity campaign?

Of course you know that a certain amount of restful sleep on a comfortable bed, with the windows open wide to let in the crisp early fall breezes will help to put a fresh sparkle in your eyes the following day *and night*. That you'll be more fun (and therefore have more fun) if you get eight hours of sleep instead of four. But do you go any further than that?

Did you ever stop to realize that the beauty routines you go through at night are twice as helpful because you relax completely after them? Because they have all night in which to work their magic? Or do you come in from a party and thoughtlessly fall into bed without removing your make-up, brushing your hair, or doing all the countless little things that make you better looking tomorrow? I hope not, because if you do, you're setting out to ruin any natural loveliness you may have.

Let me pass on to you some of the bedtime beauty secrets Patricia Morison, one of Hollywood's newest and loveliest stars, told me over the breakfast table the other day. Pat's skin is the clear fine grained type that goes with her Irish blue eyes and dark brown hair, and she is justly proud of it. But she does not neglect it! No indeed, she believes in plenty of soap and water and cream, at bedtime as well as during the day. Usually after washing her face thoroughly (she lathers up twice to be sure to remove every bit of make-up and dirt) she will rub a bit of cream on her palms, and pass them lightly over her face. That leaves just enough cream on her skin to lubricate it, but not enough to show through make-up or smudge the pillow case. Generally she splashes a cooling skin freshener all over her face after creaming it. That helps to keep the pores fine, and to shrink them back to normal size after warm water has distended them.

Pat would spend most of her time in the bath tub if she could, so she loves all bathing accessories—bubble baths, bath oils and bath salts. One of her pet gadgets is a tray that fits over the tub, holds all her bath luxuries, manicure aids (warm water softens stubborn cuticle) and face creams. "Whenever my skin gets really dry, I like to cream it in the tub, and leave a light film on till I jump out," she told me. "The cream seems to soften my skin more that way." Smart girl! She's discovered that the heat from the water helps the cream melt faster so it can do its lubricating job quickly and thoroughly. Try

WANT TO WAKE UP LOVELIER?

Write Ann Vernon for her aids to a beautiful sleep—and for help in solving your personal beauty problems of dry skin, oily hair, brittle nails or proper make-up. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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that trick sometime, and see if you don't agree with her. And remember that a bath taken at bedtime is the most beautifying, because it relaxes your muscles, and gets you in the mood for a real beauty sleep.

Our lovely Patricia confessed the one time she really feels like a glamour girl is when she jumps into bed. "Because," she whispered, "I fairly douse myself and the sheets with scented cologne! And I always keep a fresh gardenia in one of those porcelain 'hollow hand' vases on my bedside table—a hang-over from my dancing days when I would pin my gardenia corsage on my pillow case, so I could smell it even when sleeping!"

Not every one can have a fresh gardenia on the bedside table, but there is no reason why you can't slap cooling, refreshing cologne over your body, or sprinkle some on your sheets before slipping between them. Colognes (and dusting powders and toilet waters and sachets) are as inexpensive as they are delightful, so try their magic refreshment tonight, Sleeping Beauty!

■ Many of you write asking me if such and such a movie star's eyelashes are really that long—and how you can make yours as lovely. Of course a lot of the glamour girls do wear artificial lashes on the screen, but most of them have silky long lashes. Patience and the nightly use of a good lash cream do the trick for them, and will for you, too. If you'll write, I'll be glad to give you the name of a fine lash conditioning cream I've used with success for many years. Simply smooth a bit of its richness over your lashes, then take a mascara brush and gently stroke up and up again, five or ten times. This distributes the cream, and stimulates the tiny hair cells to greater activity. The cream gives the lashes a silky texture, keeps them lubricated so they won't easily become brittle and break off. Naturally you can't expect such a lash cream to produce results overnight, but I'd be willing to bet that your lashes would be longer, thicker, more lustrous at the end of a couple of months! It's grand for thin or unruly eyebrows, too. Don't you want to try it? The price is a thin dime.

■ Have you sometimes become so, so confused by all the different kinds of face creams? Then you should know about a brand new one-jar beauty treatment that has just been put on the market. It's an all-purpose cream that cleanses and softens the skin at the same time—and leaves it so smooth that powder will go on evenly, and stay on for hours. The cream is good for the delicate blond skin, the sensitive skin of red heads, and the creamy complexion of brunettes. It was perfected to answer the demands of countless women who wanted a cream just as nice as its big-sister hand lotion. You'll like it too, the first time you use it! There's a ten-cent size you can sample. Remember, your dime is buying a cleansing cream, skin softener and powder base!

The nightly use of your cream will help prevent the appearance of dry skin wrinkles and frown lines—but it won't do much good about getting rid of them for you. I can tell you the name of something that does erase them temporarily and helps prevent their reappearance, too. It's a flesh-colored, wing-shaped tab that you "glue" on the offending lines, and leave on while you sew, read, work around the house or merely sleep. Not very glamorous, I'll admit, but the result *is!* Because the tabs do seem to smooth out the lines, and give your brow that young, unfurrowed freshness. They're inexpensive and I'll be glad to tell you all!

■ Isn't your hair the first thing you think of in your bedtime beauty routine? Pat's is, and no wonder. Her tresses are so long she can sit on them, so that means double the care you have to give yours. She brushes them faithfully five minutes before turning out the light, then moistens the hair around the part, and pushes the waves in more deeply before braiding the ends. You probably don't have to do that, but it is smart to curl the ends, so they'll be perky in the morning.

If you haven't tried the new cream type of hair set, do tonight! It gives the driest ends a new softness and lustre, and helps keep them curled for hours. I can give you the name of just such a cream put out by a famous firm of Fifth Avenue hair specialists. Frizzy permanents, sun-dried curls, brittle, splitting ends—all react magically to its persuasion. And it's so easy to use. Simply rub a bit into your palms, then smooth them over your hair, roll up your curls and press in your wave—the job is done! Your hair will be sheenfully in place. The cream costs seventy-five cents a tube—want the name?

■ Tonight is the right time to take care of tomorrow's perspiration problem. So why not use a liquid that is especially designed for night use? It stops perspiration, and does away with its odor, for anywhere from thirty-six to seventy-two hours, depending on how you use it. I always apply it after my tub, just before going to bed. The bottle has an applicator top which makes it easy, but I like to pat the liquid in evenly with finger tips. Its effects last longer if the liquid isn't rinsed off right away, so I always lie with arms overhead for about five minutes, to let it dry thoroughly, and leave it on overnight for maximum protection—then rinse off any excess with my morning shower. You can rinse it off in five to fifteen minutes if you don't want such lengthy protection. And there's a grand cream perspiration-stop from the same manufacturer that acts more quickly (but whose effects aren't so lasting) that you can use in the morning if you forget at night. Both come in small sizes for a dime.

Write me before October 15, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.



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Side Glance at the Great Profile

[*Continued from page* 10]

know. Indeed, she is plenty mad for just that reason. Garrick's manager, a wild character named Mefoofsky (Gregory Ratoff) and his butler (Willie Fung) don't know either. Just as Sylvia is packing for Reno, Garrick reels in wonderfully fragrant from his bender and looking sort of odd—maybe because he is still dressed as Macbeth.

The studio is sore. Sylvia is sore. Mefoofsky is sore. The studio scraps Garrick's contract and Sylvia, weary of marriage with a human bottle, gives him the air.

In the midst of Garrick's desolation a resolute young skirt crashes his bedroom. It is nifty Mary Maxwell (Ann Baxter), author of a play called *The Beloved Transgressor*. She is after Garrick to play the lead in it. Whilst trying to throw her out he hears her mention she already has a backer for her play, Richard Lansing (John Payne). Richard is her fiance. To Mr. Garrick a backer is an extremely powerful argument. He realizes that if he plays in Mary's show he can win Sylvia back by giving her the female lead—a thing he has promised her for years. So he takes Mary up on her offer.

As a play, *The Beloved Transgressor*, is a bit of a stinker. Richard Lansing has sensed its probable aroma, but he is up to some shenanigans of his own. He wants to get married—as fiances frequently do—but Mary is too daffy about playwriting to bother about matrimony. She won't marry him so he decides to back her play, thinking it will lay such an egg she will be heartbroken and give up writing to share his bed and board.

Also there is Mefoofsky. Mefoofsky is a fugitive. Mefoofsky owes the bookies $8,000. Bookies are unsympathetic parties. Owing them $8,000 is just another way to die. So Mefoofsky is glum. But when Garrick and Sylvia are reconciled and the play gets under way Mefoofsky is able to stall off the bookies.

The play opens in Chicago. Halfway through the first act the audience is in full flight from boredom. Heavy with woe, Garrick gets drunk between acts. During the second act he abandons the sombre lines of *The Beloved Transgressor* for his own, improvising merrily as he goes. Sylvia jilts the show in a huff, but Garrick is a hit.

Mary is sore. She thinks it is simply dreadful that Mr. Garrick is so stinking plastered all the time. As wimmin are wont, she feels duty surging in her young breast to reform the old tosspot. She goes to work on him, but Garrick gets the signals balled up something awful, mistaking Mary's evangelism for the flames of love. Flattered, he renounces liquor in the touching scene we gave you at the beginning of this epic. He does more, he goes on a milk diet.

The result is plenty abysmal. When Garrick goes back to playing his part straight, attendance collapses. Mefoofsky, with no dough coming in, is again facing a dismal death by the bookies. And Richard Lansing is jealous of Mary and Garrick.

To the harried Mefoofsky the solution is clear: Garrick must be lead back to dipsomania and profits. The only person who can drive Garrick to drink is his wife, and Sylvia is in Reno, sitting out a divorce. She refuses to return until she hears a gossip item that her husband and Mary are in the midst of a romance. This is a challenge to her standing as a competitive female. Dander up, she storms back to New York. Mary learns she is coming and plants flatfeet around Garrick's dressing room to protect him.

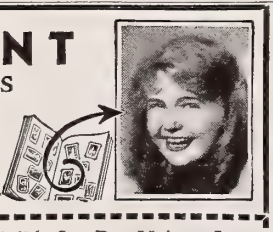
When the play opens in New York, Garrick is sober, so the rage and disappointment of the audience is severe. Meanwhile Mefoofsky and Sylvia artfully foil the flatfeet by getting some acrobats to hurl Sylvia through a window into the dressing room where Sylvia and Garrick have a wonderful, wet reunion, prodigal with bottles and belches. When the second act opens Garrick, Sylvia and the acrobats lurch out on the stage clad in white tights. We are led to believe they are happily depraved ever after.

■ Well, there's the play, a droll little affair, bristling with humor and Mr. Barrymore. The crew was forever being laid up with sore sides from laughing at Mr. Barrymore's carryings-on. "That guy!" said a carpenter, rassling the giggles, "That guy! He is the funniest man I ever watched. You never know what he's gonna do next. An' so nice and polite to everybody, like he was your old lady."

To give you an idea of the way things went on the Barrymore set we will report a scene as we saw it. It was in Garrick's dressing room. His arms were wrapped around Ann Baxter. Says Mr. Barrymore: "While I am out there reading your immortal lines I shall have your face always before me, guiding me, spurring me on." He kisses her on the forehead, turns and tramps out. That's all there is to the scene, but the first seven times they shot it Ann Baxter came down with the giggles.

"He imitates a ham so well," Ann moaned pitably, "that every time he gets to '. . . guiding me, spurred me on' I can't hold out any longer."

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"Okay," said Walter Lang, the director, "let's make the next one good."

Mr. Barrymore read his lines perfectly, Ann didn't laugh. He buzzed her chastely on the forehead, turned around, tripped and *sprawled flat on his face.*

■ The only professional blackboard holder in the world works with Mr. Barrymore. He has held for him for the last six pictures; Mr. Barrymore, who knows an artist when he sees one, will have no one else. The holder is Mr. George French, a bespectacled esthete. He has made a deep study of Mr. Barrymore's reading peculiarities and is equipped for all emergencies. "You will detect," he says, "that you can not detect Mr. Barrymore reading his lines. That is the result of my technique."

Your correspondent's opinion after watching Mr. Barrymore go through three hours of scenes was that you couldn't detect his reading of the blackboard simply because he didn't read it. He has a memory like a phonograph and eyes like a hawk and the likeliest reason he uses a blackboard is that he doesn't want to bother about learning his lines too well. "I can remember Shakespeare," he reports, "but what these movie hacks write isn't worth remembering."

One day somebody snitched the blackboard. They couldn't locate it and there wasn't another around. "Well," said Mr. Lang, "I guess we'll have to sit around and pull taffy until we can get another."

"Let's take a stab at the scene without the old mental crutch," said Mr. Barrymore. "It'll give my eyes a rest." So they shot the scene without the board. Barrymore rattled off two and a half minutes of dialogue without a hitch. When Mr. Lang yelled: "Cut! Print that!" Barrymore raked him with a satanic leer and went on to recite Hamlet's entire soliloquy with all the flawless perfection he had given it when he recited it last—fourteen years ago!

The rest of the cast is having a wonderful time, but Gregory Ratoff is one of the sorrowfulest cases you can see. Because of his director's duties he hasn't acted in two years. Mr. Ratoff is normally a loose bundle of Russian electricity. In front of a camera he becomes so intense trying to speak decipherable English he is a quivering wreck at the end of the day. "Vhat I don't understand," he mutters, "is dat I vork harder and vorry more as a director and don't feel da strain so much as dis stuff." Mostly, Mr. Ratoff frazzles himself on our words. He held up shooting one entire afternoon trying to pronounce the word "author." Mr. Ratoff chewed the word down to the consistency of his native borsht, but still nobody could recognize it. Mr. Ratoff was on the brink of a nervous breakdown when they decided to let him say "writer" in place of "author."

Of Mr. Barrymore's future there's no telling. Right now he is in hock, or bankruptcy, to the tune of $62,000 and profits from his role in *The Great Profile* will go mostly to placate his creditors. But if Mr. Barrymore will follow the little moral of *The Great Profile*, keeping his elbow bent at the proper angle, he'll go far.

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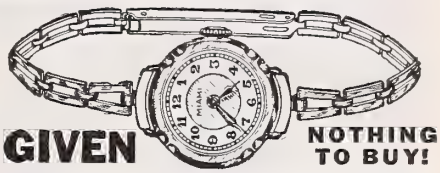


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Hollywood Invades Virginia

[*Continued from page* 29]

Of course there is no one so crass as the ex-bootlegger in the film. His was too extreme a case to be credible on the screen. The conflict in the movie had to be a much more subtle one.

Madeleine Carroll plays an actress of Virginia parentage who inherits an estate and returns from New York, determined to stay just long enough to sell the place. Fred MacMurray plays the owner of a nearby plantation where his family has lived since the time Thomas Jefferson was a neighbor. Stirling Hayden plays the wealthy young northern sportsman whose ideals are in contradiction to all that old Virginia holds dearest.

That is the essence of the story, but the really drastically new element is that it is a story of 1940. For a reason that baffles understanding, whenever a story has a locale even a hundred miles below the Mason and Dixon line, studios automatically unpack the Civil War swords, and designers get busy on the hoop skirts. Dramatically, the South ceased to exist, it seems, about the year 1870. We have plenty of pictures every year about the North and the East and the Middle West of today, but, so far as the movies are concerned, when the Civil War was over, the South was not only beaten, but time was stopped, too.

So the experiment of playing a story of the South in modern dress is considered a daring innovation, and no expense was spared to make the venture a success.

Griffith, himself, spent six weeks touring hundreds of miles in the Blue Ridge Mountain country looking for locations, and making arrangements for the use of some of the loveliest houses in the whole United States as backgrounds.

Bremo, designed by Thomas Jefferson for General John Hartwell Cocke, is conceded to be one of the three most beautiful homes in the nation. It was completed in 1819, and is perfectly preserved. Even the yellowing alphabet cards are still hanging on the walls of the old slave school-room, first in the country.

Estoutville, another charming big manor-house designed by Jefferson, serves as the home bought by the wealthy Northerner who is determined to revive the glamour of the Old South with Yankee money.

The Barboursville plantation, home of Governor Barbour, serves as the home of Fred MacMurray. The main portion of the big house burned in 1890, and the governor's descendants moved into the former slave quarters which date back before 1800. This incident has a parallel in the film, for the character played by MacMurray lives in small quarters on his big plantation because the main house has fallen into complete disrepair.

Griffith had no difficulty in finding beautiful ancient dwellings for his backgrounds. His trouble started when he began the search for the half-ruined estate supposedly inherited by Madeleine

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Screen Life

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***Tugboat Annie*, beloved character created on the screen by Marie Dressler, is brought back by the brilliant actress, Marjorie Rambeau. Alan Hale plays Bullwinkle, the part created by Wallace Beery for the first in a new series about the colorful pair**

Carroll. He drove hundreds of miles over the winding red clay roads of Virginia, looked at dozens of homes, but none suited. He looked at every house built by Jefferson in the whole country side, and none would do. One was too big. Another was too dilapidated. Another entirely too well painted and prosperous looking.

Finally he found just what he wanted . . . a beautiful house roomy in its proportions, standing stately and serene on top of a hill in the forest, miles from the nearest village. It had been built about 1800 by Jefferson for one of his married daughters, and bore the typically Jeffersonian name of "Monticola." Griffith took one look and realized that his search was over. The house was well preserved, but the grounds were a riot of untrimmed rose bushes, and the lawn stood tall with daisies and grass that had gone to seed. All that the Hollywood prop men needed to do was to replace the neat wooden shutters with some that were falling into splinters, rub down the white pillars with streaks of gray paint, scatter dust and twigs over the scrubbed steps, and they would have the perfect atmosphere of decaying grandeur needed for the story.

The house belongs to Miss Emily Nolting, and she was reluctant at first to consent to invasion of her privacy. But Griffith was persuasive, and the studio's offer was generous. Included in the contract were promises to restore the grounds to their exact state after the company left, so she felt that it would be ungenerous to refuse.

There are no half measures about Virginia gentry. Once they decide to do a thing, they do it graciously. No sooner had Miss Nolting signed the contract than she looked around for a way to be hospitable and helpful. She was not quite sure what the movie people wanted, but there was one thing she could do. At least she could have the grass cut. So cut it she did, all around the house, somewhat to the consternation of the production manager who had to encourage a certain amount of hasty growth to restore the atmosphere of weedy underbrush before the picture started.

Broken statuary and rusting iron garden furniture did much to add to the air of neglect, and Griffith is particularly pleased with that effect. All during the weeks in which he was looking for just the right locations, he collected antique iron dogs and deers and goddesses from a hundred miles around. There is a little Ceres, standing four and a half feet high, holding her bundle of wheat and gazing off over the misty valley. There is an almost alarmingly defiant iron stag, a cement lady in a Victorian riding habit mounted on a curly little goat. But best of all is the marble goddess who got broken off at the ankles in some forgotten disaster. She lies under an enormous locust tree, and Stirling Hayden used her pedestal as a back rest whenever he needed shade and quiet for studying his script.

Incidentally, this is the first script Hayden ever has studied because most of his twenty-two years have been devoted to his absorbing love of sailing. When he was fifteen, he ran away from preparatory school and earned a dollar a month as cabin boy aboard the schooner

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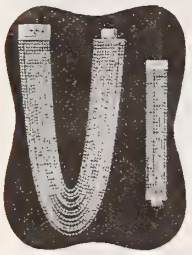
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Puritan. Before he was twenty, he was the mate aboard the schooner *Yankee*, and was master of the schooner *Chiva*.

He still might be sailing the seven seas, if a fortunate accident had not wrecked his highest hopes and lost all of his laboriously collected fortune which had been invested in his own ship, the *Aldebaran*. The vessel had been built for the Kaiser in 1902, but in recent years had been laid up in Gatun Lock in Panama, gathering barnacles and seaweed. Young Hayden bought her, intending to use her as a freighter between Honolulu and Tahiti, but one particularly savage gale made him change his mind. The vessel was so badly damaged off Cape Hattaras that he had to put her into dry-dock. Need for promoting money for the repairs brought him to New York.

"People are always saying 'You ought to go into the movies' to other people," remarked young Hayden. "I say it a lot. Everybody says it. I never paid any attention when people said it to me until a friend of mine who knows Mr. Griffith said it, and I guess that was one time somebody really meant it, because he fixed up a screen test. And here I am."

Hayden is six feet, four inches tall and very well built. He is not handsome but he has tremendous good looks and sufficient charm to win the second male lead in an important picture for his first screen role.

Those good looks are the reason he is entrusted with the big part. When Griffith started to cast his picture there were no big dashing actors available to play Fred MacMurray's rival. All were busy in other pictures. Rather than use an experienced actor, but one much smaller than MacMurray, Griffith decided to sign the unknown Hayden as Madeleine Carroll's other suitor.

■ Miss Carroll, looking more beautiful than ever in spite of her weeks of worry, was very gay on the blistering hot day that we visited her on the set. In last month's issue of HOLLYWOOD, Lupton Wilkinson told you of her flight by clipper to France, just before the surrender of Paris, in a desperate effort to see her fiance, a captain in the French aviation corps. She did not find him. He was far away, grimly holding the last frontiers, and Miss Carroll, after risking internment by the Nazis because of her British citizenship, was forced to return to this country, still not knowing whether he was living or dead. The welcome cablegram, announcing his safety, did not arrive until she had started the picture. Then the good news came that he was in Tunisia, waiting for demobilization orders. After that news, nothing that went wrong on location could

Movie Masquerade Answers

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2. Pride and Prejudice
3. The Blue Bird
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distress her. Location trips nearly always are productive of minor discomforts, and this one was no exception. The heat was relentless, red dust covered everything, and a series of thunder showers only served to turn the air to steam.

These things were hard on the California cast and crew, accustomed to cool days and chill nights, but everything else was going so well that Director Griffith began to suspect that it was too good to last.

It was.

His trainload of equipment arrived without so much as one lens broken. Excellent living quarters were found easily for the cast. The smart Farmington Hunt volunteered down to the last man as "extras" in the big hunt scenes. The Technicolor cameras registered them in what may easily prove to be the most exciting riding ever seen on the screen. And the background at Monticola was perfection.

■ Griffith felt that his picture was under special protection from Heaven on the first day of shooting, but with the very first take the trouble started.

A noise that sounded like the ticking of a rusty time bomb invaded the sound track and all but drowned out the voices of the stars. The equipment was checked, and still the racket persisted. The scene was cleared of spectators, but the noise remained. Finally the culprits were found. In the towering trees that surround Monticola thousands of katydids or jarflies have lived in happy, if noisy peace for years, talking steadily in their thin voices.

The arrival of the movie people evidently excited them, because they gossiped incessantly, and it was t h e i r conversation that was possessing the sound track.

That started the long battle with the jarflies.

First Griffith enlisted battalions of little darkies, armed with long poles, and used them as beaters to keep the jarflies intimidated during shooting. But the shwoosh of the beaters' sticks against the leaves made more noise than the jarflies. Then he tried wetting down the trees with hoses, but the hot sun dried them in twenty minutes and the water supply threatened to run low. They tried spraying with *Black Forty,* a popular poison for bugs among Virginia farmers, but the jarflies called up reserves and continued their discussion. Two entomologists were called in from the University of Virginia. They were joined by two from the forest service, and for a while, it looked as if there would be as many entomologists in conference as jarflies.

"Certainly we can kill them," they promised. "We can have them all out of here in two weeks."

"But I don't want to kill them," protested humane Griffith. "I just want to keep them quiet."

The entomologists were offended.

"This is no time for joking," they said. "Everybody always wants to *kill* bugs."

But Griffith was firm. He didn't want them killed, especially if he had to wait two weeks. That delay would double the cost of the film. The situation was desperate, but it was finally solved by the discovery that the jarflies, who were impervious to harsh names and rough treatment, shuddered and fell into frightened silence at the sound of a "silent" whistle. This is the little gadget that makes a sound above the range of human hearing. Dogs can hear its vibrations, and it frequently is used in their training. Jarflies can hear it, and either they like it so much that they maintain a respectful silence, or they dislike it so much they run into their holes and cover their ears with their little paws. Anyway, they stay still when it is blowing.

Audiences are not expected to react in the same way to the picture. From all advance reports, the riding scenes are expected to bring applause in the middle of the film, so watch for this trail-blazer . . . a new story of the New South.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 6*]

Do something!" We just stand there. We don't do anything.

You will see our members functioning at minor accidents, wherever children get separated from their mothers in public places, and wherever women faint in theatres. It is on occasions such as these that our members show the stuff they are made of, and if we do say so ourselves, they do it beautifully. They just stand there.

There are no dues, no meetings and no elections. All you have to do is stand there.

Carole Lombard

(1940 All-Events Champion; Encino Just Stand There Club)

■ Errol Flynn, the man with no dull moments, is taking orders for pygmy horses that his short-subject-producing associate, Howard Hill, is expected to extricate from the Grand Canyon.

Hill, the mighty boar-hunter and bow-and-arrow marksman, actually produced a sample of the wild midget horses, having roped it and hauled it up a cliff at some damage to himself and horse. It weighed twenty pounds and was less than twelve inches in height.

Flynn is sponsoring an expedition that will carry snaring equipment to the Grand Canyon and undertake wholesale capture of the fascinating little beasts, which resemble mountain goats in their agility and wild hares in their speed and aloofness.

■ That eerie wail that echoes up and down the arroyos and canyons of Hollywood these nights is Mary Astor re-enacting, in nightmares, her adventures with the man-eating crickets of Nevada.



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On location for *Brigham Young,* Mary was the only woman called upon to come into contact with the hordes of three-inch-long crop destroyers that provide the menace in one of the film's most exciting sequences.

As the favorite wife of Brigham, Mary was required to go out in a field and wade through a morass of the pests, not once, but several hundred times. Her loathing of the job showed up plainly on her cameo-like features, and not a single wince was acting.

The crickets on the Georgian estate she shares with Manuel Del Campo are in danger of getting jolly well exterminated if they don't stop reminding her, at bedtime, of their Messerschmidt cousins in the Nevada wilds.

■ A Hollywood writer responsible for one of the popular "family" serials went to New York to arrange for the publication of a comic strip and some magazine material based on the movie characters.

A few days after arrival he telephoned his wife to report progress.

"Everything's g r e a t, h o n e y," he crowed. "I got a check from Beck and I've got a date with McNitt of McNaught."

"You wretch!" his wife screamed into the phone, misinterpreting his tidings for alcoholic double-talk. "You promised me you wouldn't drink a drop on your whole trip."

It should be explained here that Mr. Beck is the president of the Crowell Publishing Company and that Mr. McNitt is head of the McNaught Syndicate. Hollywood outlanders can't be expected to know such curious facts.

■ Jack Dempsey, scheduled for a Western tour on his comeback trail as a fighter, wired W. C. Fields at his Hollywood home:

WILL FIGHT YOU IN LOS ANGELES ANY SATURDAY FOR NAME YOUR OWN STAKES.

Fields wired back:

OKAY BUT CAN YOU GET IN SHAPE?

Dempsey will be the comedian's house guest during his Southern California campaign.

■ That same Mr. Gregory Ratoff who veers from directing a gem like *Intermezzo* to appearing as a low-comedy stooge in support of John Barrymore in *The Great Profile,* is having mutt-trouble again.

No longer employed by Twentieth Century-Fox, Mr. Ratoff nevertheless continues to make his office there because he likes the place. His constant companion on the lot is a huge hound of uncertain breed who has the whole studio personnel terrorized with his vicious snarls and general air of savagery.

When nervous breakdowns became epidemic around the lot, Darryl Zanuck traced the cause to the Ratoff cur. Forthwith an order went out barring *all* dogs from the studio grounds.

Gregory let out such a howl that an exception was made in the case of his dog. So the result is that he is the only person to escape the enforcement of a rule that was aimed specifically at him. And to make the triumph sweeter, he's a dead-head, non-paying guest.

■ The prize ring is learning a belated lesson from the movies in the matter of protecting fighters with facial cuts, particularly around the eyes.

Charles Gemorra, Paramount make-up department chemist, long ago devised a latex skin-covering to protect actors who had been slashed and were still under the necessity of making further scenes.



Lucille Ball does a strip tease and a hula dance in the musical, *Dance, Girl, Dance,* in which she has her biggest comedy opportunity to date. Maureen O'Hara and Louis Hayward are featured in the film

In the making of *Golden Gloves,* which employed the services of some sixty fighters, a m a t e u r and professional, Richard Denning suffered a torn eyebrow in a realistic scuffle with Robert Ryan, former intercollegiate heavyweight champion, and used Gemorra's application to cover the cut and prevent further injury.

The studio formula will undergo extensive trial at the Hollywood Legion Stadium favorite haunt of the film crowd. If it proves successful, it will be made available to the fight trade generally, without royalty or other charges above the cost of compounding it.

■ The dozen young Chinese-Americans employed as atmosphere players for a rubber plantation scene in *The Letter* were perfect types and intelligent actors. The only difficulty about them, from a production point of view, was that they could not speak Chinese, being Los Angeles-born and college-bred.

So a Frenchman, Louis P. Vincent, who served also as technical director of the picture, was called upon to teach colloquial Chinese to the Chinese. Vincent is especially well-fitted for his job, since he speaks all the languages of Asia and the East Indies, including Cantonese and Mandarin Chinese, Japanese, Malayan, Burmese, Javanese, Cambodian, Hindustani and Siamese. There are suggestions of all these in the every-day vocabulary of Straits plantation workers.

■ Boris Morros, the language-mangling Russian emigre who turned from music to movie production, was discussing an invitation list for the Adolph Zukor silver anniversary party.

"The leest is goink like dis," Mr. Morros related to Zukor. "De gasts includink first me, den you, den Fills."

"What Fills you mean?" Zukor inquired. "You mean Fills Baker?"

"Not dat accordion player," Morros corrected. "I'm minning W. C. Fills."

■ The fan mail department at Republic Pictures is in a slight state of befuddlement over the following letter postmarked Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"Glad to hear about the success of my granddaughter Edith in your music picture and wish further particulars. We heard through Mr. Monte that the picture is so good that they are going to make copies of it and send a copy to Brooklyn. Please advise." The letter was not signed!

■ Director "Lucky" Humberstone made a perfect choice in picking Alan Mowbray as the absent-minded professor in *Touchdown.*

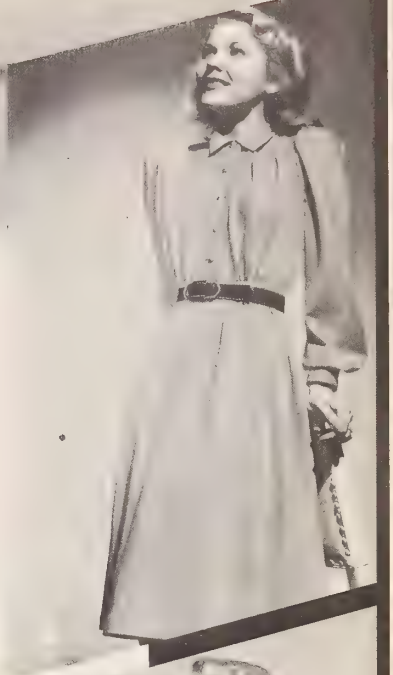
In his spare moments Mowbray operates a pork pie factory and restaurant with which it is almost impossible for him to maintain contact. When he wants to recommend the place he has to call his home to find the name of the place and then telephone the restaurant to find out the address and how to get there.

■ The newest "boy wonder" around Hollywood owes much of his celebrity to the fact that he is *not* Robert Emmet Sherwood, the playwright. Robert ("The Wrong") Sherwood is his name and he is setting up shop as a producer at Columbia, with *Legacy* his first picture.

Robert the Wrong is only six feet three, three inches shorter than Robert E. And if there is any doubt about which Sherwood you're talking to, ask your *vis-a-vis* to play an oboe. Robert the Wrong was an oboe boy with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Robert E. can't play a note on the darned thing.

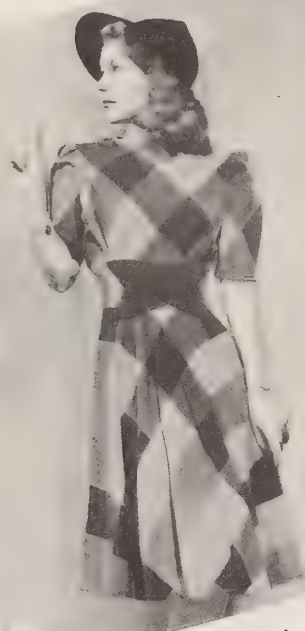
STARRED *fashions for fall*





Pert Grace McDonald, shopping in New York after making *Dancing on a Dime* for Paramount Pictures, selected a wardrobe of casual frocks that can go anywhere, do anything, at almost any time. All these clothes can be bought in your local stores for little money. For further information on colors and materials, and "where-to-buy", write Candida, Dep't E, 1501 Broadway, New York City, stating which styles interest you.







A—Grace looks fresh as a daisy (you can too) in a Freshy Sportswear dress of soft wool jersey with drawstring belt to give modified dirndl effect. Jersey is important this fall, so are the cuff-linked long tailored sleeves and metal "studs", so note this for office, school and around-the-house wear. Available in Perc Westmore selected colors, in sizes 10-20, about $8.

B—She learns her lines—and so you — in an Ombre-striped Meadowlane Frock of Spicella fabric (Crown Tested Rayon and Teca yarns). Built on a shoulder yoke, it features new-looking collarless neckline, double rows of tortoise-shell buttons, and patch pockets. In three shades of green, brown or wine, sizes 11 to 17, about $4.

C—Checked for fall—Grace's jumbo plaid designed by Kitty Fisher. It has high cowl neck and buttons down the back, comes in multi-shades of blue, combinations of rose, brown and green, and blue, mauve and green, is good for office or school. Sizes 9-15, about $4. With it, she wears a Byron bonnet, in green,, with snap brim and short "streamers,, about $5.

D—Off to a football game? Dropping in at the Dive for a coke and a rhumba afterwards? Wear Grace's Kitty Fisher "Yes-No" dress in Rocky Green Velveteen, with smart slim skirt and simulated shoulder pockets. It has matching belt, Peter Pan collar and Talon fastened placket. Also in Wine, Royal and Black, sizes 11 to 17, under $8.

E—She's in the velvet, in her University Entertainer. Of Velva-Ray Heather Jersey, it has suede belt and flower, cowl neck, three-quarter sleeves, insert pockets and the new front fullness. In rose, with wine belt, flower and velvet polka dots, blue with navy, natural with brown, grey with black. It has Talon back fastener, comes in sizes 9-17, and 10-18, and costs about $8.

Send coupon for name of nearest store...

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Paste this coupon on a penny postcard (E)



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"LUPINO"
IT'S A HOLLYWOOD RAGE. HOW
DO YOU LIKE IT? See Page 26

BE AN AMERICAN

Salute TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA



"Buddy" Brown, Gloria Jean and "Butch" Lenhart, appearing in Universal Pictures

FROM cover to cover and coast to coast, America's boys and girls—and their parents, too—are reading WHIZ COMICS, the comics magazine that has everything: Clean, wholesome adventure stories illustrated in exciting, full-color drawings and told in giant type that's easy to read.

IN gratitude for the ever-growing popularity of WHIZ COMICS—here's a salute from CAPTAIN MARVEL, World's Mightiest Man; GOLDEN ARROW, Robin Hood of the West; LANCE O'CASEY, Sailor of Fortune; SPY SMASHER, Relentless Foe of Enemy Agents; DAN DARE, World's Cleverest Detective; DR. VOODOO, White Ruler of the Jungle, and IBIS THE INVINCIBLE, World's Greatest Magician—ALL WHIZ STARS.

IF you want to make a hit with the family, take home a copy of WHIZ COMICS tonight. You'll give the folks a million dollars' worth of clean, thrilling entertainment for only a dime.



10c

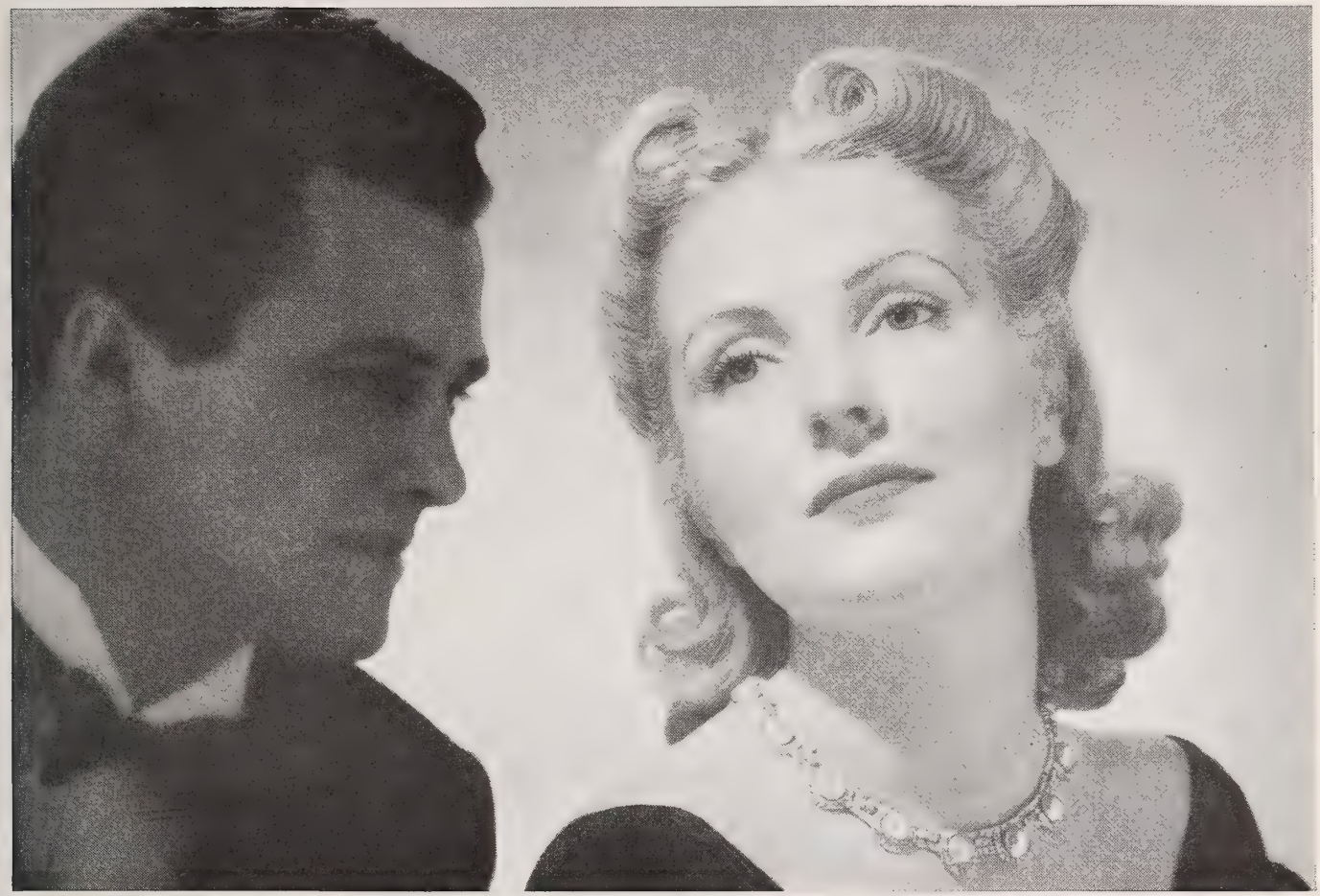
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

WHIZ COMICS

HIS EYES SIGNALLED:

"You're the Song in My Heart!"

UNTIL. ALAS. SHE SMILED!



Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: *"You're beautiful,"* they said, *"beautiful"!*

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile . . . with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*make a date to see your dentist.*



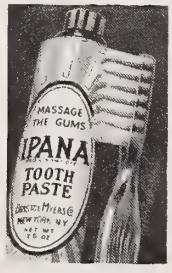


And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. "Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . . and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

OCT 12 1940 ©CIB 471427

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

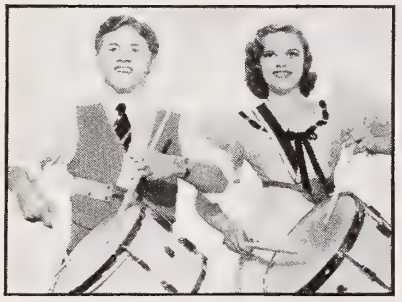
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Although we've never had our face lifted, we do know what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

★ ★ ★ ★

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.



That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

★ ★ ★ ★

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

★ ★ ★ ★

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never palls.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear *you*. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

★ ★ ★ ★

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town."

★ ★ ★ ★

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder we're singing —*Leo*



Advertisement *for*
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Hollywood

NOVEMBER, 1940 Vol. 29 No. 11

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President
LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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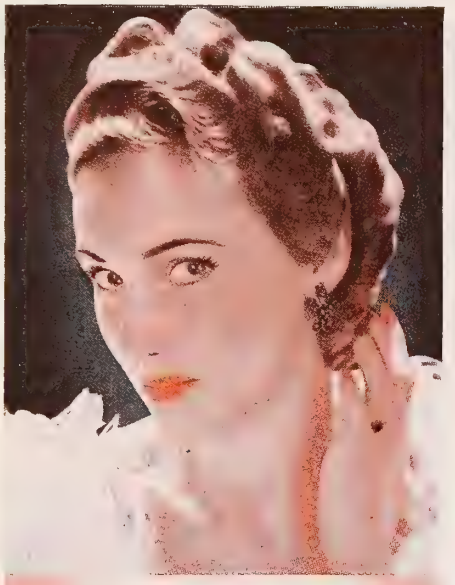
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HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc— Eliott Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Managing Editor; Al Allard, Art Director; E. J. Smithson, Western Manager. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 50 cents a year in United States and possessions; Canadian subscriptions not accepted; foreign subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Single issue five cents. Advertising forms close on the 18th of third month preceding date of issue. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Bldg. Editorial offices, 1501 Broadway, New York City; Hollywood offices, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.


ESCAPE
starring
NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR
with
CONRAD VEIDT · NAZIMOVA
FELIX BRESSART · ALBERT BASSERMAN
PHILIP DORN · BONITA GRANVILLE
A MERVYN LeROY Production
Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts
Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance
Directed by MERVYN LeROY
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
The exciting, romantic novel is even more exciting on the screen!
ESCAPE
ETHEL VANCE



HAIR
that invites
ADMIRING GLANCES

★ *Has* anyone ever said this to *you*, "I hope you won't think I am too personal, but would you mind telling me how you get that beautiful luster in your hair?" . . . . Such an experience is quite common to many women who use Nestle Colorinse, for this magic-like rinse, created by Nestle . . originators of Permanent Waving . . adds beautiful, sparkling highlights to your hair . . helps to make it gloriously feminine . . . . Enjoy the bewitching, breath-taking attraction that Colorinse imparts. From the Nestle color chart at beauty counters you can pick a color to enrich the natural color of your hair . . . . Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Colorinse is easily removed with shampooing. Banish that dull, drab look . . . . glorify your hair with Nestle Colorinse.

10c for package of 2 rinses at 5 and 10c stores.



25c for 5 rinses at drug and department stores.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Bob Hope, enjoying one of his rare layoffs, spent a couple of hours of his new-found freedom playing a practice round on the golf course.

Bubbling over with youthful well-being and a sense of great contentment, he sang merrily from tee to green, not particularly caring about the quality of his shots.

Along about the seventh hole, swinging an iron in rhythm with his song, he spied a lazy snake on the edge of the fairway, lapping up a bit of California sunshine and with no enmity for any living thing.

"Hello, old gopher snake," Bob greeted, making a lazy feint with his club. "How's tricks with you?"

Blithely he continued on his way. A couple of holes later, while setting up his ball on the tee, a fact hit him between the eyes like a sledge hammer.

"That snake had diamonds on its back!" he said aloud to himself, belatedly realizing that he had been fraternizing with a rattler.

Then he went home and quietly had a small nervous breakdown that practically ruined his vacation.

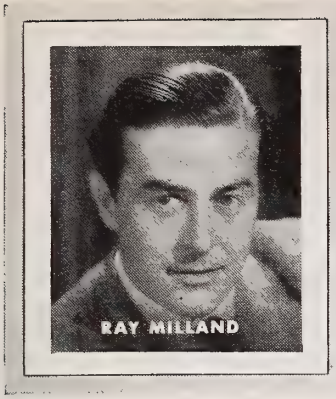
■ The members of the very swanky Lakeside Country Club will thank Marlene Dietrich to leave her bums outside in future.

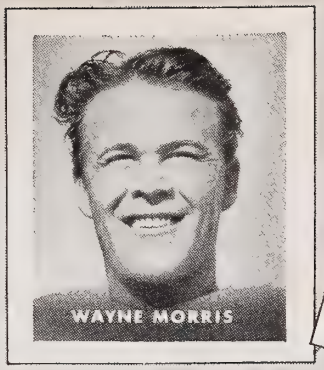
Miss Dietrich arrived for luncheon at the spic-and-span clubhouse in her motor car half a block long and glittering like a Tiffany window. Out of this magnificent equipage stepped two of the most disgraceful looking tramps that ever alighted from the rods of a slow freight on the Erie Railroad.

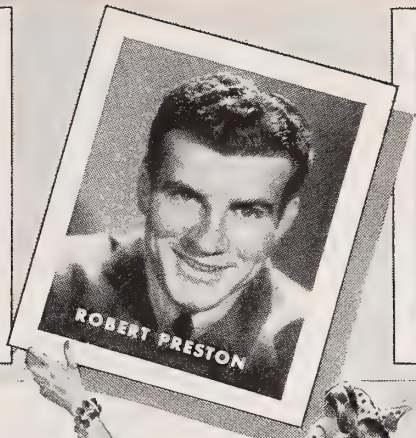
Humphrey Bogart, jealous of the good name of the club, and representing the

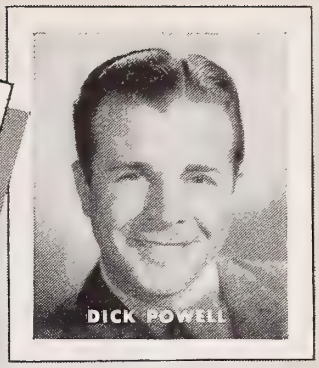


Embarrassed, reluctant, apologetic, the little man who is mistaken for *The Great Dictator* is pained at having to give the salute. This picture, more than any other from Charlie Chaplin's new film reveals the brilliance of the little star's pantomime









Lucky Girl... 4 big Paramount DATES!



Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, "**THE QUARTERBACK**", featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, "**MOON OVER BURMA**", with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in "**CHRISTMAS IN JULY**", with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, "**ARISE MY LOVE**", directed by Mitchell Leisen...Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.



. . .with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!

sentiments of forty or fifty loungers on the veranda, stepped forward to demand credentials of the hoboes.

As he approached within challenging distance he recognized them as Mischa Auer and Broderick Crawford, who, with Miss Dietrich, form a trio of the sinners in the film *Seven Sinners*. They had not bothered to get out of their costumes and make-up, while Miss Dietrich looked like the prize-winning mannequin at a French race track fashion show.

Marlene got the bawling out for the breach of country club manners, although she was only a guest. Auer and Crawford are members of Lakeside.

■ Director Arthur Lubin, combing the art galleries of Los Angeles for a copy of the Venus de Milo, was asked by the casting office why he didn't use a living Venus, of whom there are 36,502 examples in Hollywood.

"Two reasons," Lubin replied. "First she's gotta have no arms and second she's gotta be eight feet tall."

■ Ray Milland claims the record for the shortest seagoing career on record. He and Mrs. Milland set out for a holiday trip on their new forty-foot sloop. First night out flapping sails kept them awake until dawn. The next day they were sunburned within a millimetre of their lives and the second day they were seasick.

For Sale: One sloop. Apply to Ray Milland, landlubber from now on.

■ Apparently mistaking a casting note emanating from Hollywood as an official designation, the Nazi Propaganda Ministry in Berlin has made up its mind that Lloyd Nolan, who played the part of an American news correspondent in *The Man I Married,* is actually that in real life. And they cling to the idea with all the fury of enraged terriers.

In one week the actor received six batches of publicity releases, official pictures, and even mats for making newspaper engravings; a thesis pinning war guilt on Britain and "back home" stories from Germany intended to demonstrate that the populace is contented and happy.

The address is simply "Lloyd Nolan, Hollywood, U. S. A." and the sender is D. N. B. (Deutsches Nachricht Buro—German News Agency).

■ Bill Gargan, setting out on a New York vacation after a location trip on *They Knew What They Wanted,* carries along with him a curio to show his policemen friends in Brooklyn.

It is a speeding ticket issued to him for driving twenty-five miles an hour in a forty-mile-an-hour zone.

Driving one afternoon on the outskirts of Napa, in the vineyard country, Bill was stopped at a crossroad by a motorcycle cop who began immediately to write out a ticket.

"What's the idea?" the actor demanded. "You have no way to check my speed, and even if you had, I was just dawdling along at twenty-five. The law gives me forty."

The cop's reply had nothing to do with legality, but dealt rather with the realities of local economics.

Gargan's car, it developed, was spreading dust among the grapevines, an unpardonable sin in the Napa Valley, since dust damages the vines as well as the fruit. The vines take thirty years to come to full maturity and are worth more than $10,000 an acre. Bill had spread particles of road dust over several hundred acres before he was stopped.

Considerably chastened, he paid a five-dollar fine, and for his sportsmanship received a case of Napa's best claret.

■ On the set of *Four Mothers* Director William Keighley was selecting "village types" from seventy extra players summoned from Central Casting.

Passing down the line, Keighley paused before one man whose face arrested him.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked.

"You used him in *No Time for Comedy,*" an alert assistant director volunteered.

"But before that . . ." Keighley mused.

"'Way before that," the hopeful extra supplied. "I directed you in your first Broadway appearance. My name is Allan Bennett. The play was *Officer 666.*"

Thus Allan Bennett, once famous on Broadway and a pioneer in New York's Greenwich Village with the struggling young playwright Eugene O'Neill in the Provincetown Players, became a 1940 "village type."

■ In *The Hit Parade* at Republic studio there is a comedy automobile crash involving Hugh Herbert and Mary Boland.



It's *No Time for Comedy* with Rosalind Russell and James Stewart taking the title of the new film very literally

When the wreckage has been cleared away, Herbert, who was to blame for the accident, remarks to the others:

"Now, let's have no damage suits. That's a very unfriendly thing to do—sue your neighbor for something that was an act of God."

A couple of months ago Herbert sued for and collected $15,000 for damages inflicted by a truck owned by Consolidated Film Laboratories, which is part owner of the Republic studio. The lines in the script were intended as a personal gag on Herbert, who read them like a little soldier.

■ Neighbors of Mary Astor and Ken Murray are wondering if it wouldn't be more profitable for them to merge their households and save the expense of running two establishments.

Mary has a gardener who has been with her for four years. When Ken moved in next door, she persuaded him to hire the man. Taking care of the two places took up his entire time, so he gave up his other customers.

Ken put in a swimming pool. Mary has none. So the entire Del Campo family has the use of Ken's pool.

Mary has a motion picture camera but no projection machine. So all the home movies photographed on the adjoining haciendas are run off on Ken's machine.

Last week Ken began giving Mary's youngest—one-year-old Tono—swimming lessons.

Their bank accounts are still in separate names.

■ History ran amuck in Burbank when Abraham Lincoln shot John Brown.

The gunman and the victim were the same person—actor Raymond Massey.

Massey, who looks like Abraham Lincoln in real life and who made stage history in Robert E. Sherwood's Lincoln play, appears as John Brown in *Santa Fe Trail.*

During a frontier gun battle between Brown's men and a detachment of U. S. Cavalry led by Errol Flynn, Massey shot himself in the right leg with a blank cartridge as he yanked his pistol from its holster.

The wound from the blank was not serious, but U. S. history will never recover from the indignity.

■ Leave it to Orson Welles to pull unorthodox stunts in all departments of his long-delayed first movie, which turns out to be the tale of a newspaper publisher titled *Citizen Kane.*

At the outset, he tested seven or eight people in strong dramatic bits. When they inquired about the success of their sample performances, Welles informed them the tests would be incorporated in the finished film and he would require their services no further.

■ Another typical Welles gesture is the casting of a Minsky burlesque comic in one of the key roles of the drama. Gus Schilling is the burlesquer, a partly-reformed slapstick comic who appeared earlier with Welles in his Broadway Shakespeare productions.

HEY! Look Who's Here!



They're back again—Tugboat Annie and Capt. Bullwinkle—the most lovable characters who ever appeared in Saturday Evening Post fiction—coming to life on the screen just as you've pictured them — in the happiest hit of any year!

Tugboat Annie Sails Again



Based on the Saturday Evening Post stories by NORMAN REILLY RAINE

with

MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

...new fashion color



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PRESENTS
RUBY RED
...new matched make up

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's new sensational lipstick . . . for "Ruby Red" is a rich, ripe red . . . the season's liveliest, most flattering color. Blends brilliantly with all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on stubbornly for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lipstick today, with matching Rouge and Face Powder, and know the superb flattery of a complete Irresistible make-up.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10¢
AT ALL
5 & 10 CENT
STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

The *Citizen Kane* role requires Schilling to do a lot of incoherent mumbling to the leading lady, Dorothy Comingore. This recalls an amusing incident in Gus' Broadway career.

While appearing in Orson's production of the Shakespearean *Five Kings*, he was forced one night to substitute for a narrator who was supposed to knit the threads of the plot together between curtains.

Schilling's knowledge of Shakespeare was confined to his own part and there was a ten-minute pause to fill. So with extreme gravity, and elaborate gestures, he spouted double-talk for ten minutes, not one word of it comprehensible to anybody alive.

Nobody objected.

■ Dorothy Lamour, in private life the gentlest creature this side of a nunnery, faces a fresh set of perils in *Moon Over Burma*. Typhoons, leopards, gorillas and beasts in human form have beset her in thirteen pictures. Her forthcoming lalapalooza will show her pitted against a logjam, a cobra and two elephants, as well as that most fearsome of all menaces, Love.

■ Skeletons did a rumba in Jimmy Gleason's dressing room closet at Warners' when a fellow-member of the cast of *Meet John Doe*, upon being introduced to him, accused:

"James Gleason, indeed! I knew him when his name was John G. Dubblezit."

"I'm ruined," Gleason exclaimed. "My past has caught up with me."

In the old vaudeville days, when Jimmy was appearing in a tabloid show with his father, he was often called upon to play several roles in one playlet, owing to a chronic shortage of actors and salaries therefor.

On his first appearance in each drama, Jimmy would be billed by his proper name. The second time he would be either George Splevin, the classic name of stage doubles, or John G. Dubblezit. On the third appearance, he would appear under the tricky title of Joseph R. Tripler.

The man who exposed Jimmy's triple life was Aldridge Bowker, character actor.

■ The movie business consists of more than merely making pictures, picking up the money from box offices and making more pictures.

Stanton Griffis, head of Paramount, points this out in a report of his company's financial position.

"We used to take a million a year out of Spain," he confides. "Now we don't even send pictures in. But we're still circulating the old ones and have kept the staff intact, paid them out of local profits and have more than doubled our bank balance.

"We've had to invest the money too, from time to time, so as not to have too much in any bank or banks in case of a blowup. So if any of your friends want to buy a few thousand pesetas or an apartment house in Madrid, come to Paramount. We have plenty of both. In addition we also offer for sale, in the country of origin, a choice assortment of Japanese yen, German marks and all other currencies from kopeks to Hungarian leis."

Not only abroad but in company-operated theatres has Paramount learned the value of extracting the ultimate ounce of revenue from its holdings, in the man-

[*Continued on page* 50]



A rousing tale of the colorful days of early California brings together Basil Rathbone, J. Edward Bromberg, Gale Sondergaard and Tyrone Power in *The Californian*. Linda Darnell, who just has finished playing opposite Power in *Brigham Young*, again supplies love interest as one of the pioneer Mormon congregation



Here Is the story of a girl whose passion betrayed her on the eve of the only happiness she had ever known, and of a man who must abandon pride and dreams and honor to hold the one love of his life . . . Here is romance that is unforgettable, played to the hilt of heartbreak in the brilliant climax of two famous screen careers . . . Here is *1940's Greatest Drama*

CAROLE LOMBARD
CHARLES LAUGHTON

"They Knew What They Wanted"

With WILLIAM GARGAN • HARRY CAREY • FRANK FAY

Directed by Garson Kanin

Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • RKO RADIO PICTURE • Produced by Erich Pommer

Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • From the Pulitzer Prize Play by Sidney Howard

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A band pantie which blends its lines with yours. Its silky smooth texture defies all chafing. Celanese rayon. 59c



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Newest sister OVER the skin, eliminates a lightweight girdle. Rayon-and-Laton*. 59c



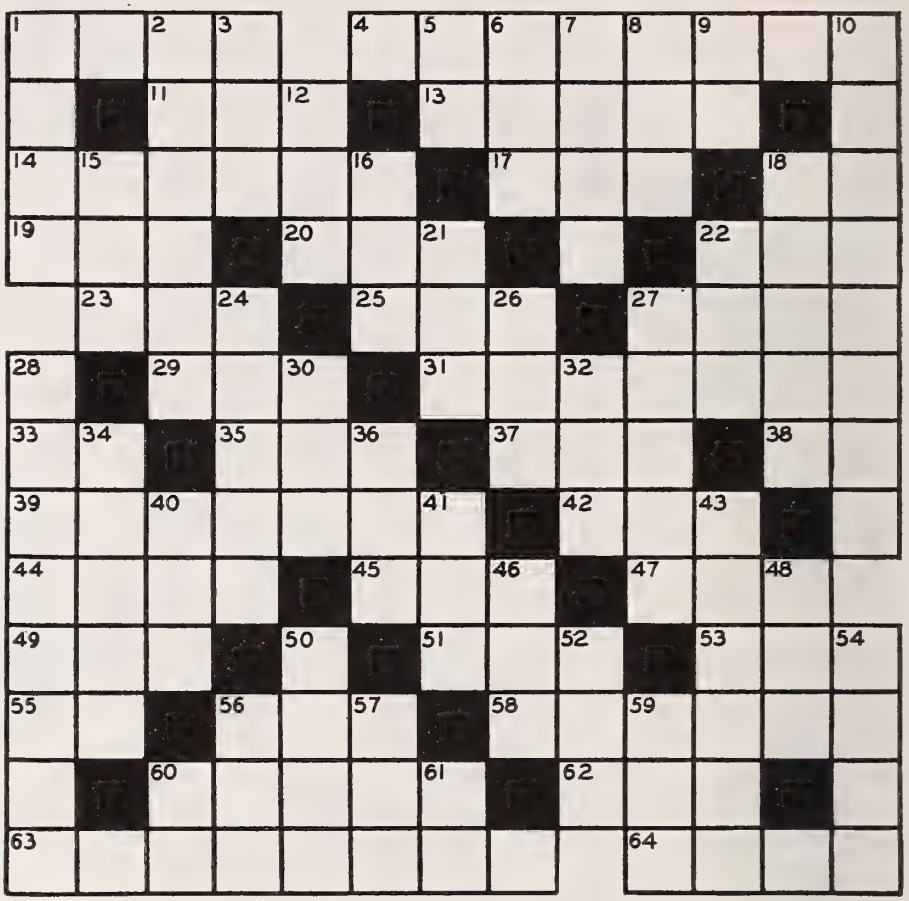
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EMPIRE STATE BUILDING · NEW YORK
MILLS, SAYRE, PA.

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. First name of Miss Maxwell.
4. M-G-M star.
11. What sad films make one do.
13. *Sporting* ———.
14. Motion pictures are projected on this.
17. Heroine of *I Love You Again.*
18. Nita Naldi's initials.
19. *On Your* ——— (sing.).
20. To portray grief in a talkie.
22. *Island of Doomed* ———.
23. *I* ——— *an Adventuress.*
25. Kind of dance in which Bill Robinson excels.
27. Miss Gilpin in *Gold Rush Maisie.*
29. Sound made by certain animals in westerns.
31. You'll see her in *Brigham Young.*
33. *For Love* ——— *Money.*
35. Miss Latham in *The Sea Hawk.*
37. Argandeau in *Captain Caution.*
38. Ruby Keeler's ex.
39. A star of *Untamed.*
42. *The Under* ———.
44. Her last name is Arden (poss.).
45. Daisy is one in Blondie series.
47. Date in December on which Dorothy Lamour celebrates birth.
49. She had feminine lead in *Coast Guard.*
51. Sonja Henie's native land (abbr.).
53. Wayman in *Dr. Kildare's Strange Case.*
55. Initials of Miss Rich.
56. What the comedy furnishes.
58. Any of quintuplet stars.
60. 45 Across is fond of these.
62. *Grand* ——— *Opry.*
63. A star of *They Drive by Night.*
64. Gene Krupa plays it.

DOWN

1. ——— *Side Kids.*
2. To portray fright in sound films.
3. *We Who* ——— *Young.*
5. Initials of Mr. Barthelmess.
6. ——— *This, and Heaven Too.*
7. Lady Lucas in *Pride and Prejudice.*
8. Eddie MacIntyre in *Scatterbrain.*
9. Initials of Owen Davis.
10. Miss Stevens in *Scatterbrain.*
12. What heroine answers when hero proposes.
15. Girl friend of Disney's Ferdinand.
16. *You're* ——— *So Tough.*
18. Kay's mother in *I Love You Again.*
21. Descriptive of characters portrayed by Humphrey Bogart.
22. Middle name of Marcia Jones.
24. *Men Without* ———.
26. What Burnette is to Autry (slang).
27. Porky's nose.
28. The Three Stooges appear in these.
30. Belle Watling in *Gone With the Wind.*
32. Gene Autry works at this studio (abbr.).
34. *Rhythm on the* ———.
36. *The Ranger* ——— *the Lady.*
40. Judy in *Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot.*
41. Alice Faye's screen husband in *Lillian Russell.*
43. He portrays twin servants in *Boys From Syracuse.*
46. *Susan and* ———.
48. Mary in *Sandy Is a Lady.*
50. He is starred in character roles.
52. *Rhythm on the* ——— *Grande.*
54. *Twenty Mule* ———.
56. *He Stayed* ——— *Breakfast.*
57. His surname is Sparks.
59. *In* ——— *Missouri.*
60. *Dust* ——— *My Destiny.*
61. Initials of Stanley Andrews.

(Solution on page 52)

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WITH LUX SOAP!



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FOR 30 DAYS give your skin this gentle ACTIVE-lather care. If you've seen little blemishes—enlarged pores, now is the time to begin. Use cosmetics all you like, but remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap. You'll find this care helps you keep skin *smooth*—lovely to look at, soft to touch.

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☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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THE SHOW GOES ON

By THE EDITOR

■ Even if you are a leading man in the movies at seventeen, life is not without its darker moments. Even if you are a great success in your chosen profession before you can vote, that success is not won without self-denial. Fame drives a bitter bargain, and Joe Brown, Jr., knows it.

Young Joe is already a big fellow with the wide shoulders that carry pads easily, and the long legs that should be wearing shin guards at this time of year. But there isn't a chance. The studio won't let him play football. The studio has the idea that Jane Withers' leading man should remain in one piece, and it likes to have him appear for work without noticeable swellings, abrasions, contusions or fractures. So young Joe has to content himself with track, and the no less strenuous form of athletic enterprise known as jitter-bug dancing, he explained over luncheon during his vacation in New York a few weeks ago.

We were very much pleased to meet young Joe for three separate good reasons. In the first place, Mrs. Withers and Jane have long been in the inner circle of HOLLYWOOD Magazine's favorite people, and we wanted to be sure that Jane's leading man was as nice off the screen as he appears on it. He is. In the second place, we wanted to see if those freckles were real. They are. In the third place, we wanted to ask him if his name was still causing as much confusion as when he first went to Hollywood.

Young Joe admitted that the confusion is still a problem, and somewhat gloomily pointed out that the future promised even more.

Young Joe started on the stage when he was six, but he was never confused with Joe E. Brown, because, by the time he was getting really important roles in the East, the comedian was under contract in Hollywood. The trouble started eighteen months ago when he was taken to Hollywood. By the time his first picture was released, and his fan mail started coming in, he had received quite a number of letters intended for Joe E. Brown, for the comedian's son, Joe E. Brown, Jr., and for Harry Joe Brown, the producer. There had been some talk of changing his name, but by the time everyone realized that it would have been a good idea, it was too late. The boy had made himself widely known for good performances under his own name, and so the postman will have to continue the struggle.

What is apt to make the matter much worse, as time goes on, is the fact that young Joe has an eleven-year-old brother, Donald, who has played in eight Broadway shows, and who is going into films this year. Joe E. Brown's second son is named Donald! And there is a possibility that young Joe's father, Joe Brown, Sr., may give in to his family's persuasions, and move to Hollywood! The whole clan of Browns is in for progressive difficulties.

Young Joe comes by his acting talents from both sides of his family. His mother, Helen MacDonald Brown, was a dancer before her marriage. His father was a stage manager and now is in the carpenter department at Radio City Music Hall.

Young Joe and his mother drive across the country whenever they have time between pictures, with Joe doing the driving. Next to football and jitter-bug dancing, he



Joe Brown, Jr., again plays leading man for Jane Withers in *Youth Will Be Served*. This is the tale of life in a CCC camp which was finished last summer, but which will not be shown until after the election because of its strong political implications

likes to drive, and runs up impressive mileage every month, even when he is in Hollywood.

Maybe it is his way of showing gratitude to the motor fuel industry, because, if it hadn't been for that Ethyl Gasoline advertisement, he might not be in Hollywood now.

Two years ago, young Joe posed for a series of advertisements in which he represented the typical American boy. A studio executive saw that red hair, those freckles, that mouth full of teeth, and as quickly as a wire could be sent a screen test was ordered.

So now we know one more sure way of getting a Hollywood contract.

■ The Henry Fondas' car had a flat tire because someone had carelessly left nails all over the garage floor. On the same day, Mr. Henry Fonda's best tennis pants were ruined because someone had carelessly left some modellers' clay in a chair in the living room. And the living room rug was spoiled because, also on that same day, someone had carelessly left a can of paint in just the proper spot to be spilled. Mr. Henry Fonda did not care for any of these things, but Mr. Henry Fonda could not very well lose his temper, because he was the one who had carelessly set the stage for all three accidents. And that is why Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda decided to do something about having a place for Henry, and Henry in his place. You will find a fine story about the Fondas' home life in next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

■ The picture is called *Love Thy Neighbor*, but the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud goes along at increasing heat while they are working together in Hollywood. The whole thing picked up intensity when Fred Allen began to take boxing lessons shortly after the film started, and explained gloomily, "I'll put up a tough battle, but Jack has the advantage. I'm two-fisted, but he's two-faced."

This happened after Jack Benny had accused Fred Allen of being so afraid of pain that he insisted on having a local anesthetic every time he had a manicure.

For a detailed, round by round, insult by insult report on the feud of the year, see the December issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

■ Mr. Deeds went to town, Mr. Smith went to Washington, and now Gary Cooper, again under the direction of Frank Capra, is hard at work on another hero who takes another jaunt. Mr. Doe, however, goes broke and then he goes on the bum, but the story promises to have the same whimsical charm, the same sturdy philosophy that has made Capra's other films so appealing to enormous audiences. The new picture tells the story of a baseball player who burns out his arm, loses his job, his fame and eventually his identity. Barbara Stanwyck is in it. So is Walter Brennan. Rod La Rocque, who has been off the screen for quite a few years returns for the part of an assistant villain to Edward Arnold. Watch for it in next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"



Life's more fun . . . success is surer . . . for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

WHY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls *could* have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That's why *every* girl should use Mum *each* day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart *enough!* It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire . . . that a bath, while it's grand for *past* perspiration, can't *prevent risk of odor to come!*

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh —not by stopping the *perspiration*—but by neutralizing the *odor.* Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be sure *you're* safe from underarm odor. Use Mum *every* day!

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM





For Sanitary Napkins— *Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this important way.*

MUM

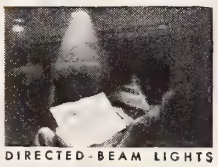
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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA—*Columbia*

■ It is quite likely that a great many people will leave the theatre talking, not about the magnificent backgrounds in this film, the enormous and excellent cast, or the stirring story itself until they first have discussed at some length the performance of Cary Grant. We are so accustomed of seeing Mr. Grant amble amiably through modern comedies in the agreeable manner that has made him famous, that his different, very definite and interesting characterization becomes the outstanding conversational topic supplied by the film.

Many of us have a rather vague and romantic mental picture of Revolutionary times. It is composed of Patrick Henry in a velvet coat shouting "Give me liberty or give me death," of Washington standing up in a boat, of Jefferson speaking sedition in very handsome surroundings, of extremely well-tailored British Redcoats, of beautiful graceful ladies in ruffles and furbelows and curls dancing sedate measures under the glow of a thousand candles. Most of us forget that the wealthy and the cultured were in a minority then, as today. Most of us forget that the war was won by impoverished backwoods settlers who were rich on one thing only . . . the unshakeable determination to keep this land safe for free men.

Cary Grant plays Matt, honest, hot-tempered, uncouth and splendid backwoodsman whose pioneer courage never fails him. His father was killed fighting the French and Indians in Kentucky, and young Matt had to teach himself to be a surveyor at home after he had finished the thousand and one jobs demanded by a tiny tax-ridden holding. His few acres of the red Virginia soil provided hardly more than a bare living, and that he had to tear from the fields, himself. His mother had to work in the tobacco rows beside him to keep the King's tax-collector satisfied. He had no thought of rebellion. All of his thoughts were directed to the West, which still offered vast domains of free lands.

But all that was changed on the night he stopped by the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg to say good-bye to his friend, young Tom Jefferson (Richard Carlson). Young Jefferson made him bathe, gave him some proper clothes, burned his deerskins, introduced him to the aristocracy of Williamsburg, and got him a job surveying the great plantation of the Peytons.

That ended young Matt's idea of finding his fortune in the West. He determined to stay, and build a plantation worthy of Jane Peyton (Martha Scott). To the aristocratic Peytons, this was almost an incredible presumption, but so fantastic that it was more funny than insulting. The joke became a rather grim one, even in part to Matt, when Jane astounded her entire wealthy world by accepting him.

She could not accept all of his ideas, however, and in the conflict between these two who loved each other is shown with dramatic clarity the divisions of American opinion during Revolutionary times.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays the older Peyton brother who fights the new era in the Colonies to the bitter end of his life, and so well does he play the part that more than once, audiences find themselves in sympathy with his reluctance to admit the rough Matt to his family, to tolerate the encroachment of the new American dream.

For the first part of the film, Cary Grant uses a clod-hopper walk and a markedly rough accent that makes his portrait of Matt unforgettable and quite different from anything this actor has done before, and, even as Matt assisted in the liberation of the Colonies, so the part of Matt will assist in the liberation of Grant for more varied acting opportunities. He has proved that he can handle them.

Martha Scott becomes an extremely important film personality with her engaging performance of the gallant girl who kept her standards as well as her love untarnished. The rest of the enormous cast is uniformly fine.

Under direction of Frank Lloyd, the company spent several weeks in Virginia, filming the backgrounds that help to make this film extraordinary. At the expenditure of some twenty million dollars, The Rockefeller Foundation has restored Williamsburg, and made the modern town a replica of King George's Williamsburg. Such places as the Raleigh Tavern and the Governor's Palace where the Burgesses assembled, and the whole main street itself, are just as they were when Washington was elected our first President, when Jefferson was formulating a new theory of government. Action is so absorbing throughout the film that there is little time to pay close attention to the backgrounds, but the film is well worth a second seeing for the charm and the authenticity of each tiny detail of the settings.

RHYTHM ON THE RIVER—*Paramount*

■ Frog-faced Oscar Levant already is widely known as the nation's darling because of his mental and musical capers on the *Information, Please* broadcast. Now he is making a bid, and a very good one, too, for the adoration of film fans by playing quite a large part in the new Bing Crosby picture.

Levant, looking rather suspicious and belligerent most of the time, gives a quite convincing performance of Oscar Levant as we like to think of him. He has an amusing part to work with, playing the business manager for a composer (Basil Rathbone) who has made a great reputation on other men's work. Bing Crosby plays the man who writes the composer's music and who is perfectly satisfied with a small, regular salary for his efforts until

Mary Martin comes into his life. Mary Martin, it seems, writes the lyrics.

Wingy Manone is in the film with his band, and Crosby sings quite a few songs in his accustomed off-hand manner. Miss Martin also sings, but the film never touches greatness except when Levant is snarling wisecracks in his fascinating Don't-hit-me-I'm-unhealthy manner.

LUCKY PARTNERS—*RKO*

■ Even though everybody knows that the chances of winning on a sweepstakes ticket are a million to one, Jean (Ginger Rogers) had a hunch that she was going to be lucky, especially if she could persuade the complete stranger who wished her "Good luck" to buy it with her. Any girl who has hunches like that is born for trouble, and Jean had plenty of it by the time she convinced David (Ronald Colman) that he should join her in the investment.

David drove a hard bargain. He agreed to buy half of the ticket, but only on condition that Jean would help him spend his winnings, if there were any, on a magnificent tour of America.

Jean's fiance (Jack Carson) felt bitter to the point of inviting David out to the alley about all this, until David pointed out the absurdity of beating up a man who was so whimsical as to take a million to one chance.

What happens when the lucky partners do win, when David insists upon his trip, and when Jean's fiance quite understandably has an impulse to follow them is gay and lightly handled comedy.

HIRED WIFE—*Universal*

■ This is the story about the girl who married as a business proposition, but convinced the man that he had loved her all the time, and very good it still is, too.

Rosalind Russell plays the disillusioned, practical and devoted secretary to Brian Aherne who trusts her with his bank account, but never thinks of handing her any part of his heart. That is reserved for dashing blondes, and most particularly for a photographers' model played by Virginia Bruce, who would far rather have the bank roll. Just for good measure, there is Robert Benchley as an attorney.

The secretary has extreme difficulties in breaking up this attachment which she feels is a real menace to her future. The boss seems determined to put pictures of the model on all of his cement advertisements. This strikes horror to the minds of all concerned, especially since the company is in danger of being squeezed out of business by big corporations. It is this danger that makes it necessary for the boss to have a wife in a hurry so that he may transfer his securities to her credit.

You can easily fill in the rest of the plot, but you will have to go to the theatre if you want to see Benchley snore and speak a language that sounds like pidgeon-Eskimo at the same time.

RANGERS OF FORTUNE—*Paramount*

■ Still another new personality to make the month a memorable one, is Betty Brewer who scolds her way with spirit and a fine natural acting talent through this story of the early West.

Little Miss Brewer is thirteen years old, and was discovered by Director Sam Wood when she was singing on a Hollywood street corner for nickels and dimes to help feed her family. He promptly put her into his picture, and you will see why when you see her performance. Why Mr. Wood made the picture is not so immediately apparent, though it has some moments of fun and drama.

It deals with three rough citizens who conceal hearts of pure marshmallow under their rough manners. It seems that they are out there in the West, smuggling guns and otherwise getting into trouble when they meet a little girl whose father is trying to get out a newspaper that tells the truth. The father dies and the little girl carries on with the aid of a comic printer, but the treacherous hand of a mysterious villain reaches out and stops her before she has a chance to become the Walter Winchell of Red Gap.

Fred MacMurray, Gilbert Roland and Albert Dekker play the three guardian angels. Patricia Morison and Joseph Schildkraut have important roles and there is about the average amount of fighting and gunplay.

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



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At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!



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NO WONDER women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness . . . its more gentle cleansing . . . can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!



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MRS. PHILIP HARDING
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MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

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Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, *soignée* daughters of America's foremost families.

BATHE your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by *mixing* with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

WIPE OFF with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

FLOOD and SLAP a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

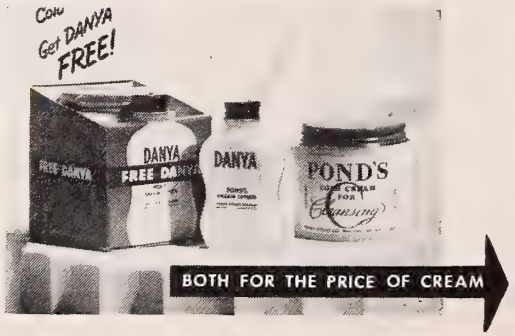
LUXURIATE now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

COAT your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

WOMAN-SKIN

owes its witchery to that tender *look* and *feel*, so different from a man's. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.



GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

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MRS. VINCENT ASTOR....MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)....MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond's ritual... MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music, especially the Musicians' Emergency Fund

Town Clown

Gregory Ratoff, soon to be seen with John Barrymore in *The Great Profile*, keeps the town laughing at his hilarious mistakes in English and at his equally funny film comedies

By ERSKINE JOHNSON





Ratoff in thought



Struggling with inspiration



Dawn of a great idea



The glorified artist

■ It was one of those "tensely dramatic" scenes which pop up with the regularity of options on Hollywood's motion picture sets. The hero was on his deathbed. Beside him the pathetic, tearful heroine dabbed at her eyes with a soggy handkerchief. At her feet, the family dog barked and growled.

Everything was as it should be, said Director Gregory Ratoff, except that the dog was not lending the correct amount of enthusiasm to his acting efforts. Calling in a thick Russian accent to the dog's trainer, Gregory Ratoff said:

"Look, this is how your dog should react to this scene."

Then, getting down on his hands and knees, Gregory Ratoff barked and growled like a dog.

Imitating dogs, a child, a girl who is losing her lover, a drunken man, a heartbroken mother—any part the script suggests—is only one reason why Gregory Ratoff has established himself as Hollywood's town clown.

Thick of body and accent, but plenty supple mentally, Gregory Ratoff is the center of a thousand and one hilarious tales. Because the best actor on the set when Gregory Ratoff is directing a picture is Gregory Ratoff.

"If I were a producer," Tyrone Power once remarked, "I'd buy a story about a contortionist and have Gregory Ratoff direct it. It would be a lot of fun to watch him tie himself into knots and then swear in Russian as he tried to get himself untied again."



"All we're wasting is money"

When telling his players what he wants for a scene, Gregory Ratoff nearly always acts out the part himself with ludicrous results. He is six feet tall and weighs well over two hundred and fifty pounds, and the effect is stunning when he is going through action designed for a hundred-pound actress.

During filming of *Daytime Wife*, Linda Darnell was supposed to throw herself on a bed in despair at the perfidy of her husband. But Ratoff felt she was not giving it a sufficiency of the quality of desperation.

"See," he said, "you must hurl yourself on the bed hard—perhaps as though you were trying to hurt yourself even. Do it like this. Watch me."

Gregory Ratoff suited action to his words and the bed promptly collapsed.

A good many things like this happen because Gregory Ratoff is such an extremely tense individual. Each scene is to him like an orange, from which he attempts to extract every last trace of juice. He shoots for perfection and loses himself in the problem of attaining it.

It's a good thing, his actors agree, that Gregory Ratoff is funny and has a sense of humor. Otherwise, they say, tension on the set would [*Continued on page* 62]

20th CENTURY-FOX HAS MADE THE GREATEST MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!

in TECHNICOLOR!

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY



with
DON AMECHE
BETTY GRABLE
CARMEN MIRANDA
and
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
J. CARROL NAISH • HENRY STEPHENSON • KATHARINE ALDRIDGE • LEONID KINSKEY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck • Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Directed by Irving Cummings • Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg • Story by Rian James and Ralph Spence

Music and Lyrics: "Two Dreams Met", "Down Argentine Way" (Argentina), "Nenita", "Sing To Your Senorita" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Songs Sung by Carmen Miranda: "South American Way", "Bambu", "Mamae Eu Quero", "Touradas Em Madrid"

The irresistible rhythms of Rhumbas and Congas! The glamorous spell of the Argentine! A cast of stars brilliant as the Southern Cross! Show-stopping new personalities! Romance — the South American way! *The spectacular entertainment two continents have been waiting for!*

The New Bogart

Now that he is a star, "Bogie" faces the horrid duty of living up to his new eminence, and living down his past in gangster parts

By MICHAEL MINES



■ Now that he's a star, Humphrey Bogart feels just the same as he always did. He admits to no new sensations, no swelling around the head indicative of delusions of grandeur and no tendency to begin a sentence with "As I said to Jack Warner only this morning. . . ."

In fact, Bogart didn't even know he was a star until a friend told him about the announcement by a columnist that he was to play the star role in *High Sierra,* a role that had been offered to Mr. Paul Muni and that Mr. Paul Muni had offered right back to Warner Brothers. Hollywood wags are betting that the studio will bill the picture as "starring Mr. Humphrey Bogart," but "Bogie," as he is still known to one and all, says that no one who has been identified with gangsters for as long as he has, is suddenly going to be called "Mister."

After his performance with Ann Sheridan in *It All Came True* and later in *They Drive by Night,* there was much talk about giving Bogie more assignments that included a bit of the comic. This is definitely on the calendar, but in the meantime, for his first starring role, he's going right on being a gangster. This time, however, there is a difference: for *High Sierra* gives him an opportunity to carry the characterization further by showing how the man tries *not* to be a gangster and how his fatalism leads him to the conclusion that no matter what happens, he'll get his some day.

Ida Lupino, another new Warner Brothers star, teams with Bogart in *High Sierra,* and everybody confidently expects that some startling results will be forthcoming.

For a man who grumbled about how he didn't want to be a gangster anymore, Bogart did a lot of campaigning on his own behalf for the role. That's because as an actor he recognizes a good thing when he sees it and in *High Sierra* he saw a splendid chance for what every actor loves most in the world: a solid character role. He went around leaving little notes on Jack Warner's desk and at Hal Wallis' office; and dropped casual but pointed remarks to Steve Trilling, the studio casting director, all calculated to boost his own nomination.

Mr. Muni, at the same time, was saying a consistent "NO!" Mr. Muni wanted to go on making pictures with a "message" and he didn't see much of a message in *High Sierra,* so after due negotiation Mr. Muni and the studio terminated their mutual obligations.

But, even with Mr. Muni off the lot, Bogie wasn't too hopeful about his own cause. After leaving his little notes in conspicuous places he would go home and brood.

"I put myself in the position of the studio and I thought, 'Now I'm Warner Brothers, and I'm casting the picture. Suppose Muni turns it down; whom would I pick? Well, there's Cagney. Then if Cagney doesn't take it, there's Raft. Then if Raft doesn't want it, I can always borrow an actor from another studio.' "

So when his friend told him he had definitely been announced for the part, Bogart was doubly surprised and pleased because he had practically convinced himself that he didn't have a chance. He went around beaming and sparkling with joy and for awhile it even looked as though he would hand out cigars. He acted more like a kid who had found a red fire-engine in his Christmas stocking than a man who had been given another gangster assignment.

Bogart says that he never had any real objections to being cast as a gangster so persistently, but that he hankered after the chance to play a really big role. That particular restlessness is common to every actor and in Bogart it belied the oft repeated assertion that he is fundamentally lazy and that his prime ambition in life is just to lie still. In order to justify the [*Continued on page* 44]

Dietrich and Seven Sinners

La belle Marlene once more plays a lady whose outstanding appeal for audiences is lack of the gentler virtues

By
NORD RILEY





Richard Carle plays the rather romantic governor of the island of Bomi-Komba where the fascinating "Bijou" stops for a while

■ Universal's flicker, *Seven Sinners*, has some fetching moments all right. There is one right off that is calculated to make a shambles of human respiration and pulse. In it we see the extremely toothsome Miss Marlene Dietrich, slinking into the cabin of Albert Dekker. Dekker, a ship's doctor, has been examining the crew for East Indian diseases. He is tired and somewhat boiled, being by habit a sombre rumpot in the film.

"Strip to the waist!" he bawls, not bothering to look up to see who it is.

The lady shudders some, but begins to peel off her clothes as directed. For awhile the scene has a nice air of Gypsy Rose Lee at work. Just a button before the Hays office can let out a howl and raise its axe, Miss Dietrich's strip-tease is halted. It is a pretty interesting scene if you remember Miss Dietrich.

There are plenty others in this sultry drama. For instance, we see Miss Dietrich shooting a very classy game of pool and picking up easy dough betting on her shots. Mischa Auer, the pencil-shaped Russian, and Miss Dietrich wriggle La Conga and at other times Miss Dietrich lets go with four songs in her hair-raising voice. Broderick Crawford, playing the part of a muscular party with a temper like a blitzkrieg, disembowels two cafes in his wild wrath. There is a practice "black-out" in which a magician of dubious morals pilfers a populace of its valuables. Besides all these catchy episodes there is a new dame that will knock your eye out, she is that nifty. She is

Left, Miss Dietrich, all gotten up for a quiet tour of the tropics, hears some news about the Seven Sinners' Cafe

Anna Lee, fresh from England, and prettier than a rose with dew on it. And, as if that weren't enough, John Wayne, who fast is becoming female America's favorite adrenalin, is to be seen, gotten up as a naval officer.

Lest you be misled, as many have been, we will put you wise to a little something. The name, *Seven Sinners,* doesn't mean that the picture is about seven miscreants; it merely refers to a cafe of that name on the imaginary island of Bomi-Komba. Writers Tugend, Fodor and Vodnoi, invented Bomi-Komba for their script. Nevertheless, it bears a certain similarity to our island of Guam in the south Pacific. Bomi-Komba is replete with a United States Navy base, brown natives and a tropical mien.

"It is not a good-woman role, thank goodness!" says Miss Dietrich, discussing her part. That "thank goodness!" means more than meets the eye. "Good-woman" roles almost finished Miss Dietrich's career as an actress. She was rescued just in time by Universal's champ producer, Joseph Pasternak, affectionately known as Uncle Joe. He ran a cagey optic over Miss Dietrich's past pictures, discovering that so long as she functioned as a disreputable lady, as she did in *Morocco* and *Blue Angel,* she wowed the gentry, when she went respectable in her roles, gloom settled on the box office. Uncle Joe remedied all that by casting her as Frenchy in *Destry Rides Again.*

"This part is a little like Frenchy," Miss Dietrich explains, which means *Seven Sinners* has been cooked up according to Uncle Joe's favorite recipe for his blond gold mine.

As Bijou Blanche, Miss Dietrich plays a pretty tainted tomato. She seems to have a good heart, but she is all the time being deported from a series of islands in the East Indies group. Bijou is low and lovable—too lovable for insular tranquillity. The flicker starts out with Miss Dietrich being deported by the Dutch authorities. Being given the bum's rush at the same time is a magician with a flair for kleptomania, named Sasha (Mischa Auer), and a stalwart American ex-gob named Little Ned (Broderick Crawford). On board the *S. S. Malacca,* Bijou meets Dr. Martin (Albert Dekker), who proposes marriage, and Dorothy Henderson (Anna Lee), who snubs her. Dorothy's father is the governor of Bomi-Komba, the American island on which all these characters, except Dekker, land. There Lieutenant Bruce Whitney (John Wayne) falls for Bijou. This makes Dorothy Henderson sore, because she, too, loves Lt. Whitney. She complains of Bijou to her father, the governor. He bawls out Bijou for swiping Lt. Whitney from the navy, for Lt. Whitney has resigned his commission to marry Bijou. But Bijou sticks to her guns, refusing to change her mind. Then Little Ned, true to the dear old navy, gives her a dressing-down for ruining Lt. Whitney's career. Bijou almost passes out trying to make up her mind. She decides to give up Lt. Whitney and starts a brawl in the Seven Sinners' Cafe to get herself deported. The last shot is of Bijou disappearing on the *S. S. Malacca,* presumably with designs on Dr. Martin. Lt. Whitney goes back to the navy.

■ This plot antedates the Stone Age by some years and has been repeated to the joy of audiences ever since. So have most plots. What counts is the garnishing. Little things like Miss Dietrich playing pool.

Before *Seven Sinners* got under way, she wasn't much of a hand with a pool cue, but the lady is pretty artful with the tapered stick right now, because she has been practicing steadily for the pool-shooting scenes in which she whips the U. S. Navy at its favorite sport.

"I will," states Miss Dietrich in the midst of a number of gobs, "hit the seven-ball (the seven is blocked) and put the four-ball in that corner—and I will *bet!*"

"Two bits!" says a gob.

"Buck!" says another.

"Two bucks!"

Miss Dietrich smiles craftily. "Such easy money." She addresses the cue ball and lets fly. The ball caroms off the cushion, smacks the seven-ball, bounces off that and knocks the four-ball into the corner pocket as predicted. It is plenty hot shooting for a lady and your correspondent would very much like to take her down to Shorty's Billiard Parlor on the corner and lay a few wagers on her himself.

Frank Loesser and Frederick Hollander, who composed the songs for *Destry Rides Again,* have cooked up three brand new ones for *Seven Sinners.* Miss Dietrich's uncommon voice will deliver "I've Been in Love Before"; "I Fall Overboard"; and "The Man's in the Navy."

■ "My favorite leading man?" said Miss Dietrich, repeating our question. She rolled her eyes. "There is only one—Clark Gable." This is from a lady who has been heavily wooed by Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer, Robert Donat and Jimmy Stewart. But it was expressed before the lady had engaged in any torrid scenes with John Wayne. She had [*Continued on page* 53]



Rosemary Grimes tells Broderick Crawford there are bigger and better fights



***Seven Sinners* starts with this fight and ends with one equally big and vigorous**



Mischa Auer is a bad fortune-teller but an exceptional La Conga dancer in the film

How To Be a Holiday Hostess

It is the simplest thing in the world to serve a wonderful holiday dinner, if you love good food as much as Mary Carlisle does, and if you have a good cook



"Come to dinner. I'm going to cook it myself!" Mary plans a real Thanksgiving for her friends

Fawcett Photos by Rhodes



A moment of worried inspiration. Would oranges be a help or hinderance?



No success achieved without some pain, Mary has to tell herself quickly



Let me think . . . does the bread go in before the milk and the salt?



Plenty of onions are essential. They are well worth a few bitter tears



Ah! Nothing left now but the four hours of slow cooking. It's so simple



Two hours to go, and a cool bathing suit for the cook seems a good idea



One hour to go, and only four cuts and six burns. But the turkey is fine



Guests due in half an hour and the turkey has to start flying!



Mary picks a big one, 19 pounds. The first rule is "Have plenty of turkey!"



Funny how turkeys get heavier between the market and home, Mary reflects



"Have a nice holiday, Anna," and Mary takes charge of the kitchen



The efficient way, of course, is to assemble all of the ingredients at the start



Not emotion, just black pepper. It's no wonder cooks get a lot of money

"You run along, Miss Mary." Anna tactfully offers to set the table



Both Mary and the turkey seem a little the worse for wear after two hours

Mary just remembers that she forgot the rest of the meal completely



Thankful for one thing, anyway, the job seems to be practically done

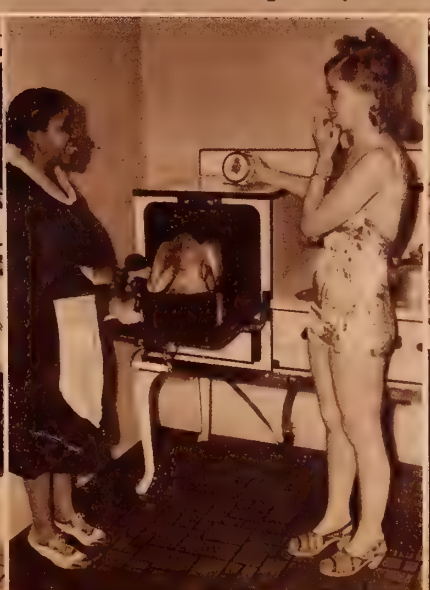
Nobody wants anything but turkey, anyway, Anna claims reassuringly



The bird won't stay in. "Me or you this time," says determined Mary

Nothing like Thanksgiving! Absolutely nothing like it! Mary knows!











For that collarless sports coat, a clip to hold a flower firmly in place has just the right tailored touch



Change the flower, and the clip is a dressy addition to that afternoon gown that needs a touch of gaiety



Ida Lupino, soon to be seen in *High Sierra,* uses her new necklace to keep her orchids fresh

■ The whole thing started when Ida Lupino wanted to wear a dress that needed a necklace, and her husband, Louis Hayward, sent her a gorgeous orchid . . .

"If I could only wear the orchid as a necklace!" wailed Miss Lupino. "I can't wear both. It's just too much!"

There was a slight pause in which the inventive genius of Lupino was hard at work. The result was that the orchid was popped into the icebox for safe keeping, and the very next day, Miss Lupino sought out her friend, William Seymour, who designs jewelry for many of filmland's glamour girls. Between them they worked out designs for clips and necklaces, to be used to make fresh flowers part of costume jewelry.

"There is nothing so lovely as a fresh beautiful flower at the start of the evening," explained Ida. "That's why it is so distressing to see them wilted and unhappy looking a few hours later. Can't something be done?"

Something could be done. Something has been done. Seymour attached tiny glass vials to some of his new jewelry.

They hold just enough water to keep a beautiful bloom fresh and lovely throughout the evening. Ida's favorite is the necklace for evening wear, though she wears the clip on both suits and handbags. You will, too, if you take a hint from Hollywood!

Introducing "The Lupino"

A Smattering of Insolence

Oscar Levant, the astounding music authority on *Information Please*, is now lending that personality that blights and blesses to the screen as an actor in *Rhythm on the River*

By IRVING DRUTMAN



■ "I suppose you don't want to marry me?" said Oscar Levant to his present wife when he was proposing to her. Oscar wouldn't have thought of using the affirmative, "Will you marry me?" It just isn't in him. In private life, as in public, he is always on the defensive. He is on the defensive every other week on the air on *Information Please*. He was on the defensive in Hollywood all during the filming of *Rhythm on the River*. A supersensitive man, Oscar is in a continual state of crucifixion. He suspects everyone he knows of conspiring against him. Should he be smitten with a cold, he assumes it is due to the malign influence exerted by some acquaintance who has probably stayed awake all night sticking pins in his effigy.

Once, at the country house of his friends, the George S. Kaufmans, Oscar was on the tennis court wearing a new sweat shirt and a pair of sneakers which Mrs. Kaufman, in the interests of his comfort, had urged him to buy. He swung at the ball, slipped, and sprained an ankle. Mrs. Kaufman immediately became the cause of the accident. If, argued Oscar, she hadn't told him to buy the outfit, he would have remained uninjured. Nor has the episode ended there. Should he sprain his ankle any time within the next ten years, he will be convinced that that old sorceress, Kaufman, is at work again.

Oscar returned from the Coast recently, after playing a piano-playing stooge in Bing Crosby's film, *Rhythm on the River*, leaving a whole new set of anecdotes behind him. Though he is a Hollywood veteran of eleven years' standing, this is only the second feature picture in which he has appeared. The other was *The Dance of Life*, filmed in 1929. Unknown to the general public until the last year or so, when his work on the *Information Please* radio program and his vastly entertaining book, *A Smattering of Ignorance*, brought him wide fame, Oscar has long been a figure fascinating to Hollywood, both for his excellent music and for his habit of hitting first. He is reported to have insulted everyone of importance in the movie industry, even topping the record of Ben Hecht, Hollywood's original no-man. Greta Garbo, certainly no hero-worshipper, once expressed a desire to meet "this legend Levant." The meeting, however, was unfortunate. A mutual friend introduced Miss Garbo. "Pardon me," said Oscar, "I didn't catch the name." Garbo looked at him sorrowfully and sighed. "It is better he should remain a legend," she said. Walter Winchell got hold of the story and printed it. "Pouf!" said Oscar scornfully. "Garbo's using my name for prestige."

Joan Crawford suffered an equally distressing experience. At a dinner party one evening, the guests were being assigned their places at table. Inadvertently, the hostess omitted to tell Oscar where he was sitting. "Maybe," he suggested with mock humbleness, "I'd better have mine on a tray upstairs." "Oh no," said the hostess, "you're sitting next to Miss Crawford." "Maybe," repeated Oscar, purely, he claims, for the rhythm of the thing, "maybe I'd better have mine on a tray upstairs, anyway."

His colloquy with an important movie executive is also noteworthy, and well worth repetition. The two were at a preview, and at the end of the showing the executive turned to ask what Oscar thought of the picture. "Lousy," said Oscar. The executive was irate. "Who are you to say it's lousy?" he shouted. "Who do you *have* to be?" asked Oscar.

During his first years in Hollywood, he managed to get himself thoroughly disliked [*Continued on page* 65]

They Always Get Their Girl

A love story is added for good measure to the absorbing tale of the heroic men who police the Canadian wilderness

By JESSIE HENDERSON



■ "But *I* never drove a horse!" said Madeleine Carroll.

"You just hold the reins," DeMille replied in his most persuasive tone, "the horse does the rest."

Gary Cooper stepped forward, Texas Ranger hat on the back of his head, that quizzical smile on his lips. "See, you can wrap 'em around your wrists like this." He illustrated with the end of the reins dangling over the

Left, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll who play the romantic leads in *North West Mounted Police.* Below, Paulette Goddard comes out from her corner of the woods fighting in her biggest scene



dashboard. "The big thing is not to get scared. A horse knows, every time—"

"Not get *scared!*" Madeleine eyed the wagon and its pair of restive mustangs with unconcealed foreboding. She looked fresh as the dawn in the plain blue dress and cape of an Anglican Mission frontier nurse, but she also looked worried. There were 500 horses in the picture, and these two seemed the least trustworthy of them all. The plot WOULD pick on her to drive up to the fort at a gallop and cry out, "Indians!" or something from a cloud of dust. Her! Probably the only person on the set who didn't know about horses.

Any type of car, now . . . But of course cars weren't invented yet. This was Canada in the year 1885.

It was likewise a vital moment in *North West Mounted Police.* If Madeleine didn't cry that warning, the plot wouldn't jell; the technicolor camera wouldn't roll; Gary couldn't track down George Bancroft; the Mounted couldn't put down the rebellion; and Cecil B. DeMille's sixty-sixth production in twenty-eight years would die a-borning.

Madeleine glanced sidewise at the patch of Canada spread over three acres at the rear of the Paramount lot, a slow whirlpool of movement and vigorous color. To and fro sauntered grizzled trappers and voyageurs, rebellious half-breeds, squaws in richly beaded buckskins, stolid Indian braves hugging their green and vermillion blankets. From a log pole at the center of the stockade, the English flag snapped in the breeze.

And Preston Foster with Robert Preston by his side, both in the scarlet coats and gold braid of the Mounted, perspiring under great fur caps, sat their respective chargers as though horses were harmless as rabbits . . .

"I don't want to use a double for this shot," DeMille was explaining to Madeleine, "I want you to get really into the hoop-la, frontier spirit of the thing."

"I hope I don't get into the hospital, too," Madeleine murmured as she climbed with Gary's help to the wagon seat. There she sat, tense and alone, while somebody led the snorting team outside the stockade gate. Somebody else yelled a signal. Madeleine said, "Giddyap!" in a timid voice.

Whooooooshhhh! She entered the stockade at a gallop, sure enough. The mustangs streaked through the gate and at the camera, and were stopped with difficulty by two of the Mounted. Madeleine's Anglican headdress had blown askew, her hair stood on end, her cape was twisted under one ear.

"See?" DeMille soothed, "nothing to it. Safer than driving a car. Let's try it again."

She did it eight times.

"My first Western!" she panted when the ordeal ended, "I ache all over! I look as though I'd been pulled through a wringer! What fun!! I'll wager my hair is white as snow."

But even as Madeleine prepared to limp away, there came round the corner of the set an object [*Continued on page* 57]

Paulette Goddard as the fiery half-breed challenger

Lynne Overman accused her of stealing. She resents it

A primitive version of the airplane spin goes wrong

There was even money on Overman up to this point



When Paulette led with a bite to the knee, he was out

Her muffler grip all but ended the gallant Lynne

But it was the fingernails that finally finished him

And the bout turned into a swift cross country rout

Marshall-ing Fall Clothes

By CANDIDA





You'll be demure as a Quaker Lady, and as Brenda Marshall in her shirtwaist dress of spun haircloth, with smartly turned down collar of crisp white bengaline. Wear it with a jaunty Debway classic bonnet, and carry a long Lincoln pouch of shirred capeskin, with Talon fastened inside pocket. Center, left, be warm in Kayser "Toasts," twin-print flannelette pajamas with new harem legs

Sketched: So-Lo's One Ounce Overshoes keep toes dry. Hansen adds fringed doeskin panel to make Minnehaha gloves good for town or country. Hip Hip away, with Hickory Duranet Girdle of vertical and two-way stretch elastic. American Beauty Fashion's Montezuma pin and bracelet, in filigree and jeweltones, cost a dollar. Sled heels, red port trim, say Jolene's Panther shoe was styled in Hollywood for stars and you



Pleats please in this date dress from Co-Ed. It has modified longer waistline, three-quarter sleeves, and half-necklace. Halo bonnet, for wear with pompadours, was designed by Edna

Sag-No-Moor Heather Jersey makes Brenda's Freshy Sportswear dress. It has patch pockets, cuffed sleeves, and comes in glowing desert colors. Brenda's next picture is *East of the River*

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Candida can tell you where to buy these inexpensive clothes. Send a penny postcard for the names of stores near you, and for FREE information on prices, materials. Write Candida, Fashion Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Brenda looks lovely, and so will you, in a Gorgeous Frock of soft green wool with velour-like finish. Note cartridge tucks of the new side draped bodice, and the softly gathered side pocket. Her tiny calot of Sunbeam Felt has twin bows at front. You can buy a similar Dawson Hat



Going someplace? Wear Brenda's Calijeune coat in California shades. It's collarless, so you can dress it up with furs, or a jewelled pin. Chic envelope bag of Forstmann Broadcloth is studded with gold, has Talon fastened pockets for all your valuables

Together

After a lifetime of stardom together in Germany, the Bassermans abruptly left that country in the middle of a successful stage engagement because of one shocking, frightening insult

By KOLMA FLAKE





Right, Albert Basserman with his wife, Elsa Schiff, in a scene with Robert Taylor from *Escape*, exciting tale of flight from Nazi Germany. Left, the Bassermans exchange happy smiles in front of their home in Hollywood to celebrate a long-sought security from Nazi beliefs

One evening in 1933, a limousine drew up to the Hof Theatre in Berlin and deposited a distinguished couple. The crowd, gathered in front of the theatre, cheered, for they were great favorites. Smiling, they looked up at the lighted marquee. There they saw spelled out in the electric globes a drastic change in their lives. They walked steadily into the theatre, gave an inspired performance and then hurried to pack a few possessions. A few hours later, Albert Basserman, his wife, Elsa Schiff, and their daughter, Carmen, were speeding on their way to Vienna.

What had the lights spelled out?

Zealous Nazi officials had ordered the removal of Elsa Schiff's name as co-star of the play. Elsa Schiff had been born the daughter of a Jew.

Albert Basserman and Elsa Schiff had appeared together on German-speaking stages throughout Europe for a quarter of a century. Albert Basserman's name was a legend in the German theatre. For fifty years he had been known as the greatest actor of his time. To him belonged the noted Iffling ring which, for more than a century, has been awarded to the best European actor of each generation. Equally legendary was the devotion of Basserman to his charming actress-wife, Elsa Schiff, but her fame did not prevent the removal of her name from the Marquee.

The ministry of propaganda, learning of their flight, pleaded with Albert Basserman to return. Goebbels offered many inducements and promised all consideration for Mrs. Basserman. But Albert Basserman by this time had realized he could not compromise with his beliefs any longer.

Albert and Elsa Basserman appeared together again on the Viennese stages until 1938 when Hitler's troops marched into Austria. This time the couple fled to Switzerland, but their thoughts turned toward the United States where many of their friends had already gone.

They wrote to their friend, Ernst Lubitsch, for advice. He immediately replied, encouraging them to come to America. Other friends already in America included William Dieterle, noted motion picture director; Henry Blanke, Warner Brothers' producer; and Max Reinhardt.

In April of 1939, the Bassermans left Europe. A few months later, Mr. Basserman scored a distinct hit in the role of Dr. Robert Koch in the Warner Brothers' production, *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*. Not only the critics heralded the man who had brought alive the great scientist in a few brief scenes—taxi drivers, stenographers, housewives and professional men talked of him.

But the Bassermans' difficulties were not yet over. Unknowingly, Albert Basserman had violated a clause in his entry permit. Because he had engaged in remunerative labor, he faced deportation. [*Continued on page* 47]

Lady Esther says "Why not Show the World your

'NEW-BORN-SKIN'

—It can make you look YOUNGER and LOVELIER!"



Is it TRUE? Is some of your skin dying away—today? Is a lovely New-Born Skin really crowding forth to take its place? A thousand times . . . yes! And you can make your New-Born Skin bring you new loveliness . . . with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

IT'S NOT a dream—not a hopeless wish never to be fulfilled—but a *fact!* Underneath your older, your worn-out skin . . . you are getting a younger skin, a lovelier skin, a skin just-about-to-be-born!

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will your New-Born Skin make you more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther, lies with *you.* With you, yes, and with your *face cream!*

If you remove those drab and lifeless flakes of worn-out skin gently and soothingly—if you promptly banish them with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born Skin will be born in all its beauty!

Why put off using the *right* complexion care—why dull your loveliness? Smooth away that veil of old and worn-out skin with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream! See how the drab, dried flakes of lifeless skin are whisked away! My cream permeates them, softens them, loosens them. It helps Nature actually refine enlarging pores as well . . . because it whisks away impurities, dirt, old bits of skin from pore openings.

It leaves your skin so soft . . . so delightfully smooth—that face powder clings as you never thought it *could.* My cream helps you look lovelier . . . yes, gives you the effect of showing gaily to the world your New-Born Skin!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition,* administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense.* See if it doesn't leave your skin lovelier . . . smoother looking—if it doesn't show your New-Born Skin!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (61)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Fun In the Hospital



It is not always illness that takes the stars to the Hollywood hospitals

Joe E. Brown's idea of fun in a hospital was to grow a beard

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ Well, gee, no wonder screen stars pop off to the hospital at the slightest excuse! If you can't go to a movie or a night club without being torn practically limb from limb, and if your contract forbids you to roller skate, ride horseback or go skiing until the picture is finished—then what *can* you do? You can't expect a pert young star or a pert older star, for that matter, to sit and knit and listen to the radio all the time.

So they go to the hospital. That's what I said. The *hospital.* The studio can't do anything about that. Doctor's orders and stuff. And do they have fun! Do their friends have fun! Why, it wouldn't surprise me any day now to find pickets from Dave Chasen's and Ciro's picketing some of our best hospitals with signs reading, "Unfair to Night Clubs!" Hospitals have become that gay.

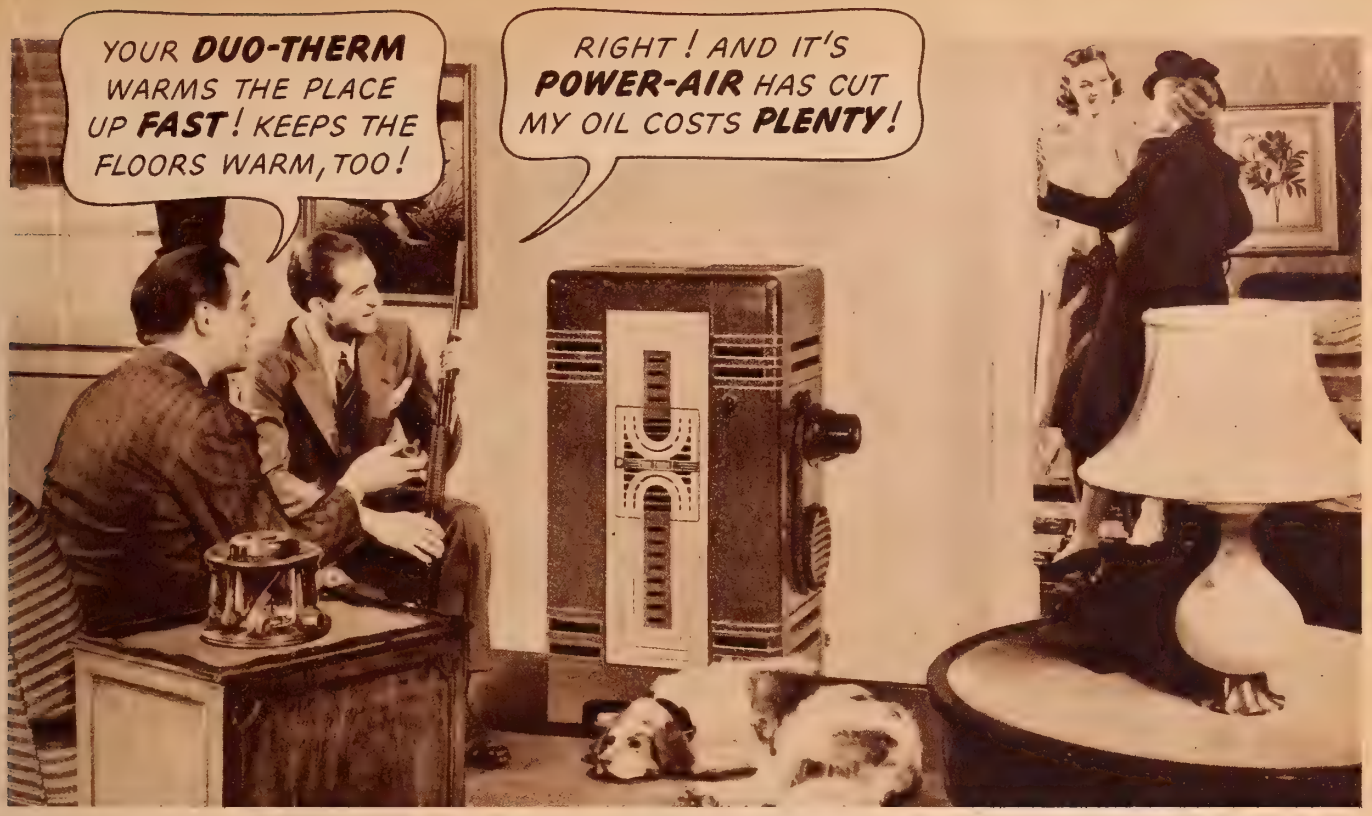
You can always go in "for observation." Then you can really get away from it all, and you don't have to let in your boss, or the Press, or candid cameramen, or lawyers, or your mother-in-law unless you want to. You can always rely on your good old dependable temperature to protect you . . . But if you do want to see people . . .

Consider Ann Sothern. Ann, as you no doubt read in the papers, had her appendix removed. She felt pretty awful for a couple of days. When she began to look about her and recognize faces and sursoundings, she just closed her eyes and said, "Gosh! I've got to have some things!"

"Things" began to arrive next day from her home and from points east and west by truck, motorcycle, trolley and roller skates, for all I know. First a trunkload of nighties and negligees and bed jackets. Then a pink satin comfort, a silk bed spread and some satin pillows to make it all look cozy. Her own linen sheets and pillow cases, monograms and all, and some doilies for the dresser.

Next day she felt much better. So much better that she began to look about the hospital room with that gleam which a woman gets when she feels a spell of interior decorating coming on. "Lamps!" she said, succinctly. She was so succinct, indeed, that the nurse immediately took her temperature, but by the time the thermometer was removed, Ann had got up new steam and she went on, "Lamps, some Dresden flower vases and some book ends. With books between them. We could do with some overdrapes and a white fur rug . . ."

Before the probationer who did the dusting could utter a cry of plaintive protest, Ann had acquired some carved antique figurines which looked too ducky adorning the [*Continued on page* 42]



Amazing new heater drives "Fireside Warmth" to every corner!

THIS winter, enjoy fast, clean, convenient, trouble-free oil heat!

Heat which is *driven* down to warm your floors—heat which is *forced* into other rooms and chilly corners—heat which now costs you less than oil heat ever did before—thanks to Duo-Therm's new Power-Air!*

Like a modern furnace! Duo-Therm's Power-Air blower drives heat all through your house—gives you quick heat on frosty mornings—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort!

Here, for the first time in a fuel oil heater, is *positive*, forced heat like that of a modern, expensive basement furnace! And Power-Air means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

More reasons why you'll want a Duo-Therm! Turn the handy front-panel dial—and get just the heat you want, for mild fall days or for the coldest weather! Open the radiant door and out pours a flood of cheerful warmth! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! Duo-Therm's famous Bias-Baffle Burner gives you *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—*always* burns cleanly, silently, *safely*—at any setting. (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

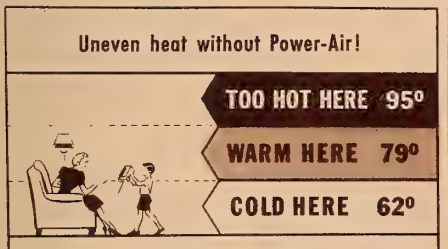
Gives you cooler *summers*, too!



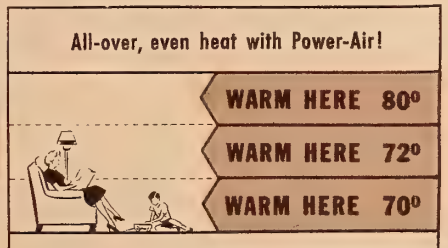
In scorching weather, switch on your Power-Air blower—and it pours out a cooling 27 mile-an-hour breeze!

America's most popular heater costs no more! Even with Power-Air you pay no more for a Duo-Therm than other heaters! And your dealer will tell you about the easy-payment plan. Go to your nearest Duo-Therm dealer today—and look over all the 12 beautiful models! They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in either the console or upright cabinet type—can all be equipped with Power-Air.

For complete information, fill out the coupon below and mail it—now!



This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!



Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

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New All-Weather

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

—TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!—

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. H-40, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan

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Cary Grant as the gallant backwoodsman, Richard Carlson as young Thomas Jefferson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the wealthy Britisher and Martha Scott as a Colonial belle in a scene from *The Howards of Virginia* which was filmed almost entirely in beautiful historic Williamsburg in Virginia

Sir Cedric Explains

He might never have been an actor, except for a desire to keep an unpleasant disposition a secret, so he claims with much good nature

By ED JONESBOY

■ From winning a beautiful-baby contest to becoming the favorite actor of the devastatingly critical Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a long and toilsome road, but Sir Cedric Hardwicke made it.

I found him sprawled on the lawn by the swimming pool of his Beverly Hills home in a most un-English fashion. He didn't look like an actor. Lying there twiddling his toes in a pair of Mexican sandals, he might have been anything else from broker to beachcomber.

That, I somehow resented. I like for my stars to look like stars whether on the screen or not. So I began the interview a trifle bitterly. Why, I asked Sir Cedric, did he become an actor in the first place.

A starling strutted querulously across the grass. Sir Cedric eyed it gravely. "I am like that bird," he said. "I was born with a particularly unpleasant face, and a still more unpleasant personality. So, early in life, I decided to take steps to conceal them both. That's why I became an actor."

"What about that beautiful-baby business?" I demanded.

"It wasn't my fault," he said. "I demonstrated against it with a precocious violence, but it did no good. Being just one year old, you know, I couldn't walk very well. So I went on a sitdown strike. That's when the photographer caught me."

"And so?"

"The picture," he continued sadly, "won the contest. Naturally I was perfectly furious. From that day forth I resolved to spend as much of my public life as possible behind disguises."

"Then you've always been an actor?"

"Always," he said. "I once tried to act my way through medical school, after my family decided I should follow in my father's footsteps and become a doctor. I failed the first examination that I took. It was also the last. My father was so distraught that he bundled me off to the first school he could think of. I was pleased to discover it was the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts."

The starling had stopped its rambling over the lawn, and with its head cocked sideward was dubiously staring at the Englishman with its bright, yellow eyes.

"He doesn't believe a word of it," said the actor. "Birds have such wonderful intuition."

"There's a story connected with this one," I said. "We brought the sparrows over from England to fight insects, and they became a greater plague than the bugs. So we imported the starlings to fight the sparrows, and they became worse pests than both insects and sparrows combined."

"With that record," Sir Cedric suggested, "they should be very fine actors."

"Impossible," I said. "They can't change their attitude. They're always candidly grumpy."

"Then they should be theatrical critics."

"You don't like critics?"

"On the contrary," he assured me, "I am very fond of them. It was a critic who really gave me my first good boost on the stage. I had a walk-on part in *The School for Scandal* with just two words to say after I got on the stage. The next day after the opening a critic wrote that the entire cast was commendable with the exception of young Cedric Hardwicke. He overacted his part truly dreadfully.

"A producer who had read the criticism sent for me. He said, 'My boy, if you can act badly enough to attract such attention in a two-word part, your future in the theatre is assured.' His attitude piqued my pride. So I joined Frank Benson's Shakespearean troupe for a tour of South Africa.

"It was supposedly virgin territory for plays of the better sort. Carrying Shakespeare to Africa, we thought, was a novel idea, but when we reached Johannesburg, we found that five other troupes had preceded us in the previous three months. Besides that, Johannesburg itself was under martial law, and there were rumors of a plague, a threat of war, and, oh, I forgot to mention it: The railway coach bringing our props to Johannesburg caught fire and most of our equipment was destroyed. So we did all that was left for us to do. We gathered together what was left of our props and turned inland to the backwoods country. We rambled over the veldts, playing wherever night overtook us.

"One night in a mining hamlet we were giving *She Stoops to Conquer* in a hotel dining room. We made exits and entrances through a barroom. A group of miners were in there drinking, and each time one of the troupe passed through the place, he had to share a drink with them. An actor is a kind of public property, you know. Before that evening was over we were almost public charges, too.

"By the third act several of the troupe were completely unconscious. One fellow had taken it upon himself to play two parts, which was, of course, all right, ex-

[*Continued on page* 44]

Swing your partner!



Have the time of your life!

Your fun need never be marred by the dreadful thought that "revealing outlines" tell your secret! For Kotex ends never show! They're flat and invisible . . . entirely different from napkins with thick, stubby ends!

And for *safety's* sake, a new, improved kind of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!



Excess baggage is costly on a plane trip! And excess bulk is uncomfortable in a sanitary napkin. Unnecessary, too! Kotex has a soft, *folded* center (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). Naturally, this makes Kotex less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes — *Super* — *Regular* — *Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs). . . . All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, form-fitting ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"



FEEL *its new softness*
PROVE *its new safety*
COMPARE *its new flatter ends*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



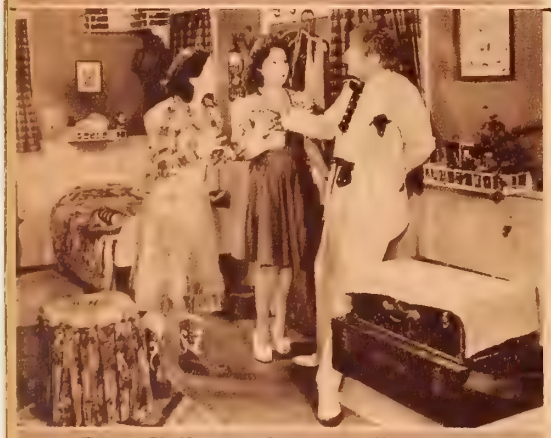
Here you see Adolphe Menjou as a lion, John Hubbard learning to be a lion tamer from the book of instructions, held some doubtfully by the worried, frightened Willie Best



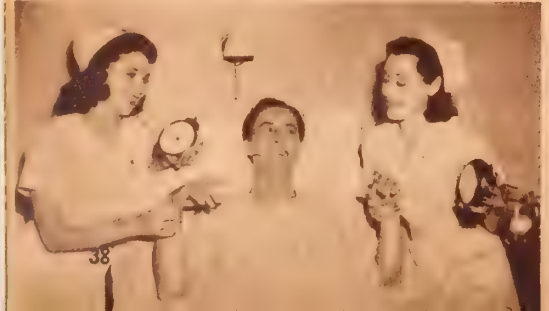
Carole Landis, owner of the carnival, discovers Adolphe Menjou trying to bilk her patrons with his own invention, a camera that takes money, not pictures, and makes him go to work



Carole Landis, in order to please John Hubbard, gives him five lions to tame, in one of the funny scenes in *Road Show*



Patsy Kelly and Margaret Roach, as the kind-hearted carnival girls, insist on giving Menjou the spinal manipulations that nearly send him to the hospital before he can free himself



Adventures With "Road Show"

Our favorite extra thought he would have more fun than a circus when he went to work in *Road Show*, but after the lions had seen him, and the strong man and the fire-eater had given him some of their time, he decided it was all a low plot to ruin his career

By E. J. (The Carnival Kid) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

Two days less than a fortnight ago, come high noon Wednesday, I am wearily sitting on my cabana—pardon me, please, I mean IN my cabana—exercising my poetic license while composing a dainty bit of verse entitled, "Ode to My Landlady Or Why Don't the Guy Pay Up" and I am feeling pretty elated, having accomplished the subtle rhyming of money with honey, when there was a knock, knock, knocking on the door, and I am all set to jump through the back window thinking it is the landlady come to dis-

And before John Hubbard finished with the lions, he insisted on the services of beautiful nurses, Iolande Mollot and Inna Gest. He seems to be recovering

possess me unless she can possess my last six bucks. I have one leg over the sill when who should walk in but a pleasant-faced guy whom I know very well indeed, as Frank Seltzer, the Hal Roach publicity director.

Frank says he is passing by on his way to see John Hubbard about some publicity on *Road Show* in which John is working, and decided to see me long enough to enjoy the pause that refreshes. So I open up my last two bottles of ale. As we sit and gulp, Frank bobs up with an offer for me to work a few days in the current Roach production.

Road Show, says Frank, getting warmed up to his subject without any trial runs, is going to be a swell picture. Carole Landis, Adolphe Menjou, John Hubbard, Patsy Kelly, Charlie Butterworth, Margaret Roach and George E. Stone are in the cast. The picture is, Frank goes on, getting thoroughly wound up by now and letting go a string of dollar words without a thought of expense, a hilarious tale of a young man by the name of Drogo Gaines (John Hubbard) whose trick of throwing a fit to extricate himself from impending marriage boomerangs and lands him in a sanitarium. While in the institution Drogo meets an inmate, Colonel Carraway (Adolphe Menjou), incarcerated on his own request to get away from the world. Carole Landis comes into the story as Penguin Moore, owner of a carnival to which Drogo and the Colonel attach themselves on escaping from the institution. Charlie Butterworth, Frank says, plays the role of Whitman, an eccentric nephew of Colonel Carraway. He never has gotten over a childish love for fire engines. Patsy Kelly is back after an absence of a year to appear as Jinx, Penguin's pal and co-worker in running the carnival. Margaret Roach is cast as Priscilla, siren of the carnival, and pint-sized George Stone plays the role of an Indian who, with typical red-skin persistence, pursues his sweetie-pie, Jinx, from one carnival "pitch" to another.

"Well," says Frank, "why go on and on? What I've related should give you a camera-eyeful of the plot. Further and more," he adds, getting up and heading for the door, "if you want to earn yourself a couple of meal tickets you'd better hitch up and drive out to the studio today. Tell Earl Rettig, the casting director, that I sent you."

Well, Miss Editor, you know me. Or should, by now. I was out there in less time than it takes a politician to kiss a babe. So I go to work the next morning.

I am, I find out from Casting Director Rettig, a member of a carnival troupe. And what a carnival and what a troupe! Better yet, I find that the layout is the real thing. "Moore's Greater Carnival" it's called and it covers all of two sound stages and three alleys and takes two camera crews shooting like mad to keep things moving through the script.

This carnival consists, I discover, of twenty-two concessions, most of them rented from a local tent and awning company which always has on hand the equipment of defunct road shows. Some of the concessions come from beach amusement

Hear that, Matilda?

SHE'S STILL CRYING LIKE A BABY!



Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



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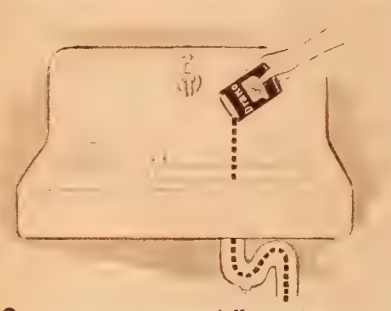
PIPES STOPPED UP? USE DRĀNO



1. "I'm sorry, dear, you'll have to hold your kitchen party at Nancy's tonight. The pipes are stopped up again!"



2. "Oh, mother, I can fix that in a sec. I'll get some Drāno. That's what we use in the lab sink at school. Be right back."



3. Look! Drāno's specially made to put the heat on down where the drain's stopped. Its churning, chemical boiling action melts, frees grease, dirt, grounds.



4. "Am I good or am I good? Now mom's going to use a teaspoonful of Drāno every night after the dishes are done to *keep* the pipes from stopping up."

Drāno

CLEARS DRAINS



P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes guards against stopped-up drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

piers—and the concessionaires moved in right along with their equipment! Like, for instance, the woman who runs the "spun candy" booth and the man who operates the salt water taffy machine. Mere, no-account extras such as me can't be trusted to preside over such complicated gadgets, so we are side-tracked to provide atmosphere and play the roles of roustabouts and such.

During my carnival days on the Roach lot I made the acquaintance of such side-show performers as Lou Manly, a fire-eater whose idea of a perfect dessert is a nice oil well conflagration. Lou, by the way, sneaked up on me one hot afternoon when I was taking a forty-winker siesta under a carnival wagon and gave me his Special Grade A Manly hotfoot. He fills his mouth with the secret chemical solution he uses in his fire-eating act, then he touches a match to it and starts blowing a long thin stream of the flaming liquid over your tootsies! Lady, I'm still here to tell you that when you wake up and take a startled gander at that long tongue of flame bathing your feet, you are up and out in five seconds flat, bawling for help.

Then there was the strong man who showed me how strong he was by grabbing my hands and crunching them so hard that when I got loose I thought my fingers were full of talcum powder instead of bones. Believe it or not, whenever I clapped my hands after that the dust would fly like I was beating a rug!

■ Carole Landis, who plays the role of an aerialist, tried to show me how to "skin the cat" on the trapeze. I would have done it okay and all right enough, only my hands slipped and all I skinned was six square inches off my back when I hit the floor! Such fun!

John Hubbard (he plays Drogo Gaines, remember?) confounded the muscle men of the laboring gang by beating them on the strength-testing machine. He picked up the heavy sledge, swung it Paul Bunyan style, and hit the bell six times out of seven. What confounded the muscle men is that John is a slim guy who doesn't look overly strong. He didn't do so well when a bunch of the boys (including your favorite extra) began whooping it up on the turn of one of the concession wheels. John dropped ten bucks quicker than a cat can lick up a pint of milk, and I tossed away a day's pay. Who won? Hal Roach, Jr., whose father owns the studio! Yes'm, those that has, gits!

■ You remember George Stone, of course. A long time ago he was runner-up for an Academy Award for his splendid portrayal of the little Hebrew tailor in *Cimarron*. But for one reason or another he was sunk without a trace after that, and for the past eight years you haven't heard much about him. He's back now, though, in *Road Show*. How far back, he told me, he doesn't know. He has one line, he said, that he repeats throughout the whole picture. He's cast as an Indian, remember, and he chases Jinx (Patsy Kelly) from one carnival "pitch" to another. When he catches her all he says is "How!"

■ I'd better take time off, now, to tell you about a screwier contraption than ever Rube Goldberg ever dared dream about. It's called the "Bloomin' Daisy." It's a camera with several unique features, chief of which is that it takes no pictures!

The Bloomin' Daisy is the pet invention of Colonel Carraway the eccentric geezer played by Adolphe Menjou. "I don't focus the camera," the Colonel explained to me between takes. "Anybody can focus a camera. But with this invention I *focus* you!"

The Bloomin' Daisy consists of a large box mounted on a conventional tripod. The box is covered with cogs and wheels and levers as complex as the instrument board of a stratosphere liner. The lens shoots out like a jack-in-the-box. The photographer sights through a small telescope. When a picture, rather a non-picture, is taken, the Bloomin' Daisy makes a noise like Jack Benny's famous Maxwell stuttering uphill. Then there is an explosion and a geyser of smoke erupts. Red and green lights flash alternately. The net result of all this foolish business is a blank sheet of paper on which there is no picture! Colonel Carraway told me he used the Bloomin' Daisy in the picture to swindle the hick patrons of the carnival to which he had attached himself. Hal Roach, Jr., who is assistant director to his dad, Hal Roach, Sr., said the crazy gadget looked like something owned and invented by no less a guy than Frankenstein. Which is putting it in less words than your humble writer. And better.

■ We extras got quite a kick one morning watching Director Roach shoot a sequence in which Menjou and Patsy Kelly took part. Menjou is usually a suave, smooth fellow who emerges at the end of a picture without getting his collar wrinkled or a hair out of place. But in this particular sequence he certainly got himself a beating. First off, Menjou isn't very dapper to begin with in *Road Show*. As the eccentric Colonel Carraway, he wears a mussed up white suit and a large white hat. When the shooting starts he comes running to Patsy Kelly and Margaret Roach and begs them to hide him from a snooping copper. No sooner said than done. Patsy drapes a robe over him and

then to make it more deceiving to the flatfoot, she sits on him. And sits and sits and sits. Later, Patsy tries her ladylike best to get the kinks out of Menjou's weary back by putting her knee on his chest and "cracking" vertebrae from No. 1 to No. 10. Patsy gets so deeply in earnest about this chore, that to us interested onlookers it looks like a good case of assault and battery with a generous amount of mayhem thrown in for good measure. And it looks that way to Menjou, too, who groans, and grunts, and squeals like he's suffering the torture of the Inquisition. Director Roach shoots this sequence over and over again much to the pleasure of Patsy and the discomfort of Menjou. Finally Menjou delivers the line of dialogue in which he tells Patsy that he doesn't need any further treatment and Roach gives it his okay. "Who said you weren't a physical comedian, Dolph?" the director grins. Menjou can't answer that one. Patsy has kneaded his voice into a thin, high-pitched jumble of words that carry no meaning. He looks, though, like he would like to say a lot, and I for one, couldn't blame him.

■ John Hubbard, when he isn't busy before the Roach cameras, still pursues his hobby which happens to be bullfighting. He hasn't as yet been in an honest-to-gosh bull ring, but he's planning on it if and when he can sneak away to Caliente some Sunday. John has one sequence in *Road Show* where he has to get into a ring and emulate a lion tamer. He raised particular youknowwhat in his attempts to change the script so he could tame bulls instead of lions but it was no dice with his boss.

I belonged to the lion taming crew during this sequence, and was mighty glad when the director said "Print it!"

Five lions were used in this scene. Big ones, at that. They were, said their trainer, well trained. "But not," he added, and looking Hubbard straight in the eye, "well tamed."

"In fact," he said, "you'll have to be on your guard because they'll take an arm off if given half a chance."

In this lion scene Hubbard had to crawl over the cage on a steel cable. Nero, Toby, and Leo began licking their hungry chops right beneath him; and if he had slipped those hungry cats would have been dining on white meat before their trainer could have taken a step to interfere. Fortunately the scene was taken without any serious incident. Willie Best, the negro comedian, plays the role of a circus worker who assists Hubbard with the lions; and he was supposed to be very frightened. I'll say this for Willie. He did a great job showing fear. His face was almost as white as mine for three hours afterward!

When you see *Road Show*, Miss Editor, take a long gander at the suit that Hubbard wears during many of the sequences. If it isn't the loudest outfit a man ever wore, I'll buy you a nice, new fall bonnet. No race track tout would be found dead in it. It would make a fine horse blanket—if a horse was crazy enough to wear it. Well, the reason I ask you to give it the once over on the screen is because John has given it to me and I'm going to have my gal friend remodel it into a pair of pajamas.

I am now going back to sit on my cabana—dang it, I mean IN my cabana—and cogitate over a proposition that looks like easy money. Frank Seltzer has put the "fix" on a guy who owns a carnival company and Frank says it's all set for me to join up at thirty-five bucks a week while I travel hither and yon over the country. The job? I'm to be the barker in front of the half-man, half-woman tent! But I don't think I'll go, come to think of it. It looks like a deal to kick me right out of moshun pichur career and I won't stand for that. Neither will you, Miss Editor, I hope.

In the meantime, I'll be seein' you in *Road Show* when it hits your nearest theatre.

NEXT MONTH

Bill Holden thought that the life of a cowboy was a healthy one . . . all that fresh air in the great open spaces. He changed his mind, however, when the mad bull charged into the *Arizona* troupe. Read about it in December HOLLYWOOD.



Private Notes from Mrs. M--'s Diary



Suffered all day with a terrible headache. Felt dull, tired and out of sorts. Remembered that I needed a laxative and decided my headache was due to that.



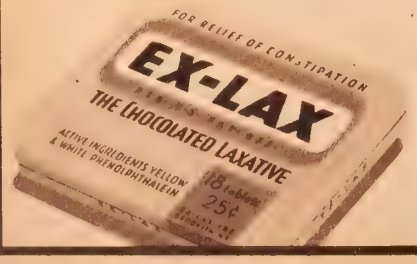
Took an Ex-Lax tablet before going to bed. It tasted swell – just like a piece of fine chocolate.



Slept like a top all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and didn't upset me a bit. Headache's all gone now and I feel bright as a lark.

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10¢ and 25¢



Fun in the Hospital

[*Continued from page* 34]

metal trays which are usually reserved for more mundane purposes in a hospital room. And by the time she had her new radio installed and her perfume bottles arranged, she had a birthday. Well, you can't have a birthday without a party, can you? And a cake. Ann had two cakes.

The hospital provided one—a cute little one with posies and a candle for her supper tray. I guess the hospital didn't know about the invitations which had been sent out . . . Husband Roger Pryor arrived in the afternoon with a huge cake and pretty soon the guests began to arrive—the Fred Astaires, the George Murphys, Cesar Romero, Loretta Young and lots of others, all bearing gifts. Tea was sent in from the Brown Derby and singing messenger boys twittered greetings at the doorway every few minutes. All in all, it was really one of the season's gayer occasions. Ann recovered nicely, too.

■ Edgar Bergen took Charlie McCarthy (and a carbuncle) to the hospital "for observation." He wasn't whisked there in an ambulance. He went down, selected a room and attended to things in a matter-of-fact way. He made a list of things he would require. Bed linens, towels, dishes, table silver, robes—just the little comforts of life. So, after the truck had arrived with the stuff, Edgar went to bed.

On Sunday he arose, dressed and took Charlie down to the hospital auditorium which is generally devoted to ponderous lectures by prominent scientists on unpronounceable diseases. There, with an audience of giggling nurses, internes and a few patients, Bergen and Charlie did their weekly radio broadcast. There was a little party afterward and then Bergen undressed, clambered back into his bed and resumed being ill.

See what I mean? In Hollywood you can have all the fun of being a pampered invalid and have hardly a gap in your usual activities.

■ When Joe E. Brown was hospitalized after his automobile accident, the doctors hadn't even finished fitting his splints and things before Joe received a delegation of American Legionnaires. But once the active Joe was trussed up in his little hammocks and harnesses, he began to find time hanging rather heavily. He decided to grow some whiskers, just to see how he would look. As this is written, Joe has been out of the hospital for some time but he hasn't been persuaded to part with those whiskers. They have been trimmed to an exquisitely perfect point and he waggles them at you. What puzzles me is what became of the white tuft which appeared in the middle of them on the third day.

He wanted to see his dog, Gypsy. But dogs aren't allowed in the hospital. Not even tiny dogs—and Gypsy is no midget. By quite simple machinations, Gypsy was smuggled up the fire escape, entertained her master for an hour or so each day and departed in the same furtive manner.

But Joe was social, too. Well, he almost *had* to be. When his favorite restaurants learned that he was in the hospital and that there was nothing at all wrong with his justly famous digestive system, they began sending steam tables filled with goodies to enliven his convalescence. Joe couldn't let caviar, stuffed mushrooms and eggs Benedict just *wilt* there—could he? What a wicked waste that would have been! So he amused himself making out lists of people to be bidden to his afternoon "at-homes." He probably never did as much concentrated entertaining in so short a period in his life. Or with better food to serve!

A good time was had by all and, while I am sure that no one hopes that Joe E. will have another cracked rib, still I'm pretty sure that there are some Hollywood gourmets who think wistfully about Joe's hospitable, hospital "at-homes."

■ There is one wing of every big Hollywood hospital which has a room fitted up especially for stag parties. It is in the maternity ward. It is a sort of luxurious lounge where prospective fathers may congregate and hobnob while they await news of imminent offspring. These rooms are nicely fitted for refreshments and smoking and there is plenty of room for pacing.

George Murphy struck up a firm friendship in this room with a diminutive gentleman who said he was in the fish business. There was the usual hoopla in the "paternity room" when George's vigil was over . . . but the poor little fish gentleman announced sadly that his vigil had resulted only in a report of a false alarm. George was devastated about this. So when his erstwhile companion telephoned him, five days later, that his patience had been rewarded with a lusty boy, George rushed down with champagne, hampers of sandwiches, stork favors for all the troubled assembled gentlemen, books of instruction about how to take care of babies, and other assorted gags. Hospital attaches say that party has set a precedent and that now prospective fathers pause in their pacing to watch the door for a movie star, bearing gifts and the makings of a party!

■ Poor Ray Milland didn't do so well! Relaxing between pictures in dungarees and with a three-day growth of beard on his chin, he nearly cut his thumb off with the little power saw he has in his work shop. Swished to the hospital for emergency treatment, he found himself booked as an "industrial case" and he was just trying to decide which big corporation he would say he had been working for when a little probationer entered his room, recognized him and dropped a basin of hot water smack on him.

Hs is still complaining—but bitterly!—that they had hardly made him look respectable enough to have callers when they announced that his thumb was well enough for him to take it home.

■ All alert Hollywood florists and gift shopkeepers keep special lines of "gag presents" for local wits to send to friends who are in the hospital. One florist specializes in huge china replicas of various parts of the human anatomy. When Jeanette MacDonald had an operation on her ear, Gene Raymond sent her a big pink ear filled with roses and forget-me-nots, with a ribbon bow and a tender message. You can get a cute, vermiform appendix which will hold a spray of lilies of the valley . . . and so on. Una Merkel received a naughty little china Indian papoose when she was recovering from pneumonia and . . . well, there is simply no end to the kittenish pranks people play to brighten a convalescence.

Gene Raymond won't forget the gag that dear, thoughtful friends pulled when he had his tonsils removed. Gene suffers from hay fever and one of his chief menaces is goldenrod. Imagine, then, his feelings, when the nurse opened a huge florist's box right in his face and lifted out a super-colossal spray of the deadly stuff! Gene opened his mouth to howl a protest, realized that he couldn't howl anything—and dived frantically under the sheets. When he learned later that the flowers were artificial ones and completely harmless, I'm afraid it didn't improve his humor a bit. Hollywood gets so pixie sometimes!

■ Sometimes there are mix-ups, even in the best of hospitals. For some reason this story tickles me. Humphrey Bogart went in for a tiny and unimportant operation. No one was worried—least of all, Humphrey. So some friends of his thought it would be too amusing to try to frighten him. They formed a committee and planned to sit around his bed and look solemn and scared—sort of bidding him a fond farewell.

You may not believe it (it does seem too good to be true) but there were *two* Bogarts in the hospital that week-end and one of them was recovering from a serious head injury. The committee got into the wrong room. They looked at the pathetic, bandaged object on the bed, gazed at one another in horror at their friend's plight—and stole away in a chastened and frightened mood.

I hasten to add that there is a happy ending to all this. The Bogart who *wasn't* Humphrey made a spectacular recovery and enjoyed the joke as much as anyone else when he heard about it.

■ Fred Astaire, as you know, took his baby very seriously. He and Mrs. Astaire shopped for suites weeks in advance of the tot's advent. Eventually they found two adjoining rooms where they might have their own furniture around them and where they might have their meals together and where they might feel quite at home. Everything was ready a week or two in advance.

But after they moved into their little nest, things didn't progress so fast, and Fred felt free to take afternoons off. Randolph Scott used to call for Fred, take him to the races and bring him back, buckity-buckity to report to Mrs. A. But the hospital staff got onto this and Fred found himself very popular, indeed, as official race tipster for the white clad servants of mercy. So Hollywood invades the hospitals.

"Honesty is the most embarrassing policy," claims Virginia Bruce, who declares that her greatest talent is not her acting but her ability to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. Don't miss the amusing story of the lovely star whose kindest words always seem to carry quite accidental double meanings.

■ One of the best parties ever held in a hospital was the one at which Marie Wilson celebrated the first sprout of hair on the forepart of her skull which had been shaved after an automobile accident. She had a trick little skull cap to wear which, now that I think of it, could have been the model for some of the hats the girls are wearing right now. Marie gave tiny toupees, bottles of hair tonic, tied with hair ribbon bows for favors, as she "unveiled" the wisp of down which was appearing on her own brow.

"I never thought I'd get to Shakespeare so soon," she said, "but for days I've looked in the mirror and wondered whether it was 'Toupee—or not toupee.'" Then she explained the crack. Marie, you know, would!

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Sir Cedric Explains

[*Continued from page* 36]

cept both of them were Hamlet. After the final curtain, the troupe, dragging its equipment, staggered to the depot. There we were met by the entire audience and given, not only a thunderous ovation, but six cases of champagne as a parting gift."

Richer in experience but poorer in purse, Sir Cedric returned from the African adventure to London, where he was playing Shakespeare in the Old Vic theatre, when the World War broke out. For seven years he was forced to forget the professional stage while serving with the British army in France. He has the distinction of being the last British officer to leave the war zone, although, he hastened to append, that "is hardly as honorable as being the first one to arrive there."

War activities and the long absence from the stage had killed much of his enthusiasm for the theatre. "I was at a dead end," he said. "As with so many others, the war had left me with a burned-out and restless feeling. One day, a miracle happened. I had wandered by chance into a Birmingham theatre to see a production of *Quality Street*. While looking at the play, it seemed to me that a door opened in my heart."

He checked himself abruptly. "Am I getting too poetical?" he wanted to know.

"Not at all," I assured him.

"You're very kind," he said. "Some day I'll interview you. Well, to be brief about it," he resumed, "I landed a series of small roles, and eventually ended with the part of Churdles Ash in *The Farmer's Wife*. Churdles was an old misogynist who wandered through the play declaiming against the foibles of women. I was so effective in the part that a lady asked to meet me. We met and were married.

"But that was the only one of my roles that ever worked out conversely for me in life. When I played Caesar, not only Brutus, but the entire audience was ready to stab me, I'm afraid. Nor did anyone disagree with the critics' contention that I was innately fitted for the part of the crazy sea captain in *Heartbreak House*."

"Speaking of roles, which is your favorite?" I queried.

"Canon Skerritt in *Shadow and Substance*," he said without hesitation. "It was all of my best parts rolled into one."

For his portrayal of Canon Skerritt, I remembered, he had won the New York Drama League's medal for the most distinguished Broadway performance of the year. After he had been knighted by England for his contribution to the British stage, Hollywood had brought him to America for the priest's role in *Les Miserables*. Then, as it so often happens, Hollywood had ignored him. Only after his magnificent portrayal of the lethal Mr. Brink in *On Borrowed Time* did the film industry awake to the fact that one of the world's truly great actors had slipped through its fingers.

But when Hollywood makes the mistake of not recognizing great talent, it is almost childlike in its efforts to recompense for the error. And of late Hollywood is lavishing parts worthy of a fine actor on the knighted thespian from England it belatedly discovered.

Sir Cedric was yanked from a road-showing of *Shadow and Substance* to play the Dr. Livingstone Spencer Tracy presumed he had found. Scarcely had he removed the snowy wig of the African explorer before William Dieterle clapped another one on his head and sent him chasing Maureen O'Hara as the villainous Frollo in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Towne and Baker had him contracted already for the Dr. Arnold role in *Tom Brown's School Days*. Columbia moved in and snatched him for a featured part in *The Howards of Virginia*. Before he was halfway through the production, Paramount had him double-timing his days on a prominent role in *Victory*.

The evening had grown late. Already the sun swam ruddily through the low fog banks above the sea at Santa Monica. The starling had long since left its perch in the acacia tree and was striding imperiously about us.

"I've got to get that bird something to eat," said Sir Cedric. "We're a couple of Englishmen with bad dispositions; so we've got to be sticking together."

The New Bogart

[*Continued from page* 21]

studio's confidence in him and back up his own pleas for bigger roles he must work hard. He's willing to.

With this new impetus to his screen career, Bogart is beyond a doubt the outstanding bad man of motion pictures, and on that ground alone is entitled to be called "Mister." Anybody who has taken shots at such stars as James Cagney, George Raft and Edward G. Robinson so many times deserves some sort of respect.

"My best shot though," he reminisces nostalgically, "was Leslie Howard in *Petrified Forest*. I got him with one bullet, and he died quick. The others have been slow bleeders and most of the time they lived long enough to kill me."

He has used practically every known type of weapon. He admits, "I've done everything except throw acid in people's faces. The Hays office won't permit that."

The Hays office has also clamped down on the use of machine guns except when manned by law officers, so Bogart has had another limitation set on his talents. This is all right with him because he trusts in the ingenuity of script writers to think up some new tricks.

As an off-the-screen gangster Bogart is a miserable flop. Nothing of his many characterizations has carried over into his real life personally. He does not speak

with the "dese-dem-and dose" accent he adopts for the screen and he is more interested in world affairs than he is in crime. World affairs sometimes impress him as being criminal, but on a much larger scale than any he has cinematically attempted.

The home life of the Bogarts is scarcely that of an armed gangster camp. All rumors to the contrary, Bogie does not collect guns. Mrs. B. (Mayo Methot) is an actress who has been in the business ever since she was a child. Occasionally she takes a role in a picture. Mostly she has been seen as gun molls and prison inmates. Mrs. Bogart is content to let him do most of the acting for the family. She is not, and never has been, alarmed by his screen roles, for her own experience in the theatre has made her tolerant of such assignments.

His mother, Mrs. Maude Humphrey Bogart, a well-known artist in the early years of this century, is very proud of her son. She lives in Hollywood and goes to see all Bogie's pictures, in fact, she doesn't go to see any others.

Her attitude today is rather different from what it once was, for when Bogart was first embarking on an acting career and appeared as the juvenile in *Swifty*, by John Peter Toohey, she felt that not even mother love could stretch a point in favor of such goings-on. She read him Alexander Woollcott's review which said, "The young man who embodied the aforesaid sprig was what might mercifully be described as inadequate," and added her own post-mortem comment on the performance, which was, "So you're an actor!"

■ His father was a surgeon and the family rather hoped young Humphrey would show some inclination in this direction. The only inclination he showed was for mischief; a talent that finally got him dismissed from Phillip's Academy, Andover, when he proved himself more efficient in plaguing the masters than in studying.

He joined the navy and served through the war, then later took a fling at Wall Street with S. W. Strauss & Co. He soon got wise to the fact that high finance was not for him and when William A. Brady, the theatrical producer, took an interest in him (Bogart was a friend of Brady's son) and offered him a job backstage in one of his productions, he welcomed the opportunity to desert Wall Street for Broadway.

He was given an opportunity to appear briefly in several plays, and finally played in such successes as *Meet the Wife, Cradle Snatchers, Saturday's Children, Most Immoral Lady, It's a Wise Child, After All* and *Hell's Bells.*

It is not generally known, but Bogart's adventure into film took place long before he came to Hollywood. This was when Brady was producing a film in New York called *Life,* with Arline Pretty and Rod La Rocque. A week before the end of production Brady discharged the director and, in a burst of sublime faith, told Bogart to finish the thing.

"I did a fine job," says Bogart. "There were some beautiful shots of people walking along the streets, with me in the window making wild gestures. There was an automobile chase scene in which a car ran into itself. So Mr. Brady stepped in and directed the rest of it himself. The film was never released; that's how good it was."

■ His association with Brady was an exciting one, since the producer was always firing him, an event in which Brady recognized young Bogart's immunity because he always hired him right back again. A pretext for firing Bogart did not have to be logical, nor in any way connected with the young actor; it was just a sort of sublimation of Mr. Brady's outbursts, and firing Bogart was as good as anything else.

"I remember the night *Spring Fever* opened with Hazel Dawn as the star," recalls Bogart. "There was a scene in which three old ladies went around shaking hands before they left the stage. If it were perfectly timed, it was sure to get a big laugh and a big hand. But that night they didn't time it right. Mr. Brady and I were sitting in the last row and when the three women stayed on the



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stage too long he jumped up and yelled at the top of his lungs: 'Get the hell off there!' His yell made him remember where he was and he shoved his handkerchief in his mouth and ran out. I followed him and he fired me."

His appearance in the aforementioned *Swifty* marked Bogart's first association with guns, with which he was later to shoot his way to screen stardom. In *Swifty,* Frances Howard (now Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn) and Hale Hamilton were the stars. There was a scene in which Bogart was to come downstairs with a gun and shout at Hamilton: "I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!"

During rehearsals Brady would make him do it over and over again. Before Bogart got down the stairs the producer would be asleep.

"Finally," says Bogart, "I came right down the stairs and shoved Hamilton into the pit and went after Mr. Brady. He came at me roaring but his son and Hamilton caught me and took me into the alley until I cooled off."

Such violent rehearsals should have put Bogart in a properly lethal frame of mind for the opening night. Unfortunately, he was overcome by such stage fright that he had to walk off the stage and get a glass of water.

He says that Hale was "rather upset and so were the critics."

■ It was in 1930 that Hollywood first put the finger on Bogart. Fox tested him for a role in *The Man Who Came Back.* Bogart came to Hollywood to discover that three other actors had been brought out for the same role. That year he had one good part in a picture. That was in *Up the River* which John Ford directed. Then he went back to New York swearing never to return.

After his experience at Fox, where there had been an attempt to turn him into a sort of rugged glamour boy (every studio in the industry was then frantically searching for a Clark Gable) and later into a cowboy, Bogart had to be coaxed into returning. Columbia wooed and won him for six months, then he returned to New York a second time, still saying loudly that he would not come back again.

Now he says he probably never will return to the theatre. It would take a long time, he argues, for an actor who has learned to adapt himself to the screen to relearn his stage stuff.

Since signing with Warner Brothers he has made twenty-seven pictures. That should offer some sort of a moral to young aspirants who have hopes of reaching stardom the easy way, and judging from Bogart's experience it would seem that they had better get used to the idea of taking the high road. Bogart walked it for exactly ten years.

■ Off the screen Bogart is not what you might call the picture of sartorial elegance. No one around the studio remembers ever seeing him in a complete, conventional suit of clothes, because he prefers casual items like slacks, shirts which slop comfortably outside and sandal shoes that are just this side of bedroom slippers. He never says, as you might expect from seeing him on the screen, "Hi ya, babe," to someone whom he meets for the first time, and he stands up when a lady enters the room. If he wore a hat he would probably doff it respectfully.

Together

[*Continued from page 32*]

And so the Bassermans travelled once again. But this time they went just over the border into Mexico and awaited their turn to come to the United States under the quota. A few weeks later they were once again trying to make a new home in Beverly Hills.

Since then, Albert Basserman has established himself firmly in the American world of entertainment. He has transcended the difficulties of language. He has conquered his new public through roles in *Knute Rockne—All American, Foreign Correspondent* and *The Man From Fleet Street.*

While his beloved Elsa is not yet costarring again with him, it is NOT because her father was a Jew. It is because Elsa, too, must establish herself anew. And she is slowly gaining way. Both are appearing in M-G-M's production of *Escape.*

■ But the fateful night they stepped onto the sidewalk in front of the Hof Theatre in Berlin . . . what of that night? What of the great decision they had to make? What solutions were suggested? What were their personal feelings? What caused them, by the end of the evening's performance, to sacrifice a world dear and familiar to them for an uncertain existence? I wanted to know the answers. I found an answer.

That answer is the love story of "Herbie" and his "Bobby." It is a story of a love, childlike in its simplicity and faith, godlike in its strength and beauty.

At the Basserman home in Beverly Hills, I was served coffee and delicious cakes such as one finds only in those wonderful heart-warming homes, where family love enfolds a guest into its peace and security.

Elsa Basserman, a slim middle-aged woman, talked rapidly and with great vivacity. Albert Basserman, tall and slender, his gray hair contrasting pleasingly with the baby pink of his skin, nodded smilingly at his wife and listened attentively to every word.

"Ah! My husband!" she exclaimed at my inquiry. "He is the most wonderful boy who ever lived. 'Herbie' is the man I respect above all other men.

"I'll never forget when I first met him. It was in 1904. I had just finished my first theatrical engagement as Pandora in *Pandora's Box* in a Berlin theatre. A half-page photograph of me in the role had appeared in a Berlin newspaper a few days before my start of rehearsals in another play. On the first day of rehearsal, Herbie and I were introduced on the stage. He was so handsome, so dashing! He exclaimed, 'Oh, so you are Pandora—— the troublesome little girl!'

"I fell in love with him right then. After that there was no one else for me. But he paid no attention to me, other than just courteous conversation. At his age, he was interested in older, more experienced women. He was particularly in love with a famous European singer. You

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Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., appears next in *Angel Over Broadway*, so maybe he is pointing to one in the lobby of Ciro's for the benefit of Binnie Barnes. She soon is to make *Her Honor the Mayor*, co-starred with the long-legged Charlotte Greenwood

know how a young man is at that age.

"We appeared together in several plays and became warm friends. Then we were separated for a time. We met by chance again at a small resort in the Black Forest where Herbie had brought his father, and I had brought my mother.

"Herbie's father was a handsome patriarch. To see them together was to see the great love of father and son. After their morning walk, Herbie would come for me and we would go for long hikes through the forest or we would ride horseback.

"I would say to my mother, 'Someday I am going to marry Albert,' and she would approve most heartily.

"But Herbie would say to me, 'I believe you are the finest comrade a man ever had. Too bad I am not in love with you.' But I have patience, and I waited.

"In 1908, we met again in Vienna where we were guest-stars of a production. Herbie had just broken off with the singer with whom he had been so in love.

"I guess you might say I caught him on the rebound. I was his consolation. After a few months he said, 'Bobby, I believe I love you very much. Let us get married and live the rest of our lives together with the good times we have always had together.'

"Well, of course, I agreed. So we went back to Berlin and were married there.

"When Carmen was born in 1910, she just added more to our happiness. Our life was quite normal—quite like other German lives in the old days. Our brothers and sisters, our parents, our uncles and aunts were all around Berlin and we had a wonderful family life.

"Our friends included musicians, writers, artists and scientists as well as actors. We knew Dr. Koch, the great

scientist whom Herbie portrayed in *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet,* fairly well.

"We toured the continent, appearing on the stage in all the German-speaking countries. We were always together, and were very happy until Hitler came into power. Then, of course, the fact that I am half-Jewish made matters difficult. When we went to the theatre that night and saw my name had been removed, Herbie said instantly, 'Bobby, we shall give our performance as usual tonight. Then we must leave Germany immediately!'

"I begged Herbie to do as many others had done where one was Jewish and the other Aryan. I begged him to divorce me legally, then we could continue to live together illegally. He refused to listen to me. Then I pleaded with him to let me take Carmen and go just across the border where he could come to stay with us whenever he could get away from the theatre for a few days. Many in Germany have done that.

"You must understand," she begged. "My Herbie was Germany's greatest actor. He had honor, prestige, fame and everything a man can ask of his fellowmen. Their grievance was with me because I am Jewish. I felt he should stay where he had earned his place. I had loved him for many, many years. We had had great happiness together. I would have had much to take with me into exile. I would have had my great love of and respect for him to console me.

"But Herbie would not listen. He said there could be no compromise with a political system abhorrent to him. He said that if I had to go alone, then overnight he would become an old man with nothing to show for his years of living.

"And so that night we fled. The Nazis did not try to impede our departure in any way. They were considerate.

"In Vienna for five years we were happy. We found a place in the theatres there. Then in 1938, the Nazis walked into Austria. We were not bothered when we took our possessions and went to Switzerland. We established ourselves in a villa on the Italian side of Lake Lugano.

"We saw the increasing pressure of the Nazi system from all sides. We went to Paris for one film, *The Heroes of the Marne,* and then we decided we'd better look toward the United States.

"When we left Europe, we had great hopes of America, but we didn't dream that any country could be so gracious, so kind and so sincerely sympathetic.

"We never dreamed that so quickly Herbie should find his place again. All we really hoped to find was a country where we should be permitted to live with some peace and with each other.

"Instead, we have found all this. We know that God still is good, and still watches over us all."

While she talked, I looked around at the house . . . a house bare of those possessions one accumulates through many years of living, but a house that was a safe, secure home, and I thought of Ludwig Lewisohn's poem—

TOGETHER
(This Is Marriage)

You and I by this lamp, with these
Few books, shut out the world. Our knees
Touch almost in this little space
But I am glad. I see your face.
The silences are long, but each
Hears the other without speech.
And in this simple scene there is
The essence of all subtleties,
The freedom from all fret and smart
The one sure sabbath of the heart.
The world we cannot conquer it.
Nor change the minds of fools one whit.
Here, here alone do we create
Beauty and peace inviolate.
Here, night by night and hour by hour,
We build a high, impregnable tower,
Whence may shine, now and again,
A light to light the feet of men
When they see the rays thereof.
And this is marriage; this is love.

Movie Masquerade

Is there a detective in the house? Masquerading behind the phrases below are movie titles, and if you are a clever movie fan, as well as a good detective, you will be able to ferret out four of the five titles. If you answer three out of five, you are more of a movie fan than a detective. Less than three, let's not mention. The phrases suggest movie titles only and not the subject matter or plot of the picture. For instance, the phrase "Why refreshment stands make money," suggests the title *Pop Always Pays,* although the picture itself doesn't concern that kind of "pop." Look for the answers (if you weaken) on page 66.

1. What would come out if you built a fire under Fort Knox? .....
2. Ultimate destination of water under the bridge. .....
3. Why restaurants don't sell food to men only. .....
4. One-fourth of this would make Eddie Cantor happy. .....
5. Why drivers of owl taxicabs don't get sunstroke. .....



No one was sick at our house when the family doctor stopped in yesterday. But *he* was tired out and came in to rest before his next call. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here's your medicine," I cried, handing him a stick of Beeman's. "Take this and relax." "Beeman's!", said he, "my favorite chewing gum. It's mighty good medicine for tired tastes. I'm really rested now. Send me your bill — your treatment is a treat."

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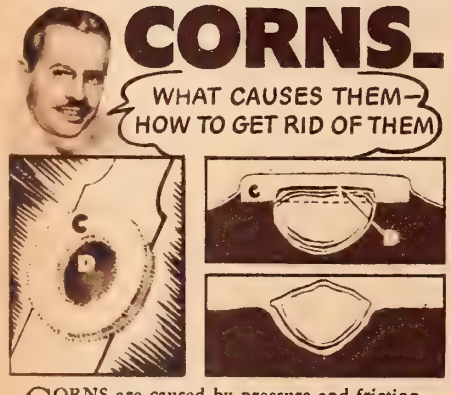
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Send illustrated folder, sample of perforated material, details of 10-day Trial Offer and $1.00 down plan.

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Address.....

Ruth Hussey (see page 46) shows off the torso length of her jacket by having it a different shade from the skirt. Mix and match suits are smart—try wearing two shades of the same color, or combine plaids or stripes with plain materials for dash.

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BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

ner of the meat packers who utilize every part of a pig but the squeal.

"Paramount's net profits from its candy business in its theatres," Griffis reported, "are in excess of all the interests on its indebtedness."

■ Lee Wong, Chinese actor who already holds the movie record for high pay on a per-word basis, muffed an opportunity to bag another soft check when he forgot his speech on a *Cherokee Strip* location.

Screen Actors' Guild rules decree that $25 must be paid to any actor who utters a line before the camera. Lee's high-water mark was a minimum check for voicing the syllable " 'lo," a contraction of hello.

In *Cherokee Strip,* Richard Dix, emerging from a cabin, asks the Chinese, "Which way did the posse go?" This is a standard line in all Westerns and requires only an answering gesture and the stock phrase, "They went that way."

Lee was so overcome by the drama of the situation that he muffed the lines entirely. His action, however, was sufficiently expressive to get the idea over, so there was no retake. Instead of $25, he got $11.25, the regular pay for extras.

■ To demonstrate how audiences make actors it is profitable to relate the tale of the Pasadena dentist who ran up a big personal score in *When the Daltons Rode.*

The dentist is Dr. Edgar Buchanan, who, appearing in his second film role, served as a sort of animated prologue and epilogue to the tale. He was a garrulous wheelwright who set the pace for the opening scenes and cut the horror after the climax.

Doc Buchanan, who always wanted to be an actor and won a dramatic scholarship at Yale, became a dentist at the insistance of his father, also a D.D.S. In dental school he met his future wife in Mildred Smith and for ten years they practiced dentistry together in Oregon.

A year ago the Buchanans moved to Pasadena and Dr. Edgar began indulging his early love of the theatre by appearing in stage plays at the Pasadena Community Theatre. His work won him a character role in *Arizona,* still unreleased. Director George Marshall hired him for *The Daltons* on the recommendation of the *Arizona* director, Wesley Ruggles.

Although only thirty-four, Buchanan appears a generation older because of the beard he grew for the two roles. His dental patients don't mind the beard; in fact get a kick out of being treated by a bona fide movie actor.

On the original credit sheets and cast announcements Buchanan was not mentioned, the studio consensus being that his role was too minor to warrant it. But the day after the press preview, Universal done right by the Doc, thanks to the unanimous demand of the first-night reviewers.

■ Smiley Burnette, comic in the Gene Autry Westerns, celebrated three years' uninterrupted work at Republic by building a swimming pool on the grounds



Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Eric Maria Remarque, who wrote *All Quiet on the Western Front* and for it became an exile from his native Germany, is now in Hollywood and is shown here dining at Ciro's with Marlene Dietrich, who also refuses to return to her native Germany



Marjorie Dean is a dazzling sample of the dozens of beautiful girls who are featured in *A Night at Earl Carroll's*

of his pleasant house, which is almost in the shadow of the studio.

The day the pool was finished Smiley's doctor ordered him to give up swimming because he was losing weight too rapidly. The edict was endorsed by the studio, which wants to keep him in roly-poly shape. Swimming, it appears, is an infallible reducer.

All Smiley's fellow-players have had plunges in his pool during lunch hour and after a hard day of buckarooing. Burnette was pretty irate about the situation until the doctor told him anger was another certain way to lose weight.

■ Toward the climax of the hoss racing season it is becoming customary to refer to missing actors, directors and producers as being on "Lot 4" at Metro. Metro has only three lots. The fourth is whatever race track is open in the neighborhood.

■ One of the purest cases of sadism ever perpetrated on a movie set was discovered at Paramount on the *Moon Over Burma* stage. The setting was a tropical cafe full of tourists and atmosphere people. On every table were overflowing glasses of beer.

A visitor to the set, suffering from the heat of an Indian Summer day, asked why the extras didn't drink the beer so lavishly provided for them.

"They wouldn't like it," an assistant director explained. "The property men

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spike it with hot water. Beer costs money and it's a lot of trouble to keep replacing it all day. And besides, the property chief is a temperance man."

■ In the midst of his first vacation in four years, Akim Tamiroff was recalled by his studio to record some additional dialogue on *Texas Rangers Ride Again*.

The Russian menace rushed in from Lake Tahoe, prepared to give his all for Dear Old Production. The director rushed him up to a microphone, instructed him to say, "Joe Yuma" in a loud, clear voice, and then excused him.

Motorists who encountered Tamiroff on the way back to Tahoe reported that he was giving off steam, lava and cinders like Vesuvius in a fighting mood.

■ Brenda Marshall, just beginning to hit her stride as a leading lady, thought her first talent scout was a wolf.

This is the way it was. In the summer of 1937 there was a young man working for Warner Brothers named Hugh McMullen. He was an Oxford graduate and a walking encyclopedia of theatrical history and Broadway gossip. He knew everybody from Winchell to the second assistant bartender at the Artists' and Writers' Club. He was a talent scout.

That summer he saw 107 plays, one of them a performance at Peterboro, N. H., of *The Guardsman,* at which he was detailed to watch the work of a young actor. He saw Brenda Marshall and began firing wires at Hollywood, forgetting forever the guy he had come to inspect.

From there on Mr. McMullen's casebook on Marshall reads as follows:

"Spotted her the minute she walked onstage. Saw she couldn't miss. Something dark and lustrous there; kind of fire. Knew she could act.

"Went backstage to break glad tidings. Got brushed off good. Frostiest reception McM. ever got anywhere. No like Hollywood, afraid of it, never change mind. No like McM. Afraid of him too."

Brenda turned down an offer of a part in a Broadway stage play sponsored by Warners and directed by Mr. McMullen. Gloria Dickson took the job, made a hit, went straight to Hollywood as a result.

Hal Wallis, Warners production chief, finally got infected by McMullen's enthusiasm. Offered Brenda a test. Brenda didn't want a test. Offered her a contract without a test. No dice.

Eventually, Brenda and Burbank got together, the result being accomplished by a wearing-down process. Most of the wearing-down was done on Mr. McMullen who says he aged forty years. Also, some hard times had set in in the New York theatre and Brenda's private life.

McMullen and Marshall went West at the same time, the talent scout turning straight to the extent of becoming dialogue director on the first William Holden picture, *Golden Boy.* For more than a year, he and Holden shared a house together.

Mr. Holden and Miss Marshall will probably be married before the year is out, which will leave Mr. McMullen, the "wolf" out in the cold where wolves belong.

Mr. McMullen's current assignment is as dialogue director of *East of the River.* The star is Brenda Marshall.

Find the moral to this story and we will send you Mr. McMullen.

■ Ernst Lubitsch relates a paradoxical yarn about Emmerich Kalman, the European musical genius who was imported to Hollywood, signed to a studio contract and offered his choice of writers to provide the scenario.

"Perhaps we can provide you with a friend, someone you have worked with before," the studio head suggested. "Do you know the playwright Vajda?"

"Vajda?" the musician chortled. "He is like my brother. Incomparably the greatest mind in the theatre."

"Good!" the producer approved. "Then I shall not offer you the services of Bus-Fekete."

"But Bus-Fekete is already immortal," Kalman said. "He has written the truest, the most beautiful plays ever produced."

"Bus-Fekete and Vajda are both acceptable to you," the producer beamed. "Then I shall not offer you Reisch."

"Reisch? Reisch? I never heard of him."

"Then," said the producer, "all you have to do is make a choice between Vajda and Bus-Fekete."

"I want neither of them," Kalman said. "I'll take Reisch."

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S	H	E	R	I	D	A	N		D	R	U	M



Dietrich and Seven Sinners

[*Continued from page 23*]

then only met him at her champagne bust that traditionally celebrates the start of one of her pictures. Tay Garnett, the director, was there, Joseph Pasternak, Wayne and Rudolph Mate, cameraman.

Mr. Wayne is likely to grow on Miss Dietrich, for Mr. Wayne has been growing outrageously fast as a young man who can harry the feminine pulse. It has not been long since this John Morrison, of Iowa, was spotted by director Raoul Walsh. Walsh took one gander at Mr. Wayne's walk and was so impressed by its ambulatory beauty he hung around a street corner for two hours just to get another glimpse of Mr. Wayne in stride. Mr. Wayne did considerable walking in *Stagecoach* and managed to stroll from there into a good many leading man roles. Right now Mr. Wayne is so busy that he is harder to get for picture roles than wimmin at Little America. Give Mr. Wayne a chance and he may push Mr. Gable out of first place in the Dietrich league.

■ As Dorothy Henderson, the governor's dotter, Anna Lee gets her first crack at American cinema. The role of Dorothy Henderson isn't exactly lovable, for she is the gal who conspires to have Bijou deported in order to keep Lt. Whitney for herself. Actually, Anna Lee looks about as villainous as a Ming vase. But she is a sturdy sportswoman, and an exceptionally good shot. Once Miss Lee was out hunting in Egypt and had just drawn a bead on a jackal. She was about to rub out the beast when it stood up and became an Englishman named Robert Stevenson. Miss Lee married him.

When Mr. Stevenson came to America to direct *Tom Brown's School Days,* Miss Lee followed with their two-year-old progeny expecting to have a nice holiday in Hollywood. But Mr. Pasternak met her, signed her and cast her in *Seven Sinners.*

Miss Dietrich had a strong hand in getting Miss Lee her part. It happened when Miss Dietrich heard that Miss Lee was testing for the role and that Miss Lee was having a case of the jitters. Miss Dietrich stayed over a whole evening on the lot to help the young lady. She played opposite Miss Lee in the test, calmed her with advice. The result was that Miss Lee breezed through the test and into the part.

■ Some of the early scenes in *Seven Sinners* were shot during harrowing heat and some carnage resulted. The carnage hit Tay Garnett, the director, the hardest. Mr. Garnett was a surprising casualty, too, because he has been in hot places before. In fact, he was particularly qualified to handle *Seven Sinners* because he had sailed his 107-foot yawl, *Athene,* through the very South Seas he was filming. As a result, Mr. Garnett selected the native types for the flicker, even became an authority on what sort of merchandise should go into the native shops. It is a sad commentary on California climate that the dried Los Angeles river bottom should slap down a veteran like Mr. Garnett.

It happened whilst he was fixing to screen a street and water-front scene. A full-fledged steamer sat on the dry sand, belching black smoke. A couple hundred coolies, assorted sepia-hued offspring, long-horned oxen, goats, chickens and naval officers roamed the muddy street. It was 100° in the shade. Mr. Garnett, a stickler for long rehearsals, toiled stripped to the waist, but it didn't help. With a dismal exhalation Mr. Garnett collapsed. Miss Dietrich, looking as cool as a stein of German beer, rushed to his side with a handkerchief filled with ice. With the ice on his brow and Miss Dietrich's cluckings in his ear, Mr. Garnett came around and finished the picture which had very nearly finished him.



It is a story about a girl war correspondent and an American aviator in the Spanish war that brings Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland to the screen in the film, *Arise, My Love.* This scene is the beginning of an air raid, one of the dramatic high-lights





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Joan Bennett who's in *Son of Monte Cristo,* likes pale polish with delicately colored stones. Jewels by Gershgorn



Above, Dorothy Lamour's hands are dramatic with dark polish and jewels by Brock. She is in *Moon Over Burma*

In Loving Hands

Beautiful rings deserve beautiful hands . . . and vice versa! Take a tip from the movie stars and give your hands the regular care that produces the soft white hands of romance

By ANN VERNON

■ Everyone is looking at your hands. Are they admiring your new engagement ring, noticing that the first six months of housekeeping haven't ruined your pretty hands after all, or thinking that such awkward, ill-kept paws will never win a man? Hands to be loved, to deserve a ring, have to be lovely!

You can be pretty sure that when a top-flight star like Joan Bennett or Dottie Lamour sports a new diamond, her hands will be as well worth looking at as the ring! In the picture above, Joan wears a complete jewel set—clip, bracelet, ear bows and huge square ring fashioned of diamonds as yellow as sunshine, and rubies. Joan's dress is of blended lemon and chartreuse, but her fingernails (and her lips, because of course they must match nail shades) are a soft coral pink, for quiet contrast. Dottie Lamour, who is a vivid person herself, likes deep dark nails the same shade as her ruby red wool jersey gown with her single sparkling diamond ring. Her gem is oval shaped with pointed ends, and goes nicely with her long tapered nails and slender graceful hands. Dottie's "shower" clip of diamonds is especially designed to finish off a v-neckline—and don't miss those

DO YOU HOLD A WINNING HAND?

You can make yours lovely enough to get any man if you follow the beauty hints given in this article. Write Ann Vernon for help with your other beauty problems as well. She'll be glad to advise you on dry or oily skin, dull hair, or help you select the correct hair style and make-up for your features and coloring. Send a stamped, (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope with your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

diamond butterflies on the Lamour ears.

Probably your own ring won't be as large a solitaire as Joan's, nor will you have Dottie's diamond clip and bracelet to wear with it. Not all of us can be movie stars or millionaires either! But we can have lovely looking rings, and pretty hands, too! If your young man isn't as rich as he might be (ten years from now), why not select a cluster ring? Made up of many small diamonds, it gives quite as much sparkle as a huge rose-cut solitaire. You can have the diamonds set in a large circle, in a heart, or a lovers' knot! Or surround a small square-cut diamond with baguette diamonds, to make it look larger and more impressive. All this if your hands are long and slender. But if you wear a 5½ glove, stick to the smaller stones. Select a single diamond, with as much fire and color as your fiance can afford. Your jeweler will explain about *them* when you go along to choose the ring that looks best on you.

You don't have to have diamonds *only* in your engagement ring—though the blue white diamond is the traditional stone because it is so pure. You can combine rubies, or sapphires, or emeralds (even the less expensive stones like amethyst and aquamarine and topaz) with diamonds to make a ring that is definitely yours. But if you do go in for color in a ring, be careful forever after that the clothes and make-up and especially the nail polish you wear harmonize with it. A white diamond goes with everything, but rubies have to meet their match, and emeralds and sapphires like a not-too-vivid contrast. Yellow gold is coming back into style for wedding and engagement rings, but it, like yellow toned aquamarine and topaz, demands a golden tinge in nail polish and make-up.

Naturally the wearing qualities of your nail polish are every bit as important to you as its color. What's the good of having a glorious new sparkler if it calls attention to chipping nail polish and splitting nails? Most nail polishes nowadays are pretty durable, but there's one in particular that goes through so many severe tests in the making that the manufacturer could practically guarantee it—against chipping at the tips, fading or losing its gloss, or soaking off in the dishpan. The sand test is one of the most important of these. Thousands of tiny grains are run over samples of each batch of lacquer, for a period of hours, at high speed. In that time the lacquer takes many more hard knocks, much tougher wear and tear, than it will have to endure on your hands in a week!

Would you ever stick your pretty digits into boiling water? Not if you knew it, I'll bet. But the polish you wear has been in worse than that—submerged for goodness knows how long in boiling brine. And you probably know by now, even if you are only a bride, that salt water boils at a much higher temperature than fresh! There's a sun lamp test, too, just one more of the many various processes this polish has to go through before it's pronounced fit for your hands. This particular lamp exposure proves that the polish won't fade or lose color when you take your late fall sun bath or relax under a sun lamp.

All three of these tests, and yet another that checks the reactions of color under the various types of lighting—daylight, candlelight, harsh electric lights—were used when the manufacturer recently developed two new fall shades. One is a riotous bright red, South American in its intensity, and brilliant in sheen. It would go with diamonds, with topaz and tourmaline and aquamarines, and even with sapphires—though I'd prefer the same manufacturer's soft rosy shade with that ladylike gem. And you can wear it as well with black, the new fall navy and grey, and with reds, browns and rusty orange tones we've taken over from our neighbors south of the border . . . The other shade is a deep red slightly on the blue side—it would be perfect with rubies, and ruby or wine jersey dresses, with the new blueberry purples, as well as greens of all colors and intensities. The polish itself is inexpensive, and long wearing, truly a bargain that anyone can afford.

■ Hands that wear diamonds aren't always pampered. As you'll find when the honeymoon's over and you start the daily round of dishes and beds and all the sundry household tasks that go with being Mrs. But even though you work your fingers to the bone, from seven in the morning till long after dinner, they mustn't look it! Men are funny about that—they



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like hands that can do things, but they want them soft and white and daintily manicured. Which isn't such a difficult "want" to please, if you're careful always to use a fine hand cream or a lubricating hand lotion after having your hands in water. Keep a bottle of the lotion on the kitchen window sill, just above the sink drainboard, and smooth some on after drying the dishes and your hands. Be sure to use plenty of the lotion and to massage it well into every knuckle, all down the backs of your hands, and up your wrists and arms to your elbows. The hand lubricant I'm talking about has been around for over fifty years, and it's a lot better today than it was when grandmama used it back when she was a bride. The manufacturer has been improving it all along, and just recently he brought out a fine hand cream that has all the good points of the lotion—plus! The same lubricating qualities are there, the same delicately faint scent. The cream is not sticky, but it makes a grand powder base (because it keeps the skin soft and smooth, and prevents chapping). If you like your hand cream in jar form, I know you'll like this one. It's extra good, by the way, as an overnight hand cream, because it keeps right on smoothing and softening the hands while you sleep. The cream comes in 10 and 30 cent sizes, and there's a dime size of the lotion, too. Want the name of these handy twins?

■ Are you one of those people who just can't grow nails? I know how you feel, because I went through it all myself. Mine were splitting, chipping nails, always breaking off—and I would have done anything to grow healthy, decently long ones. Foolishly, I went so far as to give up polish for a while—and got royally razzed for my pains, because that didn't do any good either! But finally I got scientific about the matter, arranged my diet to get the proper amount of nail building vitamins and calcium and minerals (lotsa fresh fruits, vegetables and milk will do the trick for you), and set to work using a special lotion that's supposed to strengthen the nails. I applied this around the base of the nail and cuticle morning and night—and I wish you could see my nails now. They're beautiful!

Other things that help: Don't ever put your hands in really hot water—lukewarm water and a mild soap will take off any dirt, are much easier on hands and nails. Always rub a bit of your cold cream into the nails when you cream your face . . . A little goes a long way, too, as you'll find when you use it. Want to know more?

■ Naturally even the strongest nails break on occasions. And usually those are just *the* occasions you've wanted to look your best! Weep no more! The damage can be remedied quickly, with artificial nails. Haven't you tried them? They can be shaped to fit right over your own sawed-off nails, filed any length, polished any color. No one can tell the difference between true and false, because these artificial ones even have "moons." You won't be embarrassed by their dropping off when you pick up a cup of coffee or a cocktail. They're waterproof, and applied with a waterproof lacquer so they stay on till you remove them! Twenty cents buys a set of ten—interested?

Dark nail polish hides a multitude of sins—but there's always the day you remove it for your manicure. Are you shocked to discover just how dirty your nails have been under the polish? You won't be if you keep a nail brush handy and use it every time you wash your hands. Metal nail cleaners and nail files, you know, are likely to injure the nail itself, and to push back the skin underneath the free edge so your nail looks shorter. A nail brush gets the dirt out quickly, easily, without irritating the skin, or scratching the under surface of the nail. And I'll be glad to give you the name of a well-known brush manufacturer who makes nail brushes in several styles, priced at 25 and 50 cents.

STOP THE PRESS! I've just heard about an exciting new shade of one of your favorite ten cent lipsticks. It's a deep dark ruby red, just made to blend with the ruby toned polish—and all the fall clothes *that* goes with. The lipstick is creamy smooth, will neither smear nor dry the lips, and is specially packaged in a stunning black case with two gold "wedding bands" around the cap. There are harmonizing shades of rouge and face powder, too. All three are sold for a dime apiece at stores near you. Interested?

Write to me before November 15th if you want the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Vera Gilmer was born in California but did not become famous until she became a model in New York. She recently flew back to her home town to appear on the Lux Radio Theatre as a guest

They Always Get Their Girl

[*Continued from page 29*]

which made her mouth drop open in astonishment. Certainly for abrasions and contusions, she had nothing on this.

The object sank exhausted to a tree stump and then broke into exultant laughter as a second object, equally battered, hove into view and flopped with a sigh to the ground. Ladeez and Gentlemen, in this corner on the stump we have Battling Paulette Goddard, her buckskin clothes and brilliant red and blue Mackinaw in shreds, her long braids of inky hair yanked into wild disarray. And in this corner, on the ground, we have the roughneck she's just fought to a standstill—Lynne Overman, with mud down his neck and the makings of a swell black eye.

To know how come, you'd better first know something of the plot. To start at the beginning, the picture has five stars; Madeleine, Paulette, Gary, Robert Preston who was co-starred with Dorothy Lamour in *Typhoon,* and Preston Foster. It deals with the uprising fifty years ago of the Metis Nation, a mixture of Scotch, French and Dutch pioneers in Canada who intermarried with the Indians.

Government surveyors, re-mapping the North West wilderness shortly before the picture opens, have divided the farmlands unjustly, or so the Metis charge. Hence the revolt—Riel's Rebellion, led by Louis Riel—with only a handful of Mounted Police in the whole vast territory to enforce the law.

April Logan (Madeleine Carroll), her brother, Constable Ronnie Logan (Robert Preston), and Sergeant Jim Bret (Preston Foster), are Canadians. Louvette (Paulette Goddard) is a French and Indian half-breed. Dusty Rivers (Gary Cooper), U. S. Marshal and Texas Ranger, is the one American.

You've rarely seen a meanie such as Jacque Corbeau (George Bancroft), the killer that Dusty Rivers has traveled alone from Texas to arrest. Corbeau ties political and personal affairs into knots, and things aren't helped when Dusty falls in love with April, the girl Sergeant Jim Bret has made up his mind to marry. Moreover, Louvette, who is herself fiercely in love with April's brother, entices Ronnie by deceit from his post as sentinel; with the result that almost the entire detachment of Mounted Police is massacred by the rebels. Just seven men escape.

Throughout the plot, flares the rivalry between Gary and Preston Foster, between the Texas Ranger and the North West Mounted, as to who gets his man—and woman.

Meanwhile, Paulette very nearly "gets" Lynne Overman.

It happened at Batoche, a Metis settlement plumped down in the midst of the immense waste into which Stage 8 and adjoining territory were converted. In the pine-scented afternoon, Paulette stood near the ramshackle store at the crossroads, her hands full of furs, saying in a sweet, ingenuous voice: "Buy my ermines, pliss? Ver' nize ermines—"

A lovely, slinky creature, Louvette. Gary Cooper, newly arrived in Batoche and conspicuous because of his Texas Ranger apparel, regarded her with interest. But Lynne Overman, who has the role of loyal Scotch-Indian Tod McDuff, warned him. "Dinna buy furrrs from yon daughter o' Beelzebub. She steals 'em." Which, as a matter of fact, she does.

In an instant the sweetness left Paulette's voice, the appeal in her dark eyes changed to hate. With a lightning gesture she drew a knife and plunged at Overman. For a while he defended himself, laughing, using his rifle to ward off her thrusts. But Paulette broke through his guard with a sudden, lithe movement, and climbed him like a wildcat. Lynne twisted the knife from her hand, and over and over they rolled in the road, Gary and the rest of the crowd watching with varied emotions.

Finally, Lynne pinioned Paulette's hands and began to belabor her while she screeched and scratched, bit and kicked, in undiminished r a g e. But suddenly Robert Preston, as Ronnie, her Constable sweetheart, raced thunderously into the melee and stopped it by an enthusiastic offer to knock Lynne's teeth down his throat. Louvette still breathed fire as she was dragged off from one of the best scraps the movies have witnessed in years. By comparison, Paulette's altercation with Roz Russell in *The Women* shrinks to a mere skirmish.

Yet DeMille had hesitated a long time before assigning this role to Paulette. His description of the somewhat extravagant requirements for the part, meanwhile, intrigued all and sundry, including his next door neighbor, W. C. Fields. Fields hailed him one morning across the hedge. "I hear you're searching for a siren with the allure of Circe, the fire of Carmen, and the primitive instincts of a black panther?"

"That's the kind of a girl I want," answered DeMille.

"Who doesn't?" said Fields.

But Paulette felt none of DeMille's hesitation about casting the part. She called on him and asked for it. Rejected as not the type, she called twice again; the second time in costume and make-up, the third with a French Canadian accent that was a honey. "Most determined woman I've met," DeMille sighed in surrender. It seems that since four years ago, when she was practically unknown, Paulette—bent on acting in a DeMille picture—had sent the Director a postcard every week. It read: "When are you going to have that part for me?"

DeMille considers the character of Louvette one of the most fascinating he has helped create. For he had much to do with the creation not only of this character but of the plot itself. A film about the North West Mounted Police was his own idea. He outlined the theme, the gallantry and similarity of the Canadian Mounted and the Texas Rangers, before turning it over to the scenarists.

Among these scenarists is Jesse Lasky, Jr., son of DeMille's early partner in the

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picture industry. Among the members of the cast are the sons of two stars DeMille knew in the silent days; Lon Chaney, Jr., and Wally Reid, Jr. This is DeMille's first all-color film, but his first experiments in color were with Wally's father in 1915.

And guess who's another notable member of the company? The famous Shakespearean actor, Walter Hampden. As Chief Big Bear he plays his first celluloid role.

■ The cast finally selected, DeMille planned sets worthy of the high percentage of talent it contained. Some of the battles with the Metis, such as the massacre of the Mounted at Duck Lake, where the Metis had the first gatling gun used in warfare on this Continent, took place amid the natural scenery of the Sierras and of Oregon. But for half a dozen sets on the studio lot, the Director sponsored a miracle of transformation.

A whole forest was brought down from the high Sierras, many of the pines as tall as a 10-story building, and planted in 6,000 tons of earth over long, sweeping ramps like hillsides, to form a Canadian upland glen. The top slope could be seen four miles from the studio.

Nearby was the Metis crossroads hamlet of Batoche, and not far away was an Indian village complete with strings of dried fish over the fires, plus a Fort Carleton with barracks for scores of Mounted Police. They were sets of such magnitude and detail as to knock even Hollywood back on its heels.

Against this kind of background, the story marched in a pageant of blazing hues, actual and emotional. The log walls of Fort Carleton, as example, enclosed a sequence of agonizing tension when fifty Mounted Police, barricaded with Dusty Rivers and Inspector Cabot (Montagu Love), awaited the possible onslaught of thousands of the enemy.

In history, this crisis took place at Fort Pitt, Saskatchewan. The officer who led the masterly retreat down the ice blocked river, and received a citation for saving his men, was Inspector Francis Jeffrey Dickens—third son of Charles Dickens, the author.

■ The assembling of that Metis army had its excitement, too. Were those forces a spectacle! And was Akim Tamiroff a sight!

As aide to the idealistic Louis Riel (Francis MacDonald), Dan Duroc (Akim) undertook to lick the rebel army into shape. Sporting a red, green and yellow blanket, and a frowsy beard, Akim rode a white horse down the line of Metis and shouted military orders which they sensationally misunderstood. Half of them didn't know right hand from left, and didn't care.

It was a pretty sight, while Akim rested, to see an assistant director during rehearsals trot daintily down the line in the role of Akim's horse; to give the cameras the range and the army the cue. Two genuine husky dogs from the Artic Circle, with packs on their yellow-white backs and with black, anxious eyebrows, sprawled near the disorganized ranks for atmosphere.

■ How different the situation around the corner! There the Mounted Police were learning things from Sergeant Major G. F. Griffin, authentically of the Mounted, from Regina, Saskatchewan. Sergeant Major Griffin, on "detached duty," had been borrowed by DeMille to drill these actors according to Mounted manual, and he jolly well drilled 'em.

After two weeks of it, Preston Foster had lost 8 pounds, Bob Preston 4, Montagu Love 14. Altogether, fifty of them dropped a total of 312 pounds. Gary Cooper, who as a Texas Ranger was the



Fawcett photo by Rhodes

It is a gay party at The Pirates' Den, but the stars are absorbed in the sedate entertainment of looking at the children's pictures. Fred MacMurray holds the folding frame while Mrs. Gary Cooper and Ray Milland wait their turns for a look

only male principal that didn't have to drill, stood on the sidelines and grinned.

From the drill ground the "rookies" could see the towering, synthetic forest. And when they were sufficiently expert in Mounted maneuvers, it was through this forest that seven of them made their way—the "thin red line" of massacre survivors—in the greatest scene of the picture.

In that scene, George Bancroft, as Corbeau, stood in the center of a throng of half-naked Indians, Chief Big Bear at his side. You'd never recognize the fiery Romeo or the dreamy Hamlet behind the eagle feathers, loin cloth and beads that Walter Hampden wore; though a dignified and magnificent Chief he was.

As proof that the Mounted Police had been completely wiped out in the battle at Duck Lake, and as an inducement to the Crees to join the rebellion, Bancroft had brought an armful of equipment stripped from the dead. Here and there an Indian warrior held a scarlet coat aloft on a spear. One staff had a riding boot and spur on its tip. As Bancroft harangued them, the redskins broke into a savage war dance.

But unexpectedly, from far up the wooded hillside, rang the sharp, authoritative notes of a bugle. The dancers froze in their tracks. Complete silence fell. The only movement was the lazy curl of smoke from the open top of a teepee.

Down the slope and into view came Sergeant Jim Bret and the remnant of the Mounted, a trickle of scarlet among the dark green trees. Chief Big Bear glanced briefly at Corbeau. "So dead men ride," he said.

Faithfully that episode of 1885 was reenacted. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, their guns at rest across the saddles, their pistol holsters not even unfastened, the troopers of fifty years ago had ridden straight and unfaltering into the midst of those hundreds of Indians, straight to where the Chief stood, narrow-eyed.

Impressed by this heroism, suspicious now of the rebel messenger's word, the Chief remained motionless for an endless moment . . . then greeted the Mounted as friends. The Crees would not fight the Crown. The rebellion was doomed.

■ There were other scenes less full of war, more full of sentiment. One, where Gary finds Madeleine consumed with worry over brother Ronnie, is a masterpiece of tender wooing. He almost won her then. "April Logan" was about ready to fall into his arms.

But if April Logan didn't fall into his arms, there were thirty-two other girls ready to do so, all at once; a remark that calls for explanation. Gary dropped in at the barber shop opposite Paramount studio. The word flew around somehow that Gary was getting a haircut.

By the time he came out, thirty-two girls were at the door, clamoring for autographs. Gary was needed immediately in a scene, and a couple of policemen had to clear a path for him back to the studio gate. On top of this, they had to rescue the barber; thirty-two gals were mobbing him for a snip of Gary's hair!

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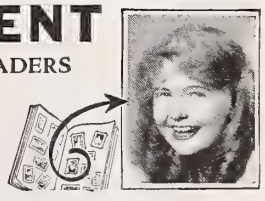
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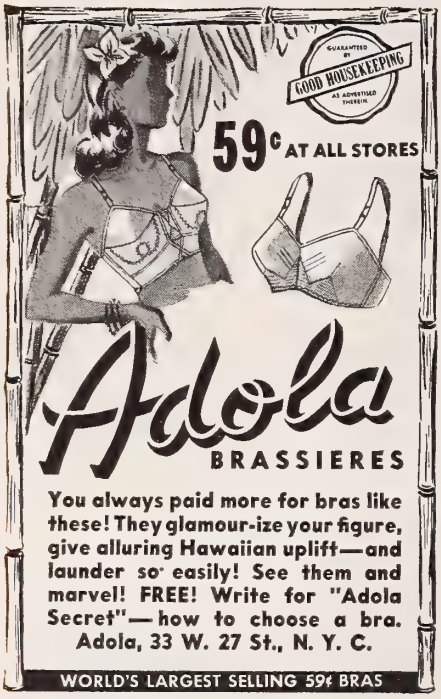


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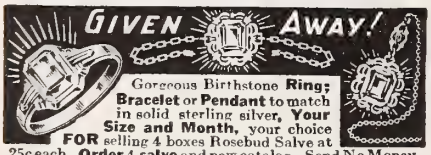
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Mary Astor likes to make her guests sit on the floor and eat with chopsticks, but Chinese food tastes just as good from forks. You will see Miss Astor next in *Brigham Young,* exciting tale of the Mormon leader

Exotic Chinese dishes are not difficult to serve if you follow the easy cooking rules in this article

By BETTY CROCKER



Mary Astor's Chinese party was not merely a delightful inspiration; it was an idea that developed quite logically when she was trying to think of a way to make some expected guests unbend and go informal.

The unbending, it turned out, was a literal description of what happened. She made them all sit on the floor!

Nobody can be stiff and formal while sitting crosslegged on a pillow and wrestling with chopsticks. The party turned out, in consequence, to be such a success that Miss Astor has repeated it on many occasions.

All you need are some low tables, some pillows, and a determination to try out some Chinese food and make it taste as good as it sounds. Of course all you really need do is order some chow mein at the corner and serve it up hot with tea and rice cakes. But if you are more ambitious, you can serve some of the real Chinese dishes that call for a list of exotic ingredients such as water chestnuts and bamboo sprouts, fried noodles, white mushrooms. These can be obtained, fresh, in large cities where there are Chinese supply houses and grocery stores. But they also come in cans and your dealer can get them for you if he does not have them in stock.

The most important thing to remember, Mary Astor says, is that the Chinese cook vegetables very quickly and very little. The approved general rule is to start most vegetables in cold water, bring it to a boil, and remove the vegetables after half a minute of boiling.

With the Chinese food you serve, Mary suggests that you pour jasmine tea. Chinese drink it without sugar, cream or lemon. Delicate, crisp rice cakes are sold in cans and are a suitable dessert.

Now for the recipes:

CHOW SUB GUM MEIN

Cut ½ lb. fresh pork in small slices.
Chop the following into bite-sized pieces:

- 1 green pepper
- ½ can pimento
- 1 stalk celery
- 6 water chestnuts
- ½ cup bamboo shoots
- 12 white mushrooms

Fry pork in a hot greased pan until

done. Add all vegetables except pimento. Add 1 cup soup stock, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar. Simmer until done. This takes a very short time because vegetables should not lose all of their crispness.

Mix 1 tablespoon cornstarch in cold water, add to the mixture. Leave on fire until starch is well cooked.

Put three cups fried noodles on a large plate. Spread chop suey mixture all over the noodles, and sprinkle with small bits of the pimento for a colorful garnish.

CHINESE SPARERIBS

2 lbs. pork spareribs
1 tbsp. shortening
2 tbsp. brown sugar
3 tbsp. cornstarch
¼ cup cider vinegar
¼ cup cold water
1 cup pineapple juice
1 tbsp. soy sauce
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ cup green pepper, cut in pieces
½ cup sliced onion
1 cup diced pineapple

Ask your butcher to separate the spareribs and cut into 1-inch pieces. Cook in lightly salted water to cover until tender (about 1 hour). Drain them well. Brown in hot vegetable shortening. Combine brown sugar, cornstarch; add vinegar, water, pineapple juice, soy sauce and Worcestershire sauce; add to spareribs. Cook until slightly thickened (about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally). Add green pepper, onion and pineapple. Cook *only until vegetables are just tender,* but still crisp. Serve immediately. (This recipe will serve from 6 to 8 persons.)

EGG FOO YUNG

Prepare ½ cup finely chopped bacon, ham, or any roasted meat; ½ cup shredded onions; ¼ cup sliced water chestnuts, and 1 cup bean sprouts.

Beat 5 eggs with the above ingredients until the mixture is of a thick consistency.

Divide into six portions, mold into a cup and drop very carefully into hot cooking oil in frying pan. Cook on one side until brown. Turn and cook on other side until brown. (This serves 3 persons.)

Egg Foo Yung may be varied by omitting bacon or ham and substituting:

½ cup finely cut chicken meat
or
½ cup cooked (or canned) shrimp
or
½ cup finely shredded lobster

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Doesn't Mary Astor's party sound like lots of fun? I know it makes you want to go right out and invite your friends to a Chinese supper. Betty Crocker can help you! She has a collection of practical American-Style Chinese recipes that make simply delicious concoctions. There's Chicken Chow Mein—American Chop Suey—Chinese Almond Cakes—Chinese Method for Cooking Rice, etc.

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"This is nothing new. My face has been pressed into many a floor," said John Barrymore as they pushed the great profile into the cement in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. This picture, taken just after the main event, shows Mary Beth Hughes giving first aid. She also appears with Barrymore in *The Great Profile*

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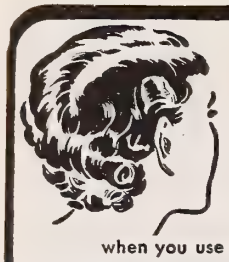
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Town Clown

[*Continued from page* 19]

eventually blow the roof off the sound stage.

Hollywood isn't quite sure whether Gregory Ratoff is unconsciously funny or whether he puts on an act. Probably it's a combination of the two. It is certain, at least, that he enjoys amusing people, that he could have lost his accent years ago if it had not been such an important theatrical asset.

A Russian character actor named Leonid Snegoff summed up Gregory Ratoff's chaotic accent pretty well when he complained that Ratoff had spoiled the Russian acting business in Hollywood. Snegoff said:

"Studio casting directors no longer want Russians with Russian accents. They want Russians with Ratoff accents."

Sample Ratoff dialogue filled the air at the 20th Century-Fox studio recently when he made his farewell appearance as an actor in the role of John Barrymore's manager in *The Great Profile,* and someone asked him:

"Gregory, I can't understand why a fellow who can act like you wants to be a director."

Ratoff snorted. "Hah," he said. "So you can't, eh? Vell, I show you. Watch me closely. I am giving to you an imitation of an actor after the twenty-fifth time he has played the same scene."

Gregory Ratoff staggered wearily into the camera's range. His pantomime was a grotesque background for his monologue.

"So the director say, 'Let's do it again.' And the actor say, 'Vy?' And the director say, 'I didn't like it.' And the actor says, 'Vy?' And the director says, 'I don't know, let's do it again like you did it the first time.' And the actor says, 'I don't remember how I did it the first time.' And the director says, 'Hokay, let's call the whole scene off.' "

There was no argument. Gregory Ratoff knew what he was talking about.

Ratoff usually knows what he is talking about despite the fact that his comments invariably are amusing. Some of them make pretty good sense. After a rifle held by Warner Baxter failed to go off for a scene, for example, Ratoff said:

"That's the kind of rifles the Russians had in the war. That's why I became an American."

On another occasion Gregory Ratoff was asked if he knew a certain writer's wife. "No," he replied. "I've never met his wife. But I know the girl he goes around with."

Gregory Ratoff's favorite words are "wonderful," "colossal," and "sensational." He pronounces the latter as "sansashional." After Ann Sothern played a scene in *Hotel for Women,* Ratoff told her: "You were sansashional."

"Tell me the truth," replied Miss Sothern. "Was I good?"

"If I said it was good," answered Ratoff, "it would mean I think it is terrible."

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Brian Aherne, Mary Pickford and Joan Fontaine at Mrs. Basil Rathbone's showing of *Cavalcade* and *Shoulder Arms*, to raise funds for benefit of the British Red Cross

Gregory Ratoff is without peer when it comes to mangling the King's English.

A score of extras, most of them Chinese, were huddled on a railroad station platform for a scene in one of his pictures. They'd been there presumably for hours awaiting a train.

"Get tired, peoples," pleaded Ratoff. "Get tired, please." The passengers drooped to register exhaustion and the scene was filmed.

"Dot's the way I like my actors," commented Ratoff. "They should be careworn out."

On another picture Ratoff was giving instructions to a group of women extras he had just hired for a wedding scene the following day. "I want you should wear nice clothes for this wedding scene," he said. "But this is a small town wedding. Don't wear anything that looks like it cost too much. No Paris cremations." Half an hour later Ratoff was telling an actress how she should react.

"You are wondering what this fellow really thinks about you," he tells her. "You say to yourself, 'Does he love me or does he doesn't.'"

And while ranting around another set, Gregory Ratoff noticed an expression of pain in Alice Faye's eyes. "Pay no attention to me," he said. "Don't let me get your goats."

Miscellaneous, unclassifiable Gregory Ratoff stories range all the way from an anecdote concerning Indians to one about a concentration camp.

When Ratoff walked into the Fox studio cafe and spotted twelve Blackfeet Indians who were currently working on the lot, he turned to a companion and said, "If I wasn't so hungry I'd refuse to eating in the same room with all those foreigners."

Ever since his debut on the Fox lot, Ratoff has held a four way writer-actor-director-producer contract. Someone once telephoned him to hurry to the set. "Sorry," replied Ratoff, "but I can't come now. I am in conference with myself."

■ Ratoff once went to see the new and very costly home of Stephen Ames. He inspected it from attic to swimming pool without comment until he came to the grand piano. "You should buy instead an electric piano," he advised. "For a man of your money it looks undignified to be playing a piano by hand."

Ratoff said he felt ill during production of a recent film but he refused to stop directing. He did consent to the taking of his temperature at intervals, but he waved aside a studio nurse, saying he would look at the thermometer himself. Late in the day he stuck the thermometer into his mouth, looked at it and yelled: "Some-



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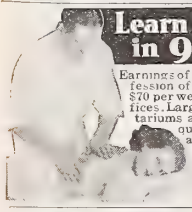
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thing's wrong with this thermometer. I'm a sick man and it only reads 103."

■ Stories about Gregory Ratoff's experiences on the set, like the time he showed Linda Darnell how to fall on a bed, are endless.

One day they were doing a scene in which Linda Darnell is in Tyrone Power's arms. He is telling Linda how much he loves her, and she is enjoying it until she catches a whiff of the perfume worn by her rival for Power's affections. Then joy slowly ebbs from her face.

"Now, Linda," explains Gregory Ratoff. "You are radiant until you hear the perfume and. . . ." But the company dissolves in laughter.

Again, Gregory Ratoff is directing a scene in which a little mongrel dog is the principal actor. The day is hot and the little brute is not in his best form. The trainer apologizes for taking so much time.

"That's all right," Ratoff shrugs in mock nonchalance. "It's only money we are wasting."

On the day he completed directing another picture Ratoff gave a party for the cast on the set. During the party he stood up and said he was going to teach everyone to sing a Russian song. He explained the song and then said:

"When I raise my hand, everybody yell 'hey'—you know, the first letter in the alphabet."

And there was the time when cigarette smoke rolled out on the set.

"Stop that smoking," roared Ratoff, glaring at the technical crew in the background.

He didn't see the culprit, though, because the offending cigarette was firmly wedged between two of his own fingers.

Gregory Ratoff's last acting job, in *The Great Profile*, found him pitted against John Barrymore in an acting duel. "It was St. Vitus vs. Epilepsy," said Barrymore later.

It was early in the production that Ratoff saw the futility of trying to steal scenes from Barrymore. In one instance, Director Walter Lang was explaining to Ratoff what business to do in a scene in which Barrymore had some dialogue.

"Don't bother about me," said Ratoff, disgustedly. "I'll just sit here and rest. The audience won't be looking at me anyhow. You know where they'll be looking." And he wasn't kidding.

But even if he didn't get the chance to steal the picture from Barrymore, Ratoff did get the opportunity to prove to Hollywood that he can speak more than one brand of bad English. In this film he blossoms forth with a Southern Negro dialect and sings *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* in blackface as a colored Mammy. It brings back all the color of the Old South—of Russia.

■ Ironically enough, Gregory Ratoff's sense of the amusing—and of the dramatic—was forged from many hardships. Born in Samara, Russia, he traveled with his family when he was a child to St. Petersburg, where he decided to become a lawyer. Enrolling in St. Petersburg University, he struggled through a law course, graduating with honors, but his heart was never in it.

His every thought whirled about the St. Petersburg Dramatic School, where he also was studying, and when he finally made his debut at the Maly Theatre as a butler in Ostrovsky's *Mad Money* the die was cast.

War clouds hovering over Europe, though, halted that career, and Ratoff soon found himself clicking boot heels in the Russian army. The Russian revolution ended his war days. He joined a stock company as a juvenile actor, finally landing in Berlin with a dream of founding his own Russian theatre.

The idea clicked, and he took his plays from Berlin to Vienna, Budapest, London, Paris and other European capitals. Lee Shubert saw him singing and dancing through a sketch at the Alhambra Theatre in Paris, and a few days later Ratoff was bound for New York City.

For the next few years he won renown on Broadway by his character roles in thirty-two Shubert plays and eight productions staged by himself, including *Candlelight* and *The Kibitzer*. While appearing in the latter, he was spotted by movie scouts who signed him for a highly dramatic role in *Symphony of Six Million*. His interpretation in that picture brought a flood of film offers and since that time, except for a short excursion into the British film field, he has been one of the movie luminaries of Hollywood.

He has written, produced and directed many films. Among his recent directorial achievements are *Intermezzo, Everything Happens at Night, Daytime Wife, Wife, Husband and Friend, I Was an Adventuress* and *Hotel for Women.*

■ Ratoff's marital life with Eugenie Leontovich, the celebrated European actress seen recently in *Four Sons*, has been almost as chaotic as his theatrical life. Wed in 1922, their careers have kept them separated most of the time. She has spent most of their eighteen years of marriage portraying various roles on the European stage, while he has been concentrating on Hollywood and New York.

Even their marriage and honeymoon was unusual. They were portraying roles in different American stock companies at the time. They declared their love for each other, met in a neutral town on a Saturday morning, were married and spent a week-end honeymoon. On Monday morning they separated, returned to their respective shows and did not see each other again for nearly two months.

During Miss Leontovich's tours of the Continent, and in the United States with *Grand Hotel* and *Tovarich*, never a week passed that Ratoff did not place a telephone call to her. "But I seldom understood what she was saying. It sounded like half of Europe was trying to talk on the same line." Now, because of the European war and a Hollywood film career as a result of her work in *Four Sons*, Eugenie Leontovich and Gregory Ratoff apparently are destined to live happily ever after together in Hollywood.

A Smattering of Insolence

[Continued from page 27]

by everyone in the business. He acquired a reputation as the Dillinger of the industry, and producers would shudder at the mere mention of his name. He was writing musical backgrounds for B pictures at the time, and his position in the films was none too secure. Yet, when he heard that Mrs. David O. Selznick, wife of the famous producer, was actually admitting that she was distantly related to him, he accused her of being a snob and a social climber.

If Oscar is what might be termed unreserved with casual acquaintances, he is even more forthright with his intimates. S. N. Behrman, who knows him perhaps better than anyone, has referred in print to "the spiked embrace of his friendship." Friendship with Oscar means having yourself periodically denounced as an imbecile, a boor, an unfeeling wretch, a vile opportunist, a deluded egocentric and general low-grade slob. However, it also means that Oscar, when he is in form, which is often, will provide you with brilliant conversation and with as fascinating an exhibition of one or all of the human emotions (in elaboration of some minor point which has troubled him and which he has built up during the day) as you can get from the best and worst of the world's literature.

Not that Oscar goes out of his way to be piquant. His rudeness, unlike Alexander Woollcott's, is not premeditated, but springs rather from his own sensitivity. A born hero-worshipper, he is constantly testing his idols to see how much they can endure under fire. He has an acute critical faculty which makes him as unsparing of himself as he is of others. When he and his first wife were separating, after only six or seven months of wedded life, a reporter observed, "Your marriage didn't last long." "The hell it didn't," replied Oscar. "Did you ever spend an hour with me?" Oscar could also tell you about the grounds for his divorce. "Incompatability," he would explain, adding confidentially, "and besides, we hated each other."

Oscar was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., December 27, 1906. He was in his second year at high school when his father died, and he decided to come to New York to study to be a concert pianist. His first job was playing for little girls' ballet classes at one dollar an hour. He also took lessons with Sigismund Stojowski, a famed music teacher. A photograpn of Stojowski's class, taken to commemorate a visit by Paderewski, shows Oscar to have been a dark, solemn boy, with the thick lips and full, squirrel cheeks which still punctuate his face. He has yet to make the first of his celebrated "jokes" in the Levant household, brother Ben was (and still is) considered the family wit.

After a few odd jobs, Oscar finally landed with Ben Bernie's orchestra at Ciro's. Here his hero-worshipping tendencies first manifested themselves. To make Bernie notice him, Oscar would continually disobey orders. Once they were booked into the Rialto Theatre, where each week the men were supposed to wear different costumes. One week they were Swiss and wore little Swiss caps. To attract attention, Oscar wouldn't wear his. He was fired on an average of twice a month. It wasn't until much later that he was able to speak of "leaving Bernie in the middle of one of his bad jokes."

Oscar made his stage debut in 1927, playing the song writer in Arthur Hopkins' production of *Burlesque* which had Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck in the leading roles. He began writing songs, and the first one, *Sweeping the Cobwebs off the Moon,* was a hit. He also collaborated on some songs with Billy Rose, before that elf became a producer of mammoth spectacles. *Burlesque* played for two years, after which it was bought by the movies. Oscar went to Hollywood to appear in the movie version, which subsequently became famous, not because of his participation, but, among other reasons, because the producers renamed it *The Dance of Life,* paying Havelock Ellis $10,000 for the rights to his book of philosophic essays, of which they used only the title.

The talkies had then just about come in, and Levant was given a contract by Warner Brothers to write scores for their musicals. He did *Street Girl,* one of the first. When Warners cut down on its musicals, they bought up his contract for a tidy sum and Oscar returned to New York to write music for the Fred Stone show, *Ripples.* He was riding high; back on Broadway, he patronized only the most expensive restaurants.

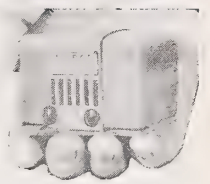
With Chester Erskin, another of that season's genius crop, he set out one night for the fashionable opening of an elaborate Cole Porter musical, *The New Yorkers.* Levant met Erskin at the latter's hotel, which was half a block from the spotlighted theatre. Both were dressed in white tie and tails and considered that it would be beneath their dignity to walk to the theatre. Oscar thought they might take a taxi, but Erskin scornfully waved this suggestion aside. They would hire a limousine and come in style, with the quality. Traffic conspired against them and the chauffeur was forced to make detour after detour, setting them down at the theatre entrance an hour and a half late. Only the doorman was there to witness their grand arrival.



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HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION SPOTLIGHT



By CANDIDA

Watch this column each month. In it your Fashion Editor will point out, page for page, all the items of style significance in the photos of your favorite movie stars. For instance . . .

Gale Sondergaard (see page 10) wears a Spanish shawl for her role in *The Californian.* Shawls, whether fringed and embroidered like this one, or made of checked cotton, printed rayon, or sheer monotone wool are good for both sports and dress. Drop one over your sweater clad shoulders, tie it at the throat of your suit, or drape a silk or lace shawl over your hair for a glamour evening fashion.

Tyrone Power (see page 10) could give you the *cape* off his back, for wear both day and night. Short or street length capes change last fall's dress to this year's outfit, can be made to match or contrast. Or you can wear a full length cape like Ty's for evening—it can be a tweedy wool, an embroidered silk, or an inexpensive fur like lapin, mouton. On page 28, Madeleine Carroll wears another costume version of the cape for her part in *North West Mounted Police*—adapt her drawstring neckline to your needs.

Humphrey Bogart (see page 21) might lend you his good-looking tweed jacket—but you can get one just as smartly man-tailored to fit in stores near you. College girls and all young moderns are finding men's shirts, vests and sweaters as becoming to them as to their brothers.

Marlene Dietrich (see page 23) feathers her nest with a fluffy hat worn behind her pompadour. Hats made entirely of feathers, or merely trimmed with them are as good this year as fur "bird's nests" were two season's ago. Have one for best (because feather hats are perishable), and wear at least one of your other hats on top of the head, to show your curls.

Paulette Goddard (see page 28) looks pretty primitive in her laced leather skirt—but you'll find that suede skirts, jerkins, and blouses are new looking and becoming for sports wear. Suede calots and berets make fall headlines, too!

Martha Scott (see page 36) has lace trimmed sleeves for her costume in *The Howards of Virginia.* Lace is definitely back in style again—the more the better! Make your new dinner dress of black lace, or cover up last year's strapless gown with a matching bolero or long sleeved lace jacket. Add a lace collar and cuff set to a plain dark dress for freshness. And try the romantic witchery of a fine lace bolero in the evening.

Oscar returned to Hollywood in 1933, to write scores for Westerns and other minor opera. He did the Ginger Rogers film, *In Person,* which contains his favorite song, *Don't Mention Love to Me.* He also wrote music for Will Rogers' *River 'Round the Bend* and for *Charlie Chan at the Opera.* He stayed eight months, quarreling as usual with everyone.

That year he was married to Barbara Smith. The couple lived together unhappily for a short time, and then separated. Soon after the divorce, she married Arthur Loew. Was it Oscar's jealousy-revenge complex that prompted him to telephone the newlyweds at 3 a. m. the morning following the ceremony? "Oscar," said the justly annoyed bride, "this is a strange time to call." Levant asked her indulgence, since it was an emergency. "You see," he explained, "I'm planning to go to the movies tomorrow and I wanted to ask Arthur what's playing at Loew's State."

Due perhaps to the fact that he spent his formative years working late in night clubs, Oscar never gets to bed before 3 a. m., when he requires the assistance of sedatives to put him to sleep. He is generally awake by one in the afternoon, and after breakfast (he drinks dozens of cups of coffee a day) goes first to his psychiatrist and then to his music publisher, ritual visits. By mid-afternoon, he is ready for business. This consists of piano practice and telephoning all his friends to find out what they have been doing. Oscar likes the feeling of having his friends close to him and he is very possessive about them. In the days before his recent second marriage, he would catalogue all their engagements for the evening and choose the one he liked best. Then he would brazenly go to it. Since his reactions to people are immediate and violent, he could usually find three or four guests to insult. The fact that they had been invited and he had not, made everything just dandy for the hostess.

Oscar is a great monologist. He talks for hours on end, and is indeed rarely silent. At a dinner party at Beatrice Kaufman's one night, the guests included Franklin P. Adams, to whom Oscar was a new experience. Oscar started to talk with the appearance of the celery and continued through the soup, fish and meat courses. Adams looked on dumbfounded, finally asking incredulously, "Is he reading?"

Like a child, he must be humored continually. His first remark on hearing that you have seen an acquaintance of his is, "What did he say about me?" On his way to visit Woollcott's Vermont island two summers ago, he hurt his foot on the mainland. When his host failed to perceive his pain, greeting him gaily with "Come on, you're just in time for a game of croquet," Oscar turned around and left immediately.

Even his generosity is childishly innocent. Dining at a restaurant with Edna Ferber one night, Oscar ordered spaghetti. While he was eating, Miss Ferber happened to remark that the food looked appetizing. "Here, try some," said Oscar, pushing a forkful at her. Miss Ferber is very fastidious, and the thought of eating with a utensil used by someone else repelled her. Yet, since she did not wish to appear rude, she suffered tortures trying to down the spaghetti without having her lips touch Oscar's fork. Finally she handed it back to him so he could go on eating. "Waiter," said Oscar, "bring me another fork!"

In spite of his seeming egocentricity, Oscar minimizes his achievements. He can play 10,000 musical compositions from memory, but if you applaud him for this accomplishment, you are likely to be scowled. When his book, *A Smattering of Ignorance,* had been out only a few days, an acquaintance told him how much he had enjoyed it. Oscar's first uncontrollable remark was derogatory. "Not *all* of it!" he exclaimed in horror.

Most of Levant's friends were delighted with the book. Ira Gershwin congratulated him on its success. "I'm not making much money on it," said Oscar defensively. "But the publishers advertise 52,000 copies sold already," said Gershwin. "Yah," replied Oscar, "but why should I believe them?"

Oscar was married again last November to June Gale ("Confidentially, do you think I'm making a mistake?" he asked the justice who was about to perform the ceremony). June, a lovely blond girl, has appeared in small movie parts, in such films as *Charlie Chan on Treasure Island, Hotel for Women,* and *The Jones Family in Hollywood,* but has now retired, to devote herself to Oscar. Oscar has become the actor in the family.

"She's interested in only one thing, in my picture career," he says wryly. "That is, whether my hair is combed flat or curly. The first few days on the *Rhythm on the River* set, she kept calling the make-up man, telling him to make sure my hair was curly. If it's flat, she says, then my face looks pushed in." Darkly, Oscar adds, "She acts as if she didn't know where her next punch in the nose was coming from."

Oscar began acting his role in the picture by reading from the script, but soon dropped that to improvise his own speeches. Many of his lines in the film were thought up by him on the spur of the moment. He also originated some of the comic scenes.

He got along well with Bing Crosby, whom he likes and respects. Crosby wrote on a still from the picture, "To Oscar, Hurry back, 'Dream-boat,' I want you to play Pelleas to my Melisande."

But Oscar will be busy with his *Information, Please* program, his concerts, and probably a sequel to his book, for which he already has the title. It's to be called, *A Smattering of Ignorance Finds Andy Hardy.*

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Hollywood

DECEMBER, 1940 Vol. 29 No. 12

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President
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HOLLYWOOD Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publicationss, Inc., 1100 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Printed in U. S. A. Advertising and Editorial Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hollywood Editorial Offices, 8555 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. General Offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Eliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director; E. J. Smithson, Western Manager. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Address manuscripts to New York Editorial Offices. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. Unacceptable contributions will be returned, if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Price 5c per copy, subscription price 50c per year in U. S. and possessions. Canadian subscriptions not accepted. Foreign subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. Advertising forms close 18th of third month preceding date of issue.
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Deanna Durbin looks very grown-up with hair done high and ear-rings. Vaughn Paul was her escort for the opening of *Foreign Correspondent*

he played Cagney at the age of twelve in *Angels With Dirty Faces.*

After this first screen role, Frankie played "Cagney types" with the Cagney delivery and mannerisms, for other studios besides Warners, the tough-guy star's home lot.

In *Touchdown,* the Burke characterization is entirely new. The role is that of Wayne Morris' college roommate and provides ample opportunity for some meaty creative acting.

Frankie, a Brooklyn kid, got his movie start when a talent scout saw him mimic Cagney in a scene from *Public Enemy* at a Las Vegas, Nevada, night club.

Grateful for his fresh start, young Burke confided to Director Lucky Humberstone:

"It'll be a relief to be myself for a change. I don't look so much like Cagney any more anyway. I'd say I was more of a Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., type."

■ Kay Kyser's mother, visiting a *You'll Find Out* set at RKO, was describing to some members of the cast how dutiful Kay had been as a boy about saying his prayers.

"He was so serious about such matters," she recounted earnestly, "that once when his sister snickered at him, Kay got up off his knees and kicked her unconscious."

■ Director John Cromwell was looking for a character actor skilled in magic to fill an important part in the Margaret Sullavan-Fredric March tale of refugees, *Flotsam.*



Orson Welles took Dolores Del Rio and his pipe to the same formal opening which attracted one of the biggest star turnouts of the year

the nose. This was all incidental to the making of *Arise, My Love,* in which Ray and Walter play opposite Claudette.

"Ray and Walter are very nice men," Claudette declared in a manifesto to Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and Director Mitch Leisen. "I like them, I like the picture and everything about it. But I don't like the idea of biting anybody on the nose. It offends something deep inside me."

By way of compromise, Leisen recast the sequence so that Claudette's nose-biting proclivities developed off-scene. Ray and Walter showed up before the camera with their noses bandaged and identical stories about whose dainty little fangs were responsible.

■ Preston Sturges, the writer now making a glittering career as a director, is having uniformly bad luck with his story titles.

Down Went McGinty became *The Great McGinty. A Cup of Coffee* became *The New Yorkers* and will ultimately hit the screen under still another title.

But Sturges has one story in mind that he challenges the studio to retitle. It is *The Sin of Louisa Ginglebusher.*

"Try and kick that one around," is his standing challenge to the studio heads.

■ Frankie Burke will emerge in *Touchdown* from the shadow of Jimmy Cagney, which has eclipsed him ever since



Binnie Barnes in her going-away suit with Mike Frankovich just after their marriage at the home of Joe E. Brown

From dozens of candidates for the job, Cromwell tentatively selected Philip Van Zandt, Broadway stage actor who represented himself as a former assistant to Howard Thurston, the magician.

One of the key sequences calls for some pretty expert card manipulation. The director asked Van Zandt if he would risk his chance of getting the part on his ability to perform a sleight of hand trick.

The actor said he hadn't practiced card manipulation in fifteen years but was game to try.

"All right," Cromwell said, cutting and shuffling a new deck of cards and passing it over. "Deal me a royal flush."

Van Zandt flipped out the ace, king, queen, jack and ten of diamonds.

"Now deal me a contract," he countered.

■ Oscar Homolka, working with Marlene Dietrich on *Seven Sinners,* is one of the profession's greatest worriers.

Lately he has been concentrating his anxiety on the plight of a scenarist whose office he passes daily on the way to the set. The fellow has an old, creaky portable typewriter that is constantly jamming and threatening to fall apart or explode.

Finally one day Homolka paused at the writer's doorway and asked, "Why don't you get a new machine? You could do twice as much work."

With a sour expression and a thumb-jerk of dismissal the scenario-writer replied, "I haven't got twice as much work to do."

Star of

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***and* AT NO EXTRA COST**

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■ Vacationing at Arrowhead, Peter Lorre was approached by two lanky spinsters with the request that he identify a certain actor who had appeared with him in *If I Had a Million*.

One of the dames, acting as spokesman, said, "Now I'm thin and my sister is thin, but the man we mean is thinner than both of us put together."

"A perfect description," Lorre acknowledged, "of John Carradine."

■ A movie fan himself, Cecil B. DeMille puts on shows for his family and friends a couple of times a week in his home projection room. One night recently the film was his own recently completed *North West Mounted Police*.

The stirring film was a hit with the audience, but one of the smallest relatives reserved decision by asking:

"When we gonna have another Hopalong Cassidy, Grandfahver?"

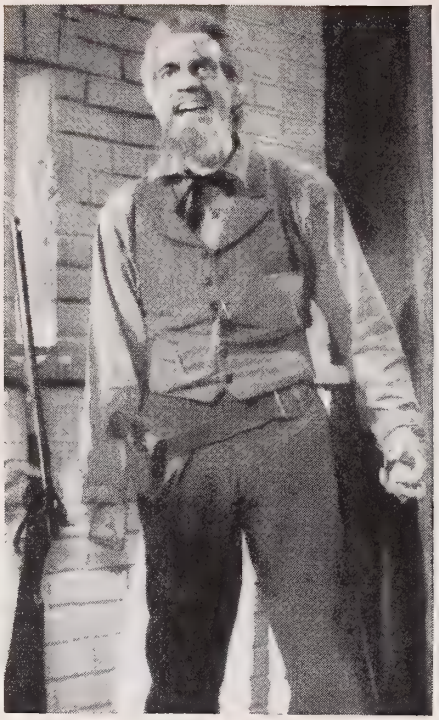
■ After a slight lapse of twenty-three years, *The Roundup* is back in the hands of the man who first recognized it as movie fare.

It was 1917 when Harry Sherman, a comparative tyro among film producers, bought Edmund Day's famous play from Klaw & Erlanger, the New York theater firm. It had served for several years as a highly successful starring vehicle for Macklyn Arbuckle.

Sherman planned to find a Hollywood heavyweight to star in the film version, but found that his bank roll was thinning out at an alarming rate. He sold the play to Paramount and that studio starred Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in it with great profit to everybody concerned.

Now a Paramount producer himself, Sherman was handed back the play this season. In the modernizing process the part of the sheriff, formerly the lead, was switched to a fat-man comedy role and Richard Dix and Preston Foster were signed for the serious parts.

Sherman at last has the Hollywood heavyweight he was looking for twenty-three years ago. Don Wilson, radio announcer, 265-pounds ringside, is the comedy sheriff.



Raymond Massey plays John Brown in *Santa Fe Trail* and uses his rifle and his six-shooter with fanatic fury against Errol Flynn and his friends



There is gunplay of all kinds all over the Warner Brothers' lot. Here is Bette Davis thinking over some direct action for her role in *The Letter*

■ Years of adversity in the theater are supposed to condition young actors for eventual fame. For Burgess Meredith it worked out contrariwise, however, causing him repeatedly to muff a sequence in *Second Chorus*.

The situation called for Meredith to sneak past a desk clerk and arrive at Paulette Goddard's apartment ahead of Fred Astaire. The clerk was supposed to be reading a newspaper and then suddenly notice Meredith climbing furtively up the stairs.

But every time the clerk looked up, Meredith was beyond his range of vision.

Director H. C. Potter got the jim-jams every time the clerk muffed the timing and let Burgess get out of sight and had to be restrained by Meredith from bawling the hapless actor out.

"It's not his fault," Meredith said. "When I was on my uppers I got to be an expert at ducking room clerks. I'm practically a ghost when it comes to sneaking around corridors and up and down staircases. It was just the old fly-by-night technique asserting itself."

Despairing of ever getting the scene right as written, Director Potter rewrote it so that Meredith stumbles on the stairs in plain view of the clerk.

■ Diego Rivera is putting the finishing touches on his painting of Paulette Goddard, begun in Mexico City and lugged along when the celebrated Mexican muralist fled his homeland for California.

The canvas shows Paulette, in tennis shorts, seated, while a Mexican girl combs her hair.

According to Paulette and Rivera the official name of the painting is "American Youth Trying to Find Itself, and Searching for Truth."

Both allege this title is on the level but a suspicion exists that somebody is being kidded.



Humphrey Bogart is equally deadly in *High Sierra*, tale of gangsters, molls and savage fights and flights in the high mountains of California

■ Fred MacMurray's romantic batting average of 1,000 went off the gold standard on *Rangers of Fortune* when, for the first time, he lost the girl to an outsider, Dick Foran.

After twenty-five wins and no defeats, Fred finishes in the ruck in the contest for the affections of Patricia Morison.

"I'm glad the winning streak is broken," he admitted. "It's tough work making the pace and I was beginning to crack under the strain."

Some of the prizes he has carried off

[*Continued on page* 63]

IN THE GREAT TRADITION OF HIGH ROMANCE
THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
1934
and now
THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO
1940



A coach hurtles through the night, its frightened coachman lashing his horses' lathered flanks. Jeweled fingers touch the curtain of a window. A beautiful face peers into the threatening night.

The gallop of pursuing hoofs. The sound of shots. The iron tyrant's iron men are closer, closer. The crash of wood  on wood as the coach of Her Highness Zona smashes against a tall tree . . . Is her cause lost? Is the cause of romance, of love again to lose to the mad might of ruthless power . . .

No . . . the Son of Monte Cristo . . . gallant son of a gallant father . . . leaps from his saddle, takes the lovely lady in his arms  . . and the fight is on . . . the spirit, the glory of the grandest story of all romance lives again.



Edward Small, producer of such thrilling romances as "The Man in the Iron Mask" brings in glowing, thrilling splendor to the screen, the sequel to his famous screenplay, "The Count of Monte Cristo," *the even grander romantic adventure . . .*

Edward Small presents

LOUIS HAYWARD · JOAN BENNETT

in

"THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"

with

GEORGE SANDERS
FLORENCE BATES
MONTAGU LOVE



Screenplay by George Bruce · Directed by Rowland V. Lee · A Rowland V. Lee Production

Released thru United Artists

The Boy Grows Older

The amazing Orson Welles is aging fifty years in his first picture and is reported to be giving Hollywood some growing pains as he discovers the intricacies of the industry

By THOMAS VAUGHN

■ He may have scared the pants off half the country with his now legendary *Men From Mars* broadcast—but Hollywood refers to bogey-man Orson Welles as Little Orson Annie!

Not that Mr. Welles minds. During his short quarter of a century on this earth, he's had plenty of names tossed at him by those who envied his talent, his aggressiveness, and most of all—his youth. He is just twenty-five and a half, now.

Welles bestows nicknames with a lavish hand to everyone on his staff, as I discovered after my first visit to the set of *Citizen Kane,* his first picture. His assistant director is "Jiminy Crickets." The art director, a very civilized individual, is burdened with the name of "Alfalfa Bill." Leading lady Dorothy Comingore was christened "Miss Quagmire," heaven knows why. The only person Orson doesn't nickname is Gregg Toland, his cameraman—one of the best in the industry. Orson calls him Mr. Toland.

His staff has two pet names for Mr. Welles. One is "Monstro"—when he's in a bad mood—and the other is "Junior." Lately, since he's been going around with the beautiful Dolores Del Rio, the help calls him "Pancho."

And don't tell me that all this is irrelevant. It isn't. Virtually all of the cast of *Citizen Kane,* which RKO-Radio will release around Christmas time, are Welles alumni from the Mercury Theater and the WPA Theater Project in New York. Others have appeared with him in his highly successful radio programs. They all know the boss well enough, and respect him enough, to call him names!

Orson has always been resented in show business—any branch of it. Seems silly—but the main beef against him is his youth. When he was twenty-three he was producing, acting and directing his own productions at his own Mercury Theater, with a nation-wide radio broadcast to boot. The year before, he had done sensational things with WPA Theater funds and produced a negro version of *Macbeth,* which ran for months.

When the movies made him a lovely offer of 150,000 gleaming dollars to come to Hollywood on a three-way ticket (producing - acting - directing), Hollywood didn't like it. "What," muttered the Boulevard know-it-alls, "does *that* guy know about making movies?"

The "guy" was only spending twelve hours a day around the studio, working his tail off, and getting to be an authority on every angle of production. Orson has lost fifty pounds during his year in Hollywood. He has made a systematic study of every department of the studio that would effect his picture. He has spent days in the music department, learning the tricky business of scoring. He has spent weeks in the cutting rooms, learning how films are edited and cut. He got a Welles-eye view (which means thorough) of the technical laboratories. In short, our youthful *maestro* was not idle. He was quietly finding out what made the movies tick.



Then it was announced loudly that Mr. Welles would appear in *Heart of Darkness.* But it was a big budget picture. It was shelved—but not before Orson had a chance to grow a beard for his role. The beard was a mixture of brown, red and gray, and Mr. Welles hated giving it up.

Then Orson submitted an original to the studio called *Smiler With a Knife,* which they thought wonderful. But one executive timidly asked just which part Mr. Welles was going to play. Mr. Welles was going to play a very minor part in only a few scenes! He wanted to make a picture—and make a good one. To heck with being the star! The studio couldn't agree with that.

Citizen Kane, another Welles original, finally hit the jackpot. They liked the idea of Orson starting as a brash young man of twenty-one and ending up an awful, fat, bleary-eyed old man. Sort of runs the gamut, as the saying goes.

Just to keep everyone mystified, the RKO call sheets announced "Tests for Orson Welles" for over two weeks before the picture was to go into production. There was some concern, since Mr. Welles had already made a staggering amount of tests—mostly of himself.

But it turned out that the gentleman had been shooting away happily on his picture without so much as a how do you do—and away ahead of schedule.

First day I visited the set, Welles was concentrating on only two of his three capacities. He was producing and directing—not acting. Furthermore, he was hopping around on one foot like an overgrown small boy, having sprained his ankle the day before. There were crutches at the side of his chair but—use them?—not Orson. He *hopped.*

It was quite a fantastic set, too. An operatic [*Continued on page* 40]

TURBULENT ADVENTURE...SET AGAINST THE RICH, ROMANTIC TAPESTRY OF EARLY ARIZONA!



The story of lovely Phoebe Titus, titan of a woman, and her love for dashing Peter Muncie, Sergeant, U. S. A.! Mighty spectacle! Tempestuous stampedes! War! Lawless raids! Intrepid men and women! At last, in all its wild, brave magnificence, the motion picture drama of Arizona's birth!

Created by a great picture maker... at incalculable cost ... with a superb cast of thousands ... in especially re-created Old Tucson!



Wesley Ruggles'

ARIZONA

starring

JEAN ARTHUR

with

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WARREN WILLIAM · PORTER HALL

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Based on the Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Clarence Budington Kelland

Screen play by Claude Binyon · Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Columbia Picture

WATCH FOR THIS HIT PRODUCTION . . . AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Quick Tricks



Anyone so popular as Constance Moore has to have quick beauty aids. There just isn't time between dates for long sessions at the mirror. Here the lovely star of the rather fantastically named picture, *I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now*, tells her beauty shortcuts

By ANN VERNON

■ The movie star who didn't have at least three quick beauty tricks in her hand wouldn't score much in Hollywood. Or anywhere else for that matter. For the life of a movie star is just as much the personal appearances she makes in Houston, Texas, and Kansas City and Lincoln, Nebraska, as it is the daily work she does on the set, or the tennis she plays on her private court. It's then she makes an impression, good or bad, on you fans. And after all, your good opinion is her quickest road to box-office success.

Not long ago I talked with Connie Moore, just after her return to New York City from the premiere of *The Boys From Syracuse* in Syracuse, N. Y. The tales she had to tell! Apparently she'd spent her time rushing from one theater to another—the picture was running simultaneously in three—and trying to get through mobs of fans who clutched at her silver fox jacket, and stepped on her dress and stuck autograph books under her nose. But she loved it all, even though it was tiring. And here she was the next afternoon, looking pretty as could be in a lacy negligee—and planning on another appearance that evening!

Wouldn't you like to know how Connie (and the rest of them) keep looking so fresh and lovely through it all? Wouldn't you like to use some of her quick tricks the next time you have a last minute date? I thought so, and I'm going to tell "all" in this article. I'll tell you, too, about a skin beautifying mask to pick up your complexion and give it a glow, about a new type of cheek rouge that will see you through the evening, a long lasting cake make-up—and other cosmetics that will do right by you and the impression you want to make tonight and every other night.

Connie was fresh from the tub when I saw her—and that's just the place she advises all of you to start your quick slick-ups. Because a bath (a lukewarm one, mind you) will relax all those weary muscles and quiet those jangled nerves. It will make you feel rested—and that's half the battle. Because when you feel soothed and rested and relaxed, your face loses all those tense, tight lines, it irons itself out—and you look three times as young and beautiful. Better still, wash your face before stepping into your tub, and apply a mask—so it can dry while you get all refreshed and clean.

Your bath will be twice as refreshing, your facial mask ever so beautifying if you use a snowy inexpensive product for both. In the bath, it seems to put starch in tired muscles, so you get out "rarin' to go." And it coats the skin with an almost invisible film that is cooling and soothing, makes the after-bath feeling last. On the face, it does all that and more. For when mixed to the proper consistency for your skin it practically gives you a face lifting. You see, the drying and tightening of the mask while it's on your face helps to dislodge blackheads, tighten enlarged pores, and firm the tissues temporarily. And when you remove the mask, you'll also remove some of the loosened bits of dead skin that were marring the smoothness of your complexion. All of which adds up to new facial glamour for you, my proud beauty. Want to know the name of the product—and the way to use it in your bath and in your mask?

Connie wouldn't any more want to develop a shiny face in the middle of her personal appearance than you would halfway through a date. And her skin tends to be oily, with dry areas on the cheeks—so you can imagine the difficulty she had in finding a make-up that would stay on smoothly, without giving way to shine on her nose. But trust these Hollywood girls—and the make-up experts, too—Connie found just what she needed. She's passing the secret on to you, because she's so enthusiastic about this type of make-up. First of all, it's in cake form—looks almost like a fat pat of dry powder. But it doesn't work that way! Oh no, you apply this make-up with a moistened sponge or wad of cotton. Blend it lightly all over your face (and throat too, so they'll be the same shade), then when it's half dry, smooth it with your fingertips, so there are no streaks. You can powder over this make-up, if you want, but it's not necessary, because it gives your skin a velvety finish that makes it look just like new. It saw Connie through that strenuous personal appearance in Syracuse, so I strongly suspect you could go bowling after the movies, then stop in for a coke and a conga—and still look fresh as when you started. Do be sure to write me for the name so you can have this cake make-up handy to give you a new face the next time the telephone rings for an unexpected date. It's not expensive, and a little goes a long way.

■ Do you know how to apply cheek rouge so it looks like your own natural blush? If you do, stop right here. But I'm going to keep on, because I bet you don't. Not if the faces I saw on a recent trip through Texas and Oklahoma and Kansas and Minnesota are any indication! Apparently most of you think rouge is the easiest thing to apply—so you scrub the puff over your little compact of cake rouge, then plump it spang in the middle of each cheek. No wonder you get a hectic flush that looks as though you were dying of a high fever. Rouge is meant to make up for any lack of natural color you may have—not to put nature to shame. It's meant to be applied sparingly, and blended into the surrounding skin at the edges so [*Continued on page* 60]

CAN YOU FACE THE MUSIC

with a clear skin, a flawless make-up, and the right hair-do for your "peculiar type of beauty"? Write Ann Vernon for help in getting rid of blackheads and large pores, choosing new fall shades of powder, rouge and lipstick—or for aid in solving your special beauty problems. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, and address your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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A secret message to a man's heart—that only your flawlessly groomed fingernails, resplendent in the gem-lustred beauty of Dura-Gloss, so gloriously betray! Yes, those beautiful hands, those excitingly pagan fingernails tell him the thrilling story of your fastidious daintiness! Possess—yourself—these spectacular, these vivid fingernails—with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that's new, that's different! And be surprised, amazed, to discover that Dura-Gloss—that was created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world—*doesn't* cost a dollar—just a tiny ten cent piece in every fashion-right color, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Switch your affections to Dura-Gloss—this very day!

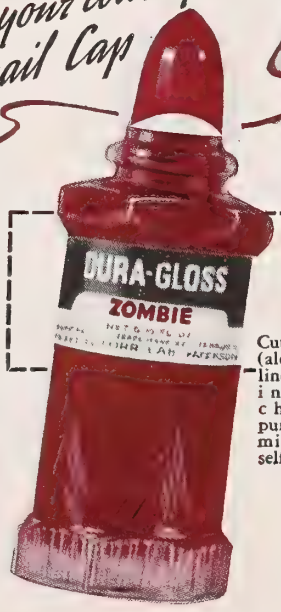
The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

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FASHION BULLETIN
NEW COLORS
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Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



Cut this out (alongdotted line) and put in your change-purse to remind yourself.

Confessions of a Hollywood Night Clerk

Hollywood looks very different in the dim hours after midnight. Here are some of the things a movie-wise night clerk has learned about the town



I'm no ordinary night clerk, mind you. I work in the movies, too. You've probably seen me a hundred times on the screen. I'm an actor—and a darned good one when I get a chance. Ask John Ford. Ask Jimmy Whale and Leo McCarey and George Cukor and the other directors who use me in their pictures whenever they possibly can.

But this puss of mine doesn't exactly make the girls sigh and think of Romeo and Don Juan. I'm a bit on the skinny side (as a matter of fact, my wise-cracking girl friend once called me an underfed Cesar Romero—which gives you a rough idea). But I'm good for gangster pictures and foreign background epics.

I started this night clerking racket about ten years ago—strictly from hunger—after going six starvation months without a single chance in front of a camera. A pal tipped me off to a job at a little side street Hollywood hotel—not very classy, but "homey." By bluffing the manager about my experience, I landed the job. Then I had to learn how to operate a switchboard in one afternoon. Maybe it doesn't sound so hard, but jeepers, I was all fingers at first!

And so began my second Hollywood career—the one that's really kept me going.

Of course I can handle two jobs at once. I manage to get in quite a few winks on my late shift, from two until seven, so when I'm working in a picture, I'm in good shape.

When you see Hollywood through the eyes of a night clerk, you see plenty! I've got material for a dozen novels—tragic ones, gay ones, success stories—

The success story that makes me happiest of all is that of my bright particular pet, Ann Sheridan—Miss Oomph to you. That girl won her fame the hard way, and she deserves it.

After Paramount failed to renew Ann's contract in 1935, she came to live in the apartment house on Cherokee where I was working. Clara Lou (that's what a lot of people called her in those days) got a tiny income from her family in Texas. She asked another girl to move in with her to save rent. The other girl had a steady job, so they managed to get along.

I believed then that the redhead had a future (for that matter, I *still* do, because the Oompher's possibilities haven't been *touched* yet). She had every reason to get discouraged in those days, but you'd never know it from Ann. She was always apparently happy and carefree.

One thing I noticed about her—she always kept her apartment filled with flowers. I think she would rather have gone without some of that delicatessen food from the corner than give up her flowers. Boy friends? She had maybe two or three. Generally Annie went to movies on the Boulevard and took her long walks in the hills alone.

Her success hasn't changed her a speck, so far as I can discover. Last year I met her when she was shopping in Barker Brothers, and my reception was terrific! She gave me her private telephone number, and told me to call her about a party she wanted to have in a week or two. And was it a pip of a party! That Sheridan has a gift for making people feel at home. The food was all Mexican, and she had a troupe of Mexican musicians to entertain. You'd have thought that I and my girl friend (she works extra) were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner from the way Ann treated us.

Of course they can't all be like Ann. Right here in this apartment house there's one of the most tragic girls in Hollywood. We'll call her Miss X. You'd know her name, although it's been in the public eye less and less in the past few years. She's young (still under thirty), beautiful and a superb actress. But poor Miss X drinks. She can't stay away from the bottle. Liquor means more to her than her career.

She tries to pull herself together occasionally. I'll never forget last year, when her agent got her a test for a role in the year's biggest picture. Yeah, you know which one I mean. *Scarlett O'Hara.* Well, we were all knocking ourselves out. Miss X had been on a bender for a week. My landlady boss sent for her own doctor (even if Miss X was two months behind in the rent) and we filled her full of pills and managed to keep her sober over the weekend. The test was to be on a Monday.

I saw her off, bright and early. She grabbed a cab—and at the nearest liquor store stopped and got a bottle of whiskey. Just to settle her nerves. By the time she had reached the studio, in Culver City, she had lapped up a neat part of that bottle.

They got her into a costume, and she looked magnificent, I heard. All the camera crew were rooting for her, for Miss X has always been a big favorite with the technical boys. Between takes, she would go into her dressing room to "freshen up her make-up." By noontime, they had to prop her up in order to shoot her. Unfortunately, the big boss came out on the set, took in the situation at a glance, and called off the whole thing! And he liked her; wanted her to have the part if he could have trusted her.

I'm no moralist—but I hate to see women drink more than an occasional cocktail. Liquor does strange things to the female of the species, and a night clerk gets so he can't see anything smart or funny about a drunk staggering home at dawn. I'll never forget the apartment house I worked at a few years back. We had two lady lushes under one roof—and both of them former silent screen stars!

[*Continued on page* 50]

The Show Goes On
By THE EDITOR

■ There are two sides to nearly everything. A few weeks ago Joan Crawford was called "utterly discourteous." She was called a "perennial complainer." She was accused of giving the impression that she "is some great princess, above and beyond the ordinary rule." She was called a "poseur" and a good many other things by the brilliant Ed Sullivan in his widely read column in the powerful *New York Daily News.*

Mr. Sullivan gave the impression that he was burned up at Miss Crawford, and he told why with the speed, style and vivid vocabulary that has made him famous.

It was a stinging article.

What did Miss Crawford have to say about this?

You can read her answer in the January HOLLYWOOD, on the stands December 10, and we advise you not to miss it.

* * *

■ Eddie Albert, the amusing man with the tousled hair and the crooked smile who has figured so successfully in screen romances of late, says, "I'd make a terrible husband" and explains why any girl should think twice about marrying him. He likes to take trips into the desert and the interior of Mexico with no more than a blanket and a canteen in the car, and no warning whatever. He is crazy about growing himself a great big bushy beard whenever he has a few weeks away from the studio. He loves to have a pet monkey hopping around the house, and even likes to swing on the rafters, himself. All of this would be very disconcerting to a bride, he points out in one of the funniest articles we have printed.

* * *

■ Betty Grable has been severely criticised by those who do not know the inside story of her marriage and divorce from Jackie Coogan. But there is bravery behind that blond beauty, and a fine sense of responsibility under that gay manner. Her story is particularly interesting just now when she is returning to Hollywood after reviving her fading screen career by a smashing success in the New York theater, just now when her young ex-husband is becoming a civilian flying instructor in Canada. Don't miss the vivid story in next month's issue.

* * *

■ What did Cary Grant do with all the money he made working in *Philadelphia Story* . . . some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Who runs his house? How did he get that house in the first place, and why is he so fond of it? And why does he make those horrible faces at himself in the mirror? All of the answers to these questions and a great deal more information about the man who is fast becoming Hollywood's number one matinee idol are to be found in next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

"Politeness has its limits— I just won't dance with Peg!"



Every day . . . and before every date . . . prevent Underarm Odor with Mum. Stay popular!

PEG'S tops on first impression—but you can't be a belle on *that!* She's plenty pretty, but prettiness alone won't make a welcome dancing partner—when underarms need Mum!

In winter—when social life is so important—underarm odor often goes unsuspected. Those who offend may see no moisture, yet winter's confining clothes and indoor heat can actually make the chance of odor *worse.*

After your bath, you're fresh and sweet. Then is the time to prevent risk of *future* odor with a daily underarm dab of Mum. A bath for *past* perspiration, then Mum . . . makes you *sure* you're safe!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—all year 'round. Read why!

MUM IS QUICK! Half a minute and underarms are protected for hours!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after shaving, Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to *stop* perspiration Mum prevents odor, all day or evening. (One reason why *men* like Mum, too!) Get Mum today. Mum helps keep you popular all winter long!

SUMMER AND WINTER—MUM GUARDS CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins

Wise women everywhere prefer Mum for Sanitary Napkin use. It is gentle, safe, prevents odor. Avoid embarrassment . . . use Mum!

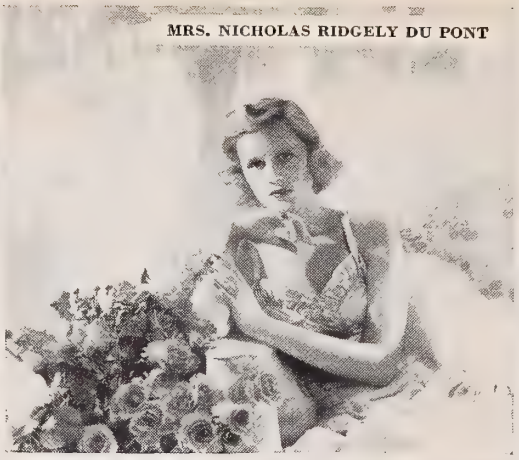
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III



MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.



AMERICAN GIRL 1941

Eyes bright as stars . . . Hair brushed to shining . . . Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose . . . Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

BATHE the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. *Spank* its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

SPANK again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

COOL with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

MASK your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.



BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

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MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . . MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . . members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries, are almost an American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual

Oakie Strikes Back

Jack Oakie, embittered by his experience with Elsie, the cow, who insisted on stealing his scenes, takes time to explain the secrets of the art of scene-stealing

By JACK DALLAS

They said Jack would be there, and that's where we found him — under a peach tree, of all places, with a hoity-toity cow twenty paces north-by-east sniffing the balmy morning air, oh, so disdainfully.

There was something wrong with the picture. It wasn't the Jack Oakie of yesteryear, the old gleam in his eye, alert, whimsical, the ready jest in his throat, the sudden gag up his sleeve.

Mr. Oakie, caparisoned in an undertaker's coat and black four-in-hand, was a woeful spectacle indeed. He wore the air of a man suffering not only physical pain but spiritual agony, to boot.

"Brooding about life, eh Jackie?" we suddenly popped at him, real chummy like. "What'll it get you, Jackie? What'll it get you?"

Mr. Oakie darted a look of unconcealed disgust in our direction, counted ten, seemed to be considering violence but finally subsided to a boiling point.

"It's her—that vandal over there!" he shrieked, pointing.

All anxiety, our eyes followed his quivering finger. It was aimed contemptuously at the rather soulful-looking animal who seemed listening to celestial music—completely above it all.

Mr. Oakie must have detected our amazement.

"That bovine bandit, that dairy desperado, that lens lizard has me almost *hors de combat*," he cried.

"Her — a mere cow!" we remarked, blinking.

"A mere cow!" Oakie snorted. "Why, that's Elsie, the Borden glamour girl, the notorious cud-chewing egotist and foe of all honest actors. Listen to this! It's our big scene in *Little Men*, y'understand. Me and Elsie are out in the peach orchard. There's moonlight and all that. Well, Elsie and I square off before the camera. Then the director says, 'Roll 'em.' Of course, the minute the camera starts grinding, I rush out to protect my equity in the picture. I don't reckon to have a lowly cow walking off with the gravy."

He paused to catch his breath. "Well, I take a gander at Elsie and I see she's playing the scene big. I edge over to her. I'm going to elbow her out of focus. But that's where I make my mistake. I give Elsie a shove, all fifteen hundred pounds of her, and what happens? I sprain my wrists, and Elsie walks off with the scene." Oakie groaned. "And me the sultan of scene-swipers!"

[*Continued on page* 61]



Below, the indignant Oakie makes an angry protest to placid Elsie



Above, Oakie plotting to steal a scene from Charlie Chaplin in *The Great Dictator*, with the star's full and amused consent



TYRONE POWER

Exciting as never before . . . in the most famous of all screen roles!

THE MARK OF Zorro

with

LINDA DARNELL

and

BASIL RATHBONE

GALE SONDERGAARD • EUGENE PALLETTE • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
ROBERT LOWERY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN
MONTAGU LOVE • JANET BEECHER

Associate Producer RAYMOND GRIFFITH • Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote • Adaptation by Garrett Fort • Based on the story "The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley

A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

A masked adventurer . . . the jagged mark of his sword striking terror into every heart but hers!

Fun With Fontaine

Joan Fontaine's use of humor saw her through her discouraging first years in Hollywood. Now it is still an aid in her present success

By ERSKINE JOHNSON



■ A big transcontinental passenger plane, its gleaming sides reflecting the airport floodlights, and its motors idling almost silently, slipped out of the sky, landed gracefully and taxied to a stop at New York's La Guardia airport on a bitterly cold spring night.

Brian Aherne, muffled to the ears and carrying a huge bouquet of roses, and a dozen film studio executives rushed toward the passenger exitway as airport attendants rolled a gangplank to the plane's side and a comely stewardess opened the oval door.

A wisp of a girl, fashionably dressed in a mink coat and hat and wearing a corsage of orchids, stood silhouetted for a moment in the bright light of the plane's interior, blew a kiss toward Aherne, waved to the crowd and stepped gracefully and with distinguished poise down the gangplank.

Then it happened.

The girl in the mink coat and hat and wearing a corsage of orchids started to walk away from the plane on the icy ground and first one foot, then the other, went into a sideslip and left the ground. An airport guard reached her just as she was about to do an Immelman turn, righted her and practically carried her off the field.

"Can you imagine it?" chuckled Joan Fontaine. "My first trip to New York during the run of my first starring picture at Radio City's Music Hall—a reception committee waiting for me—a mink coat and a corsage of orchids—a grand entrance—and I go into a tailspin and almost fall flat on my face!"

Any other movie queen would have tried to hush up such an embarrassing moment. But not Joan Fontaine, who possesses a sense of humor which has set Hollywood on its proverbial ear in recent months. Joan Fontaine can laugh at herself. And because she's a "regular guy," Hollywood laughs with her, not at her.

Go anywhere in Hollywood these days—to the Brown Derby, to the bar at Ciro's, to exclusive private parties—and you're certain to hear people talking about Joan Fontaine, the amusing things she says and the amusing things that happen to her.

Ironically, [*Continued on page* 44]

Marxmen Hit the Trail

By TOM DeVANE



Groucho, as city slicker, and June MacCloy, as the daughter of a poor but honest desert rat, supply the exciting romance

Now it is Groucho, Chico and Harpo who are saying, "Drap them shootin' irons, pard, and reach buzzard-wards," as they prospect the West for new comedy claims in *Way Out West*



Chico and Groucho try to act like successful confidence men while Harpo cuts up

■ Mrs. William Powell can't even *look* at Harpo Marx.

She can face the fast-talking Groucho without a qualm, and his brother Chico is just another comic to her. But that Harpo!

Diana Lewis, Bill Powell's eye-filling bride, is the leading lady of the long-awaited Marx Brothers' *Way Out West*, and she admits it's a tough job. Harpo keeps making faces at her in their scenes together, and he breaks her up!

She shouldn't be worried, though. Many players of years' more experience than Diana think that Harpo is the funniest man in the world. Harpo even breaks up his brothers—who in return spend hours thinking up outrageous gags to play on *him*.

I'd never visited a Marx Brothers set before, and my day with the three brothers and their troupe had me on my rubber heels. It's a completely wacky set. Everyone is having fun.

Plots generally don't count too much in Marx Brothers pictures (as a matter of fact, Groucho, during a chase scene of the new picture, passes a cemetery which advertises *Plots for Sale*. Says Groucho, with a leer, "That's the first time I ever had a plot in a picture of mine!")

The bemoustachioed Marx has one of his familiar braggadocio roles. He's a fake stock promoter, one S. Quentin Quayle, who hears that there's gold to be had in those thar western hills, and he's out to get it. Before he has a chance to buy his railroad ticket, he is soundly rooked by two eccentrics who are also heading west. You've guessed it—Harpo and Chico. But S. Quentin Quayle also meets a fine, upstanding young westerner (John Carroll) which is later to prove a good thing for him.

Harpo and Chico get to the West long before Groucho, but they all have their misadventures. The first two promptly get jobs with an old desert rat at his claim called Dead Man's Gulch. In return for their services he gives him the deed to the claim.

That's where all the trouble starts. Everyone wants the deed to Dead Man's Gulch, especially the railway that wants to build through it, and is offering a nifty sum of money. John Carroll wants it because he traveled all the way to New York to sell the company the idea. And the villains, New York style (Walter Woolf King) and Western Brand (Robert Barrat), want the deed so they can sell the railroad company their property, not nearly so good as Dead Man's Gulch.

As usual, it's the gags that count—and the Marxes have some beauties in *Way Out West*. Groucho was doing a fiery

scene when I arrived on the set. He was facing down Walter Woolf King and Robert Barrat, big bruisers both.

"I came up here," he storms indignantly, "expecting to cheat those guys out of ten thousand dollars. Now you want me to cheat them out of only five hundred! What do you think I am—a *cheat?*" But he still gets thrown out, and later, with the aid of Harpo and Chico, breaks into the offices of the Crystal Palace (Barrat's fancy dance emporium).

Harpo, being a man of initiative, blows up the safe with a toy cannon. Heaven knows where he got it—but where does Harpo get most of his props? But he manages to toss the deed, which the villains had purloined, out of the window to Diana Lewis, who has more claim to it than any of the others. Then starts one of the maddest chases you've ever seen, with the villains pursuing Diana, and the Marxes pursuing them!

It would be nice to report that the Marxes are sane, industrious thespians who attend strictly to business except when in front of the cameras. But they aren't. Workers on Marx pictures know they'll probably come home after a day's work, weak from exhaustion.

Perhaps Chico is the biggest prankster. He's always losing his wardrobe—in spite of a man assigned to the set to see that he doesn't. Hats, vests and even pants disappear as if by magic, because Chico is quite careless.

I saw one major crisis. Everything was ready to start shooting (even Groucho had his painted moustache and eyebrows on—and he never puts them on until the last moment) and it was discovered that Chico had lost his derby. A loud cry of "Chico's derby!" went up. Everyone started peering into dark corners where it might be hidden. But no hat. Finally Groucho, who had refused to join in the search, said, "Why don't you look in the refuse can?"

Director Eddie Buzzell gave him a glance of withering scorn, but impatiently moved toward the refuse can and opened the lid. The derby was there all right—on Chico! Just another gag worked up by the two Marxes to make the day brighter—and the director nervous.

Chico has one peculiarity. He's mad for the telephone. Just give him a telephone and he's happy. He makes dozens of calls a day. To whom? Oh, just anybody—his brokers, his tailor, his agents. Besides that he loves to answer the set phone—a duty generally reserved for the prop boy—just to try out one of his weird variety of accents on the unsuspecting phoner.

Chico has five phones at his Beverly Hills home, [*Continued on page* 42]

Harpo, the intrepid pioneer, expects the worst of the West and so is prepared for all major emergencies

Harpo's combination whisk-broom and revolver comes in handy when villain Robert Barrat pulls his six-shooter





One of the more vigorous scenes from *Philadelphia Story*, Katharine Hepburn's smash stage hit which she now is filming for M-G-M. John Howard is man



Virginia Weidler and Roland Young play members of the smart Mainliner family who gather for wedding of the headstrong, independent problem child



James Stewart and Ruth Hussey play the unhappy reporters who have the grim duty of crashing the wedding, and getting inside story for society pages

Even the butler thinks that reporters aren't people. James Stewart was just admiring wedding presents, but becomes guiltily alarmed under the butler's eye

The Rebel Returns

Katharine Hepburn, who long since won the title of "Rebel" from an irritated Hollywood, is back, and the darling of the lot

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

■ She left Hollywood, Katie did, on a rip tide of bile, vowing never to come back until Hollywood had mended its ways or Hepburn had suffered a mental relapse.

You can imagine how surprised this reporter was the other day to run into her on M-G-M's *Philadelphia Story* set serving tea (during an intermission) to the whole crew, as meek as Miss Muffet, tractable as a Bloomer Girl, and full of sweetness and light.

Well, there she was, all right, the reconstructed rebel, caparisoned in a sheer peach job, frisky as a colt, yet cutting cake for the gaffers and lighters and hangers-on as if she were the president of the local W.C.T.U., cake which she had fetched from her own house and tea that she had bought (so help us!) at $1.60 the pound.

Edging closer to this most incredible apparition, we stared hard at the hostess. It was our Katie, all right. And, as usual, completely in charge, kidding the pants off an electrician and at the same time discussing Winston Churchill with an assistant cameraman. To watch the guests go to town with the oolong and patisserie you would never have dreamed that, up until the astonishing Katie swooped down on the scene, the boys were content to while away idle moments by attacking an Eskimo pie and discussing nothing more world-shaking than the astonishing Brooklyn Dodgers.

Tiffin over, Director George Cukor sidled over and wondered whether or not it would be O.K. to get going with the day's shooting. While they lined up the shot, we bagged one of the overalled tea-hounds and asked how come.

"It was HER idea. Naturally we didn't cotton to it at first. We thought it was sissy stuff. By now we're used to it. In fact, we couldn't get along without our afternoon tea. It's the best pick-me-up in the world." He directed an admiring glance on stage where



Katie and George Cukor were going round-and-round in heated argument and continued.

"Great girl, Miss Hepburn. I've worked on many a set where the star and the cast drank tea. But this is the first time we hired hands have ever been invited to the party."

Finally they were ready to shoot, so we strolled over. It was a love scene, involving our Kate and Jimmy Stewart.

"Roll 'em," Mr. Cukor would say to the cameramen. Then Jimmy would proceed with his wooing.

Twice Mr. Cukor frowned and said, "No dice. Let's try it again." Miss Hepburn looked gallant and nonplussed. Jimmy grinned, as he took her in his arms. He recited his lines of promise and adoration. It seemed a wonderful take. Cukor must have thought so too, because he yelled "Save it."

Miss Hepburn let out a snort.

"That was perfectly dreadful, and we're going to do it again."

The crew, totally awed, settled back to their chores. The sixth take was okayed by both George Cukor and his star. Then another rest period.

You'll have to take the word of this one-man inquisition that Katharine Hepburn in motion on a sound stage is the most dynamic item in pictures. Dietrich commands the respect of her crew. Rita Hayworth gets their eye. Norma Shearer enjoys their cooperation. But Katharine Hepburn rates their best licks, their top zeal and their undivided attention.

They like her, these assorted artists and artisans do, because she's herself.

When she wants to lift her peach skirt, al fresco, way up on her thigh to investigate a bruise, she'll do so, and a plague take Mrs. Grundy. When she thinks she's muffed a take, she'll beat Cukor to the tape and admit it. And when she needs advice on a scene—a rare occasion, to be sure —she'll humbly ask how the Director thinks it ought to be done.

The general affection for Hepburn is omnipresent. Let her yell for a cigarette and a dozen basso profundo voices, swelling each time the word is repeated, will send stout echoes zooming toward Louis B. Mayer's office almost a mile away.

"Myrtle!" piped up K. H., in search of needle and thread. "MYRTLE!" chorused a carpenter. *"MYRTLE!!"* echoed a studio cop 440 yards away. In no time at all poor Myrtle came a-running, terrified almost out of her petticoat.

A good deal has happened to Katie since she last cavorted before a camera in a picture called *Holiday*. She left Hollywood on the heels of her nomination as "box-office poison," in the wake of a batch of pictures that were no more meant for Hepburn than they were for Mickey Rooney, muttering oaths to the effect that she was leaving pictures to the "morons" who make them.

Things rocked along until a playwright named Philip Barry wrote a play for her called *Philadelphia Story*. It fitted the Hepburn personality exactly, and it brought Katie out of hiding.

The play opened on Broadway late in 1938. If there was a certain dogged determination in the way Katie limned the beclouded heroine who parted with her amiable husband because of a conflicting emotion she felt toward the moon and Nature, the explanation was simple: she was battling the spectre of her last stage appearance in an unsuccessful play, *The Lake*, which she tossed off during a vacation from Hollywood, back in 1932, when she had another mad on.

The return of the renegade was heralded by the critics with lush adjectives. Said one critic:

"Last night's festivities at the Shubert Theater [*Continued on page* 56]



The famous scene of the moonlit dip in the pool can be shown on the screen to better advantage than on the stage



The high comedy of the wedding scene with Cary Grant and James Stewart as groom and best man makes a funny ending



Hollywood's Good Neighbors



Suburban life is much the same the world over in that you must get along with your neighbors if life is to be worth living. Here is how some of the stars take care of the problem

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ The Chester Laucks (he's "Lum," of radio's "Lum and Abner") had just moved into their San Fernando Valley ranch home and their very first dinner guests had been urged to arrive early so that they might admire the new estate and enjoy the view in the late afternoon sun. After the first half dozen had arrived Mrs. Lauck was apologetic because the host was nowhere to be seen.

"Chet's gone next door," she explained. "Over to Clark Gable's—to borrow a couple of cats." She seemed to require more explanation so she went on, "We hadn't been here a day before we discovered that the place was overrun with gophers. So Chet went over to ask Clark whether he used traps or poison. Clark said that he just used old-fashioned cats. He said that he had some to spare, and that if Chet would wait until he could round up a few he'd lend them to us. . . . Here comes Chet now!"

Chet chugged up in a station wagon and detailed a squad of his male guests to assist in unloading several gunny sacks of squealing felines which were to be confined temporarily in a shed. "Clark says I'm to feed 'em just enough to make 'em feel at home and make 'em like me—but not enough to keep them from being hungry when I turn them loose tomorrow night to hunt gophers," Chet announced. "These are," he added, impressively, "Gable's own, personal cats . . . *trained* to hunt gophers!" Slicing the mackerel which was to endear him to the cats, he said, "Nothing like having a good neighbor. Now we'll have to think up something nice to do for the Gables!"

There you are, you see. That's the new Hollywood as it spreads out in ever-widening circles. One happy family. At least where gophers are concerned—and vegetables and babies and sewer assessments and flower pots. Things haven't changed much at the studios, one must admit. There are still options and jealousies and gossip and the question of whether glamour is really box office, after all. But in the open spaces, where they get away from it all in clusters, a positively bucolic neighborliness prevails.



C. Aubrey Smith is not watching the sunset. He is watching his pumpkin patch and his neighbor, Myrna Loy

Take Myrna Loy and the pumpkins. Myrna didn't actually mean to swipe a pumpkin—I guess. But it did belong to C. Aubrey Smith, whose garden is just up the hill from that of Myrna and Arthur Hornblow. C. Aubrey planted those pumpkins with his own hands and took great pride in them. One day a large one detached itself from the vine and rolled down the hill to break with a "Klumph!" against Myrna's garden wall. Smith was hastening down the hill to gather up the pieces when he saw lovely Myrna leaning over the wall, scooping. That's the word. Scooping! Well, a gentleman like C. Aubrey couldn't embarrass a lovely lady, could he? He hid behind a bush.

An hour or so later he was called to the phone and Myrna's demure voice cooed, "I do wish you'd come to dinner! We're going to have something I think you'd like. Pumpkin pie!" And now it's simply astonishing how many of C. Aubrey's biggest pumpkins seem to come undone and go rolling down the hill toward the Hornblow wall. Once or twice a voice has been heard shouting, "Yippee! More pie!" as a pumpkin splattered. But a gentleman of C. Aubrey Smith's dignity would

Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow are watching the pumpkin patch also. Note those very neighborly smiles



Mickey Rooney firmly believes that a good neighbor is a good provider. Here he is with his kitchen

hardly be shouting, "Yippee!" Or would he?

Screen stars do seem to huddle together even when they move "far into the country." Bob Armstrong hides away on an estate which adjoins Spencer Tracy's and they are both so secluded that they have to have mailboxes on posts outside their gates with their names on them. So-o-o some prankish boys switched the boxes on the very evening that friends had planned a surprise party for Bob. And no one could have been more surprised than the Tracys when several carloads of merrymakers appeared on the doorstep chanting, "Happy birthday to you!" And not a birthday coming up in the Tracy household for months. And there was poor Bob, sitting at home wistfully waiting to be surprised all to pieces. It's pretty pathetic, you know, to expect to be surprised and have the party go astray! You'll be comforted to know that Spencer re-routed this one and that Bob was able to open his eyes that wide and cry, "Fancy your doing all this for *me!*" before the evening was too far advanced.

It's a trifle complex sometimes for a young and beauteous lady who lives the rural life alone. Like Brenda Marshall who lives out in the Valley in sedate seclusion with an elderly housekeeper chaperon to make everything proper. So it was quite all right, of course, when Jeffrey Lynn, moving into the neighborhood, called up one evening to wail that there was something wrong with the plumbing at his house and please, please could he come over to Brenda's and take a bath? Brenda was hospitable as anything. She was just home from retakes on *The Sea Hawk* and had no notion of taking off make-up or costume until she had rested a while. She was doing this quietly when Bill Holden arrived, resplendent in tails and white tie, to take her to a party which had completely slipped her mind . . . what with the retakes. Bill, you know, is such a "good friend" of Brenda's that the two of them are constantly denying their engagement.

Well, while Brenda was trying to explain to Bill about forgetting their date, sounds of splashings and singings began to drift in from the bathroom. Presently Jeffrey appeared, rosy and scrubbed and cheerful, in slacks [*Continued on page* 53]



Good neighbors Allan Jones and Bob Young at work helping each other to get in the hay



There are those who regard living within five blocks of the house of Jackie Cooper as a mixed blessing



If you are Nelson Eddy's neighbor, you have to pose for a portrait [illegible] as W. S. van Dyke is doing





Spencer Tracy's garden is famous, and if you are a neighbor you can borrow a beet or a turnip any time



Oh. A sarong!

Oh. Oh Oh and ouch! A sarong!!!

Hollywood's Good Neighbors



Suburban life is much the same the world over in that you must get along with your neighbors if life is to be worth living. Here is how some of the stars take care of the problem

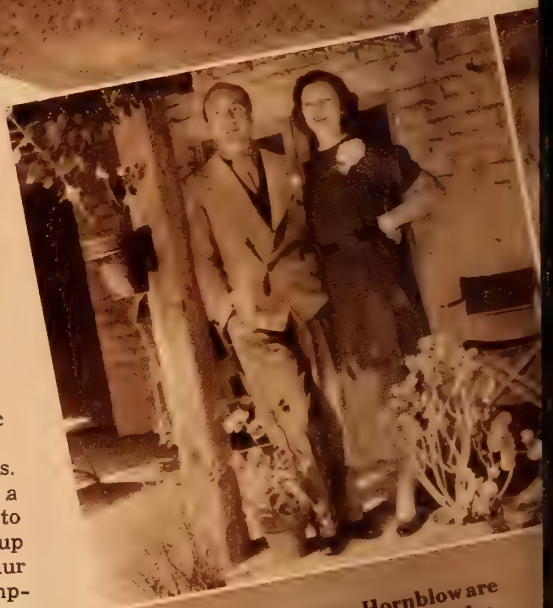
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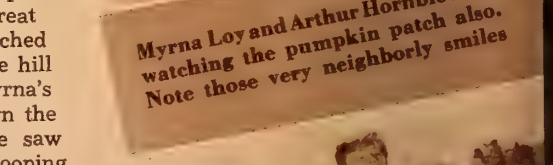
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C. Aubrey Smith is not watching the sunset. He is watching his pumpkin patch and his neighbor, Myrna Loy

Take Myrna Loy and the pumpkins. Myrna didn't actually mean to swipe a pumpkin—I guess. But it did belong to C. Aubrey Smith, whose garden is just up the hill from that of Myrna and Arthur Hornblow. C. Aubrey planted those pumpkins with his own hands and took great pride in them. One day a large one detached itself from the vine and rolled down the hill to break with a "Klumph!" against Myrna's garden wall. Smith was hastening down the hill to gather up the pieces when he saw lovely Myrna leaning over the wall, scooping. That's the word. Scooping! Well, a gentleman like C. Aubrey couldn't embarrass a lovely lady, could he? He hid behind a bush.

An hour or so later he was called to the phone and Myrna's demure voice cooed, "I do wish you'd come to dinner! We're going to have something I think you'd like. Pumpkin pie!" And now it's simply astonishing how many of C. Aubrey's biggest pumpkins seem to come undone and go rolling down the hill toward the Hornblow wall. Once or twice a voice has been heard shouting, "Yippee! More pie!" as a pumpkin splattered. But a gentleman of C. Aubrey Smith's dignity would



Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow are watching the pumpkin patch also. Note those very neighborly smiles



Mickey Rooney firmly believes that a good neighbor is a good provider. Here he is with his kitchen

hardly be shouting, "Yippee!" Or would he?

Screen stars do seem to huddle together even when they move "far into the country." Bob Armstrong hides away on an estate which adjoins Spencer Tracy's and they are both so secluded that they have to have mailboxes on posts outside their gates with their names on them. So-o-o some prankish boys switched the boxes on the very evening that friends had planned a surprise party for Bob. And no one could have been more surprised than the Tracys when several carloads of merrymakers appeared on the doorstep chanting, "Happy birthday to you!" And not a birthday coming up in the Tracy household for months. And there was poor Bob, sitting at home wistfully waiting to be surprised all to pieces. It's pretty pathetic, you know, to expect to be surprised and have the party go astray! You'll be comforted to know that Spencer re-routed this one and that Bob was able to open his eyes that wide and cry, "Fancy your doing all this for *me!*" before the evening was too far advanced.

It's a trifle complex sometimes for a young and beauteous lady who lives the rural life alone. Like Brenda Marshall who lives out in the Valley in sedate seclusion with an elderly housekeeper chaperon to make everything proper. So it was quite all right, of course, when Jeffrey Lynn, moving into the neighborhood, called up one evening to wail that there was something wrong with the plumbing at his house and please, please could he come over to Brenda's and take a bath? Brenda was hospitable as anything. She was just home from retakes on *The Sea Hawk* and had no notion of taking off make-up or costume until she had rested a while. She was doing this quietly when Bill Holden arrived, resplendent in tails and white tie, to take her to a party which had completely slipped her mind . . . what with the retakes. Bill, you know, is such a "good friend" of Brenda's that the two of them are constantly denying their engagement.

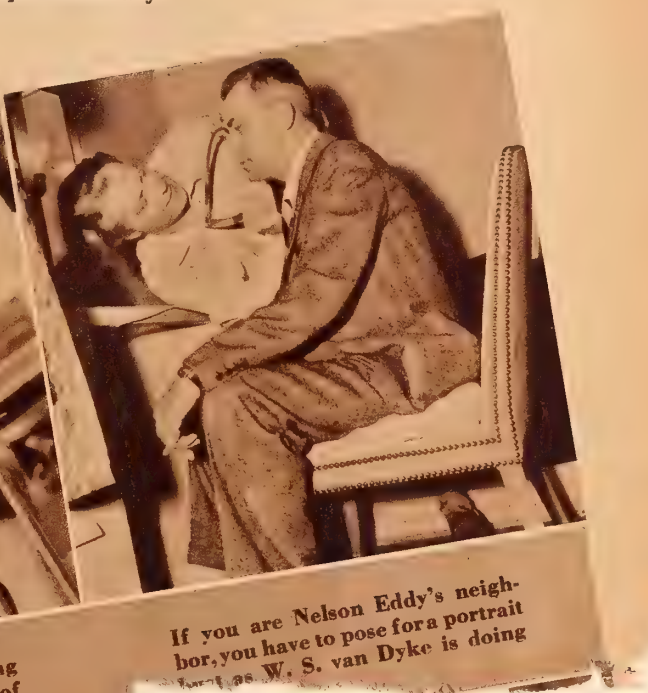
Well, while Brenda was trying to explain to Bill about forgetting their date, sounds of splashings and singings began to drift in from the bathroom. Presently Jeffrey appeared, rosy and scrubbed and cheerful, in slacks [*Continued on page* 53]



Good neighbors Allan Jones and Bob Young at work helping each other to get in the hay



There are those who regard living within five blocks of the house of Jackie Cooper as a mixed blessing



If you are Nelson Eddy's neighbor, you have to pose for a portrait [illegible] as W. S. van Dyke is doing





Spencer Tracy's garden is famous, and if you are a neighbor you can borrow a beet or a turnip any time

Meet John Doe

He is a long, raw-boned baseball player in this new comedy, and he loses his skill, his job and almost his mind before the last of his adventures is complete

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL



Gary Cooper practices some winding up for his role of the country baseball player, and Barbara Stanwyck gets into the right mood for her role of the rough and ready newspaper gal

■ Meet John Doe. Not the unknown criminal of police court parlance but a big, rangy right-handed pitcher on a bush league baseball team, a guy with a puzzled expression, a wind-up like Christy Mathewson and the temperament and background of Dizzy Dean.

That's Gary Cooper in the name part of Frank Capra's latest addition to his portrait gallery of lovable and faintly cuckoo Americans. Mr. Deeds, it will be remembered, went to town under Mr. Capra's direction. Mr. Smith went to Washington. Mr. Doe, in the present undertaking, goes broke and berserk, in the order named.

For the good round sum of $1,500,000 of his own money, Mr. Capra tells, in *Meet John Doe,* what happens when a pretty fair, country ball-player burns his arm out pitching a 19-inning game. He goes on the bum Mr. Capra concludes, and meets up with a whimsical hobo (Walter Brennan), who inoculates him with philosophy.

The process by which the pitched-out pitcher loses his identity and becomes John Doe is bound up with a circulation-building stunt dreamed up by Barbara Stanwyck, who plays the conductor of the *Odds and Ends* column on a metropolitan newspaper. From there on John is the exact center of an emotional maelstrom made up of equal parts of rapidly revolving money, power, love and hysteria.

Frank Capra, as is his custom, paints his big scenes with a broad brush. When his story requires a mob, he hires a mob of 4,000 people. When the script calls for a riot he sees to it that furniture, hats, and a few heads are banged up.

John Doe is the first production venture of a new company called Frank Capra, Inc. The incorporators are Frank Capra and his writer-collaborator, Robert Riskin, with whom he has made eleven pictures, each more successful than its predecessor. Every nickel that goes into *John Doe* is out of the treasury of Frank Capra, Inc., although the picture is being made at the huge Warner Brothers plant in Burbank and will be sold to theaters as Warner Brothers merchandise.

It is nothing unusual for a ranking producer-director to set up his own company. A dozen have done it with varying degrees of success. What is unusual about the Capra venture is that he is laying out his own money and not drawing any salary for his efforts, staking his chances of profit entirely on the public's acceptance of his work. Riskin, [*Continued on page* 46]

Double X(mas)

Of course Dorothy Lamour admires and respects sarongs. They, among other things, made her what she is today . . . a great star (her next film is *Moon Over Burma*) but she also feels that their place is strictly in the studio, not in the home





What lovely packages. Isn't everybody so sweet to remember me with all these gifts! Just can't wait to see inside





Maybe it's perfume! Or china! Oh. A sarong!



Now this looks promising!



Oh. Oh. A sarong!!



Oh. Oh Oh and ouch! A sarong!!!

Zorro Comes Back



DEAR EDITOR:

I am sitting in a cozy chair at a table in the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary while I listen patiently to a bunch of the boys whoop it up about *The Mark of Zorro,* a picture that's to go into production with Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell starring. I am letting it go in one big ear and out the other as I sit there wondering about how I am going to take up the slack in a little note reading "Not Sufficient Funds" a banker boy sent me that very morning. Maybe I would be sitting there yet and wondering about these things only Harry Brand, publicity director and a swell guy in spite of it, came barging along from another table and says, without stopping, "Okay, Milt, give this glamour boy another job. He looks broke—as usual."

Well, you know me. Scarcely had his words died out midst the clatter of the crockery, than I had this Milt (last name Howe) by the arm and was leading him over to the casting office where, in no time at all, I got myself an extra job.

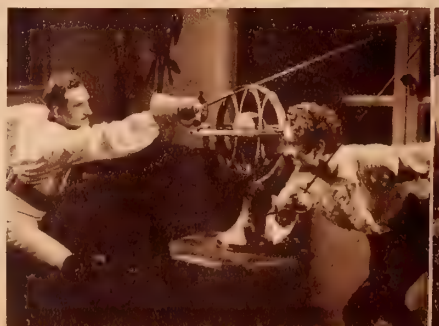
Before I give you any intimate details of my extra work on this picture, perhaps I'd better get you straight on what *The Mark of Zorro* is about.

If you were going to movies twenty years ago you certainly can remember *The Mark of Zorro* with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., playing the role of Zorro. And if you've ever read California history you recall that this Zorro gent was a bold bad bandit who

Tyrone Power fights it out with Basil Rathbone in the duel from *The Mark of Zorro*

Our favorite extra gets bitten by some snake-bite cure and pinked by a rapier and decides that the good old days were simply awful

By E. J. (Native Son) SMITHSON







freed his people of Spanish tyranny. Well, Twentieth Century-Fox which owns several of the Zorro tales, written by Johnson McCully in 1915 and 1916 under the name of *The Curse of Capistrana* decided to revive this bold, bad bandit with Tyrone Power in the leading role and with the beautiful Linda Darnell taking on the duties of the feminine lead. Throughout production, the picture has pleased the studio's executives so highly that it has now been announced as the first of a series of Zorro highjinks—which ought to be good news for movie fans.

When I reported for work the following morning after wrangling a job from the casting director, I was herded into a truck along with a score of other extras and driven to Agoura, California, where Director Rouben Mamoulian had built a beautiful city representing Los Angeles around the year 1820. As a matter of historical fact, Los Angeles in 1820 was a squatty, adobe settlement inhabited by a motley assortment of some 600 Indians and half-breeds with a smattering of Spaniards and one lone American. Of course Director Mamoulian savvies all this 1820 business, but he decided that such a primitive outpost would never do, so he up and stretched history thin enough to tidy up the joint. Not only did he do this, but he peopled this glistening city with dashing caballeros, gentlemen adventurers and flirtatious senoritas. All of which should please the Los Angeles chamber of commerce—as it did me, especially the flirtatious senoritas.

History was followed closely, though, in re-creating the plaza on North Main Street, which was first laid out in 1818. The first church, still standing, was copied accurately, as was the village school where the headmaster, so early Los Angeles records show, earned the magnificent sum of one hundred and forty bucks a year!

As Zorro, Tyrone plays a triple role, without the aid of mirrors or make-up. I don't know whether or not he gets paid three salaries for these three different roles, but anyway, he acts himself at home, pretends to be a Spanish fop in public, and turns to swashbuckling banditry at night—and he does exceedingly well at all three tasks. To make him a fop the studio spent $15,000 for beaded silks, satins, and velvets to make him such a wardrobe that would bring a distinct gleam of envy in the gentle eyes of Alice Faye or Loretta Young. Another thing while I'm rambling along on Tyrone. He doesn't jump over as many walls as did Doug Fairbanks who made a tremendous leap on an average of every three minutes in *The Mark of Zorro.* I asked Director Mamoulian about this curtailment of leaps and jumps and he told me that times had changed. The movie fans, he said, would split their weskits and girdles if he had Ty doing the jumps that Fairbanks did. In the picture Ty jumps aboard his horse just twice, he leaps once over a wall and swings down from a balcony—and that's the end of it so far as jumping is concerned.

This Mamoulian, in case you're unaware of it, is quite a guy. Hardly had we extras assembled on the set and had gotten busy shining up our rapiers to do a little fancy rapiering and loaded up our guns to do some fancy gunning than this Mamoulian shouts over his public address system that he wanted us 500 extras to howl with pain as the Spanish soldiers began slashing their way through the crowd. "Let's start off shooting with a one-take," he announced. "I want this sequence to bring us good luck. Remember that operation you had and how much you suffered when you came out of the ether? Howl like you did then. And listen. If I get my one-take I'm going to give you a good bonus!"

The cameras started rolling a few seconds later, the soldiers started their slashing, and we extras, with that good bonus in mind, started howling—and if you didn't hear us as you sat in your elaborate New York editorial chair, Miss Editor, you'd better have your dainty, pearl-like ears examined because we put up such a fine yipping, shrieking, and yelling that the sound man had to buy himself a brand new mike!

Before the day was over this Mamoulian pulled another stunt that just about shocked everybody into insensibility.

After this "howling" sequence, he called the cast and crew together and gave 'em a talk.

"I think," he began, "that the people who have spent years on the sets should have a hand in directing a picture. The grips, the juicers, the cameramen, the script girl and all the rest of you, including the extras, have plenty of good ideas. I want you to stop me at any time with suggestions, and if you disagree with something I'm doing I want you to tell me. Even if you're up on the catwalks, I want you to shout down. I'm going to have the script girl keep track of the ideas we use, and I'll see that those who really help get full credit. Who knows? Maybe we'll get a new director or two out of you folks."

Well, I'm here to tell you when he finished everyone was so amazed that they were literally speechless. It's one of Hollywood's oldest maxims that the director is always right and no one should ever bother him during production. A lot of swell ideas came out of that talk and several members of the various crews got more than favorable mention from this clever director. Everyone hopes that he's established a new Hollywood movie custom. You'll see better pictures from now on if this proves true.

The next day we renewed our fencing sequences with Basil Rathbone and Tyrone Power staging a humdinger of a stabbing match. Rathbone, before he was through, suffered a deep gash over his right eye and likewise a couple of locks of hair when [*Continued on page* 48]



Resort-ful Fashions

By CANDIDA





You won't get wet when you go upsy-daisy in Ann Miller's White Stag Ski Togs! "Snugger" jacket has wool knit bands at wrist, neck, waist, is Talon fastened to keep out wind. Grand for skiing and skating. Downhill trousers of wool gabardine are tapered to flatter

The North Wind doth blow, but the flash red of Kayser's ski-undies will keep you snug as a bug! Elastic at instep keeps long drawers down; the undershirt doubles as a sweater! ($2 each.) On ice, or afterwards, Maiden Form's Curtsy (panty) girdle gives controlled freedom. $1. It's an old cow hand—U. S. Rubber's Galosh Overboot, to slip over any shoe in bad weather, $2.95. Stick the Dobbs beanie ($5) of stitched jersey in your pocket when you're not wearing it! Kimball's shawl, of spun rayon and wool, is a 26-inch square, comes in eight plaid patterns, costs $1



A sweater to in-vest in! Helen Harper thought up clever idea of combining angora sleeves with wool "vestee" front. Ann's classic hat is Rustic, designed by Chalfonte for all smart girls who like flattery. You'll see Ann in Republic's *Hit Parade of 1941*



Pick winter pastels for news value, indoors or out. Here Ann wears a coat dress with contrasting panel stitching at collar, cuff, down the front. It was designed by Ann Sutton, and made in a Duplan fabric of Tubize Acetate Rayon. Her jersey beanie, for back of the head wearing, is from Dobbs



Pleats please the eye, and your figure, in Ann's smart shirtwaist dress styled by Lord's. Note the bloused back—it's pure flattery. The Duplan fabric, made of Tubize Acetate Rayon, holds its shape and the press of your pleats, will resist crushing, creasing as well. Make your next dress of it for service and chic



Look peasant, please! Ann's "swissie" sweater, in white or light shades with contrasting embroidery, is from Rosanna, her hood and mitten set, of colorful brushed rayon, from Kayser. You can buy these winter accessories in gay colors to make you the sport you are

TURN TO PAGE 58

for a list of stores where you can buy these inexpensive togs. If none of these shops are near you, your fashion editor will direct you to one in your city. Just send her a penny post card, telling her which fashions you are interested in. Address Candida, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

This Can't Be Love





Jack Benny and Fred Allen have been lying in ambush for each other with everything from slurs to slugs while working on their co-starring comedy, *Love Thy Neighbor*

By JAMES F. SCHEER

■ This is the saga of two residents of glass houses who have been throwing stones, fists, half-Nelsons, slurs, and, among other sundry properties, the well-known Bull at one another.

It is the saga of Fred (Two-Fist) Allen and, as Fred says, "Jack (Two-Face) Benny," anti-one-another stars of Paramount's musicomedy *Love Thy Neighbor*, whose other entries on the asset side include Mary Martin and that colored duo, Rochester and Theresa Harris.

The actual enmity, friendship, or whatever-it-is-ship of Benny Kubelsky, as Jack Benny was christened on the day the Waukegan, Illinois, stork airmailed him to Mom Benny, and John F. Sullivan, alias Fred Allen, cannot be packed into a few words.

Not even in a few paragraphs. Some say Buck Benny feels mildly nauseous toward Allen. Others say Fred feels the same way toward Benny. But unless you prod one with slurring barbs from the other, you are likely to find them as eloquent about one another as Geronimo.

Take a walk down Paramount's Avenue D. But walk on the wide whitewashed line in the center—that is, if you don't want to become a participant in the Allen-Benny feud, which has been raging since '36.

The right half is painted "Fred Allen's Side"; the left half, "Jack Benny's Side." Their dressing rooms face one another a hand-grenade distance across Avenue D.

A black-lettered sign on Sound Stage A warns: DANGER—FLYING QUIPS! And gals and guys, once you're in there, you're on your own. [*Continued on page* 57]

Lady Esther says "You're Invited to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"



Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin . . . waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise to *you* . . . and a scientific *fact*. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror . . . every hour of the day and night a *new skin* is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your *old* skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from looking smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know...says Lady Esther...that you can make your years of beauty *longer* if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true —that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (62)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)



Jean Arthur and Bill Holden in a scene from the spectacular western, *Arizona*

Arizona Days

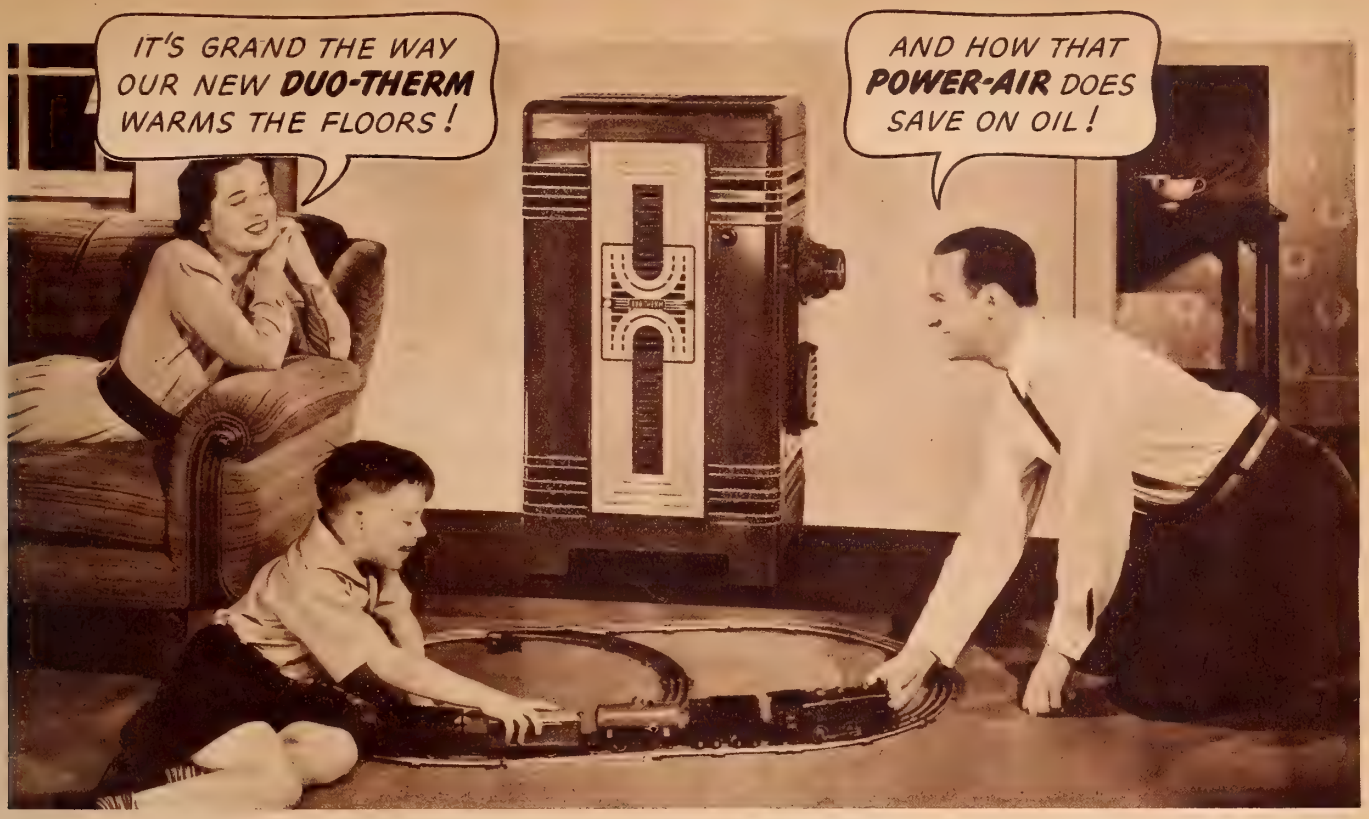
Bill Holden would rather rope an enraged bull any day than try to behave like a movie glamour boy

By JUAN TULARE

■ From this date on, William Holden, the college boy who became "Golden Boy," will never again have any truck with glamour. He has discovered the great outdoors, and he loves it.

Jaws dark with a two-weeks' stubble and sporting sideburns fancy enough to arouse the envy of Senor Cesar Romero, he strolled into conference range the other day pretty well weighted down by a western outfit and somewhat bow-legged, seemed like.

"This get-up," he hurried on to explain, "is all part of my role in the new Jean Arthur picture called *Arizona,* and you see me fresh from a savage fray with a posse of Apaches. But you can bet your bottom dollar that I brought the wagon train (twenty-six men and beasts of burden) into



New heater warms your whole house FAST— by forcing heat to every room!

THIS winter, you needn't fuss with coal, wood, ashes, soot, dirt and nuisance. Now you can enjoy clean, convenient *oil* heat—greater comfort—at a lower cost than ever before . . . thanks to Duo-Therm's amazing new Power-Air!*

Drives "fireside warmth" to every corner! Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives heat all through your house—makes heat circulate faster—warms far corners! Heat is forced to the floors! You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get what no fuel oil heater has ever offered before—the same *positive* forced heat as a modern basement furnace! And Power-Air also means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests made in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while actually using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air! And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Other advantages you'll want! You can adjust the heat with the handy front-dial! For direct heat, open the radiant doors and warm yourself to the marrow! You get perfect combustion at *any* setting—more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—clean, quiet, *safe* operation with Duo-Therm's patented Bias-Baffle Burner! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

Extra! A cooling breeze in summer!



Switch on your Power-Air blower and enjoy a refreshing 27 mile-an-hour breeze! The powerful blower can be operated independently of the heater, and it will send a cooling breeze anywhere!

All these *extras*—at *no* extra cost! Even with Power-Air, Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Easy payments! Go to your Duo-Therm dealer and see the 12 beautiful models of America's largest-selling heater. Comes in sizes to heat from 1 to 6 rooms—in either the console or upright cabinet type. You can have Power-Air with whatever Duo-Therm you select! Learn more about this new kind of heater—send in the coupon *now!*

Uneven heat without Power-Air!



This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!

All-over, even heat with Power-Air!



Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

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Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

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Tucson on schedule, attack or no attack. Of course, after you've been fighting this same battle for forty-four times you kind-of get the hang of victory. Toward the end, my mount, a rare sample of horse flesh called Banner, got so bored fighting the Apaches that I had to carry a portable radio to keep him happy.

"The few months *Arizona* has been in production have led me to believe that the only screen characters that will ever have any interest for me professionally are living, breathing characters, good and bad, but virile, outdoor, and believable human beings. That's why I liked playing Peter Muncie in *Arizona*. He's the kind of guy that helped build this great Southwest out of sand and cactus. He's a prototype of all young adventurers who trickled into the wilderness to make an empire. He can fight; he has a sense of humor; he owns a great faith in the future; and he maintains a standing weakness for such a pretty and fearless figure as Phoebe Titus, who is played by Jean Arthur."

The mention of Jean Arthur was the cue for a thirty-minute detour by young Mr. Holden.

"I've always been a Jean Arthur admirer, I guess," he began, "but this trip has changed me into an idolater. First off, she's an actress second to nobody, with simplicity and naturalness as her long suits. This I've always known. But Jean Arthur as a person I met for the first time about five months ago. And working with her on the picture gave me a little insight into what she's like.

"Take her dog show, the goofiest ever held, at least in the state of Arizona. The script called for about forty mongrel dogs to haunt the environs of Tucson. They had to be kept around as atmosphere for about ten weeks. All this time Jean Arthur personally cared for the animals. She supplied them with sanitary water pails, bought special dog food daily, and spent more than $300 in veterinary fees. One night, as a matter of fact, she climbed into her car and drove from her ranch to the set, a distance of eighteen miles, to see if the dogs were bedded down all right. Of course they were. Wes Ruggles had seen to that.

"Well, anyhow, when the location work was over, Jean began to fret about the dogs again. Who would look after them when we were gone? That is where the dog show came in. It was Jean's idea. The object was to place the dogs in good homes.

"The show was held in the lobby of Tucson's nicest hotel. Something like 2,500 Tucsonians dropped by. The furniture and carpets were taken out of the lobby which the studio carpenters had made into an exhibition hall with grandstands draped in bunting, show-ramps and what have you. The affair was covered by the newspapers. Studio lights were set up. Motion picture cameras occupied strategic spots. There was a carnival spirit in the air.

"Jean, in her costume as Phoebe Titus, opened the show.

"Then there was a fanfare of trumpets, following which twenty-eight mongrels, bathed and manicured, were led into the ring by as many attendants in red hunting coats. They were separated into special groups, working dogs, non-working dogs, toy dogs, sporting dogs, et cetera. Each group was judged by a woman member of the Tucson kennel club, Miss Arthur supervising."

"Were all the dogs claimed?" this ancient sentimentalist interposed.

"Six hundred kids wanted twenty-eight dogs," Mr. Holden replied. "It was all settled by drawing numbers, I guess. Anyhow each owner got a three-year paid-up license for the pooch, an ample supply of dog food and a harness and leash."



Athletic Eddie Albert tries to convince Priscilla Lane that keeping the feet on the ground is not an easy task. This was just a moment of relaxation during the filming of their next show, *Four Mothers*

■ Getting back to himself, he admitted that roughing it was the life for him. Like on the *Arizona* set, for instance. (This reporter, after hearing a typical day's routine, wants no part of it.)

For three months he didn't shave, his role calling for a youthful beard. He didn't wear city clothes. Instead he kicked around all that time in cowboy boots, denim Levi's and cowboy shirts.

At 6 a. m. he was rousted out of bed by the jangling of the telephone, while most glamour boys are turning over on the other side, having piled into bed at three after a night on the town.

By seven he was bathed, had brushed his teeth, was dressed and through breakfasting and waiting for the huge green bus that carried him to the Old Tucson location, some fourteen miles away, with yipping cowboys, hoss wranglers, character actors, cameramen and what have you, aboard.

At seven-twenty he checked in for a day's work under a broiling sun. While Director Ruggles lined up a shot, our Holden would traipse over to the corral to saddle his favorite mount, Banner.

When Ruggles wasn't shooting, there was a host of things to perpetrate. There was pistol practice and rifle practice and riding practice. And so on up until 6:30 p. m.

We were just on the verge of recommending that he institute action with the National Labor Relations Board when Holden remarked, face aglow:

"That *Arizona* set—it makes Hollywood hard to take. There's nothing like the real outdoors. Just let them try and put me in a drawing-room comedy reeking with purloined wit and cigarette smoke! Just let 'em try to hand me glamour boy stuff!"

The young man's fears are a little premature. While he did do a chore as a glamorous collegiate, more or less, in *Those Were the Days,* as a real-life glamour boy he is hardly what might be termed well-equipped. He owns a mere eleven ties ($2.50 top), three suits, and has never been to Ciro's (although he understands it's "quite a nice joint"), has trouble keeping his hair in place, totes his chummie, Warners' Miss Brenda Marshall, to a movie when it's cold and to a badminton court when it's warm.

He has neither the dash of Tyrone Power, the sleekness of Cesar Romero, the debonair quality of Ray Milland, the disturbing yet fetching brooding spirit of Laurence Olivier or the splash of young Master Rooney. Nor does he give two pins about graduating later into a big-time senior operator in glamour such as the suave George Brent or the natty Walter Pidgeon or even the whimsical Melvyn Douglas.

But Paramount and Columbia, who own his contracts, do a polka at the mention of his name. His five pictures for four different studios were all box-office honeys. Critics on the hard-to-fool New York papers rave about his "artistic integrity and genius for simplicity." And here he is telling you it's nothing—nothing at all.

"Fundamentally I'm no actor," the lad whose latest performance in *Our Town* was hailed as "uncommonly stirring" told us earnestly. "Mostly I'm a lucky guy. It could have been anyone else. If it weren't for a break, I'd be winding up my education at U.S.C. and wondering how soon Congress would push through conscription."

He gets this off his chest casually enough, feet propped up nonchalantly on a shiny desk temporarily vacated by a Columbia executive, his hair on end and

a grave expression encamped on his open and rugged face. He speaks with a quiet drawl, resonant yet charmingly nasal, with an earnestness and matter-of-fact quality that you couldn't possibly mistake for pseudo modesty. Occasionally he smiles. Now and then he blinks or drops his gaze. You don't have to be a Dr. Sigmund Freud to conclude that he's shy-like.

Bill Holden isn't the best man in Hollywood to interview. To begin with, he's no showman. He's genuinely baffled as to why people should want to read about him.

"It could have happened to anyone," he keeps insisting.

■ His horsemanship is the kind you read about in the pulp paper magazine stories. The professional cowboys on the *Arizona* set were prepared to make him look sick, this kid from Pasadena Junior College who had snagged the role of the hell-for-leather Peter Muncie. He not only made them look like bloomer girls but, in true serial fashion, he made himself a hero the third day out. As follows:

Sam Nelson, temporarily in charge during the illness of Director Wesley Ruggles, was shooting action background for the attack on the wagon train by the deadly Apaches, bent on slaughter. During the festivities, one of the covered wagons burst into flame, ignited by a blazing arrow. A frightened bull, thereupon, crazed by cannonading and the sight of fire, went berserk, charging through the set and starting a stampede.

Up jumped Holden from a seat on a corral fencé, slung himself into the saddle, gave spur and tore out. He reached the bull just as the enraged animal was about to plow into a group of extras. One whirl of the lariat, a lightning pitch, and the bull was brought to earth. In the nick of time, too! The real cowboys and the hard-riding, honest-to-goodness Apache Indians threw a party for Bill that night. And he was in.

■ Bill Holden is still charmingly dazed about the fantastic streak of luck that made him an important Hollywood figure in one year. And humble. He cannot shake himself loose from the suspicion that it's all a gag. Consequently he lives frugally. At the hands of a shrewd and far-sighted business manager he is allowed $20 a week spending money. Even for a man of Bill's simple tastes this allowance has often proved a little confining. On location at Tucson he dreamed up a way to bolster his income. He rented out his car for $1 a night!

Some Hollywood wit has remarked that Holden doesn't live. He simply camps out. Villa Holden, to start with, is in North Hollywood, costs fifty per month in rent monies, boasts of no furniture to speak of and is positively free from servant problems. He eats his meals in restaurants. The Brown Derby sees very little of him. It's too flossy.

For diversion he goes horseback riding. Mostly he goes with Brenda Marshall who is no slouch herself on a bronco. Rumor has them engaged. Holden has denied this as graciously as a gentleman, plainsman variety, could possibly do. He loves to shoot and is amassing a gun collection, wheedling money when he can for special items from his financial overseers. Miss Marshall, too, is fond of shooting. They shatter clay pigeons in mixed doubles. He's a badminton bug. Ditto the lady.

He has no Hollywood friends to speak of, except Claude Binyon, the writer. He's inclined to be a lone wolf. He doesn't like parties or pandemonium. He drinks only now and then. He listens to alleged funny stories strictly out of politeness. They bore him. If he had a little more time off, he'd go down to Mexico and bag a few fish. Maybe "bag" isn't quite the right word.

He thinks Jean Arthur is a star-spangled Sarah Bernhardt. He'll knock the block off of anyone who differs with him. He admires her because she's "outspoken, intelligent and fair." Apropos of nothing, all his leading ladies except Jane Bryan were older than he, mostly because he's merely twenty-two.

That fan mail of his ought to be probed by a psychologist. Girls from Keokuk, Iowa, and Kobe, Japan, write in to ask if they can't move in and look out for him the rest of his days. His mother sifts the letters—it's a full-time job almost—and sends him, of all things, only the letters of intelligent and sincere criticism. According to his instructions.

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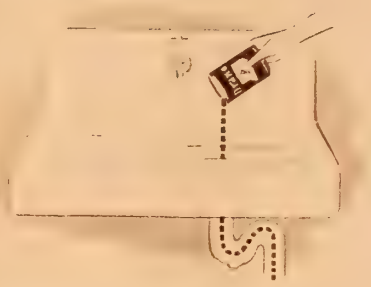
DRAIN STOPPED UP? USE DRĀNO



1. "Bachelors make me laugh. Take Bill. Cooks dinner for the Joneses and me and brags it's a cinch."



2. "Then the pipes get stopped up and he makes a man-size job of clearing the drains. Me, I simply phone for Drāno."



3. Drāno puts the heat on down where dirt stops up pipes. Its churning, chemical boiling action frees dirt, lets water flush it away.



4. "I adore benedicts and Bill's going to be one. He proposed (isn't that a scream?) after I came to the rescue with Drāno."

Drāno

CLEARS DRAINS



"P.S. We're going to use a teaspoonful of Drāno after the dinner dishes, when we set up housekeeping. No stopped-up drains for Mr. and Mrs. Us."

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

The Boy Grows Older

[*Continued from page* 12]

sequence in which *Citizen Kane's* girl friend, played by Dorothy Comingore, is making her debut as an opera star.

Backstage all is bustle and confusion. Miss Comingore, loaded down with all the feathers and beads in the RKO wardrobe department is supposed to sing to an unsympathetic audience, and she has the jitters. There are dozens of extras in vaguely Egyptian costumes—the opera is modeled after one called *Salammbo,* although the aria supposedly sung by Miss Comingore has nothing to do with the opera.

There is a final rehearsal—for the hundred odd extras on the set must work with precision in this scene. Finally, Orson says, "We'll make one!" and the leading lady takes her place in the center of the stage. "Remember, honey, be frightened!" says Orson, and Miss Comingore smiles reassuringly. The orchestra blares out an overture, the curtains part, and the prima donna, with sagging knees, slowly advances toward the footlights, her arms outstretched. The conductor and prompter are dramatically high-lighted in the distance.

But Orson is not satisfied. He stops the scene and goes hippity-hop over to his leading lady. "Look, honey," he says, "you're supposed to be scared to death. Twitch your hands, and remember to stumble a bit."

The next scene found the lady waving her arms like semaphores, and she practically sagged to her knees during the middle of the aria. Mr. Welles was satisfied. It was a "long shot" and the over-emphasis, he felt, was needed. Then began the long process of changing the camera setup, for close-ups of Miss Comingore, during which time I discovered what the story was all about.

■ Everyone says quite happily that *Citizen Kane* hasn't a shred of plot. It's a character study of an egomaniac from the age of five to seventy-five (no, Orson doesn't tackle the five-year-old part; he comes on at twenty-one). Seems *Kane* was born in Colorado in the great mining camp days, and his mother, a kind-hearted boardinghouse keeper, occasionally accepted stock instead of rent. When people condemned her lack of business judgment, she only smiled. And on her death, *Citizen Kane* is left with twenty millions of dollars to juggle around as he sees fit.

Kane is brash and cocky and antagonizes practically everyone. Finally he buys the town's largest newspaper and decides to revolutionize journalism—at the age of twenty-one. He starts a series of exposes that has the city on its ear and crooked politicians crying "uncle" and the rival newspapers coining a new phrase—"yellow journalism."

There are two women in *Citizen Kane's* life. His first wife is the niece of a President, and they're married on the White House lawn. A screen newcomer named Ruth Warrick, from New York via Kansas City, plays the first wife with distinction, I'm told. Mr. Welles signed her in New York, where she has a nifty radio career, after a mere five-minute interview.

■ Wife number two is Dorothy Comingore, green of eye, red of hair. Now I know you've never heard of Dorothy Comingore—but how about Linda Winters? Ya-a-h. *That* strikes a familiar note, doesn't it? The Linda Winters whose brief Hollywood career consisted for the most part of posing for "cheesecake" and "leg art" for the publicity department and Mr. Welles' dramatic leading lady Dorothy Comingore are one and the same.

Miss Comingore is by way of being a protegee of Charlie Chaplin. He saw her do a lead in a Carmel, California, Little Theater production of *The Cradle Song,* and told one and all that she was definite movie material. The local papers played it up big—the wire services picked it up—and before she knew what was happening, a slightly dazed Miss Comingore was signing a Warner Brothers contract. When they told her she was to be known as Linda Winters, she only blinked. They could have called her Minnie Mouse—as long as she got a chance to act.

Her acting consisted entirely of posing for leg pictures. She didn't face a camera her entire term at Warners, outside of the "still" variety. The publicity was nice—what girl doesn't enjoy seeing her picture in the papers and magazines?—but Dorothy wanted to act.

When Warners dropped her, Miss Comingore was signed by Columbia. Now Columbia makes a lot of low budget pictures, and westerns, and our Miss Comingore thought *surely* she'd get a lead in one of them. She got a lead in a picture, all right — opposite the Three Stooges in a short subject (the same girl whose delicate, sensitive acting had been praised by the great Charlie Chaplin). And her Columbia stint was a repetition of the Warner term—more leg art, plus occasional bits as a cigarette girl or show girl.

Miss Comingore isn't at all bitter about her Hollywood career. "No one can say I haven't learned the hard way," she grins impishly.

She met Mr. Welles originally at a cock-

tail party and they got along famously. He told her that he would get in touch with her, which Dorothy dismissed with a knowing shrug. But several weeks later he *did* call her. Miss Comingore made a test that was so good it's being kept in the picture!

Her role in the picture is secondary only to that of Mr. Welles'. I told you she was supposed to be an opera singer—but she meets *Citizen Kane* some time before her debut. Under his protection, shall we say, she studies voice—not that she has a great one, but because *Kane's* ego demands that she become a great star.

In the meantime *Kane* himself has run for governor and been defeated, largely due to the fact that one of his journalistic rivals discovered that he had a m-i-s-t-r-e-s-s. KANE DISCOVERED IN LOVE NEST WITH SINGER! blare the headlines. Even when he marries the lovely lady (his first wife has long since passed away) his political career is washed up.

■ By this time, *Citizen Kane* is an ugly old man with virtually no friends. Even his wife doesn't like him very much. Her opera debut had ruined the only real friendship of *Kane's* life—with the music critic of his newspaper.

After that fiasco, *Kane* returns to the newspaper offices to find his friend in a drunken stupor at the typewriter, halfway through a truthful and vitriolic review of the new prima donna's singing. *Kane* takes the review to another typewriter and finishes it in the same vein and sends it to the composing room. Then he fires the music critic—his best friend! (I saw this particular sequence being filmed, and it's terrific.)

■ Mr. Welles' make-up as an old man is a triumph. And the credit all goes to Mr. Welles. It seems that the gentleman had dozens of pictures run for him at the studio when he first arrived in town. Never a great movie fan (his last cinema thrill was Greta Garbo in *As You Desire Me*—which gives you a rough idea), Welles squirmed and muttered through quadruple and quintuple bills in the projection room.

Orson, of course, is a stickler for realism, and one thing he noticed (as have many of us)—that when players are required to grow "old" on the screen, their make-up is generally wonderful, but their eyes remain completely youthful and alert. Mr. Welles considered this nonsensical; he knew perfectly well that the eyes grow old along with the rest of the human body.

So when he started making tests of himself and Joseph Cotton, who plays the music critic, he experimented with specially made bloodshot convex lenses! Of course, putting them in over the eyeballs is a bit of a nuisance, because they sting at first, and tears start to flow. But Orson's going to be a real old man, if ever you saw one, at the age of twenty-five, as *Citizen Kane*.

■ Mr. Welles admits that he loves Hollywood with a vast devotion. He has been quoted as saying that New York is nothing but a roadstand — Broadway is dead. Not only does Hollywood pay him delicious dollars for his work, but he can continue his coast-to-coast broadcasts. Besides that, the climate is nice and the ladies—especially the Mexican variety—are divine. (The exotic, well-groomed Miss Del Rio now accompanies Orson and his friends on week-end fishing trips off Catalina Island on smelly fishing boats.)

Furthermore, there's his dressing room. It symbolizes all of Hollywood to him. It used to be Gloria Swanson's—and the furnishings, including the black bathtub, were never changed. Mr. Welles takes keen delight in plopping his feet onto her fifty-dollar sofa cushions. It makes Hollywood seem more real to him somehow.

With the enthusiastic aid of Gregg Toland, Orson is getting some wonderful camera effects into *Citizen Kane*. He thinks movies are entirely too brightly lighted—and even plays several very dramatic scenes in deep shadows. But Welles is determined to introduce some innovations into his picture—come what may.

Hollywood thinks—and I think, if that's any comfort—that *Citizen Kane* will be one of the most interesting, provocative of the new season's movies. At least we'll have a chance to see what the bogey-man Orson Welles really looks like, away from his Martian planet!



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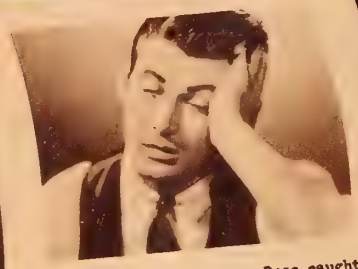
UTIL-TRAY (in chest at left) rises when lid is raised. May be tilted up or lifted out. Full chest length. Lined bottom. Rounded corners.



ANOTHER featured Modern Waterfall style. Exteriors of matched Oriental-wood, Claro Crotch, and Striped Walnut veneers Includes UTIL-TRAY Ask to see No 4815. $29.75 (Slightly Higher in West)

ROOS Sweetheart CEDAR CHESTS

Mr. R--- makes a Confession



Almost got fired today. Boss caught me napping at my desk. The trouble is I need a laxative. But I hate to take the awful stuff.



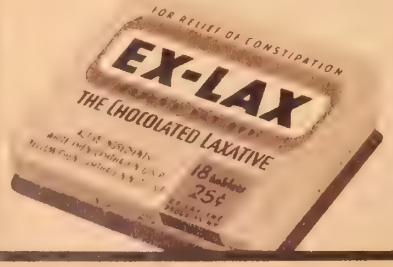
Tom told me to try Ex-Lax and I bought a box on my way home. Took some before turning in for the night. A cinch to take - it tastes just like chocolate!



Feel like a million this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine. Didn't upset me or keep me awake last night. Boy, watch me tear into my work today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Marxmen Hit the Trail

[*Continued from page* 23]

including a flossy number to match the dining room. He was clocked as receiving fifteen or sixteen calls during one quiet Marx dinner—and he made a few himself!

Harpo is a wonderful, if slightly pixilated, family man. For instance, his three and one-half-year-old son Billy, christened William Woollcott Marx, has turned out to be a musical genius at his tender age. Plays the piano, says Harpo, like a budding Mozart—and can remember classical and symphonic music after one hearing.

Although Harpo takes all the bows, his wife, the lovely Susan Fleming that was, is supervising Billy's musical education. Very wisely, she isn't pushing him. Besides that, Billy is an adopted child, and obviously gets his talent someplace else than from "Papa" Harpo.

Let their son start in a couple of years to learn his keyboard, says Mama Harpo, and maybe Papa will finally break down and learn to play by music. He can't, you know. His skill at the piano and harp he learned purely by ear! Chico, on the contrary, reads music like a fiend. But oddly enough, he doesn't play the piano for months on end. Only when working is Chico a musician. Wouldn't you think that keyboard wizardry would require hours of daily practice?

But Chico only plays when his work demands it. In *Way Out West* he's going to pull a brand new stunt. He plays the familiar Chopin *Black Keys Etude* by rolling an orange over the black keys! Of course his left hand plays good orthodox Chopin—but the result is amazing. Then, he plays *The Woodpecker Song*—with variations—in his famous "Shooting the Keys" style.

That was one of the scenes I saw being filmed on the vast Crystal Palace set that covered almost one entire M-G-M sound stage.

Keogh Gleason, one of the studio's ace decorators, had a field day whipping up this Stork Club of the 1870's. He went rummaging into some of the studio storage galleries that hadn't been touched in years, and you've never seen so much plush furniture, ornate drapes and bric-a-brac in your life. And the pictures! They're from another world. So are the Kodiak bears (stuffed, thank heaven) that loom up some eleven feet from each side of the entrance hall.

Not only does Chico play a piano from the stage of the Crystal Palace, but the queen of the whole shebang is a soubrette—a nice curvy blonde named June MacCloy. Some of you may remember her dimpled charm in pictures with Buddy Rogers and Maurice Chevalier in early talkies. She's Lulubelle in *Way Out West*—her first lead in several years.

June's Hollywood career, we might add, was dropped for a sometimes more permanent career called Matrimony. Her husband took her back East where the curvaceous lady got herself a job in a Broadway musical that ran a year. Of late, she's been singing with dance bands here, there and everywhere.

A couple of months ago, June persuaded her husband that she should have another crack at the film town. He grimaced and shrugged his shoulders—but made her promise to come back in six months if nothing broke for her. A few weeks after she landed, she got a good part in a Columbia picture, *Glamour for Sale*. Before she had finished with it, she was being paged by M-G-M to rebuff the opportunistic Groucho in *Way Out West*.

■ The entire company spent a hilarious two weeks in Sonora, that famous central California location town where so many of our western epics have been shot. The Marxes had the time of their lives.

In the picture, Sonora becomes "Birch City—a peaceful western community situated on the outskirts of a thriving cemetery." At least that's what a signboard tells Groucho, footsore and broke, when he arrives.

To Sonora natives the movies and their people are old stuff. Not so to important visiting tourists, who presented quite a problem at times during the filming of outdoor scenes.

Movie Masquerade

If you're a movie fan as well as a clever detective you should be able to unmask four out of the five movie titles masqueraded in the phrases below. The phrases suggest titles of recent movies—just the titles, remember, not the subject matter or plot of the picture. For instance, "A village where bombs are manufactured" suggests the movie title, "Boom Town," although the picture doesn't concern "booms" of that kind. Look for the answers (if you weaken) on page 56.

1. Railroad ticket from Florida to Oregon. .....
2. A phonograph floating downstream during a flood. .....
3. How a rose might address a more delicate relative. .....
4. What gas does when it finds a leak in the pipe. .....
5. Why a certain ship always skirts the rocks. .....

There was the day Groucho was shooting a scene with June MacCloy and two other lovelies. About twenty tourists—and very nice people, too—were standing on the sidelines, after having been warned to be as quiet as mice. They agreed and the scene began. Groucho, who has already met Lulubelle, clasps her in his arms and says, "Ah, my betrothed!" She gives him a violent push. With a romantic sigh, he explains to the other girls, "We met on the stagecoach. And I fell in love with her—madly—feverishly! Have either of you a thermometer?"

There was an audible snicker from the spectators and several indignant Hollywood heads were turned in their direction. They shushed.

One of the other actresses says, in a southern drawl, "If you-all wanna stay healthy, Ah'd bettah keep shy of Lulubelle. She's Red Taggart's gal."

The scornful Groucho becomes indignant. "Who's Red Taggart?" he booms. "Where's Red Taggart?" And into the scene strides Robert Barrat, who looms above Groucho, to say, "I'm him, stranger!"

Groucho thinks fast. He says, "Well, you should have been home. *The Pot of Gold* just phoned you!"

It was too much for the tourists. There were several audible giggles—enough for the sound man to signal that the scene was ruined. The visitors were expelled in short order. But of course a new batch showed up—that just had to have the courtesy of the studio!

John Carroll, who romances Diana in *Way Out West,* is having the time of his life with the Marx Brothers and supplying his full share of laughs. He did one wonderful thing—which broke up all three Marxes. John was having trouble with his lines; couldn't get past one particular line. Director Eddie Buzzell, perhaps Hollywood's tiniest director, said: "What's the matter with you, John?" Carroll swirled around and strode toward Buzzell's chair. He drew himself up to his full height of six foot three and a fraction, pointed an accusing finger at his director and screamed in a falsetto, "Because you *frighten* me, that's why!" The Marx Brothers all screamed like banshees.

■ The wily Marxes make very few pictures—and those are eagerly awaited by the vast Marx Brothers clique. There's a very specialized group that thinks Harpo is the ten funniest men in the world. Others are equally charmed with Groucho and Chico.

But all of the boys agree on one thing—too many pictures spoil the box-office possibilities of comedians in the movies.

For their three last shows, they have gone on road tours covering half the United States, just to count the laughs from average audiences from Boise, Idaho, to Kansas City, Missouri. Before a camera was ground on *Way Out West,* the Marx laughs had been tabulated by a vast army of experts—so that in the screen version, Harpo's actions wouldn't be ruined by Groucho rolling his eyes and cigar.

On this latest barnstorming tour they played 102 dates, so you can be sure that every laugh is tested that many times for comedy value.

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NURSES first discovered the unusual qualities of Noxzema! Now *millions of women* use it regularly to help keep skin clear and smooth. Give yourself a new beauty experience—try Noxzema these 5 important ways...

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Try this *medicated,* greaseless cream today! Get a jar now at the special *bargain* price—remember, money refunded if you're not delighted with results.

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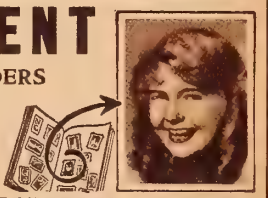
How To Select Your Winter Sports Wear

This year winter sports fashions are extremely interesting and becoming. For a style pre-view of some of the smartest cold weather togs turn to pages 32 and 33 in this issue of HOLLYWOOD. There you will find the newest ideas, with prices and names of makers. Each month, Candida, one of America's foremost style authorities, tells you the news of the fashions in words and pictures. Look for this feature in each issue of

HOLLYWOOD

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Fun With Fontaine

[*Continued from page 21*]

Joan Fontaine hasn't always been the gay, amusing person she is today.

For all its gaiety and glamour and high salaries and public adulation, movietown has more than its share of unhappy people —stars who did not receive that coveted role, Cinderellas lost in the shuffle, has-been's, would-be's, frustrated writers and producers who run in circles while their pictures run in cycles.

Unhappiest of them all, less than four years ago, was Joan Fontaine.

A frail, frightened eighteen-year-old newcomer to the Hollywoods, Joan falsely was accused of being snooty, and was charged with trying to cash in on sister Olivia de Havilland's popularity. Completely misunderstood by every one from producers to prop boys, she cried herself to sleep seven nights out of the week, even burst into tears over trivialities at the studio.

Hollywood didn't make sense to Joan Fontaine three years ago and Joan Fontaine didn't make sense to Hollywood.

A strictly reared, small town girl, she couldn't understand the ways of show people—the back slapping, the kidding, the easy informality. Hollywood misconstrued her attitude for aloofness, called her snooty when she insisted upon her mother as a chaperon, made a point of derisively calling her "Olivia de Havilland's movie-struck sister."

But instead of jumping off the Santa Monica pier or fleeing to Broadway, as Hollywood secretly expected she might do, Joan Fontaine refused to call it quits.

Between minor roles in RKO and Republic pictures and between big salty tears which dampened her pillow at night, Joan Fontaine, the small town girl, became acclimated to Hollywood, learned how to act both in front and away from the camera.

It was as simple as that, because she was a fairly good actress when movie talent scouts first spotted her as Joan Burfield in Henry Duffy productions on the local stage, and because she had a delightful sense of humor which finally revealed itself after those first unhappy, misunderstood years.

"I changed my stage name from Burfield to Fontaine because people frequently mispronounced it Burpfield," the actress laughed.

Hollywood, quick to give you the hot foot one day and a testimonial silverware set the next, took Joan Fontaine to its heart while she portrayed a minor role in *The Women,* loudly cheered when she won the coveted role of the bewildered second Mrs. Maxim de Winter opposite Laurence Olivier in *Rebecca,* the picture which elevated her to stardom. They applauded her acting ability but most of all they applauded her captivating sense of humor.

At the moment, Joan Fontaine is tremendously amused, and so is Hollywood, over the antics of a Filipino houseboy named Frank who has assumed the role of a male Mrs. Danvers in her home. Frank was the sole guardian of Brian Aherne's bachelor quarters before he married Miss Fontaine and now, like Mrs. Danvers, the jealous housekeeper in *Rebecca,* he is finding it difficult to be loyal to both. Any other movie queen would remain silent, or have Frank dismissed, but not Joan Fontaine. She thinks it's terribly amusing, which it is.

Joan recently took down the kitchen curtains, which she didn't like, and replaced them with some fine new expensive ones. When the first of the month came around, and Brian received the bill, Joan was not at home. He summoned Frank and asked him about the new curtains.

"Did you order these?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Frank, confused and apologetic. "It was Mrs. Aherne's idea. We didn't really need new curtains but she wanted them. We must pamper them, you know."

Not long ago Joan celebrated her twenty-second birthday and for the occasion Frank baked a big white cake on which he arranged twenty-one candles.

"But, Frank," said Joan, "I'm twenty-two years old. The cake should have twenty-two candles."

Frank raised one eyebrow superciliously and said, disapprovingly,

"Madam, the Blue Book says you can put only twenty-one candles on any birthday cake!"

"In fact," laughs Joan Fontaine, "Brian was even afraid to tell Frank he was going to be married. He put it off until the last minute and then said, apologetically, 'Frank, er-ah-er, when I come back, er-ah-er, I may have a wife'. All Frank said was, 'Very good, sir', but Brian could tell in his voice that he wasn't exactly pleased."

■ As bachelor girls, sisters Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland constantly chided each other about who would be the first to marry. Engaged several times, Joan finally set the date for her marriage to Aherne. Cracked Olivia upon hearing the news: "Don't tell me that Joan's really on the level this time?"

But after the marriage Joan evened the score. When someone, discussing films, asked her if she had seen *The Old Maid,* she replied, "Yes. Oh, Olivia, we're talking about you!"

While Miss Fontaine was working in *Rebecca* at the David O. Selznick studio, Olivia returned to the same lot for added scenes in *Gone With the Wind.* In the interim, Joan had moved into Olivia's dressing room. Guided to another dressing room, Olivia found it to be the worst one on the lot—moth-eaten furniture covered with cobwebs, broken mirrors, cracked and peeling wallpaper and a big sign, *Home Sweet Home.* Joan, of course, was the moving spirit behind the stunt.

Hollywood, and Joan, got a big laugh recently when she visited the small Central California town of Saratoga where she was raised. She visited the school where she once was a pupil and the

teacher, whom she knew, introduced her to a class of eight-year-olds. After the introduction, and a short speech by Miss Fontaine, the teacher smiled sweetly at the children and asked:

"And, now children, tell me, who is your favorite movie actress?"

Chorused the kids: "Minnie Mouse!"

Another amusing comment by Joan Fontaine occurred when Olivia was going places with a Hollywoodsman named Pat di Cicco. Brian Aherne's middle name is de Lacy. Joan's middle name is De Beauvoir.

"You really should marry di Cicco," Joan told Olivia. "Just think—you could name your son Patrick De Beauvoir de Havilland de Lacy di Cicco."

■ The other day Brian Aherne said he would like a nice photograph of Joan for his studio dressing room. Joan promised to give him one. Thumbing through the *Rebecca* stills she selected the homeliest one she could find of herself—"I looked like something Boris Karloff had dragged up the stairs."

She had the photograph mounted in an expensive silver frame and sent it to Brian's studio. Aherne, playing the game straight, hung it up for all to see. When Lillian, the studio maid, noticed it for the first time she threw up her arms in surprise.

"In Heaven's name, what's that?" she said, pointing to the photograph.

"Why, that's my wife," replied Brian Aherne in mock reproach.

All Lillian could say was, "Oh, Mr. Aherne, really—"

Hollywoodites laughed for weeks over Joan Fontaine's trouble with a hoop skirt at her wedding to Aherne in tiny St. John's chapel at Del Monte, California. On the eve of the wedding, she became nervous over the width of the church aisle. Her wedding dress was Elizabethan, with a large hoop, and if the aisle were too narrow she and Aherne would have had difficulty walking down it together. Upon checking, though, she found the aisle was quite wide enough.

Said Joan Fontaine: "It was quite a problem. For a moment I was afraid I would be forced to choose between the hoop and Brian Aherne."

But the funniest anecdote of the Joan Fontaine-Brian Aherne nuptials was not revealed at the time. It also concerned the hoop skirt. When it first occurred to her whether she, the hoop, and Aherne all would fit in the aisle, she picked up the telephone in her hotel room and asked for a Mr. Russell, a Hollywood fashion-adviser who had accompanied the wedding party to Del Monte.

A man answered the telephone and she said, quickly and excitedly:

"Oh, Mr. Russell, it may sound silly, but I think you'd better come up to my room right away and measure my hoop. It's terribly important. I don't think it will fit in that aisle."

The man at the other end of the line gulped a couple of times and then said:

"Young lady, I'd be very happy to come up and measure your hoop. But I'm not Mr. Russell."

Embarrassed by a switchboard operator who had given her the wrong number, Joan learned later the man she had invited up to her room to "measure my hoop" was the slot-machine king of San Francisco.

And then there was the time she was forced to change her clothes in a telephone booth for lack of a dressing room while posing for fashion photographs at the U.C.L.A. campus. And the time doctors were taking X-ray photographs of her prior to an operation. A nurse warned her to remain perfectly still. "Of course I'll lie still," said Joan. "This is the biggest close-up I've ever had."

Yes, Joan Fontaine leaves you laughing.



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Meet John Doe

[*Continued from page 28*]

another dead game sport, is abiding by the same terms and laying his literary effort on the line for the exact sum of zero.

The joint sacrifice represented by the refusal of the two head men to accept their regular fees is somewhere around $500,000. Tack this onto the cash outlay and *John Doe* becomes a $2,000,000 picture, which it certainly will appear to be on the screen.

"This is a new idea in picture-making," Capra declared. "If it works it will be strictly wonderful, because all the money we have laid out will be in the picture. Twenty-five per cent of the value won't be deducted in advance on account of producer's wages and story rights."

"And supposing it doesn't work?" a heckler inquired.

"If it doesn't work, Capra will be good and broke," he admitted. "But I've still got two hands and I can start all over again. I've taken a lot out of pictures and I'm not hesitating to put something back."

Some of the things Capra is putting into *John Doe* besides his brains and his bank roll are the services of Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, both old favorites of his who have clicked handsomely in high-priced films; Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan (the old Academy Award standby), Jimmy Gleason, Warren Hymer and 175 other actors with speaking roles.

Miss Stanwyck is a sort of luck-piece in the Capra career, having starred in five of the little giant's productions, a record approached by no other Hollywood performer.

Barbara's private explanation of the magnificent efforts her present director always gets from his casts is that everybody on the pay roll feels as if he's in the deciding game of the World Series.

"He bears down on every pitch," she asserts. "There's no sluffing, no carelessness, no improvising. You know in the first place that it's not by accident that you got the job. Capra can get anybody he wants in Hollywood and he studies a long time before making decisions about casting. The very fact that you've landed on his pay roll is flattering, because you know you're in fast company. Everybody around you feels that way too.

"Frank is an actor's director who knows both sides of the camera. When he's lining up a shot he'll stroll around on the set in front of the lens, picking up books, papers and props and getting the feel of them so he can project himself into the scene first-hand.

"In *John Doe* the acting is cut down to a minimum because in choosing players Capra has operated on a theory that he calls 'sublimated type-casting.' This means that Gary Cooper in real life could pass for a baseball pitcher, and I could pass for a rough-and-tumble newspaper dame, which is all right with me and Gary."

There's no denying that Barbara, with a pencil clenched between her teeth, a smudge on her nose and a glint of fire in her eye, looks like a distillation of all the newspaper gals ever let loose to lacerate the emotions of the reading public. And Gary Cooper, palming a regulation horsehide ball in his long spatulate fingers, looks like the pitcher every sandlot novice in the land hopes to grow up to be.

The Cooper characterization is one that will endear him forever to the kids of the country and do him no harm with his adult followers, male and female. He is discovered on the threshold of big-league recognition, with a scout for the world champions sitting in the stands watching his performance.

The game goes ten extra innings and when the big-league ivory-hunter interviews his prospect after his grueling trial, Gary has to confess his arm is dead. From then until the final fadeout his chief ambition is to scrape together enough money to get his bread-winning arm back in shape, and it's a scramble full of detours and heartaches.

Cooper looks like a ball-player that Pegler and Lardner and Bolger and Bill McGeehan would have taken to their hearts, a lion on the playing field and on the street a big unsophisticated bumpkin with a specialized outlook on life, a chain-store suit and a polka-dot tie. In short, John Doe, a good fellow who got short-changed on his luck.

■ Before the camera Gary wears baseball flannels as though the standard uniform had been designed for him. His coach in baseball etiquette and the art of throwing was his pal, George Raft, an old bush-league player himself, once an ornament of the Hartford team of the Eastern League. George swapped his baseball lore for lessons in tennis, at which Gary is a wizard.

Some of the nuttiest scenes call for John Doe, equipped with baseball cap and glove, to do some indoor pitching, with great resultant wreckage of plate glass and objects of art. In these sequences his catcher is Walter Brennan, another Cooper pal, who in the *John Doe* script is called upon to be a fellow-hobo of the star.

This bit of casting was so close to home that it bordered on autobiography for both players. Shortly after his arrival in Hollywood from Montana, Gary teamed with Brennan and Slim Talbot, another Montanan, to hunt extra work in the studios. Sometimes they found it but oftener they didn't, with the result that one gray day found them down to a bottle of milk and

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some buns for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Some lines in the *John Doe* script were altered to fit that low-water mark of the job-hunting trio.

Today, some twelve years after the milk-and-bun episode, Talbot and Brennan and Cooper are together again. Talbot, after abandoning Hollywood to its fate and becoming an aviator with 2,400 hours' flying time and a Mexican colonelcy to his credit, is back again on the old stamping ground, now serving as Gary's stand-in. And Walter, the top character actor of Hollywood if the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences knows how to pick champions, rounds out the trio.

■ During the airplane sequences photographed at the Grand Central Air Terminal, Talbot and Cooper proved themselves weather prophets of big-league calibre. Slim relied on his flying observation and Gary simply wet an index finger and stuck it up in the breeze, but they out-calculated the experts nevertheless.

One cloudy morning the official weather report prophesied clear weather before sundown. The *John Doe* cameraman (cameramen have to be weather sharps, too) guessed the sun would pop out at 12:30. The field meteorologist, relying on instruments and official reports, put the hour at 12. Cooper and Talbot, using nothing but black magic, guessed the clouds would disappear at 1:05. They missed by only five seconds.

■ In addition to his qualifications as an actor and weather prophet, Gary demonstrated also that he is a super-salesman of the simple life. On every picture he manages to infect some fellow-player with the ranch-owning bug. Five years ago his prospect was J. Farrell MacDonald, who forthwith went shopping in the Rogue River country of Oregon and picked himself a home on the range. Of the *John Doe* players, six have succumbed to Gary's sales talk, Walter Brennan being the hottest immediate prospect. The instant the picture is previewed he will set off for the Rogue River with a checkbook in his pocket.

Barbara Stanwyck, an old hoss-breeder herself, needs no further cajoling to induce her to take up the simple life on the rancho.

■ For Barbara, *John Doe* is a reunion picture not only with Gary but with many another old colleague of the movie campaigns. Rod LaRocque, making a genuine comeback as a deputy villain on the staff of Chief Menace Edward Arnold, made his last movie appearance as a star in a picture called *The Locked Door* in which Barbara, then a young striver, played a comparatively light part.

Rod's return to the movie wars has no economic motive whatever. Still rich and youthful, he got tired of traveling and of devising fresh ways to amuse himself. So, like Richard Barthelmess, he got out the old make-up kit and went back to the thing that gave him the most satisfaction.

Since the heyday of D. W. Griffith, he couldn't have enlisted under the banner of a better-equipped movie showman than Capra, master at once of mass movement and infinite detail.

■ No better example of the Capra method could be found than a pair of unrelated sequences centering around *John Doe*. The first is a political mass meeting. The scene is Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, converted for one week only into an amphitheater.

Banners proclaim the presence of delegates from every state in the union and from such towns as Moberly, Waukesha, Jasper, Tulare and Chester. Sunlight arcs flood the field and five assistant directors herd their battalions of actors into position.

"Everybody with a ticket from 300 to 700 move over from Oklahoma to Missouri!" "All you Maine people, raise your umbrellas for one rehearsal."

Cooper and Arnold use the home team dugout for an emergency dressing room to readjust their make-up. From sundown until midnight Capra's deputies marshal their masses of people into position. Then, at a signal from the boss, the whole mob breaks out in a well-drilled riot, realistic but carefully rehearsed, that lasts until dawn. That's the Capra of the broad brush at work.

The next scene is the interior of an office. Gary, carefully dressed in new clothes, enters, sits down in a chair and throws his legs up on a desk, feet pointed toward the camera.

"Cut!" Director Capra orders in a conversational tone.

The camera stops, the lights fade and there is a hurried consultation around the director's chair. A property man bustles forward with a minute label and affixes it to the sole of one of Gary's shoes.

"The shoes are supposed to be brand new," Capra explains. "The price tag helps to get the idea over quicker."

It's a common assumption around Hollywood that Capra is gambling a million and a half on *John Doe*. People who fall for that idea don't realize that Capra never marked a price tag wrong yet. *John Doe* is marked "Two Million Dollars" and from a seat in the grandstand it looks like a good buy at the price.

Robert Paige made $1,000 during a five-minute pause on the *D. O. A.* set. Paul Lukas and Joe Calleia were rehearsing a scene and during the wait Paige sat down at a piano and began to drum out a theme.

Producer Jack Moss, sitting nearby, asked the name of the tune.

"Just a little thing I put together myself," Paige replied, "with the help of a couple of other guys."

Moss called over Director Stuart Heisler, who in turn summoned Louis Lipstone, Paramount music chief. Within a half hour the tune was "in" and a contract was drawn under the terms of which the studio got the use of *Without You* for $1,000. The proceeds will be split three ways among Paige, who composed the tune; Glenn Alexander, the lyricist, and Ormond Ruthven, M-G-M sound technician, who did the arrangement and some revising.



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Zorro Comes Back

[*Continued from page 31*]

Ty got excited and started using his rapier for a hair-clipper. Ty, himself, was knocked flat by a blow to the shoulder which luckily failed to cut through to the skin but which nevertheless was severe enough to require medical treatment.

After this scene was finally shot Rathbone, feeling that he needed more practice, walked over to where a group of us extras were standing and pointed his finger right at me. Well, having seen Ty get his bumps, I was in no mood for playing guinea pig and I tried to duck but some smart-aleck gave me a shove and I found myself with a long, thin, needle-like rapier in my untrustworthy right hand, and Rathbone was making his pig-sticker sing as he swished it through the air. Fred Cavens, who had been coaching the fighting scenes, came over and told me how to stand. He put buttons on the ends of our blades and then told Rathbone to go to it. Which he did! My gosh, that blade of his sung a mighty bloodthirsty song around my big ears and once the button of the foil hit me a good one on my Adam's apple, and I thought I was a goner. Rathbone kept on "pinking" me here and there, and if you've never been pinked by a rapier you ain't never experienced anything yet.

Of course I didn't stand there dumblike. What I mean is, I hauled off and slapped that over-sized razor blade right back at Rathbone, but he was too clever and knew too much about the art and so I didn't get anywhere. After all, why should I? All Rathbone wanted was a little practice.

Unfortunately during the course of the practice my opponent's button came off and doggoned if he didn't drive the exposed point right through my shirt sleeve, which wouldn't have been so tough only he took about five inches of skin along with it. Neither of us noticed the missing button—the one supposed to be on the end of his rapier, mind you—until my hand began to get sticky and, Lady, you should have heard the commotion and the shrieking and the "Ah's" and "Oh's" when all of us discovered it was blood. The director came a-running, the studio doctor came tearing, and a couple of those flirtatious senoritas flopped smack on their pretty brocades in a dead faint.

Well, luckily for me, the five-inch cut wasn't as deep as it looked and the studio sawbones taped it up without much trouble. The nice part of it was I got the rest of the day off with pay and of course to enjoy it I took along one of those gay senoritas—just in case I needed further medical attention. I don't know what she could have done if I had required aid and assistance but in any event, said I, it was a smart idea to have her close by. Or am I wrong? It cost me a day's pay (you should have seen that gal eat!) to keep her around, but it was well worth it.

■ I went back to work the next day. My arm was pretty stiff, but Director Mamoulian, as further payment for my wounds, let me do a lot of loafing. He got me dressed up as an Indian and about all I did was to grunt now and then. But easy as that was, Old Man Bad Luck was sniffing at my heels. Tyrone and I were sitting on a stone just off the set (this is still at Agoura, California) while Director Mamoulian was taking several shots of other members of the cast.

We must have sat there half an hour, talking about this and that and so on and so on, when all of a sudden I looked down and right there at our feet was a rattler crawling lazily from under the stone we were sitting on. A long, mean-looking serpent he was, too, and I nudged Ty and said something about "don't look, now, but I think we ought to have some snake-bite medicine!"

Ty wouldn't take my word for it, however, and he gave his tootsies a look and I'll swear to goodness, that sterling actor let out a whoop that frightened me more than it did the rattler. Up until then I was so scared I couldn't move, but that yell of his started me going out of there like somebody'd given us a double hotfoot. Being handicapped by a bum arm, I was a mite clumsy about making my getaway. Halfway down the little incline I stumbled and skidded on my puss for about six feet. And skidding on your puss across six feet of sand and gravel with a rattler maybe right behind you may be a thrilling experience, but it sure doesn't help the temper. They do say when I got upright, and blew the sand out of my eyes, ears, nose and throat, I chose enough choice words out of my limited vocabulary to make a dock-walloper cry with envy. Oh, yes, I got myself a pint of snake-bite remedy just in case the rattler had left a fang in me without my knowing it. A prop boy killed the reptile a few moments later, and an Indian skinned it and gave it to Ty the last day on location for a keepsake.

■ During my four-day "trick" with *The Mark of Zorro* outfit, I got very pally with "Red," a dog of apparently very doubtful ancestry. For six years Red has been making twenty bucks a day running alongside automobiles and buggies and whoofing at the drivers. (I'd do that for twenty bucks, myself.) One year he worked in twenty-seven movies and earned $840 which is more dough than a lot of us extras make. Red has turned in some mighty fine performances, but the best one to date occurred while I was working in the picture. For four solid days he barked at Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell and Basil Rathbone. By the time he had finished this assignment he was well-nigh barked out and his owner, L. F. Comport, had to take him back home so he (Red) could rest up for a couple of weeks. Red's greatest worry, his owner told me, was that he (Red) might contract laryngitis after one of his barking roles.

I got chinning with Linda Darnell in between "takes" and she told me that the studio had spent $7,100 to transform her into a Spanish senorita. The studio had

tested her, she said, thirty-eight times for coiffure, make-up, and wardrobe, at a cost of around $100 each time the camera rolled. Her hair was turned a satiny black and her eyebrows pencilled black. Her hair had been arranged twenty-two different ways alone before the director was satisfied. Spanish lessons, to teach her correct pronunciation, totaled $400. The budget for her Spanish dances with Tyrone Power amounted to $1,200. Vocal lessons ran $1,700.

■ Linda is quite a girl, if I'm any judge which probably I'm not. Anyway, she certainly makes no pretense at being sophisticated when it comes to romance. She told me she's not going to kiss any boy friends until she's engaged and furthermore she doesn't care if people do joke her about being old-fashioned. That's why, maybe, she's so fluttery when she gets ready to go into a romantic scene opposite some handsome movie star. I watched her and Ty go through a love scene, and it really was something to watch. Ty took her in his arms and placed his cheek against hers. Right about then, Director Mamoulian called a halt and went into a huddle with Arthur Miller, the cameraman. They purposely stalled around for several minutes and everyone, the writer included, wondered what the trouble was about. I learned later from the director that the reason for the delay was to give Linda a chance to get a deep blush off her cheeks. Blushes don't look like blushes on film. They make a heroine's face seem as though it were slightly dirty. But, boy, Linda sure does look mighty, mighty purty when her cheeks begin to flame up.

Talking about Linda the way I am, I might as well add something more about her. Twentieth Century-Fox has already spent $10,000,000 this year on her. And to think that no more than eighteen months ago she was a Dallas high school girl who measured finances by her two-bucks-a-week allowance!

Linda started off the year with *Star Dust,* a million-dollar production. Another high-budgeted picture she's been in is *Brigham Young. Chad Hanna, Brooklyn Bridge,* and *Song of the Islands* (the last one to start in late November) are on her future schedule.

By the way, I'll bet you don't know how the folks pronounced Los Angeles 'way back in 1820. Well, just to keep informed in case you get on *Information, Please,* sometime, they pronounced it "El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles." Ain't that sum'pin? The chamber of commerce boys of today would have quite a chore for themselves if they tried to put over a town with a name like that.

■ I can't leave this story without a word about George Regas, who after twenty years of regrets, got himself an acting job in a Zorro picture.

The villain of some 800 movies arrived first in Hollywood back in 1920 from the Greek stage when Douglas Fairbanks offered him the role of Sergeant Gonzales in *The Mark of Zorro.* Mary Pickford put in a bid for him at the same time in *Love Light.* Since she was the most famous star of the day and Doug was a rank newcomer, Regas took her offer.

The Mark of Zorro, of course, far outshone *Love Light* and still stands as one of the greatest box-office successes of all time.

"I've been haunted for twenty years," Regas told me, "by the thought that if I had played in *The Mark of Zorro* it might have made a star of me. So when I heard that Twentieth Century-Fox was going to film a Zorro tale, I saw Rouben Mamoulian, the director, in a hurry. Well, believe it or not, after my two decades of regrets I got the same role that Doug had offered me! My conscience feels better now."

■ I wish I could end this masterpiece on a happy note, but I can't. You see, while I was working in the picture I learned that there were a few sequences in the script having to do with game cocks. I also learned that the prop department was hard put to acquire these birds because cock fighting is barred in California. When I told the boys that I knew of a Mexican friend of mine who had a couple, they liked to have swooned from joy. I was to get twenty-five bucks if I could induce my Mex friend to bring 'em out to the studio. He was to get fifty bucks for the use of 'em. Well, that was real folding money, so I set out and I see my Mex friend, and together we tucked the birds into an auto and headed for the studio.

On the way, though, we were stopped by a traffic cop for a traffic infraction, and my heart stopped as the copper peeked in back and saw the crate with the two game cocks in it. He gave 'em a long look, then gave us a long look and then started pulling out his book of tickets. I thought every second he was going to take those birds and us to the hoosegow. I lost five years of my life while I sat there and worried. As it was, it cost us five bucks apiece on a traffic charge—which we paid after delivering the birds to the studio.

It was much ado about nothing so far as the studio was concerned. Director Mamoulian never used the birds in the picture. We got our pay, though, which was enough to pay the fine and enough left over for me to take my Spanish senorita to a dine-and-dance jernt for the evening. But I'm agin this business of trying to break the law. It somehow wears you out until you haven't got any stoop, squint, or squat left in your poor worried body.

Woe is me!

■ P. S. I don't know what I'll do next month. Maybe take a vacation. I'm getting kinda fed up on my art these days for no reason at all except that it seems I'm always the fall guy when it comes to trouble. I have a hunch, though, I'll be extra-ing as usual. It's getting on Christmas time and shy of jack to buy a few presents for a few of my gal friends.

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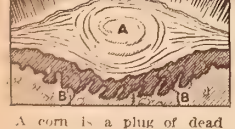
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Confessions of a Hollywood Night Clerk

[*Continued from page* 16]

Funny thing about those girls. When both were in the big money—one was a spectacular leading lady and the other one of the screen's foremost comediennes—they hated each other. But on the downward path, they became the best of friends. They'd sit over a bottle of cheap gin, and get drunk as owls, cursing Hollywood and its lack of gratitude—never realizing that there might be parts for them if they'd ever sober up! They were still good actresses.

The comedienne had a stock contract at the studio where she once starred. She was getting $65 a week where she used to get $3000! But one day she showed up at the studio in her cups and started abusing the director. Naturally he ordered her off the set and her contract was canceled. She went on a terrific binge. Wouldn't even answer the occasional calls I'd try to put through. I was worried about her.

One night when I came in, the day clerk told me that the once great star hadn't stirred out of her room all day—not even to order more gin! Call it psychic, if you want, but I was *sure* something had happened to her. Along about nine, I buzzed her room. No answer. At ten, I convinced the manager that we should investigate. We knocked on her door and then entered with a passkey.

There was the former star, lying grotesquely on her bed. She was quite dead. The apartment was littered with empty bottles. There was no food in the icebox—evidently she hadn't eaten in days—and thirty-seven cents in change on the bureau. What an end for a girl who had made more than half a million in her time!

Acute alcoholism, the coroner said.

The other girl went into hysterics when the news was broken to her. She was shocked into staying sober for all of a week. Then—back to the bottle.

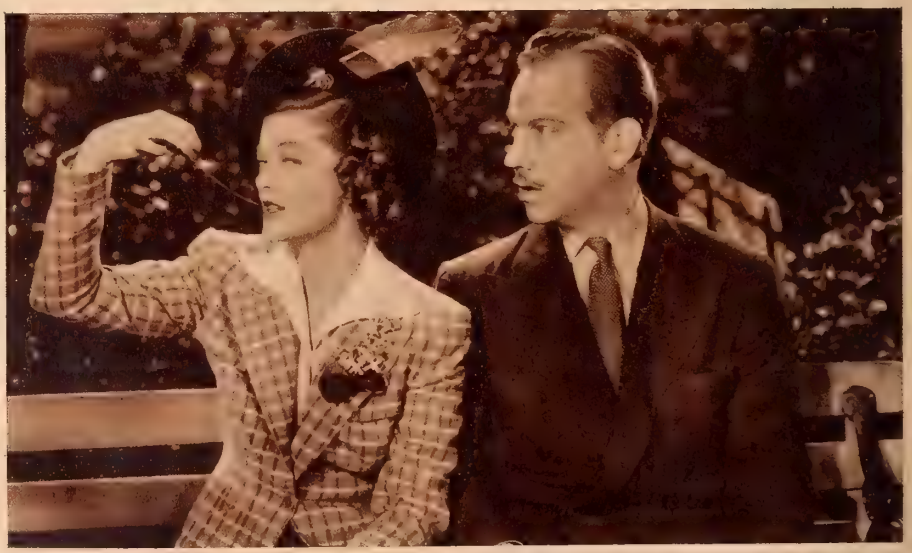
■ Of course there are many happier things to tell about. There's nothing that makes me happier than to watch the progress of some up-and-coming youngster. Take Olivia de Havilland, for instance. I always get that "I knew her when" feeling when I see her in the films. And I always remember the day that she registered at a little hotel on Highland Avenue—one of the freshest, prettiest kids I've ever seen in my life.

"Olivia de Havilland, Saratoga, California." She had come down to understudy a role in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* which the great Max Reinhardt was directing for production at the Hollywood Bowl, only a few blocks up the street.

Olivia made a great hit with everybody in the hotel. She was about eighteen at the time—and *so* serious about her career. She used to practice voice exercises in her room whenever she wasn't rehearsing. She was understudying Gloria Stuart, and Gloria wasn't always present at rehearsals, being on a picture. One day Olivia brought a bratty looking kid and his mother home for dinner. The kid was Mickey Rooney, and he was playing "Puck." Dr. Reinhardt said then that Mickey was the greatest natural actor he'd ever run across. Guess he knows his actors, huh?

All of us at the hotel were rooting for Olivia. We felt very protective about her—she was such a baby. No one wished that Gloria Stuart would break a leg, or anything—but we all wanted Livvy to get a chance at that part. And sure enough, two days before the opening, Miss Stuart had to bow out. She had to leave at once for location scenes on an important picture—and Olivia was set!

A lot of us chipped in and sent her a bouquet of flowers. Who? Well, there was Don Blanding, the "Vagabond Poet,"



It's a scene from *Third Finger, Left Hand*, and Myrna Loy, as the chic, sophisticated career woman is shocking Melvyn Douglas by some suddenly uncouth behavior

and Kathleen Burke (the "Panther Woman," remember?), and Myron Brinig, author of *The Sisters* and *May Flavin.* They were all fellow guests at the hotel. Olivia was so touched with her flowers, she almost cried. She was all alone, that opening night—her mother couldn't come down from Saratoga because her younger sister, Joanie, was sick. (Joanie, of course, is now the impressive Miss Fontaine, star of *Rebecca.*)

Olivia is another Hollywood youngster who refuses to let herself become spoiled by fame. I had a bit in one of her pictures last year. Some girls might have preferred to forget the night clerk of her first little Hollywood hotel—but not Olivia. She greeted me happily and asked me to have lunch with her in the Warner Green Room, which I'd never been in before—not being a big shot like Olivia de Havilland!

■ I worked for a short time at one of Hollywood's more flossy apartment houses on Franklin Avenue, while the regular night clerk was taking his vacation. There were a lot of swell people there, too. One of the nicest couples were the Johnny Beals. Of course everyone knows what a swell actor *he* is—but his wife (Helen Craig, she is professionally) is pretty swell herself. Some day I hope Mrs. Beal gets a real crack at the movies. She's not a great beauty in the conventional sense, but there's something challenging about her personality that should be brought to the screen.

Golly, I talk like an agent!

Lola Lane lived there, too. And there's one girl who deserves the title of "good egg." She'd give you the shirt off her back if you needed it. And there was a little girl, recently out from New York, named Florence Rice. She had a tiny apartment at first, but her dad, the famous sports writer, Grantland Rice, came out to visit her and they got a larger apartment. I liked Miss Rice. She's unaffected and sweet. And her old man is terrific. What a personality! But most newspapermen are real people, I've found.

■ Speaking of news, the nicest in a coon's age is Marjorie Rambeau getting the *Tug Boat Annie* part at Warners. I couldn't be happier about it. I only hope they don't make comparisons between her and Marie Dressler. Miss Rambeau is a great artist and shouldn't be compared with anyone. She had her lean days, too, in medium-priced Hollywood apartment houses, which can be mighty discouraging if you're without work, sitting around waiting for the phone to ring.

Yep, I've seen 'em come and I've seen 'em go. Some of them go up. Some go down. Most of them swell people. And I'm still the little man who takes their calls when they're not in, and roots for them to make good.

You never can tell in the movie business. Next week some smart director might decide that I'm the Oomph Boy of all time, and I can join Sheridan and de Havilland in the big brackets. In the meantime, I'll go on—plugging in the switchboard and plugging for the kids!





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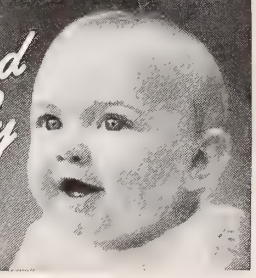
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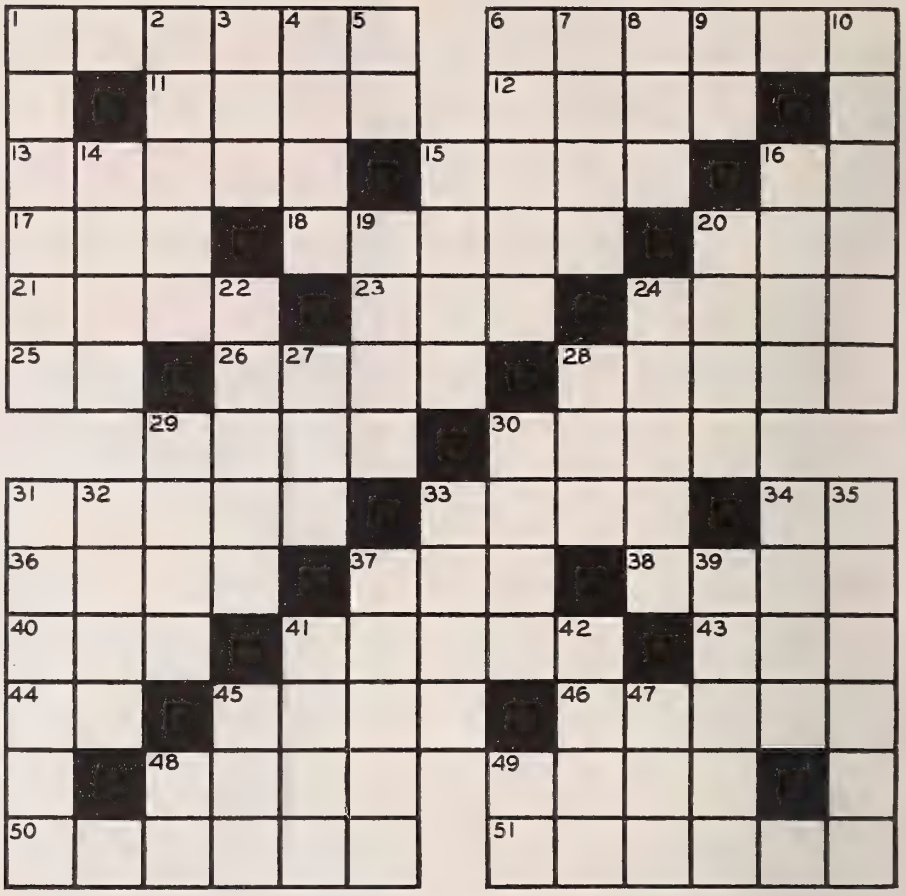
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Lucky Partners.*
6. One of *Saps at Sea.*
11. *I Take This* ———.
12. Miss Andre's first name.
13. ——— *Faces West.*
15. Dog in Thin Man series.
16. ——— *Time for Comedy.*
17. Popeye is one.
18. The nurse in *Flowing Gold* (poss.).
20. Chris in *Four Sons.*
21. Linda Darnell has brown ones.
23. *The* ——— *I Married.*
24. Colored character actor.
25. Mr. Scott's initials.
26. Hemingway in *The Ghost Comes Home.*
28. ——— *and the Woman.*
29. First name of Mr. Alberni.
30. Actor wed to Gladys George.
31. Chinese detective portrayed by Toler (poss.).
33. *You* ——— *Fool Your Wife.*
34. Mr. Pangborn's initials.
36. *The Mummy's* ———.
37. *He Stayed* ——— *Breakfast.*
38. *The* ——— *of Puddlestone.*
40. ——— *Crowded Night.*
41. Cowboy stars wear them.
43. Bill Anders in *Gold Rush Maisie.*
44. Initials of Mr. Karns.
45. What Groucho's mustache is made with.
46. Miss Barnes in *Boom Town.*
48. Gary Cooper's birthplace (abbr.).
49. *The* ——— *Behind the Scar.*
50. Frog in *Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride.*
51. ——— *Mule Team.*

DOWN

1. One who works in cutting room of film studio.
2. He portrays Mr. Moto.
3. Gail in *Women in War.*
4. Mr. Dillon in *Untamed.*
5. Mr. Hamilton's initials.
6. Doc. Richards in *Brigham Young.*
7. Motion picture studio and its adjoining territory (pl.).
8. First name of Miss Claire, stage and screen actress.
9. John Payne's birthplace (abbr.).
10. A star of *Strike Up the Band.*
14. So-called movie czar.
15. Cribbs in *The Villain Still Pursued Her.*
16. Pinocchio's grew and grew.
19. Bruce Cabot's former wife.
20. Mrs. Simpson in *Dance, Girl, Dance.*
22. Modern movie theaters are wired for this.
24. His last name is Blue.
27. Birthplace of Fredric March (abbr.).
28. ——— *Against the Sky.*
29. Elly in *Girls of the Road.*
30. Particular character in a screenplay.
31. Body of dancers and singers in a musical.
32. Henry Fonda's nickname.
33. Walter Boggs in *The Sea Hawk.*
34. ——— *Blonde and 21.*
35. *Sing, Dance,* ——— *Hot.*
37. ——— *Little Mothers.*
39. Remember Mary ———?
41. Delicacy for 15 Across.
42. Charlie Goodrich in *Rhythm on the River.*
45. Polly Ann Young's birthplace (abbr.).
47. Dog in *Girl From God's Country.*
48. Margaret Irving's initials.
49. Measure of film (abbr.).

(Solution on page 62)

Hollywood's Good Neighbors

[*Continued from page 27*]

and sweat shirt. This little situation may sound to you like the beginning of an Irene Dunne-Cary Grant comedy. But somehow the dialogue didn't have the real professional sparkle and the costumes were certainly all out of key. It all ended happily, of course, or none of them would have told about it. But it was a strain—a definite strain—for a time!

There was a slight strain last spring, too, between Dick Cromwell and Humphrey Bogart. Dick lives just above Bogart on a hill above Hollywood. Bogart is an enthusiastic gardener and Dick owns a Scottie dog. Begin to catch on? Well, they didn't. Not until Humphrey overheard Dick recounting, with innocent pride, that his dog had been doing the cutest thing! "He keeps on bringing home onions!" Dick crowed. "Can't imagine where he finds 'em. But he comes home with his snout all covered with dirt and puts a big onion on the step—proud as Punch. Clever, eh?"

Humphrey bellowed. When Humphrey bellows, welkins ring, women faint and the little birds are silent in the trees just as they are after an earthquake. "My lily bulbs!" Bogart was shouting. "That's where they've been going! My beautiful, prize lily bulbs. And this—this—oaf—calls them *onions!*" And it was right after that that a car belonging to a guest of Cromwell broke loose and rolled down the hill to jump a fence and come to rest on a Bogart rose bush. You can see that theirs is an enduring friendship and that there must be something about the climate when I tell you that the two are still on speaking terms. It's wonderful, that's what it is!

■ I know Cesar Romero doesn't seem the type—but he went rural, too, only a short time ago. Bought a house, surrounded with a suitable number of acres near where the Fred MacMurrays and the Gary Coopers maintain their practically feudal estates. I don't know whether any of these people are equipped, as yet, with moats. But they should be. Anyhow, Cesar made quite a to-do about moving in and was impelled a number of times during the process to rush to one neighbor or another to use that anachronistic convenience, the telephone. At last he was ensconced, spending his first night amid his own trees and mocking birds and crickets. At two-thirty the MacMurray phone rang and a hoarse voice, barely recognizable as Romero's croaked, "Say! There's something the matter with this place. It's haunted. It's got Karloffs and things making whooooo noises."

MacMurray said in a low voice, "Oh, that. You'll just have to get used to that. They're always here. . . ."

"Wh-what are they?" quavered Cesar.

There was a pause and then Fred whispered, "Owls!" and hung up the phone. They were, too. The little fluffy ones that flit from tree to tree and which undoubtedly make rattling and whooo noises. Somehow I don't think that Cesar will care for the country very long.

■ But there are things, Mr. Romero, which might be worse than whoooo noises. Guy Kibbee, house-hunting, found a dwelling in Beverly Hills which seemed to be just the ticket. As he poised a pen over that row of dots, a thought struck him. "Crescent Drive?" he said, wrinkling his brow. "Now, what is it I know about Crescent Drive?" While the real estate agent jittered, it all came to Guy. "Jackie Cooper!" he cried. "And his band! They practice three nights a week, don't they? How far away from this house is the Cooper house? Answer me that!" Assured that it was at least five blocks from the Cooper cacophonies, Guy finally signed the paper and moved into the house. "It's all right," he admits, "as long as the wind is in the right direction. And of course, even if the wind is wrong, Jackie's mother is nice about making the boys stop at ten o'clock. I believe she uses root beer for the purpose. Still—"

■ Sir Cedric Hardwicke wasn't quite so cautious. He blundered into the area where it doesn't matter how the wind is if Jackie and his boys are really in the mood. But he says he really enjoys hearing *I'll Never Smile Again* when it's played with such heartfelt gusto!! A doughty gentleman.

As a matter of fact, the musical tendencies of a lot of our better actors would make a cautious person want to investigate the direction of prevailing winds before buying property on the outskirts of Hollywood. Of course it's all right if *all* the neighbors are given to making melodious sounds. Joan Crawford invites her neighbors, Amelita Galli-Curci, Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, in for what she calls "an old-fashioned community sing" and the four of them have at it at the tops of their not-inconsiderable lungs. And no one to stifle *them* with root beer at ten o'clock, either. Wonder how it is in that vicinity when the wind is wrong. . . .?

It might be embarrassing—like the thing that happened to Wallace Berry when he leaned from a window to hoot at the man who was singing lustily in a bathtub in a near by house. Wally found out that his hoot-ee was none other than Tito Schipa, and that lots of people pay lots of money to hear him sing. Oh, dear!

There was Director Woody van Dyke, too, who awoke in the small hours to hear someone singing the prologue from *Pagliacci*, a plaintive number which he detests with a fanatic intensity—in his own house! Saying a great many naughty words, Van Dyke arose and prowled from room to room, trying to find a radio which had been left on, mentioning what he would do to the so-and-so who was responsible for this outrage. On his sixth trip through the living room he thought it was coming nearer—and sure enough, out of some shadows came Nelson Eddy, in person, trilling away, and full of glee at his own prank. He explained that he had *felt* like singing *Pagliacci* and had simply clambered through an open window on

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the first floor to give his friend a treat—knowing full well how Woody felt about that particular number.

Everybody thought it was *awfully* funny but I dunno. Maybe I'm just an old scaredy-cat but I'd hate to climb through a window of Van Dyke's house, with all those big game guns stacked around in convenient closets, and Woody so quick on the trigger with things like charging rhinoceroses and all. . . .

■ Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are such considerate neighbors that they built a little sound-proof cottage on their place where they shut themselves in when they feel the urge to be vocal. But in the Valley below their hilltop home is the riding academy belonging to Bob Young and Allan Jones. And people play *musical chairs* down there—on horseback. I don't know whether the horses are a trifle deaf or what. But the music is played on Victrolas and amplified through loud speakers so that when the wind is right, the very rafters at the Raymond house quiver. Jeanette has worked out a mild compromise with Bob and Allan. She has erected a flagpole and when it gets too awful she runs up a little white flag. The music doesn't stop. They don't go *that* far. But they change the record. And that, Jeanette avers, is something!

But with all this friendly co-operation situations are bound to arise which are—er—delicate. Like the time when Fred Astaire's large dog chewed industriously on the ears of a small dog over at Charlie Chaplin's. Perhaps it wouldn't have been quite so bad if it hadn't developed that the damaged pooch—the little one—belonged to Paulette Goddard. It was, to put it mildly, all very awkward! Goodness.

Surprising things keep on happening in these neighborhoods, too. The Richard Carlsons were entertaining at dinner one evening when people began to notice a swarm of pretty girls and good-looking young men stealing in through doors and windows, tip-toeing here and there, fingers to lips, peering under furniture and into closets and behind doors. Guests are almost certain to notice a phenomenon like that, you know, and can hardly help showing it, however good their manners are. It turned out that the Lane sisters, who live next door, were having a party too and that there was a treasure hunt afoot. When Hollywood has a treasure hunt, nothing—nothing and no place—is safe from invasion. The Carlsons' guests sat



The fabulous, fat and funny Alfred Hitchcock, brilliant director of *Foreign Correspondent,* after the film's formal opening greets Frances Dee and Joel McCrea who plays the role of an American newspaperman involved in wartime plotting

quietly and no one said anything all through the fish course and presently all the young things stole away again. But it was a rather eerie experience.

■ There is a pretty spirit of give and take among most of the people who live near one another. The Ray Millands, and the George Murphys share a projection room, a projection machine and a couple of movie cameras—so that one family is always trotting to the other's house bearing large cans of film or staggering under some sort of paraphernalia. The Bob Montgomerys live just a hop-skip away, too, and the Murphys frequently borrow their butler for special occasions. And that entire district, which includes a lot of "important names" makes a practice of exchanging children's nurses on special occasions when engagements are pressing. Once when the Montgomery children had chicken pox. . . . D'you know, I've never figured out quite accurately just what did happen that time! There was a quarantine and Bob had to sleep around at the neighbors' and everyone was afraid his own children would catch it and the nursemaids got hopelessly mixed up and I'm not sure that they ever, ever did all get settled down the way they were in the first place!

The neighbors make lots of cozy little deals. The J. Walter Rubens (she's Virginia Bruce) grow beans and grapes and radishes which they trade with the next-door Jack Conways for melons, corn and squashes. When the Rubens sold their horses, the Conways bought some, so they took the Rubens' alfalfa crop. Cute, eh?



Joan Brooks does a hand-stand on the lawn at Warner Brothers and makes it look easy. She is featured in *High Sierra*

■ Ida Lupino lives on one of the highest hills—and husband Louis Hayward has bought her one of those super-super sets of field glasses. She keeps careful track of Nigel Bruce—a mile or so away—and when she sees him picking beans in his garden she knows it's time to send him a couple of egg plants or something from hers. She assures me that Nigel has a way with beans, and that there aren't any others in California to match them. She can also peek at her leisure at Ginger Rogers and Shirley Temple and Joan Crawford, basking in their gardens. She doesn't know Joan and for quite a time she was curious as anything about the house where so many interesting people seemed to congregate. Now that she's found out she doesn't know quite what to do next. You can't just write a note to someone and say, "I've been peeking at you through my spyglass and I want to meet you!" Or can you?

Maybe she could think of something to borrow. That's always good. George Raft and Franchot Tone lived next door to one another in an apartment house—right on the same corridor—for six months before they met. Then it was because Tone, in complete despair at a personal tragedy, knocked at the nearest door to see whether he could borrow a collar button. Raft answered his knock and now they are friends, as men are friends when they both know about lost collar buttons.





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The Rebel Returns

[*Continued from page* 25]

convinced this custodian of the good, the true and the beautiful that all that stands in the way of a great performance on the part of Katharine Hepburn is an opportunity to play Katharine Hepburn."

All her twenty-nine years Katharine Hepburn has been doing that very thing with curious results. She lives without fear or restraint. Almost a year ago she heard a burglar stirring about in her New York apartment. With typical Hepburn nerve, she jumped out of bed, shrieked: "What the hell is coming off down there?" and routed the intruder.

■ In Hollywood she is currently leading a most unspectacular life, laying it on heavy in sports. She hasn't pranced into Ciro's this stop-over. Few gossip columnists spot her anywhere. She drives by night and with wondrous stealth. She calls it "good taste."

Not all that admiring stage crew mentioned earlier draws M-G-M money. Some are paid by Miss H., herself, because she likes them around when she's working. A carpenter, an electrician and a property man are veterans of the stage production of *Philadelphia Story.* Miss Hepburn, besides playing Tracy Lord in the play and movie, owns a good chunk of the production, which she'll take on tour this winter.

Just how long the Hepburn truce with Hollywood will last is a moot point. In yesteryear she shattered many a lance tilting against directors, writers and even players. Never a town to turn the other cheek, Hollywood struck back and the writers, especially, really went to town. They turned out dozens of vitriolic pieces such as one cute little message entitled: "DON'T BLAME HEPBURN ON HOLLYWOOD," in which it was hinted that Hepburn was an idol-smasher long before she hit the gelatin Mecca.

This trip out Miss H. is as docile as a Salvation Army lassie. None of the old temperament business! She'll see almost any writer who isn't on her black list.

While Hollywood blinks in surprise, the one and only Katie socks golf balls over the San Fernando Valley and holds her peace. Time was when she made a fascinating Don Quixote, colliding violently with movie traditions, cliches and habits that annoyed her. Movies, she used to feel, were "one of our greatest mediums of education, but only when they depict situations in which we are all involved."

Maybe she was thinking of the situation we glimpsed on the set when she escorted an undesirable suitor (in the picture, of course) to his car, and, with a venomous stare, smashed one of his clubs across her knee. The old rebel spirit came through fine in that scene—maybe it is still there.

Movie Masquerade Answers

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2. Rhythm on the River
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This Can't Be Love

[*Continued from page* 34]

Among those who find Benny and Allen not exactly Damon and Pythias is George McCall, radio commentator, who does not dare visit the set since he joined Captain Allen's Slur-Slingers, Company 1492½, by saying, "When they put Benny's footprints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theater, Fred Allen's footprints walked away."

Sources close to the scene say Captain Buck Benny's Company is "too reserved and gentlemanly to point out that neither combatant has yet dropped an oxford in Sid Grauman's wet cement."

But the Bennyites won't refuse to admit that the script of *Love Thy Neighbor* calls for wrestling and fistcuffing for Neighbors Fred Allen and Jack Benny, respectively. They want the best man to win, knowing it is Benny, despite the pugilistic, Cambridge, Massachusetts, name of Fred Allen—John F. Sullivan. He is, however, no relative of boxing's John L.

On the set of *Love Thy Neighbor,* the boys either let their barbs fly at one another in person or deliver them by word or note through third parties.

"So Allen is taking boxing lessons?" Benny laughed and plopped into his canvas-backed chair. Slicked up in a black overcoat, top hat, knitted white silk scarf, mirror-shine patent leather shoes, and a New Year's Eve whoopee horn in his pocket, he flexed a bicep menacingly. "No doubt he's preparing for things to come."

Allen espionage agents reported this to their chief, who cracked bitingly, "It might be a tough battle, but Jack has the advantage. I'm only two-fisted. He's two-faced!"

Answered Benny, "The only things athletic about Fred are his feet. He's so afraid of pain that I suspect he takes a local anesthetic when he gets a manicure."

Face screwed into a typical Allenesque grimace, Fred shot back, "Benny has so few red corpuscles that he can't even see red. He is so anemic that when he wheelchaired past a dozen kennels of bloodhounds at a local prize dog show, not one of them lifted a nostril with an acknowledging sniff."

That should have put Jack in the hands of the receivers, but after a five-minute conference with gag-writers Bill Morrow and Eddie Beloin, he preserved his dignity by sending only a stern note of reply to Allen:

"Despite Mr. Allen's physical culture campaign, it is doubtful whether he could go one round by himself. Strength is such an absent quality in Mr. Allen's makeup, which I hesitate to refer to as physical makeup, that if we put on the gloves together and began to spar, I would be shadow boxing inside three seconds."

■ Amid this verbal and written exchange of lefts and rights, the timorous bystander who wishes to preserve his neutrality wonders just how this Allen-Benny feud made its debut.

Well, to abbreviate it, the feud had its coming out in the New York winter season of 1936—to be exact, the raw cold evening of December 30. Fred Allen customarily invited a handful of amateurs to participate in each week's broadcast, and on that night Stewart Canin, a ten-year-old violinist bowed his way through a tricky solo, *The Bee.*

"That should make Jack Benny mighty ashamed of himself," ad-libbed the ace ad-libber. "He's been trying to play that piece for forty years and hasn't succeeded yet."

It was just a quip that passed in the night—apparently.

Next Sunday Jack made a remark that "a certain reformed juggler" had done him an injustice and retorted, "When I was ten years old, I could play *The Bee* too."

Thus came love to Neighbors Benny and Allen, who have been swapping slams from Hollywood and New York ever since.

■ Jack was born on St. Valentine's Day —"and what a boon to the comic valentine industry," Fred dryly admits. Like most kids, Jack went to Junior and Senior High school with only a mild distaste for teachers. His distaste for working in his dad's haberdashery shop was anything but mild.

Helping customers select chapeaux for bald pates and orange neckties with barber-pole stripes to match a cerise suit went against the Benny artistic grain, which began to assert itself when Jack traded a Honus Wagner bat, a pair of clamp skates, a Hohner harmonica, and two bucks for his first fiddle.

Every exercise in the books and Rubinstein's *Melody in F* took an awful beating —as did neighbors who were not psychic enough to see a future in music for Jack.

Anyhow, as a high school student, he tried to crash Waukegan's only theater with his own orchestra. *He* did, but his bandsmen didn't. After all, the manager could use only one ticket-taker. Later Jack established a non-stop talk record, convinced the manager he should be on the stage fiddling, and did until fire inspectors closed the theater because of old age.

Then it was vaudeville. During World War I, he played in *The Great Lakes Review* for sailors training at the Great Lakes Naval Station. Nobody threw him even a rusty penny. In desperation he began talking more and playing less. He passed the hat, got it filled with coins, jokingly asked for "a second helping," and got it.

On that day Buck Benny became a monologuist and began getting regular bookings. Fred Allen's name was just another item in Variety and Billboard to Jack. They hadn't actually met until six months before their feud started.

In rapid order Jack made his debut in *The Hollywood Review* at M-G-M, went to New York for a leading role in Earl Carroll's *Vanities,* and broadcast one night as guest of a columnist. Next week he was signed to a long-term radio contract. Every Sunday night listener knows the rest.



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■ Fred Allen says his life really began at about half the age Walter Pitkin claims life begins.

As a young fellow who set "returned" books back in the proper stalls at the Boston Public Library for twenty cents an hour, Fred spied a tome on juggling. Eureka! He read it from frontispiece to rear cover, and when the librarian wasn't around, practiced juggling books.

He had Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, and Shelley up in the air all at once for the first time in their history when the head librarian walked into the room. Fred's animated hands froze. Shakespeare slapped the concrete floor. Shelley nose-dived. Milton ended up sprawled on Shakespeare, and Chaucer landed—ker-plunk!—on the librarian's high forehead. End of act two!

An improved juggler, Fred went on the stage, copped a prize at a Boston theater one night, and was about to receive the award from the famous fighter, John L. Sullivan, master of ceremonies, when the great John L. asked him his name. Fred said it as it was written on his birth certificate—John F. Sullivan.

"Sullivan?" barked John L. "That's no name for a juggler."

It wasn't. So when Fred—and a hundred others—wanted an audition for a vaudeville troupe, he changed his name to Allen, because the person in charge asked for applicants in alphabetical order.

Early in his career, he earned his reputation as the acme of ad-libbers. He dropped one of his circling ten-pins and a couple of tennis balls, and the loud m-cee asked, "Where did you learn how to start to try to juggle?"

Fred glanced out at the audience and retorted in his twangy, nasal best: "I studied a correspondence course in baggage smashing!"

Fred, whose mind is perpetual motion machinery on jokes and witticisms, hesitated in tackling radio, thinking he might not be funny unseen. It didn't take him long to learn he was wrong.

Since 1936, Allen and Benny have known each other—from a distance. Fred dislikes Hollywood. Jack likes Hollywood. Consequently, the boys have never really been together long enough to know each other well.

But what Fred started on that winter night's broadcast doesn't seem to stop.

■ When Fred and his party got off at the Union Station in Los Angeles to begin work in *Love Thy Neighbor,* Benny wasn't there. He was at NBC rehearsing that evening's program, but he had a committee of beauteous babes, carrying insulting signs, and a city official—a street sweeper—to greet Fred.

"Benny wouldn't dare meet me him-

Shopping Guide

Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 32 and 33. If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Kayser long woolen underpants and matching skirt, sketched, page 32:

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Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Chicago	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Denver	Joslin Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans	D. H. Holmes
Portland, Me.	Rines Bros.

Maiden Form "Curtsy" pantie girdle, sketched, page 32:

Chicago	Loeber's
Los Angeles	The May Co.
New York	Radin Shops

Galosh Overboot, sketched, page 32:

New York	John Wanamaker
Philadelphia	John Wanamaker

Dobbs Pocket Hat, sketched, page 32:

Chicago	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Denver	Gano Downs Co.
Los Angeles	Bullock's
New Orleans	Simon Millinery
New York	Stern Bros.

Kimball's plaid shawl, sketched, page 32:

Hollywood	The Broadway-Hollywood
New York	B. Altman

White Stag Ski Togs, page 32:

Chicago	Dane Kraemer, Inc.
Denver	Denver Dry Goods Co.
New York	Alex Taylor Sporting Goods Co.

Helen Harper sweater, page 33:

Baltimore	Stewart & Co.
Chicago	Marshall Field
Dallas	A. Harris
Detroit	J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles	The May Co.
New York	James McCreery
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Chalfonte Rustic Hat, page 33:

Houston	Jack Neveleff
New York	Dobbs & Co.
Salt Lake City	The Paris Co.
Richmond	Miller & Rhoads

Ann Sutton dress, page 33:

Chicago	Chas. A. Stevens
Los Angeles	Broadway Dept. Store
New York	James McCreery

Lord's Sportswear Shirtwaist dress, page 33:

Chicago	Marshall Field
Los Angeles	Bullock's
New York	Lord & Taylor

Rosanna "Swissie" sweater, page 33:

Long Beach, Calif.	Buffum's
New York	Saks & Co. (34th St.)
San Diego	Marston Co.

Kayser hood and mitten set, page 33:

Atlanta	Rich's, Inc.
Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Chicago	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Denver	Joslin Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans	D. H. Holmes
Portland, Me.	Rines Bros.

self," rasped Allen. "He's afraid I'd pull his hair out—and he'd have to go home to get some more!"

Jack waived the remark and approached Fred the next day, extending the olive branch.

"I'm not one to bear a grudge," he explains. "We offered Allen and his party the chance to stay with us. But in his usual sour fashion he refused. Mary and I were very disappointed. We had gone to the trouble of cleaning out the whole cellar."

And, later, when Jack had returned from his Hawaiian trip, he broke into the conference of Producer-Director Mark Sandrich, Allen, and script writers, asking them to delay the picture.

"I'm in swell condition," said Jack, "but I think I should have a short rest before going to work with Allen, because I am somewhat weary mentally. I was met in Honolulu by 27,000 people, which is four fans and two Kanakas more than greeted Shirley Temple. They were lovely to me, but they all put leis around my neck. And carrying 27,000 leis—it is bad luck to take them off—sort of dulls the mind and the olfactory nerves after three weeks."

Allen, frowning his vinegar frown, disgust puckering his eyes, said dryly, "The only reason there weren't 27,000 people to greet Benny on his return here is that extras cost more in Los Angeles than they do in Honolulu—and Benny wouldn't put out that much dough!"

Before *Love Thy Neighbor* went into production, Producer-Director Mark Sandrich promised Fred that Jack would positively not play *The Bee* in the picture.

"He won't?" screamed Allen. "He can't!"

So history is becoming repetitious, and Benny feels the sting of *The Bee*.

And speaking of Jack, he was chatting through his teeth which were clenching the ever-present, roly-poly, brown cigar:

"You know, one of the most charming qualities is tolerance—tolerance for Allen. How many headlines have you ever read to this effect: 'Comedian Benny Tears Out Jugular Vein of Obscure Radio Performer?' None—yet!"

Allen was outside earshot. Allen espionage agents were out of sight, and the remark fell on ears but not the right ones.

The whole setup is crazy—this *Love Thy Neighbor* business. Benny and Allen have been slamming each other for years. And now attacks are more venomous than ever. Jack doesn't like Fred's habit of chewing tobacco. Fred doesn't like Jack's smoking so many cigars. Jack thinks Fred's boxing is done purely in the mind. Fred thinks Jack's vigorous "in the hills" hiking is something dreamed up in the minds of Benny's publicists.

Allen likes living in a two-by-nothing apartment with his wife, Portland, officiating at the range. Benny likes lavish surroundings—a dozen baths and a swimming pool. Allen is almost a Peter the Hermit. Benny is a social-smoothy who loves company in quantity. There is one thing Jack likes about Fred—"His lovely middle name: Florence."

■ As tastes differ, so do Benny and Allen. They do not associate from lack of common interests, rather than from animosity. Let anyone outside the Benny circle toss a disparaging remark at Allen, and watch Jack blow a fuse. Let anyone disparage Benny, to Allen, and watch Allen come back with a slicing remark.

They are each other's common sadistic property, and let no man try to put in an oar. It's a case of brother abuse brother—but with a limited entry.

Neighbors Allen and Benny may dispute about who should get top billing in the picture; they may wrangle because Fred has seventeen changes of costume and Jack has but three; they may spar about which of them will cop the Oscar for 1940, but it is all good, wholesome, homecooked stuff.

In a philosophical mood, Fred often wonders whether he or Jack, whom he calls "the streamlined Joe Miller," will leave his humorist's footprints on the sands of time. He is not sure about this.

But there is one thing about which he is reasonably certain. It's the footprints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theater, and he says, "If Sid Grauman ever stoops to inviting Jack Benny to put his footprints in the lobby of the theater, I'll keep my feet at home!"





It was an off day for Mimi all right—she was rehearsing with about as much pep as a wooden Indian. "Stop!" I groaned, and hauled out a package of Beeman's to cheer myself up.

That's when Mimi came to life! She grabbed the Beeman's and did a pirouette that took even *my* breath. "Stingy!" she laughed. "Don't you know it's my favorite flavor? Beeman's! But yes! It is so delicious—so different. Smooth with a zip. Like this!" And she did that little number with the big whirl and kick—*it's been the talk of the show ever since.*

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

Quick Tricks

[*Continued from page* 14]

no critical eye can tell where it stops and you begin.

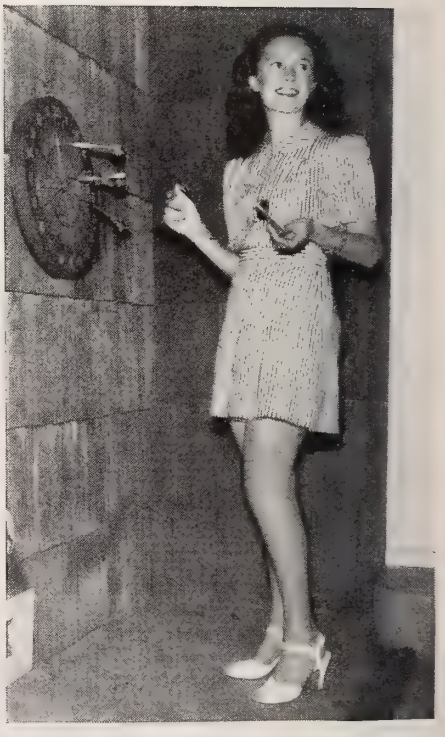
All of which makes the rouge I discovered the other day just the answer to your prayers and mine. In the first place, it looks far more like a peachy foundation cream than a rouge—in the jar, that is. But when you blend it lightly over your cheeks, it takes on the loveliest, delicate pink tone—for all the world like your own coloring. You just can't get that blatant, over-rouged effect with this product. If you're extra tired, and sure that electric lights will make you look pale and sallow try touching up your whole face, ever so sparingly of course, with this cheek tint. I did that for a party the other day—and never had so many people, men *and* women, tell me how pretty I was looking! The rouge gives you a glow that will last all evening—or all day for that matter. And it blends so easily, without giving you any edges or "pools" of color, that you can get that natural look even when you have to make-up in five minutes.

■ To go with the cheek tone, you really should have the liquid lip coloring from the same manufacturer. Because it won't come off with the ice-cream soda, midnight coffee or good night kiss. It comes in several smart colors, and will give your lips a luscious sheen. There's a convenient squeegee applicator in the bottle top that makes the coloring easy to apply. You can even change the shape of your mouth slightly, and build it up in a full pout like Bette Davis, or out at the corners for the wide generous mouth made popular by Joan Crawford. The color is opaque enough so that it won't show where you've painted over the edges that nature gave you. . . . A good sized bottle of the liquid that will last as long if not longer than a lipstick (because you don't have to re-apply it so often) costs only a dollar. The cheek coloring is the same price. Want the name?

■ Ever notice Connie Moore's lashes on the screen? They're long and lovely, aren't they? But they wouldn't be half as exciting if she didn't use mascara to darken their tips, and an eyelash curler to give them that fascinating swoop. You see, Connie's hair is really quite blond—though I'd never have guessed it from her pictures. So it follows that her lashes would be quite light, too. They wouldn't count for much of anything, on screen or off, if mascara didn't show them up for all they're worth. Try using mascara yourself, to bring out the full length of your lashes, so your "b.f." will look twice at your eyes tonight! But be sure to use a lash curler first, to set the lashes swiftly in an upward sweep that shows more of your eyes, therefore makes *them* look larger. Then apply the mascara sparingly, with just a bit on the brush; let it half dry, and separate the lashes with quick upward strokes of a clean brush. That's the trick that keeps lashes from sticking together in gooey hard "spikes," and keeps the mascara from going on unevenly. Be sure to send for the name of a convenient, harmless, and easy-to-use curler for your lashes, and of a cunning little mascara compact that carries its own water supply (to moisten the brush) and two shades of mascara, one for day, the other for evening. Neither are very expensive, but they do make your eyes look like a million dollars!

Just room to tell you about a grand hand cream that does a super swift job of softening and whitening your hands. It's a pale pink cream that disappears quickly into the skin, doesn't leave a trace of stickiness—but does leave your pretty paws smooth and soft as they can be! Try massaging it down the fingers, as though you were drawing on a pair of tight kid gloves. Pinch the fingertips

Write me before December 15, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. postage, please) for my reply. Address your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Geraldine Fitzgerald, dressed for the California sun, hangs her dart board outside so that there is plenty of space for those inevitable misses. Her next film for Warners is *Trial and Error*

gently as Connie does, to give them a more tapering appearance. And don't forget your elbows—especially if you're wearing one of the short sleeved pastel wools for your date. Rough elbows never won any man! The cream comes in ten cent sizes, so you can try it, and larger ones, of course. Interested?

Oakie Strikes Back

[*Continued from page* 19]

To get the dejected jester back into his usual antic fever, we demanded data on other skirmishes, battles in which the moon-faced one hadn't emerged second best. Jack brightened up.

"Me, I've been on the grab for all unprotected scenes, ranging from my first case of grand larceny at Paramount the year Lindbergh made his hop, to my latest triumph in thievery in *The Great Dictator*." Jackie sighed. "There's a picture for you. Pure Art, yes, sir, pure Art. The old Oakie stealth was taxed to the maximum against Chaplin, the great Master. But guile triumphed."

We asked Mr. Oakie to start from the beginning and tell some of his trade secrets before he did a monologue on *The Great Dictator*.

"The Handlers' Union won't like it—me revealing all the cunning of thousands of years of hard labor," he protested rather mildly.

"Handlers!" we exclaimed.

Mr. Oakie decided that indignation was a waste of time. Obviously, he was talking to a babe-in-arms as far as the laugh industry went.

"A guy like me—I'm no comic. I'm a handler. I'm strictly on the virtuoso side. I knock 'em dead (or knock myself out) by sheer on-the-spot business. Take the scripts which call for my talents. They say briefly: 'At this point Oakie takes it big.' You get no blueprints, brother. You're on your own."

Mr. Oakie was getting expansive by the second.

"Before I go into the Oakie technique, I gotta tell you something that gives me a laugh every time I think of it. I'm sitting at home minding my business when the telephone rings. When? Well, almost any night since 1928. Where was I? Oh, yes, I'm there studying the racing form, purely academic interest, when the 'phone rings. Some producer is on the wire.

" 'Jack, my boy,' he begins, 'I've got a part for you that'll make you. So it'll make you all over again. It's terrific. It's monstrous. It's . . . ' I cut him off. What I tell him is this:

" 'Look here, Mr. Stufflebeme, if the part is that good, you don't need Oakie, the treasury department's boy friend, the kid who pays his income taxes like a good little man. What you want is a $100-a-week comic. With that kind of a part he couldn't miss.'

"Then he breaks down and admits the picture is hardly calculated to win the Academy Award, and confesses some red blood corpuscles are needed in a hurry. In short, some artistic 'handling.' So I end up by giving in, after making sure that the price is right.

"Each one of us handlers has our own individual technique. We may be in there to kill the smell of a bad story, but incidentally, we're all right in there pitching and trying to make the leading man look like a sap. When two of us is cast in the same melodrama, the carnage is something awful. But to get back to the specialists.

"Now with Edward Everett Horton it's the double-take. He wakes up five minutes after something fantastic has been said and registers shock or surprise. The people lap it up. But I got a theory on how to stymie brother Horton. I'll get my wrists slapped by the Union, but maybe it'll be a big help to Gable or Taylor or Tracy. Well do I remember when Eddie and I were tossed into the same epic. I'd do an Oakie fish-eye, only to have Horton back me off into the shade by his take 'ems. So what do I do? I fight Horton with Horton. I do double-takes myself. And the result is, to put it mildly, a Mexican stand-off."

"How do you protect your rights against someone like Mickey Rooney?" we demanded.

"Rooney?" Oakie echoed. "The boy's all right. But we old-time handlers take him in our stride. Mickey jumps all over the place. How I put the clamp on the situation, when the opposition is over-active, is no trick at all. I stop dead still. And the audience follows me. If the enemy counters by slowing up, I play my hole card: I turn my back on the camera. That sews the situation up."

Mr. Oakie paused to re-light his cigar and picked up the loose thread.

"This business of making people laugh has any number of angles, ranging from catch-penny to true art. Now you take Harold Lloyd. Purely a situation man. You laughed at the predicaments he got himself in. W. C. Fields, on the other hand, is a low comedian. You don't believe him even when you make out his lines, most of which are smothered in double talk anyway. His forte is slipping and sliding all over the sound stage. He's preposterous. Which is why you laugh.

"Joe Penner gets his sock from his prancing around. But it's a losing game, playing a jumping bean. Why? Simple as pie. The cartoon comes in and makes you look sick. Donald Duck can do four times as much and never get winded.

"Bob Hope is something else again. The boy's the king of the light comedians. He dabbles in whimsey. But he covers himself almost totally with lines. Superior stuff. No mistake about it."

■ We interrupted to inquire where Art came in.

"I was headed in that direction," Jack volleyed back, "and that would be Mr. Chaplin. He's funny instinctively. And he's not only a great constructionist, but the number one pantomimist alive. With



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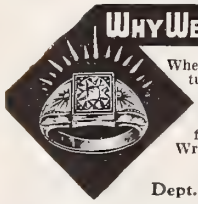
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"Way back in the silent days, Chaplin discovered the importance of timing. He would let himself get socked on the head by a Keystone cop. Then he'd walk clear around the block and collapse at the very spot where he got slugged originally—forty frames back. It used to convulse the citizens."

They had begun shooting on the stage and a yes-man suggested that Mr. Oakie interrupt his lecture for a moment. A tall, blond girl was singing, "Oh Genevieve, My Genevieve." Mr. Oakie only shrugged.

When the all-clear signal was given, he carried on.

"I'll tell you a secret about Chaplin," he said. "He misses those old silent cameras. He used to be able to gauge his tempo by the click-click-click of those manual machines. In *The Great Dictator,* he had to depend on that great ticker of his."

■ Mention of *The Great Dictator* caused a detour in the lecture on comedy.

"Yep, it was old Charlie that revived traffic in the Oakie stock. They had almost quit quoting it on the big board. There I was, fresh-arrived from a fourteen-month tour of the world, when Sid Chaplin calls me up.

" 'I've got a wonderful part for you,' he tells me with no warning. I ask for particulars, of course.

" 'You're to play Mussolini in *The Great Dictator,*' he tells me. Only I'm ready with one myself.

" 'Who's directing?' I want to know. Sid gets annoyed.

" 'Don't you want to hear the story?' he yells.

" 'Nope,' I tell him. I can see it in the script. 'Oakie, as Signor Mussolini, takes it big.' The usual Oakie stuff.

"I don't have to tell you what a sap I was. After I talk to Charlie, I learn I'm in a fancy picture—none of this losing your pants to get a laugh business. Oakie is knee-deep in Art."

■ That first morning when the two met in conference, Oakie really discovered Chaplin. For years the king of pantomime

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Of HOLLYWOOD published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1940.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of HOLLYWOOD and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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ROGER FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1940.

[Seal] DOROTHY C. ZIPF,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires November 9, 1943.)

had been getting ready for the picture. He had read every speech of Hitler's. And he had on hand a dozen records of these same speeches. Likewise of Mussolini.

"Before we can strike at what these men represent, using comedy as our weapon, we must first understand what they are really like," Chaplin had told him that first day.

To make all this possible he had assembled every available photograph of Hitler and Mussolini in characteristic poses. Most precious of all were the photographs taken when Mussolini was Hitler's guest at Berlin.

"Those pictures gave Charlie the cue for the tone of the entire picture. It was the tip-off on these two guys."

We leaned over, pencil poised, listening to the curbstone clairvoyant.

"Fundamentally these dictators are a couple of hams at heart. Give them an audience of four, and they'll make a speech. When they get together, they have no common interests. They're busy trying to top one another, to steal the scene.

"Charlie got this slant from studying the Hitler-Musso pictures. One, taken at the station, is a knockout. It shows Hitler at the station leading the way while Mussolini debarks from a train, Musso mugging it to beat the band. Hitler, like any ham, is scared that he's being shoved into the shade. The photographer catches him just as he's looking back at his guest, a worried look over that silly pan of his.

"Which is how come I get to swipe a couple of scenes from Chaplin in *The Great Dictator*. Up to the last I think I abscond with them by slipping up on the old master through treachery. Finally I just up and tell him — my conscience worries me. Charlie only looks at me and smiles.

" 'That is the way I had it all planned,' he says. 'You see I wrote the script, every word of it, just the way you "stole" it.' "

Would *The Great Dictator* solve any of our international ills? Mr. Oakie shrugged again.

"Me, I don't see any comforting moral in the picture unless it's the curtain. Hitler and Mussolini have just discussed an invasion. At the fade-out they seal the bargain in the presence of their Cianos and Ribbentrops by twining their arms around one another in a brotherly embrace.

"Only each is looking over the other's shoulders at his stooge. What you see in their eyes is not eternal friendship. It is the old double-cross, my boy, the old double-cross. Does that answer your question?"

It did.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

in his long winning streak are Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne, Ann Sheridan, Claudette Colbert, Madeleine Carroll, Katharine Hepburn, Gladys Swarthout, Alice Faye, Jean Arthur and Barbara Stanwyck. He expects to be back in championship form for his next encounter.

■ No Hollywood player is immune to occasional sieges of line-muffing, the tongue-twisters usually coming in series of three, but Marie Wilson, the dumb-bell comedienne, hit a new high in a speech to Tom Rutherfurd in *Virginia*.

The line in the script read like this:

"Psst!"

Warming up for it, Marie moved the two preceding lines and then, in a blaze of glory, let go with: "Ssstp!"

■ Curt Bois, the imported comedian who scored solidly in *He Stayed for Breakfast* and *The Lady in Question*, takes time out to deny that he is solely responsible for all the laughs he drew in the latter picture as a ludicrous member of the jury.

When he showed up on the set with a pair of oversize, squeaking shoes, he was credited with more humorous ingenuity than he actually expended.

The squeak in the misfit shoes was entirely accidental. Curt rented them from the Western Costume Company, just around the corner from the studio. He realized that they were none too nifty a fit and that they were piped for sound, but he was in a hurry and had no suitable substitutes in his personal wardrobe.

The surplus space in the brogans set up an acoustic condition responsible for the squeak, a touch that added so much to the addle-headed character that Bois was portraying that Director Charles Vidor ordered them kept in the routine.

The total effect of the trick shoes was so absurd that the director himself broke up several takes with uncontrollable laughter.

The Western Costume Company got no screen credit.

■ Mr. and Mrs. Albert Basserman have a regular caller every afternoon the distinguished character actor is free of studio duties. She is Jean, the five-year-old daughter of a neighbor.

One Saturday afternoon, forced to cut her visit short, the child gravely explained: "Mama's giving a party and I gotta go home now and make precocious remarks."







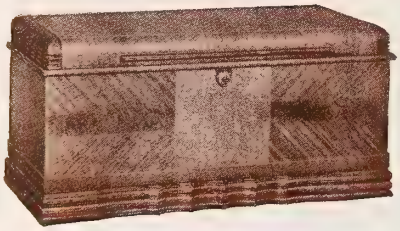


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Football Buffet



Ida Lupino decorates herself with a brilliant "blazer," quite in keeping with her cleverly designed after-the-big-game buffet spread for football followers. Her next picture at Warners is *High Sierra*

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Open house season at Ida Lupino's and Louis Hayward's is always with us. If Ida and husband Louis aren't home—it's still open house. They've had a flock of keys made to the side door which leads to their English-tavern-type rumpus room which they call "The Pub." Pals come and go as they desire. Their hill-top California farmhouse radiates friendliness. The chintzy living room, the open windows, looking out over a view to be bragged about even in a town where almost everyone has a view, the cheery fires in three fireplaces—all spell a welcome that is matched in warmth only by the hospitality of the Haywards.

Because Louis wouldn't allow Ida to tire herself with entertaining when she's working on a picture—as she almost always is, these days—there developed spontaneously a series of Sunday night Dutch Treat suppers, to which each guest brought his favorite dish. Somebody would bring the potato salad, another would tote a cake up the hill to the Haywards, and so on until the buffet table would be groaning with good things supplemented by hot coffee, rolls, jams and, without fail, an elaborate array of cheeses from Ida's pantry.

Now that the football season is in full swing, Ida's favorite method of entertaining is with a Saturday night supper, following the game. Hollywood, like the rest of the country, is football-mad. And Ida is fully aware that for whipping up a ravenous appetite, there's nothing like an afternoon in the crisp air, cheering on one's favored team, followed by a long ride through traffic jams. So her guests know that when they finally reach their own goal, which is the Haywards' cozy dining room, they'll find plenty of hot dishes to warm and soothe the inner man, even though the meal is served "Grabeteria" style.

This dining room of the Haywards is different from most other dining rooms. Old English in feeling and architecture, it has a corner fireplace, beamed ceiling overlaid with sapling lengths that still retain their bark and woody odor; a long table lined with green-cushioned benches.

As a starter for the "Grabateria," there was an array of appeteazers—call it hors d'ouvres, antipasto, smorgasbord or what you will—including ripe and green olives, celery, radishes, salted nuts, salami, anchovies, liver sausage, etc. (That "etc." covers a lot of territory!) The roast was beef—rare, with Yorkshire pudding which is one of the first things a new cook has to learn in the Lupino-Hayward manse. Then there were both baked potatoes and creamed new potatoes in green pepper rings. Split French rolls toasted with cheese. A gigantic green salad, with many vegetables topped off with strips of ham and chicken, and a steaming plate of ravioli with a rich sauce, for the very hungry. A devil's food cake, with coffee, or a delicious plum pudding.

Here is Ida's recipe for devil's food cake.

REAL RED DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs
4 tbsp. cocoa
1 tsp. red liquid vegetable coloring
2 tbsp. hot coffee
2 cups sifted cake flour or
1⅞ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Blend in the well beaten eggs. Mix cocoa, red coloring and hot coffee together to form a smooth paste. Blend it into the creamed mixture immediately (cocoa mixture tends to stiffen upon standing).

Sift flour, salt and soda together, and add to creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk or buttermilk. Blend in the vanilla. Pour into 2 well-greased and floured round 8-inch layer pans (1¼ inches deep); one 8-inch tube center pan; or one 8-inch square pan (2½ inches deep). Bake 40 to 45 minutes for layers; 55 to 60 minutes for cake in tube center pan; 70 minutes for square cake . . . in a moderate oven, 350°.

When cool, spread Double Boiler Icing or any desired icing over top and sides of the cake.

Double Boiler Icing

1 egg white
¾ cup sugar
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
3 tbsp. water
½ tsp. vanilla

Combine in the top of a double boiler egg white, sugar, cream of tartar and water, and beat together just enough to blend ingredients. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat with rotary beater until mixture is white and very light. (Icing is done when it barely holds its shape and is not runny, as beater is pulled out.) This takes 5 to 7 minutes depending on size of boiler and vigor of heating. Remove from over hot water, and do not beat any more. Fold in the flavoring.

This will make a generous amount of icing for square cake or a cake baked in a tube center pan . . . just enough for filling and icing for 2-layer cake.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

1 lb. suet
1 lb. raisins
1 lb. currants
½ lb. citron
¼ lb. lemon peel
¼ lb. orange peel
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. salt
1½ tsp. soda
2 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
1½ tsp. mace
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 lb. brown sugar
3 cups fresh bread crumbs
¾ cup currant or other tart jelly
5 eggs
½ cup fruit juice

Chop suet. Wash and chop raisins and currants. Slice and chop heated citron. Cut orange and lemon peel fine. Dredge the raisins, currants, fruit peel and nuts with ½ cup of the flour. Sift remaining flour with the salt, soda, and spices. Combine flour mixture with sugar, bread crumbs and suet. Add jelly, beaten eggs and fruit juice. Add fruit and nuts. Fill 4 one lb. well greased cans ⅔ full. Cover molds, using heavy waxed paper tied loosely over tops if molds have no covers. Place in steamer or on rack in kettle of boiling water and cover steamer tightly. Allow pudding to steam 6 hours. Do not lift cover during steaming. Serve hot with hard sauce.

Note: If pudding is to be stored, it should be taken from mold, allowed to cool and then wrapped in waxed paper and stored in air-tight container. When it is to be served return to mold and steam 1 hour.

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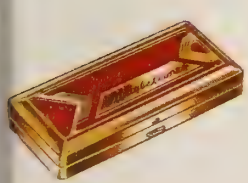
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